E-DEAD

Written by

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FADE IN:

PRE-LAP: STEADY, HEAVY BREATHING - INHALE through the nose, EXHALE through the mouth. The rhythmic SHHHK, SHHHK of skis cutting through snow.

EXT. LAKE MINNETONKA - DAY

The FROZEN LAKE stretches out as far as the eye can see. White birch trees, with their leafless branches, stand like skeletons along the snow-covered trail.

Above, darker grey creeps into the already grey sky. STORM CLOUDS edge closer.

Cheeks flushed, NORA HAYES (late 20s) peers up over her shoulder, brow furrowed.

She taps her ski poles in the snow, digs in to catch up with her friend, JEN (late 20s), several yards ahead. She follows the grooves Jen has carved into the otherwise untouched path.

NORA
Jen!

Ahead, Jen slows to a stop, looks back. TWO SNOWSHOERS (30s), a hundred yards back, are the only other people out.

NORA (CONT'D)
We're never going to get around the lake before dark.

JEN
So? We've done it a thousand times.

NORA
I know, but my legs are cramping and there's weather rolling in.

Jen glances skyward.

JEN
Yeah, okay. We can cut it short.

NORA
Short? We've been out for three hours already.

JEN
You don't have a wedding dress to fit into.

NORA
You’re going to look fabulous, like you always do. Stop stressing.

Jen makes a face, surveys the terrain.

JEN
All right, let’s cut across there--

She points across the bay, houses barely visible in the distance. Nora eyes the frozen stretch of lake.

JEN (CONT’D)
--we’ll hit the road by the beach.

NORA
You think it’s good? We’re still early season.

JEN
(shrugs)
Yeah, there’s been people crossing all day. Come on.

She repositions her skis, pushes off towards the lake. Nora follows. Jen reaches the edge, seamlessly glides onto the ice.

Nora stops at the edge, looks down at the ice, then across the lake. Jen calls back:

JEN (CONT’D)
Come on! We can still make happy hour at Grumpy’s.

NORA
That’s not going to help you get into your dress!

JEN
Ha ha!

Nora hesitates a beat, then places a ski on the ice, glides after Jen.

She wobbles for a second as she adjusts to the unstable surface, jabs a pole in the ice to right herself - it gives off a faint CRACK.

Jen surges ahead with confident strides. Nora maintains a more measured pace, keeping an eye on her footing, then eases into a rhythm. The shoreline pulls away behind her.

Jen kicks it into high gear, flies across the ice.

JEN (CONT'D)
Whooo! Yeah, baby! Catch me if you can!

Nora laughs, pumps her arms and legs faster. Breathing hard, but still smiling, enjoying the moment.

A pair of GEESE cut low across the lake. They rush past, just overhead, and HONK suddenly, loud and close.

Nora STARTLES, her left ski slips out from under her on the slick surface. Her pole punches down as she catches herself; it hits the ice with a resounding CRACK. Nora freezes.

She looks down. INHALES SHARPLY as a THIN, DARK LINE zags out from underneath her.

Her head SNAPS UP. She screams:

NORA
Jen!

The ice GROANS. Jen slows, turns. Clocks the panic on Nora's face and pivots, pushes hard back towards her.

JEN
Nora! Don't move!

The line spreads, SPIDERING outward. Jen gains speed, racing as fast as she can. The ice shifts under Nora's weight.

A sharp, violent SNAP. Nora drops straight through.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

BUBBLES rush past Nora's face. She thrashes in the water, the weight of her skis pulling her downward. The HOOD of her parka floats up over her head.

From above, muted:

JEN
Nora! Help! Help!

Nora looks up. The surface above ripples, distorted. A SKI POLE plunges into the water.

JEN (CONT'D)
(warbled)
Grab the pole, Nora!

Nora WINDMILLS an arm towards the pole - misses. Again. Her movements slower. Weighted.

Jen’s voice trickles through from far away--

JEN (CONT’D)
Help! I can’t reach her!

--then fades. Silence. Nora’s movements stop. She sinks into the black.

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - DAY

Nora steps out of a DARK TUNNEL into a SUNLIT FIELD of waist-high grass.

She looks at her hands. Flexes her fingers.

INDISTINCT FIGURES stand in the distance, swaying gently in the soft breeze.

Nora moves forward, unhurried, trailing her fingers along the tops of the grass. She closes her eyes, breathes in, serene.

She opens her eyes. One FIGURE stands out - a SPLASH OF RED. Nora blinks. The figure opens its mouth, but there is no sound - instead a RUMBLE comes from behind her.

Nora glances over her shoulder, then back at the red-clad figure. More sounds ECHO through the tunnel, VOICES bleed through. Nora hesitates. The figure nods its head.

Nora turns, drifts back towards the tunnel. As she reaches the opening, she is YANKED back into the darkness.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

With GRUNTS of exertion, THREE SETS OF HANDS grasp Nora, pull her through the hole in the ice, drag her across the frozen surface to safety.

EXT. LAKE MINNETONKA - CONTINUOUS

Jen and the snowshoers kneel beside Nora on the ice. The MALE SNOWSHOER shakes her; no response.

JEN
She’s not breathing!

The FEMALE SNOWSHOER immediately positions herself next to Nora’s chest, begins compressions.

FEMALE SNOWSHOER
Call nine-one-one!

Jen fumbles for her phone. The female snowshoer's knees slide on the ice, her companion steadies her.

JEN
(into the phone)
We're on the lake! My friend fell through!
(listens)
Crystal Bay! Across from the beach!

The female snowshoer continues to push on Nora's chest.

FEMALE SNOWSHOER
What's her name?

JEN
(phone to ear)
Yes, I can see houses--
(to the snowshoer)
Nora! Her name's Nora!

FEMALE SNOWSHOER
Nora? Nora, can you hear me?

No response. A couple HIKERS in the distance run toward them.

JEN
Oh my god, Nora! Please!
(into the phone)
Please hurry!

FEMALE SNOWSHOER
Come on, Nora. Come on--

She pushes harder; the ICE CREAKS beneath them.

The snowshoers exchange glances, even though the female continues her compressions.

MALE SNOWSHOER
We've got to get off the ice.

FEMALE SNOWSHOER
One more minute--

The ICE GROANS; hairline fractures spread under the surface.

Nora's body JERKS. Water spills from her mouth. She GASPS, COUGHS violently, her body CONVULSING.

MALE SNOWSHOER
Come on!

The snowshoers each take one of Nora's arms, haul her across the ice to the shore, Jen alongside them.

The hikers meet them on the bank, help everyone off the ice. A SIREN sounds in the distance.

INT. NORA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Machines HUM softly. ORDERLIES and other staff pass by the open door.

Multiple FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS dot the room. One bouquet stands out - two dozen RED ROSES.

Jen flutters about, nervously adjusting Nora's bedside table, the flowers, anything.

Nora sits up in bed, watching her. Jen comes over to the bed railing.

JEN
Are you comfortable? Do you need anything?

Nora grabs her hand.

NORA
Jen...I'm fine. Stop worrying.

Jen fakes a smile, then her face falls, tears flood her eyes.

JEN
You scared the hell out of me.

NORA
If you wanted a new maid of honor, you could have just asked.

Jen gives a quick laugh through her tears, SNIFFLES.

JEN
Yeah, I should have done it closer to the wedding. I could have just used all your flowers.
(looks around)
Who gets this many bouquets after just one day in the hospital?

NORA
(shrugs)
I have a lot of co-workers. Apparently they care about me.

Jen moves to the roses, looks through them.

JEN
Who are these from? There's no card.

NORA
I have no idea. I can't even remember the last time I got roses.

JEN
I keep telling you I can set you up with one of Will's friends.

NORA
No thanks. It's too hard to pretend to be interesting.

JEN
What do you mean? You don't have to pretend.

NORA
(sighs)
I have a boring job and a boring life--except for almost dying of course.

Jen's face screws up again. Nora reaches a hand out to her.

NORA (CONT'D)
Jen, no--don't. I'm kidding.

Jen grabs her in a fierce hug.

JEN
I could have gotten you killed!

NORA
Ow, ribs. It's not your fault. Stop.
(rubs Jen's back)
At least now I have an interesting story.

An ELDERLY WOMAN (80s), in a hospital gown, stands outside the door, watching. Nora looks at her curiously over Jen's shoulder.

NORA (CONT'D)
Jen...I think that woman needs help.

Jen straightens up, looks around.

JEN
What woman?

A NURSE appears in the doorway with a wheelchair, paperwork in hand.

NURSE
All right, Ms. Hayes. You've been cleared for discharge.

She wheels the chair inside to the side of the bed. Nora looks at the doorway. The woman is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Nora sits in the wheelchair, clutching her discharge papers, the nurse pushing her. Jen carries a BAG of Nora's things.

JEN
I'll bring my car around and meet you out there.

She squeezes Nora's arm. Nora nods. Jen walks briskly down the hall.

The nurse wheels Nora toward the exit, the faint SQUEAK of rubber on the polished tile. They pass a room where a WOMAN (50s) sobs over a body lying in a bed.

Nora turns her head, catching a glimpse of the body - the woman from the doorway. A DOCTOR pulls the curtain closed.

Nora GRIPS the arm of the wheelchair, her knuckles white.

NURSE
Are you feeling all right?

NORA
I just feel...a little off.

NURSE
That's to be expected. Everything's outlined in the discharge summary, but don't hesitate to call the doctor if you experience more than mild symptoms.

NORA
Okay.

She looks back over her shoulder.

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT (TWIN CITIES) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nora lies propped up in bed. She YAWNS, her eyes drooping.

Several of the BOUQUETS from the hospital decorate the room, including the RED ROSES set on Nora's dresser.

Jen, in pj's, places a glass of water on the bedside table.

JEN
Okay, here's some fresh water...

Jen adjusts the pillows behind Nora.

JEN (CONT'D)
There you go. How's that, are you comfy?

NORA
You know you really don't have to spend the night. I'm sure you'd rather be home with Will.

JEN
Don't be silly. He's enjoying some guy time while we--

She gets under the covers on the other side of the bed, grabs the REMOTE and CLICKS it on.

JEN (CONT'D)
--get to be roomies again for a night.
(flips through channels)
What do you want to watch?

Nora COUGHS, winces a little. Puts a hand to her ribs.

NORA
I'm really tired. I think I'm just going to go to sleep, okay?

JEN
Oh, yeah. Of course.

She CLICKS off the TV, gets out of bed.

JEN (CONT'D)
I'll go read in the other room for a while. Let you rest.

Jen SWITCHES OFF the light as she goes out the door.

JEN (CONT'D)
Let me know if you need anything.

Nora closes her eyes, sinks down under the covers.

NORA
(mumbles)
Mm-hmm. Thanks, Jen.

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT (TWIN CITIES) - BEDROOM - LATER

Nora sleeps - deep, heavy breaths. Jen lies motionless beside her, huddled under the covers. All is still. Then--

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY - NORA'S DREAM

Nora THRASHES, frantically grabs at the SKI POLE above her head.

The pole STRETCHES - LONGER AND LONGER - but remains just out of reach.

SHADOWS MOVE across the hole in the ice above, MUFFLED YELLING filters down. Panicked, Nora tries to kick off her skis.

An INDISTINCT FIGURE floats in the water several yards away. Nora spots it, furrows her brow. The figure POINTS. Nora follows its gaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - DAY - NORA'S DREAM

Sunlight. Chickadees FLIT through the air. More FIGURES spread across the field.

Nora lifts her face to the warmth, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY - NORA'S DREAM

Nora opens her eyes - the figure is across from her. The dead woman from the hospital. Wearing a RED PLAID shirt.

Nora tries to scream, BUBBLES burst from her mouth. She flails her limbs, tries to get away.

The FIGURES from the field rise up from the depths. They gather behind the woman.

The woman's eyes SNAP OPEN. She mouths: "GO". BUBBLES escape from her O-SHAPED MOUTH.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (TWIN CITIES) - NORA'S OFFICE - DAY

EMPLOYEES move past the glass walls as Nora studies her computer screen. Out the window behind her, nothing but GRAY SKY.

A cluster of HELIUM BALLOONS floats in the corner - "WELCOME BACK!" - adding a burst of color to the otherwise beige office.

The phone on her desk BUZZES.

NORA
Yes?...I'll be right there.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (TWIN CITIES) - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Nora sits opposite DIANE (50s), Regional Director. Diane smiles across the expansive lacquered desk.

A FRAMED POSTER on the wall over Diane's shoulder - summertime on Lake Minnetonka. Nora's gaze shifts to it.

DIANE
I know it's a big move. You can definitely take some time to think about it, but--

CLOSE ON: The lake in the poster transitions - SUMMER TO WINTER.

INSERT - EXT. LAKE MINNETONKA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Nora GASPS. Drops through the ice.

BACK TO SCENE

DIANE
--I want you to know, I wouldn't have recommended you if I didn't think--

Nora flicks her eyes back to Diane.

NORA
I accept.

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT (TWIN CITIES) - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SNOW FALLS outside. MOVING BOXES strewn everywhere. Nora pulls books from a half-empty shelf, places them in a box.

Jen seals another box with packing tape, sits back on her heels.

JEN
Can I just say how much I hate that you're leaving? You're my best friend. What am I going to do without you?

NORA
I'm still going to be your best friend. Just with better weather.

Jen looks down, picks at the tape.

JEN
San Diego is so far away. I feel like it's all my fault.

Nora stops packing, turns to her.

NORA
It's not your fault. The accident just made me realize it's time for a change.

Nora crouches down next to Jen, hugs her.

NORA (CONT'D)
Besides, you'll be married in a few months, and then you're going to start having babies--

Jen pushes her away.

JEN
Don’t rush me!

NORA
--and you won’t have time for me anymore anyway.

JEN
That’s not true. I’ll always have time for you.
(pause)
I know it’s selfish, but I wish you had waited until after the wedding.

A CREAK from the upstairs floorboards. Nora glances up.

NORA
I know...I just feel like it’s the time to go, you know? That thought just keeps getting louder.

A PIPE RUMBLES.

NORA (CONT’D)
Jesus, just like this apartment. It’s time to go before it falls down around me. This place is like a hundred years old.

The WIND HOWLS outside, SNOW SPLATS across the window.

NORA (CONT’D)
Plus, look on the bright side--now we can wear bikinis instead of parkas for your bachelorette weekend.

She flashes Jen a wide grin.

EXT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY

A DIGITAL SIGN flashes on the side of the building: *01/21/2027...WELCOME TO SAN DIEGO!...75°...11:36 AM.*

The SLIDING DOORS open.

Wheeling a suitcase, Nora steps out into the SUN. She stops, a smile spreading across her face. Turns her face up, lets out a contented sigh.

NORA
Sunny and seventy-five.

She fishes sunglasses out of her bag, steps to the curb.

A RED 90's MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, top down, rolls past. The MALE DRIVER (late 20s) turns his head to look at Nora - his fluffy, feathered hair doesn't move in the breeze.

Nora doesn't register the driver, stays focused on the car. She clocks the PERSONALIZED LICENSE PLATE as it drives off: "*RDLKWND*"

NORA (CONT'D)
That.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

A brand new convertible Mini Cooper sits in the drive of a 40s Spanish-style bungalow.

Nora opens the front door as MOVERS pull down a RAMP from the back of the truck parked at the curb.

EVELYN (early 70s) emerges from the dated but well-maintained ranch house next door. Situated on the corner, it boasts an extra-wide lot.

Standing close to six feet, Evelyn's salt-and-pepper hair is styled in a graceful bob, her movements unhurried but purposeful.

She retrieves her paper from the brick walkway. Pauses to observe the movers unload a MATTRESS from the truck.

She watches Nora lead them in. CLUCKS her tongue. Heads back inside.

EXT. POINT LOMA FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Nora, in a flowing maxi skirt and sandals, winds down an aisle. A canvas tote bag bulges with fresh produce.

She stops at a booth, selects an ORANGE. Brings it to her nose, breathes deeply.

NORA
Amazing.

She selects three, pays the VENDOR.

NORA (CONT'D)
Is everything better here?

The vendor smiles at her. Nora continues on, stops to accept a SAMPLE at the next booth.

INT./EXT. NORA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Top down, MUSIC turned up, Nora drives along the coast, smiling at everything. She raises an arm straight up.

NORA
Whoooo!!! Yes!

She SIGNALS, turns onto the FREEWAY. Traffic. She slows. TAPS on the steering wheel with the music. Creeps ahead.

A BILLBOARD LOOMS on the side of the freeway: *"FIRSTDATE.COM Still the best first date you'll ever have."*

Nora briefly glances up at it, keeps inching forward.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MOVING BOXES line one wall. Nora sits on the floor, scowling at an instruction booklet, dozens of assembly pieces strewn around her. She flips the booklet around, scowls deeper.

A KNOCK at the door. Nora tosses the instructions aside.

NORA
Thank god.

She dusts herself off, looks through the peephole, and opens the door.

Evelyn stands across the threshold, in a flowered top and lavender cardigan, holding a covered BAKING DISH. She smiles.

EVELYN
Hello.

NORA
Hi.

EVELYN
I'm Evelyn Calder. Your neighbor.

She doesn't offer Nora the dish.

NORA
It's wonderful to meet you. I'm Nora.

EVELYN
Nora what?

NORA
I'm sorry?

EVELYN
What is your last name?

NORA
Oh...it's Hayes. Nora Hayes.

EVELYN
We're a very close-knit community here, it's good to know who everyone is.

NORA
Of course. It's good to hear that...everyone's close.

A beat. Nora eyes the baking dish.

NORA (CONT'D)
Would you like to come in?

EVELYN
Yes.

Nora opens the door wider.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nora leads Evelyn into the open kitchen. Evelyn sets the dish on the counter.

NORA
Can I get you something to drink?

EVELYN
Iced tea, please.

NORA
Oh...I'm afraid I don't--sparkling water?

EVELYN
(flat)
Lovely.

Evelyn gazes around as Nora fixes them a drink.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
This used to be the Conway's house. Alice and Dean. They had three children. All boys. A little small for them, if you ask me.

Nora sets the glasses on the table.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Are you married?

NORA
No, it's just me. So, if anything, it's probably more house than I need, but...

Evelyn sits down. Nora follows her lead.

NORA (CONT'D)
I just fell in love with the neighborhood. Have you lived here long?

EVELYN
All my life. Same house I grew up in.

NORA
Wow. It must really be a great place.

Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN
Where did you move from?

NORA
Minnesota--

Evelyn blinks.

NORA (CONT'D)
--Twin Cities.

Evelyn nods.

EVELYN
That's a great distance. Why did you move?

NORA
I got a promotion.

Evelyn looks at her expectantly.

NORA (CONT'D)
I'm an analyst for Guardian Mutual. Senior analyst now.

EVELYN
Congratulations. You're young. You must work very hard.

She takes a drink. Wrinkles her nose slightly.

NORA
I think so. My bosses seem to think so.
(drinks)
Do you--did you--have a career?

EVELYN
Yes. I worked for SDPD for thirty-six years. Records department.

NORA
SDP--oh, the police?

EVELYN
Yes.

Nora smiles at her.

NORA
No wonder you ask for last names.

A beat.

EVELYN
Thank you for your hospitality.

She rises. Her glass has barely been touched. She indicates the dish on the counter.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Chicken pot pie. My mother's recipe. You'll return the dish when you're done.

NORA
Of course. Thank you. That's very kind.

Evelyn's eyes bore into Nora.

EVELYN
You can't trust just anyone, that's why it's good to have people who look out for you.

Her face softens into a smile.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You can call on me any time, dear. For anything.

She heads for the front door.

NORA
Thank you, Mrs. Calder.

Evelyn pauses at the door.

EVELYN
Miss Calder. But call me Evelyn. Enjoy the pot pie.

She opens the door.

NORA
I will. Thank you.

Evelyn leaves. Nora shuts the door after her, her hand lingering on the knob.

She peers through the peephole, watches Evelyn disappear next door.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nora lounges on a chaise in pajama shorts and a tank. She stares up at the stars, phone to ear.

NORA
It's January and I'm in my backyard in shorts.

JEN (V.O.)
Wench. Don't rub it in.

NORA
Oh my god, I can't wait for you to come out here. It's awesome.

An OUTDOOR LIGHT clicks on next door. Nora looks over.

JEN (V.O.)
How's the house?

NORA
It's coming together. The guest room will be ready by bachelorette weekend, I promise.

JEN (V.O.)
Have you met anyone? If you get a new best friend, I'll kill you.

NORA
Ha. Just one of my neighbors. She even brought me a homemade pot pie.

A CREAK from next door. A DOOR OPENS.

JEN (V.O.)
But you don't eat meat.

NORA
It's the thought that counts. How's Will?

JEN (V.O.)
Good.
(beat)
I wish you were here.

NORA
I wish you were here.

FOOTSTEPS. Closer, then stop - just beyond the fence.

NORA (CONT'D)
I gotta go. I start work tomorrow. Smooches.

JEN (V.O.)
Love ya, bye.

Nora lowers the phone, sits up. Eyes the fence, listening. Evelyn's light CLICKS OFF.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nora, dressed for work, locks her front door, steps to the driveway.

She pauses to look over at Evelyn's. Takes in the perfectly kept yard. The gleaming white trim. She gets in her car, pulls away.

INT./EXT. NORA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nora SIGHS, fiddles with the audio selections as she sits in traffic. HIGH-RISES crowd the skyline to her right. She checks the time.

NORA
Oh come on, my exit's right there--
just move up a little.

Her car inches forward. She CLICKS on her turn signal. Glances over.

On the side - another FIRSTDATE.COM BILLBOARD: *"Ready for your last first date?"* Nora's gaze lingers on the over-sized hunky guy smiling down.

NORA (CONT'D)
This is going to be my last day of
work if I don't get there on time.

The cars in front of her speed up.

NORA (CONT'D)
There we go.

She merges onto the offramp.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator DINGS, the doors slide open. Nora steps out into the top floor of the high-rise, all glass and chrome.

Before Nora can speak to the RECEPTIONIST, a smartly dressed woman, KRYSTAL (late 20s) appears at her elbow.

KRYSTAL
Ms. Hayes?

NORA
Yes.

KRYSTAL
Good morning. I'm Krystal, your
assistant.

She pulls a sheet of printed paper out of a leather-bound folder, holds it out.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I've emailed you your schedule and
here's a hard copy as well.

Nora glances at the schedule - not a single open slot.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You have a ten a.m. with the director, but the management team is assembled in the conference room for introductions. Can I get you a coffee?

NORA
No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Krystal turns on her heel, talking as she walks. Nora hurries after her.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A couple dozen EMPLOYEES work at cubicles in the open space. Krystal nods at a CO-WORKER as they pass.

KRYSTAL
Team Management meetings are every Tuesday and Friday at lunch. Please have your order to me by EOD Mondays and Thursdays. I'll need a list of allergies or dietary considerations.

Krystal pushes through a heavy glass door, holds it open for Nora to step inside.

A DOZEN HEADS swivel in Nora's direction - all men.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, Ms. Hayes.

Nora smiles nervously as Krystal takes her leave. The door closes behind her.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora drags herself through the front door, kicks off her heels, flops down on the couch. Says softly to herself:

NORA
I can do this. I can do this.

She gets back up, wanders into the kitchen.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nora opens the fridge, takes out a bottle of sparkling water, drinks. She spots Evelyn's baking dish, pulls it out.

EXT. NORA’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Nora removes the lid of the baking dish; she gingerly sniffs at it, wrinkles her nose. Dumps the contents into the trash bin.

She wheels the bin around the side of the house.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nora lies on the couch, watching a home improvement show. It cuts to a commercial--

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN - Shots of SMILING COUPLES walking on the beach, clinking wine glasses, sharing a kiss. *“FIRSTDATE.COM”* displayed in the upper right of the screen.

The ANNOUNCER states:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
“It doesn’t get any better than your first...”

NORA
Clearly you never met Andrew Medavoy, senior year. Ick.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
“Free two week trial - sign up now!”

Nora CLICKS off the TV. Looks around the empty house. SIGHS. She reaches for her phone. Hesitates, then types in *“FIRSTDATE.COM”*

The WEBSITE pops up on her phone screen: *“Two weeks free - what have you got to lose?”*

Nora SIGHS again. Shrugs. Starts typing.

EXT. NORA’S HOUSE - DAY

Nora pulls out of the driveway as Evelyn wheels her trash bin to the curb. They exchange a friendly wave, Nora drives off.

The LID of Nora’s trash bin is AJAR - a couple of CROWS sit on top, crane their necks to peck at the contents inside.

Evelyn moves over to shoo them away. They fly off with a loud CAW. She narrows her eyes. Pulls the lid open to reveal--the CHICKEN POT PIE.

Evelyn studies it. Glances at Nora's house. A beat. She CLOSES the lid.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nora sits at the long, heavy table with the rest of the MANAGEMENT TEAM, listening and nodding as she picks at her lunch.

Her phone, on the table next to her, LIGHTS UP with a notification: *"You have a match!"* She flicks her eyes at it, turns her attention back to the team.

A moment later, her phone LIGHTS UP again: *"You have matches waiting!"*, then - *"Lawrence would love to meet you!"*

Nora smiles to herself, stabs a fork in her food.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nora BEEPS her remote, walks to her front door.

A small ENVELOPE lies on the welcome mat. She opens the envelope, removes a flowered NOTECARD, reads.

CLOSE ON NOTECARD: In neat handwriting, "*Thought you might like the recipe." - Evelyn*

Nora removes a handwritten recipe card for *"CHICKEN POT PIE"*. She glances over at Evelyn's house, then swivels her head to her TRASH CAN at the curb. Lingers on it for a moment.

Her phone in her hand PINGS; she looks at it and smiles, goes inside.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sunset. Earbuds in, Nora talks as she walks.

NORA
He asked me to a poetry reading. I don't know if that's the best first date ever, but it's different at least.

JEN (V.O.)
What's his name?

NORA
Lawrence.

JEN (V.O.)
That's a little stuffy.

NORA
I know, right? He's cute, though. Okay, I'm almost there.

JEN (V.O.)
All right. Remember, I'm calling the police if I don't hear from you in an hour.

Nora checks her phone, looks up at the building entrance.

NORA
That's not right.

JEN (V.O.)
What's up?

NORA
The address he gave me isn't a coffee shop, it's a frozen yogurt place.

JEN (V.O.)
Call him.

NORA
I don't have his number.

JEN (V.O.)
Why not?

NORA
We've just been messaging on the app for a couple of days. I didn't want to give out my number yet. Hold on, I'll send him a DM.

She types on her phone. Lets out an exasperated HUFF.

NORA (CONT'D)
His profile's not on here anymore. It's not in my history or anything.

She keeps scrolling. A GUY rides by on an electric scooter.

JEN (V.O.)
He's probably cheating and got caught.

NORA
So you're saying I really know how to pick them?

JEN (V.O.)
That's to be expected on the apps. You have to wade through a lot of shit to find your pony.

NORA
Sage advice, thanks. I'll call you later.

She goes inside the store.

INT. YO-YO FRO-YO - CONTINUOUS

A MOM (early 40s) and her SON (10) in a taekwondo uniform take their yogurt cups, sit at a table.

Nora approaches the CASHIER (18).

NORA
Excuse me, I'm looking for the Claire de Lune.

She gets a blank stare from the cashier.

NORA (CONT'D)
The coffee lounge? It's supposed to be at this address. Do you know where it is?

The cashier shrugs, shakes his head.

NORA (CONT'D)
Okay...thanks.

She turns back to the door. The mom says as she passes:

MOM
It used to be here. It closed ten years ago.

Nora stops.

NORA
Oh--ten years?

MOM
Yeah, about that. It was a cool place. Open mic, poetry readings.

NORA
Right. Thanks.

She furrows her brow, heads out the door.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Nora stands on the porch, cradles the BAKING DISH in one arm. She raises the other arm, hesitates, then KNOCKS.

Evelyn OPENS the door immediately. Nora takes a step back.

NORA
Oh! Hi. Sorry to bother you on a Sunday afternoon.
(holds up the dish)
I wanted to return your dish.

Evelyn waits, makes no move to take her dish back.

NORA (CONT'D)
And say thank you with this--

She removes the lid to reveal a pie inside, the CRUST identical to Evelyn's.

NORA (CONT'D)
It's a pie. Apple. From the trees in my backyard.

She puts the lid back on, thrusts it at Evelyn, who takes it without comment.

NORA (CONT'D)
(babbles on)
I have to confess...I didn't actually eat the pot pie, I'm a vegetarian, but the crust...oh my gosh--amazing! So I used your crust recipe to make the pie.
(fiddles with her hands)
I probably should have asked if you like apple pie, but--

EVELYN
Come in.

A command, not an invitation. She walks away, leaving the door open.

NORA
Oh. Shoes on? Off? Okay, I'll just--

She follows after Evelyn.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Nora perches on the floral sofa, facing toward the front window. She SQUINTS at the AFTERNOON SUN lasering through the glass. The TICK of the MANTLE CLOCK cuts through the silence.

Evelyn enters with a serving tray. Places it on the coffee table. She hands Nora a piece of pie on flowered china. Waits. Remains standing until Nora takes a bite.

Nora chews, smiling and nodding up at Evelyn. Evelyn takes a plate, sits across from her on an arm chair. Takes a bite of pie.

EVELYN
You used less salt.

NORA
I usually do. I hope it still tastes okay.

EVELYN
The apples are good. Alice planted that tree.

NORA
The family that lived there before, right?

EVELYN
Yes.

Nora glances around.

NORA
Do you--do you have family? Here, I mean.

EVELYN
No.

Nora nods politely. Silence. The TICK-TICK-TICK of the clock.

Evelyn sets her barely-eaten pie back on the tray. Sits back in her chair, looks directly at Nora.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You work hard all week then spend your weekend baking? I would think a young woman like yourself would be out on the town.

Nora also sets her half-finished pie on the tray.

NORA
I don't really know anyone here yet.
(pause)
I did have a date on Friday after work, but he ghosted me.

EVELYN
Ghosted?

NORA
He didn't show up. He even gave me a fake meeting place. Was supposed to be a coffee shop, but it closed ten years ago.

Evelyn leans forward.

EVELYN
You met him online, didn't you?

NORA
Yeah.

Evelyn CLUCKS her tongue.

EVELYN
You can't trust those sites. Or the people you meet on them.

NORA
Well, I mean--my best friend met her fiancé that way, I don't think they're all bad.

EVELYN
(shakes her head)
They are. Trust me. All of them.

Evelyn stands up. Nora takes her cue, also stands.

NORA
I need to get ready for work tomorrow. Thank you for the pie--I mean, for inviting me in. Can I help you clean up?

EVELYN
No.

Evelyn opens the front door. Nora pauses at the threshold.

NORA
Thank you again.

Evelyn puts a hand on Nora's arm. Nora looks down at it, then up at Evelyn.

EVELYN
Promise you'll be careful, dear.

Nora opens her mouth, then spots something over Evelyn's shoulder--

NORA'S POV: The driver from the red mustang convertible stands in the kitchen doorway.

Nora blinks; the man is gone. She looks back at Evelyn.

NORA
Yes. I will. Thank you.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nora makes her way down the front steps, the DOOR CLOSES behind her. In her back pocket, her phone PINGS. She pulls it out.

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN: Notification from FIRSTDATE.COM - *"Your matches are waiting for you!"*

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nora reclines on a chaise, scrolling on her phone, sips a glass of wine.

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN: Nora thumbs through a series of MALE PROFILES on FIRSTDATE.COM. Pauses on a PROFILE PHOTO - *"DAVE, Age 26"*.

Nora brings the phone closer for a better look. Dave resembles Patrick Swayze circa *Point Break* - all tan and sun bleached, feathered hair.

Her finger hovers over the "*LIKE DAVE BACK!"* button.

She looks over at Evelyn's. Hesitates. Presses the button.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nora lies in bed. Her chest rises and falls with slow, deep breaths. A NIGHTLIGHT glows in the adjacent bathroom.

A SHADOW falls over Nora’s face - pauses. Then moves on.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT - NORA'S DREAM

Nora sinks slowly in the dark water, eyes closed. BUBBLES stream up past her, the RUSHING SOUND grows louder, turns into--

INT. CLAIRE DE LUNE COFFEE LOUNGE - DAY - NORA'S DREAM

INDISTINCT CHATTER. Nora enters the brightly lit cafe.

Compact round tables fill the room - every seat full. She floats towards a small stage at the back.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY - NORA'S DREAM

Nora’s descent halts. She hangs there, suspended. Her eyes SNAP OPEN. The water now clear and light.

INT. CLAIRE DE LUNE COFFEE LOUNGE - DAY/NIGHT - NORA'S DREAM

With each table Nora passes, DAY TURNS TO NIGHT. The CAFE PATRONS vanish.

She advances on the stage. A MAN stands at the microphone, his back turned.

Nora reaches the stage, stops. The man turns. His face comes into view. The same man from Evelyn’s kitchen. Nora can see him clearly now--

NORA
(whispers)
Lawrence...

He brings the MICROPHONE to his mouth. His words distort, lost in the REVERB. Nora puts her hands to her ears.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NORA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

SCREECH OF TIRES on asphalt. Nora flicks her eyes to the rearview mirror. She sees it coming and braces--

NORA
Not my new car!

CRUNCH! A car SLAMS into her from behind, she's JOSTLED back and forth.

A beat. She unclenches her body - and BAM! Another JOLT as the car behind her is also REAR-ENDED.

Nora sticks out her lower lip, drops her head to the steering wheel.

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Nora watches with a grimace as TWO WORKERS unload her damaged car from a FLATBED TRUCK.

Next to her, the manager, CODY - mid-30s, closely resembles Lawrence - gives her an empathetic smile.

CODY
Don't worry, we'll fix it as good as new.

NORA
It is new.

CODY
Sorry. The important thing is you weren't hurt though, right?

NORA
(sighs)
Right.

The workers move the car inside.

CODY
I've got a loaner car for you over here.

He leads her to a late-model SEDAN parked along the back wall.

A few spaces down, ARTHUR (late 70s), polishes a pristine 90s RED CONVERTIBLE MUSTANG under a sunshade.

Nora swivels her head toward it. Cody smiles.

CODY (CONT'D)
Sorry, that one's not a loaner.

NORA
It's a nice car.

CODY
Nineteen-ninety GT five-point-o. It was my dad's pride and joy.

He motions with his head, walks over to it. Nora follows. Arthur looks up, nods.

NORA
Looks like it's been kept in excellent shape.

CODY
My grandfather, Arthur here, washes and waxes it every week.

Nora's eyes land on the license plate - *"RDLKWND".*

NORA
I've seen this car.

Arthur looks up sharply.

ARTHUR
That's not possible.

CODY
It hasn't been driven in over thirty years.

Nora stares hard at the Mustang.

NORA
The license plate--

CODY
"Ride Like the Wind." My dad's favorite song.

NORA
I'm sure I've seen this car...

ARTHUR
(brusque)
You're mistaken.

Nora steps back.

NORA
Right. Sorry.

Cody squeezes Arthur's arm, leads Nora back to the loaner.

CODY
Sorry about that. My dad, he... disappeared. Right after he bought the car. No one knows where he went. Or what happened to him.

NORA
Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have--

CODY
You didn't know. My grandfather keeps the car perfect, in hopes that my dad, you know, shows up one day.

He hands her the KEY.

CODY (CONT'D)
Anyway, we'll keep you updated on the progress of your repair, but it'll probably be at least three weeks.

NORA
Okay. Thank you.

He takes a BUSINESS CARD from his shirt pocket, holds it out.

CODY
You can call me if you have any questions. That's me on the card-- Cody.

He smiles at her. She smiles back, takes the card.

NORA
Thanks. Cody.

He opens the car door for her. She gets in the driver's seat, pauses. Looks up at Cody, blinks in recognition at last.

NORA (CONT'D)
What was your dad's name?

CODY
(smiles wistfully)
Lawrence.

He shuts the door with a CLICK.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - NORA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nora stares out the floor-length window. The San Diego Bay sparkles below.

She swivels in her chair - hands hover over the keyboard. TYPES in *"LAWRENCE"*. Pauses. Hits the backspace to erase.

She fishes the BUSINESS CARD out of her purse: *"SWANSON & SON BODY SHOP - Cody Swanson, General Manager".*

She TAPS the card against the desk. Her cell PINGS - a NOTIFICATION from FIRSTDATE.COM: *"Dave sent you a message!"*

She opens the app, reads the message softly aloud:

NORA
"Can't wait to see you this weekend."
(types on her phone)
Well, this time I'm going to need some verification...

Krystal KNOCKS on the glass door. Nora quickly lowers the phone, waves her in.

KRYSTAL
Friendly reminder to submit your lunch order for tomorrow.

NORA
Right. Sorry. The accident this morning has me running behind.

KRYSTAL
Is there anything you need from me?

NORA
No. Thank you--actually, can I ask you a personal question?

Krystal turns back. Nora waves her off.

NORA (CONT'D)
Never mind. It's not work-related.

Krystal takes a step closer.

KRYSTAL
You can ask.

NORA
Have you ever--do you ever get ghosted? Like on a date?

KRYSTAL
(shrugs)
Happens all the time.

NORA
Really? Even to you? I mean, I know I'm not supposed to comment on a co-worker's appearance, but you're stunning.

KRYSTAL
Dating apps, right?

Nora nods.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, it has nothing to do with you. It's all them.
(smiles)
Don't forget your order.

Krystal pushes back out the door.

NORA
Right. Can't forget the order.

She puts her phone aside, turns to her computer.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The microwave BEEPS. Nora, earbuds in, removes a HEAT PACK from it, places it on the back of her neck with an "*ahhh...*"

INT. JEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (MINNESOTA)

Jen inches along the highway in rush-hour traffic.

JEN
Oh my god, are you sure you're okay? You never leave work early.

Nora's voice comes through the Bluetooth:

NORA (V.O.)
Yeah, just stiff. The heat should help though. I'm just amazed I remembered what box it was in.

JEN
Are you still in boxes? What's that going to look like when you have company stay over?

INTERCUT NORA'S HOUSE/JEN'S CAR

Nora opens a bottle of wine.

NORA
I'm almost unpacked. I'll have it out of the way by the time you get here.

Jen changes lanes.

JEN
I wasn't talking about me.

Nora pulls a glass from the rack.

NORA
I don't think we have to worry about that. I'm 0 for one currently.

JEN (V.O.)
Yeah, but--

A loud HONK comes through Nora's earbuds. She winces.

JEN (V.O.)
Watch it!

Nora pours white wine into her glass.

NORA
Don't get into an accident. One of us is enough for today.

Jen shoots the driver next to her a dirty look.

JEN
I'm good.

She exits the highway.

JEN (CONT'D)
So tell me about "Dave"...

Nora sits at the table.

NORA
I got a phone number at least this time.

JEN (V.O.)
That's good.

NORA
It’s weird though--

JEN (V.O.)
What?

NORA
The body shop...there was a car there. I’d swear I’d seen it before, at the airport when I first got here.

Jen pulls into her driveway, CUTS the engine.

JEN
And? What does that have to do with anything?

A beat as Nora stares into her glass.

NORA
I don’t know. The man at the shop said it hadn’t been driven in over thirty years, but I recognized the license plate.

Jen grabs her bag from the passenger seat.

JEN
You were probably just confused. I can’t even remember my own license plate.

NORA (V.O.)
It was pretty distinct though and--

JEN
Hey, I just pulled in and Beth and Nick are coming for dinner. Can I call you later?

Nora adjusts the heat pack.

NORA
Yeah. Say hi to everyone.

JEN (V.O.)
I will. Love you.

NORA
Love you, too. Bye.

She disconnects with a SIGH. Gets up from the table.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nora pulls her mail from the box on the curb, sorts through.

The CLACK of plastic wheels as Evelyn brings her trash can to the curb.

Nora raises a hand in greeting. Evelyn walks over, eyes the loaner car in Nora’s driveway.

EVELYN
You have a visitor?

Nora follows her gaze.

NORA
No, it’s just a loaner. I got rear-ended this morning.

EVELYN
Oh dear. Are you all right?

NORA
I’m fine. My car’s a different story, though.

EVELYN
You’re lucky. You have to be very careful.

NORA
It’s the first accident I’ve ever had, actually.

Evelyn leans in close to Nora, speaks with an intensity.

EVELYN
All this texting and driving, drinking and driving...you can’t ever let your guard down.

NORA
Right. Absolutely. It’s--you have to be careful.

EVELYN
(switches to a lighter tone)
How are you enjoying your new home? Are you all settled in now?

A beat as Nora processes Evelyn’s sudden switch.

NORA
Just about.

EVELYN
Will your family be visiting soon, then?

NORA
(shrugs)
It's really just me.

An ENVELOPE slips out of the stack of mail she's holding.

NORA (CONT'D)
Oops.

She bends down to pick it up. Underneath - THREE HANDPRINTS in a row in the cement, each one progressively bigger.

NORA (CONT'D)
Oh, I didn't notice these before.

Evelyn CLUCKS her tongue. Nora brushes away the grass and leaves.

NORA (CONT'D)
(reads)
"Jack, Brian, Greg." Aw, that's sweet.

EVELYN
I told them not to do that. Alice wasn't paying attention.

Crouching, Nora places her hand flat against GREG'S HANDPRINT and--

WHOOSH!

INSERT - NORA'S VISION

From NORA'S POV: A bedroom. Feminine. FLOWERED LAVENDER WALLPAPER.

HEAVY BREATHING.

A young man, GREG CONWAY (19) rifles through the top dresser drawer. A CREAK, he turns - a pair of PANTIES in his hand. His eyes go wide. He raises his arms over his face.

A PAIR OF HANDS grasp a heavy brass lamp above Greg's head. The lamp comes down with a sickening THUD.

BACK TO SCENE

Nora falls backwards with a JOLT. She looks around frantically. Her eyes finally focus on Evelyn, looking down at her.

EVELYN
Oh dear, we should get you inside. You might have had more of a bump than you know.

She holds out a hand. Nora looks at it. A beat. Takes it, her eyes locked on Evelyn's as she helps her up.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Nora dusts her cheeks with blush, leans in to apply lip gloss. She stops, mid-swipe, stares into her eyes. EXHALES.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH PIER - DAY

Nora, in shorts and tennis shoes, stands under a bright blue sky near the pier entrance. Locals and tourists pass by; Nora scans their faces.

A HANDSOME GUY in his late 20s heads toward her. Nora squints. Smiles, tries to appear casual. He walks past her. Her shoulders sag. She checks the TIME on her phone: *11:02am.*

NORA
We're on beach time, Nora.

She looks up and down the boardwalk. Glances up at the metal gate behind her with "OCEAN BEACH" cut out at the top.

NORA (CONT'D)
I'm definitely in the right place.

She turns back toward the boardwalk and there he is - FLOWERED SHIRT half-way unbuttoned, glowing tan, perfect hair. Too perfect. He WAVES at her.

Nora raises her arm to wave back when her cell RINGS. She looks down at the screen: *SWANSON & SON BODY SHOP.*

She hesitates a beat, then ignores it. Raises her head, smiling. Searches. Furrows her brow.

She scans the crowd, looks to her left and right. He's just...vanished.

NORA (CONT'D)
What in the...

She taps on her cell, puts it to her ear. A CLICK. STATIC. A RECORDED MESSAGE plays:

DAVE (V.O.)
Hey, you've reached Dave--

Silence. Nothing but the HISS of cassette tape. Nora strains to hear. Then--

DAVE (V.O.)
Nora. Nora. Nora--

A SCREECH - feedback tears through the line. Nora yanks the phone away. Spins around, scans the crowd. Raises the phone back to her ear.

DAVE (V.O.)
...I'm probably surfing right now, so leave a message. If you're lucky, I'll call back.

A BEEP. Nora opens her mouth, but the line goes dead. She calls back, gets the INTERCEPT MESSAGE: *"DOO-DE-DOO. Your call cannot be completed as dialed, please--*

A BURST OF STATIC.

DAVE (V.O.)
(warbled)
I'm here...

Nora drops the phone, jumps back. A TOURIST COUPLE walks by, gives her a strange look.

Nora scoops up her phone, sinks down onto a bench.

NORA
Let's just text. That's better.

Her fingers tremble as she types. Waits. Glances around again. Nothing. Then - PING. She opens the notification.

CLOSE ON NORA'S PHONE: *"MESSAGE FAILED TO SEND"*.

INT./EXT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nora weaves through traffic well over the speed limit, talking through Bluetooth.

NORA
...so I checked his profile, and get this--his is gone now too, just like Lawrence.

Her tires SQUEAL as she cuts a sharp right.

NORA (CONT'D)
Even weirder, I took a screenshot of his profile the other day, but now it's blank--nothing shows up.
(checks over her shoulder)
Something's not right, call me as soon as you get this.

She disconnects, makes a quick lane change; receives an angry HONK in return.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Evelyn waters the flower bushes around her porch. Observes Nora pull into her driveway with a THUNK and dash inside.

She continues watering, moving the hose over to their shared property line.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora flops down on her couch with her laptop, talks as she types.

NORA
Dave, surfer, San Diego.

Hits enter, reads the results:

NORA (CONT'D)
Surfer meets rescuers...surf instructor...CEO indicted--no, no, and no.

She scrolls further. Stops.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN - the HEADLINE reads: *"Local Surfer Missing, Presumed Dead".*

Nora opens the article, skims it.

NORA (CONT'D)
"Dave Cruise, of Ocean Beach...reported missing...local surfer...winner of the ninety-six--

She squints, looks closer at the screen.

NORA (CONT'D)
Nineteen-ninety-six?

She types in "*DAVE CRUISE*" and presses the enter key. The screen fills with multiple images of the same man - gleaming tan, feathered sun-bleached hair. She SUCKS IN her breath.

She shakes her head, hands hovering over the keyboard, then types in: *"LAWRENCE SWANSON"*. Reads aloud:

NORA (CONT'D)
...disappearance of Lawrence Swanson, twenty-seven, last seen June tenth--

She puts a hand to her mouth. A beat as she stares at the screen.

NORA (CONT'D)
Nineteen ninety-five.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: next to the article, a PHOTO of Lawrence smiling up from the driver's seat of a RED MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nora sticks her head out the door, looks left and right, lingers on Evelyn's house a beat. She steps outside, gently closes the door. Walks down the drive.

She stops on the edge of the grass, next to the HANDPRINTS. Checks around again. She kneels down, eyes on GREG'S PRINT.

She puts her hand out, hesitates. Winces as she places her palm to the cement indentation. Holds her breath. Nothing.

Lets out a deep EXHALE. Stands up.

NORA
You are losing it, girl.

She SCOFFS at herself, wipes her hand on her shorts. Looks up at her living room window--

Her eyes go wide. Someone is inside, looking out at her.

Greg Conway.

Nora freezes in place. A HAND reaches out, grabs her right forearm. Nora SCREAMS, jumps off the ground.

EVELYN
Nora! Whatever is the matter?

Nora puts a hand to her chest, GULPS in air. Quickly jerks her head back to the window - empty. Swivels back to Evelyn.

NORA
You--there was...oh my god. What is happening?

Nora grabs both of Evelyn's arms, searches her face.

NORA (CONT'D)
What is happening here?

Evelyn stares back at her. Seconds tick by...their gaze remains locked. Finally--

EVELYN
Is there someone I can call for you, dear?

She looks down at Nora's hands on her arms. Nora BLINKS, pulls her hands away.

NORA
No, I'm...no.

She treads back to her porch, Evelyn's eyes on her back.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door OPENS a foot wide. Nora's head slowly appears in the doorframe. She peers into the living room.

NORA
(whispers)
Greg?

She waits. Opens the door wider.

NORA (CONT'D)
Greg?

She takes a step inside, but leaves the door open.

NORA (CONT'D)
Are you here?

She listens. Silence. The room is empty. She steps over to the window. Watches Evelyn go inside her house.

A RUSTLE behind her in the kitchen. She whirls around. Grabs for a heavy VASE, wielding it as she walks further in.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nora moves cautiously into the room. She flicks her eyes back and forth.

The clocks on the stove, microwave, and coffee maker are all FLASHING. Then--

CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK.

Nora jumps...and relaxes. Just the ICE MAKER dropping ice. She sets the vase down.

Her cell RINGS in her back pocket. She pulls it out.

NORA
Hey.

JEN (V.O.)
Hey. What's going on?

Nora sags against the counter.

NORA
Can you come? I really need you to come.

EXT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY

Nora, parked curbside, stands under an umbrella outside her car. She rushes forward as Jen emerges through the sliding doors, covers her with the umbrella.

Nora pops the trunk, Jen throws her carry-on in. They scramble in the front seats to get out of the downpour.

INT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nora leans across the seat, grabs Jen in a fierce hug.

NORA
I'm so glad you're here.

JEN
Me too.

An AIRPORT COP TWEETS his whistle, motions for cars to move up. Jen looks out the window at the DIGITAL SIGN:

03/26/2027...WELCOME TO SAN DIEGO!...59°...10:02 AM.

JEN (CONT'D)
Where's the sunshine you promised me?

NORA
Would you believe it was eighty and gorgeous yesterday?

JEN
Don't tell me that...

She squeezes Nora's arm.

JEN (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter. I'm just happy to see you.

Nora gives her a grateful smile. The cop TWEETS again. Nora pulls away from the curb.

INT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nora turns into her driveway.

JEN
Oh, look at your house! It's so cute. I can't wait to see inside.

Nora glances at her living room window as she rolls into the garage.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

From inside, Nora opens the sliding glass door. Jen looks out.

NORA
...and finally, the backyard. Hopefully it'll stop raining before you leave so we can enjoy it.

Nora closes the slider.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nora and Jen head back in. Nora lights the gas fireplace. They settle on the couch.

JEN
This is a great house.

NORA
It is, right? I mean, I didn't really need three bedrooms, but--

Jen leans forward, searches Nora's face.

JEN
Nora--are you okay?

Nora looks around the room.

NORA
I don't know.

JEN
Tell me what's going on.

NORA
(beat)
Let me show you something.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nora holds an umbrella over her and Jen's head. They stand on the cement, in front of the HANDPRINTS.

NORA
I put my hand on Greg's print, and...

JEN
And?

NORA
I had a vision. Of him in a room. It said "Violet" on the wall. Someone else was there with him.

JEN
Who?

NORA
I don't know, I couldn't see their face.

Jen crouches down.

NORA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Jen places her hand on top of GREG'S PRINT. Looks up at Nora.

JEN
I got nothing.

NORA
(quiet)
I know what I saw.

Jen stands up, her eyes flick next door.

JEN
Is that the neighbor you told me about?

Nora follows her gaze--Evelyn sits in the armchair at her living room window, sips from a teacup. She and Nora lock eyes.

NORA
Yes. Evelyn. She's...interesting.

JEN
Come on. Let's go back inside.

She pulls Nora away.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora and Jen come in, Nora puts the wet umbrella in a bin by the door. Jen takes off her raincoat, hangs it on a rack.

NORA
Go ahead and say it.

JEN
What?

NORA
Whatever it is you're going to say.

JEN
(takes a breath)
You've had some stressful events these last few months. The accident on the lake, you moved, a new job, bought a house, the car wreck...

Nora shakes her head.

JEN (CONT'D)
Any one of those things is a lot.

NORA
You think I'm just stressed out.

JEN
I think...yeah, I think you're stressed out.

NORA
What about Lawrence and Dave? Their profiles disappearing? The newspaper articles?

JEN
So--what? You think you're seeing ghosts? From thirty years ago?

Nora clocks the expression on Jen's face. Forces a LAUGH.

NORA
Yeah. That does sound crazy, doesn't it? You're probably right, it's just the stress.

Jen wraps her arms around Nora.

JEN
Of course it is.
(gives Nora a squeeze)
You know you can always move back home.

NORA
I bought a house, Jen.

JEN
And you can sell it. You're out here, you're all alone, things are...happening to you.
(beat)
Maybe it wasn't the right move.

NORA
You make it sound like I'm helpless.

JEN
That's not at all what I meant. It's really just an ulterior motive to get my best friend back to Minnesota.

NORA
Ahh, so you're the one who's doing all this.

JEN
(grins)
Exactly.

She takes Nora's hands.

JEN (CONT'D)
Whatever you decide to do, you know I always support you.

NORA
I know.

JEN
But if you stay here--a therapist might be good.

Nora opens her mouth to protest.

JEN (CONT'D)
You went through a very traumatic event. There's nothing wrong with professional help.

A beat as Nora considers.

NORA
You're right. Again.

JEN
It's not about being right. I just want you to be okay.

Nora nods. They smile at each other.

JEN (CONT'D)
You know what would make me okay? I mean, besides you being okay?

NORA
What's that?

JEN
Some of that Tex-Mex I keep hearing about. I'm starving.

NORA
Oh my god, yes. Let's go eat.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A KEY in the LOCK. The door BURSTS open, HITS the wall. Nora and Jen LAUGH too loud in the dark, stumble in.

JEN
Oh my god, why did you let me eat that? My mouth is still on fire!

Nora LAUGHS.

NORA
Don't lie, you were trying to impress the waiter. It wasn't my fault.

JEN
Okay, yeah, but he was fiiiine...shhh, shhh, shhh--don't tell Will I said that.

NORA
It's not too late, you're not married yet.

JEN
Oh my god, I'm going to be married!
(puts a hand to her head)
I'm also going to have a hangover. I've got to go to sleep, it's like four in the morning for me.

Jen gives Nora a kiss on the cheek.

NORA
Good night.

JEN
You're my best friend. I'd do anything for you, you know that, right.

NORA
I know, and you're drunk. Good night.

JEN
I am drunk. And I still mean it. See you in the morning--and by morning, I mean noon.

She walks down the hallway.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jen flops on bed, drops her purse hard on the floor. It hits the wood with a HOLLOW THUNK. The FLOORBOARD sits askew.

JEN
I'm just going to lie down for a minute...

Her head hits the pillow, eyes closed.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jen opens her eyes, squints. SUNLIGHT streams in through the open curtains. She GROANS, shields her eyes as she sits up.

She puts her foot down on the floor, slips as the LOOSE FLOORBOARD shifts. She bends down.

JEN
Oh shit...did I do that?

She slides her purse aside, picks up the small plank, looks down--

A SPACE in the floor.

She peers closer. Puts her hand in the space. Pulls out a dusty, unsealed ENVELOPE. Several 35mm PRINTS spill out across the floor.

Jen picks up a PHOTO: a TEEN GIRL sunbathing in a backyard. It's taken from a distance, slightly overhead.

She turns the photo over. The STAMP reads: *"Fox Photo Jul 93"*.

Jen gathers up the photos, shuffles through. The same girl, over a few years--ages 16 to 20. Walking down a sidewalk. Laughing. Eating at an outdoor table. All from a distance, as though the subject was unaware.

A KNOCK. Jen throws the photos back in the space, drags her purse over it. Gets up, opens the door.

Nora leans in, chipper.

NORA
And how are we feeling this morning?

JEN
Why did you let me drink so much?

NORA
Because Will never does. Did you notice the rain stopped?

JEN
So it did.

NORA
Well, get dressed! I can show you the town.

JEN
Let me take a quick shower.

NORA
I'll make coffee.

JEN
Yes. Please.

Nora heads off. Jen shuts the door softly. Crouches down, pulls the photos back out, shoves them in her purse. Places the FLOORBOARD back in place.

EXT. MONTAGE - SAN DIEGO

-- Nora and Jen lean on the railing, look down at the SEALS BARKING in La Jolla Cove.

-- They take a SELFIE at the REFLECTING POOL in Balboa Park.

-- Nora and Jen stroll through Old Town, munching on CHURROS.

-- Jen, shoes in hand, stands at the ocean's edge. She SHRIEKS as the water rushes around her ankles. Nora laughs.

-- Nora and Jen sit side by side on the sand in front of the HOTEL DEL CORONADO, watching the SUNSET. Nora leans her head on Jen's shoulder. Jen puts an arm around her.

-- Nora looks over at the HOTEL as she and Jen walk along the sand. She stops, glances up at the THIRD FLOOR. Jen waves at her to catch up. Nora moves on, but her gaze still lingers.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Nora and Jen exit the loaner car. Jen looks over at Evelyn's-- she's out sweeping her porch.

JEN
Nora, look.

Nora follows Jen's gaze.

JEN (CONT'D)
Who comes outside to sweep at ten p.m.?

NORA
(shrugs)
Yeah...like I said, she's interesting.

She rolls her eyes, Jen LAUGHS. They head inside.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jen's carry-on is ready to go by the closed door. Her purse next to her on the bed, she sifts though the contents of the ENVELOPE again.

She finds a PRINT stuck to the inside of the envelope. Pulls it off.

In the picture, GREG has his arm around the girl, smiles broadly at the camera. They pose outside, on the grass. The girl leans away, wears an expression of discomfort.

Jen flips the print over.

CLOSE ON BACK OF PRINT: In blue ink, a hand-drawn heart with *"GREG + VIOLET"* written inside. Jen freezes a beat, then--

JEN
(exhales)
Shit.

EXT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY

At the curb, Nora wraps her arms around Jen. Hugs her tight.

NORA
Oh, this was just what I needed! It was so good having you here.

JEN
I know. I can't wait to come back.

They break apart.

NORA
Okay, no long good-byes. Have a safe flight. Love you.

JEN
Love you, too. I'll call you when I land.

Jen takes a few steps, then turns around. Watches Nora head around the side of the car, get inside.

JEN (CONT'D)
Nora, wait!

She hurries over, KNOCKS on Nora's window. Nora rolls the window down.

Jen pulls the ENVELOPE out of her purse, holds it out.

JEN (CONT'D)
I found these in the guestroom.

Nora takes the envelope.

NORA
What--

JEN
Just promise you'll be careful.

She squeezes Nora's arm, hurries off.

INT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nora peers inside the ENVELOPE. Her cell PINGS at the same time.

She glances quickly at the NOTIFICATION on her screen--*"You have a new match!"*--then back to the envelope, pulls out the PHOTOS.

She goes through the PHOTOS, looking closely at the girl. Stops when she gets to the PHOTO of Greg and the girl together. Turns it over, reads:

NORA
Greg plus Violet.

She continues going through the photos. INHALES SHARPLY.

CLOSE ON PHOTO in Nora's hand: GREG, in a bedroom, taken selfie-style.

WOODEN LETTERS hang on a wall behind him: V-I-O-L-E-T. His tongue licks the "V". The wallpaper--FLOWERED LAVENDER.

TWEET! Nora startles at the cop's whistle. She punches the START button, peels away.

INT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nora merges into traffic, speeds up.

NORA
Siri--search Greg Conway, San Diego.

VOICE (V.O.)
Searching Greg Conway, San Diego.

A beat. The AUDIO SYSTEM responds:

VOICE (V.O.)
There are a few individuals named Greg Conway who appear in professional records associated with California. Are you looking for him in a specific context?

Nora TAPS on the steering wheel. Checks her side mirror.

NORA
Missing person.

VOICE (V.O.)
Here are the immediate steps to take--

NORA
No, no--it's...old.

She blows through an intersection as the light turns RED.

VOICE (V.O.)
Based on a review of public records, Gregory Conway, age twenty, was reported missing from the Point Loma area...

Nora's grip tightens on the steering wheel.

VOICE (V.O.)
...in nineteen-ninety-five.

Nora EXHALES as she SKIDS across two lanes, hangs a right turn.

INT. NORA'S LOANER CAR - DAY

Parked outside the body shop, Nora closes her eyes, tries to slow her breath. Clenches and unclenches her hands. Opens her eyes.

NORA
Okay.

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

A SHOP WORKER points around back. Nora nods her thanks, heads around the side of the building.

She spots Cody sitting in the red Mustang, moves toward him. He looks up at her approach. Smiles with an easy energy.

CODY
You caught me. Don't tell my grandfather.

Nora smiles back in spite of herself.

NORA
I won't.

CODY
I do this when he's gone. It'll be mine someday, but for now, I just let him do what he wants with it.

He exits the car, leaves the door open.

CODY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Whatever makes him happy but it does seems a waste just to let it sit here.

He nods toward the car.

CODY (CONT'D)
Try it out.

NORA
Oh--no, I wouldn't want--

CODY
Go ahead. I bet you'll look good in it.

He gives a half-bow, sweeps his arm toward the driver's seat. Nora LAUGHS SOFTLY, shakes her head. Throws her hands up.

NORA
Okay.

Nora slides onto the black leather seat, puts her hands on the leather-wrapped steering wheel. A low HUM builds, then--

WHOOSH!

INSERT - NORA'S VISION

WIND RUSHING. Tires THUMP on the road.

From NORA'S POV: She looks down at her hands on the wheel-- large, with short clipped nails, a smattering of brown hair.

She turn her head to the passenger seat. A young woman, VIOLET (20), throws her head back, laughing. Her hair flows in the wind. She wears a flowered dress.

Nora reaches a hand out, places it on Violet's thigh. Violet gives a sexy smile in return. She opens her mouth and--

SHOP WORKER
Cody!

BACK TO SCENE

Nora JERKS her hands off the steering wheel, looks up. Cody smiles down at her.

CODY
Hold on, I'll be right back.

He jogs off. Hands shaking, Nora opens the door. Takes deep breaths as she stands up, steadies herself against the car.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
He's right. You look good in it.

Nora whirls around. Arthur steps over to her.

NORA
I'm so sorry. I should have never--

Arthur waves her off.

ARTHUR
I'm eighty years old. Who knows how much time I have left.
(sighs)
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
It's just the foolishness of an old man, but I can't stop hoping he'll waltz back in one day, hop in the driver's seat, and say, "Let's go for a spin, Pops."
(shakes his head)
I know that's never going to happen now, but...I'd just like to know the truth before I die.

NORA
Does the name Violet mean anything to you?

ARTHUR
That was the young woman he was dating when he disappeared. He was separated from his wife at the time.
(beat)
How do you know about Violet?

Nora pulls one of Greg's PHOTOS out of her bag, shows Arthur.

NORA
Is this her?

Arthur takes the photo, studies it. Nods.

ARTHUR
It's been a while, but that's her. She came by the shop a few times.

NORA
Do you know her last name?

A beat. He shakes his head slowly.

ARTHUR
I don't remember.

He holds out the photo. Nora reaches for it. He grasps her hand, his eyes fixed on hers.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Do you know what happened to him?

She squeezes his hand.

NORA
No. But I'm going to try to figure it out.

Her cell PINGS.

EXT. BODY SHOP - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Nora hurries to her car. Cody steps out the front door.

CODY
Are you leaving?

He spots Arthur staring in their direction.

CODY (CONT'D)
Oh, shoot. My grandfather didn't scare you off, did he?

Nora's cell PINGS.

NORA
No, he's--
(checks her phone)
I've got to go.

Cody points towards the service bays.

CODY
Don't you want to see how your car's coming along? We've got the back fender on. Looks good.

Nora opens her car door. Another PING.

NORA
I'll have to come back.

CODY
Okay, uh, how's the loaner holding up?

NORA
It's good, thanks.

She's halfway in the driver's seat, not even looking at him.

CODY
All right, well. Have a good day.

NORA
Right. You too.

She SHUTS the door, backs out, and drives away. Cody watches her go. Looks back over at his grandfather.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - NORA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nora sits at her desk. A report open on her screen--numbers, charts, policy language. Her eyes glaze over.

Her pen taps. Faster. Faster. She stops. Flips open a legal pad.

Writes:

GREG CONWAY
LAWRENCE SWANSON
DAVE CRUISE

She stares at the names. Adds to the page:

1990s
SAN DIEGO
MISSING

Then, underneath:

VIOLET (?)

She turns to her computer. Types rapidly.

Search windows multiply: archived articles, public records. Fragments of information flash across the screen.

She scans. Scrolls. Leans back with a scowl.

Krystal RAPS on the glass door, pushes it open. Before she can speak--

NORA
I'll send it before E-O-D!

Eyebrows raised, Krystal backs away.

Nora looks back at her notes. Draws an arrow between:

GREG - VIOLET
LAWRENCE - VIOLET

Next to Dave's name adds:

Connected to Violet?

She exhales. Her eyes drift to a SECOND MONITOR:

GUARDIAN MUTUAL INTERNAL SYSTEM

She enters her password. Mutters out loud:

NORA (CONT'D)
People don't just disappear.

She types *"SWANSON, LAWRENCE"*.

The screen returns with: NO CLAIMS ON FILE.

She frowns. Tries *"CRUISE, DAVE"*.

Again: NO CLAIMS ON FILE.

She hits her head against the back of her chair. Sits forward, looks at her notes.

Her eyes land on:

VIOLET (?)

She taps the pen against it.

NORA (CONT'D)
What's the common denominator?

She DRAWS CIRCLES around Violet's name with emphasis.

NORA (CONT'D)
Her.

She turns back to the keyboard, runs an internet search on:

VIOLET - SAN DIEGO - 1990s

The screen populates with results. Nora scans them, shakes her head.

NORA (CONT'D)
Who are you, Violet?

She exhales sharply. Looks back and forth between the screen and her notes. At the circled VIOLET.

NORA (CONT'D)
Nothing connects.

Nora rubs her temples. Her cell RINGS. She picks it up.

JEN (V.O.)
I made it home.

NORA
Great. Thanks for letting me know.

JEN (V.O.)
(beat)
Nora. I'm sorry I didn't give you the pictures sooner. I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

Nora swivels around in her chair, looks out at the bay.

NORA
It's okay. I wouldn't have believed either. I know how kooky it sounds.
(beat)
I had another vision.

JEN (V.O.)
What was it?

NORA
Lawrence. In his car. With Violet.

JEN (V.O.)
The girl from the pictures?

Nora turns back to her desk.

NORA
Yes. There's a connection somewhere, but I can't find it yet. Greg coveted Violet, she was dating Lawrence...I don't how Dave fits in, but I think she's the point in common.

She TAPS on Violet's name on the notepad.

JEN (V.O.)
Do you think she killed them?

NORA
A twenty-year-old female serial killer? Not likely, but she's in the middle of it somehow. That's the only thing that makes sense.

JEN (V.O.)
Why do you think this is...happening to you?

NORA
I don't know. I'm an analyst. I deal with numbers, facts.
(beat)
Evidence...

JEN (V.O.)
What are you going to do now?

NORA
What I do best. Keep digging.

She disconnects, turns back to her computer. Types "*DAVE CRUISE*" in the internet search bar again.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH PIER - DAY

Nora sits on a bench, sips an iced coffee. Talks to herself as she watches the people go by.

NORA
Are you a ghost? Are you? What about you? How many dead people can I see?

She SIGHS. Gets up and throws her cup in the trash, walks toward the boardwalk.

INT. THE SHACK - DAY

BELLS TINKLE overhead as Nora pushes through the door. SURFBOARDS cover the walls, hang from the rafters.

Nora approaches the cash wrap. A sign behind the registers reads: "*THE SHACK - Dropping in since 1979".*

A sinewy, deeply tanned man, ERICK (late 50s), sits on a stool behind the counter, playing a UKULELE. He smiles at Nora, finishes his song.

Nora APPLAUDS. Erick puts the ukulele down, comes over to her.

ERICK
You're too kind. Now, how can I help?

NORA
Erick West?

ERICK
Guilty as charged--

He peers closely at her.

ERICK (CONT'D)
You're not my daughter, are you?

NORA
Uh, no...

ERICK
That happened once. Didn't know if there were more. Not that it would be a bad thing.

NORA
No, I wanted to ask you about Dave Cruise. You were friends, right?

ERICK
Inseparable.

He kisses his thumb and forefinger, raises them to the sky.

ERICK (CONT'D)
A Hui Hou--until we meet again. Are you from a magazine?

NORA
No, I'm researching the disappearance of several men from San Diego. In the nineties.

ERICK
Podcaster?

Nora nods and smiles.

NORA
Something like that. What can you tell me about Dave's disappearance?

ERICK
Nothing. We all assumed he'd smoked a bowl, gone night surfing, and has been riding the big wave ever since.

NORA
He used drugs?

ERICK
(shrugs)
Recreationally. We all were.

NORA
Was he in a relationship?

ERICK
He was in a lot of relationships, if you know what I mean.

Nora pulls out a PHOTO.

NORA
What about her? Did you ever see Dave with her?

Erick studies the photo.

ERICK
I couldn't say for sure. Maybe? Sorry I'm not more help.

NORA
That's okay. Thanks for your time.

She heads back toward the entrance. Erick calls out:

ERICK
Hey--

Nora stops. A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR hangs on the wall across from her.

ERICK (CONT'D)
I'm not making him out to sound like much, but he was. He was loud and funny, he'd help other surfers. Spent hours pushing a beached whale back into the water once. He was a helluva guy.

NORA
I bet he was.

Nora catches her reflection in the mirror, but the image isn't her own--

VIOLET.

Nora lifts a hand to her face. In the mirror, Violet copies. A low HUM. Faint FOOTSTEPS.

DAVE comes up behind her, wraps his arms around her. Nora/Violet smiles up at him.

ERICK
I miss him every day. Sometimes I can still feel him around, you know?

Nora blinks--her own face in the mirror again.

NORA
Yes. I do.

ERICK
You'll let me know if you find out anything?

Nora looks at him, nods.

NORA
I will.

Erick picks up his ukulele, starts to play. The BELLS TINKLE as she exits.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Nora's phone PINGS as the door closes behind her. She holds it up, reads:

NORA
"Martin would love to meet you!"

She opens up the FIRSTDATE.COM APP, clicks on MARTIN'S PROFILE - a little older, mid 30s. Professional dress. She studies it a beat.

NORA (CONT'D)
Okay, Martin.

She checks up and down the boardwalk--nothing unusual.

NORA (CONT'D)
Let's see what happens this time.

She types as she makes her way back to her car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Nora's loaner car parks at the curb outside a well-kept house in the upper-middle class neighborhood.

She exits the vehicle, double checks the address against her phone. Walks up the drive.

EXT. MERCER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The door opens. A woman in her early-mid 60s, KELLY, gives Nora a questioning look.

KELLY
Yes?

Nora smiles.

NORA
Hello. I'm looking for Martin?

The woman's face darkens.

KELLY
When are you people finally going to leave me alone!

She moves to close the door, Nora puts a hand against it.

NORA
Please--

KELLY
Get off my property! I'm calling the police!

NORA
Kelly, wait. Please.

Kelly stops in her tracks. Stares at Nora.

KELLY
Who are you? How do you know my name?

NORA
I'm a senior claims analyst with Guardian Mutual. My name's Nora Hayes.

Nora offers her a BUSINESS CARD. Kelly reads it, then opens the door a little wider.

KELLY
Is this about a claim? Why are you here at night?

NORA
A potential claim. May I come in? I promise I won't take much of your time.

Kelly nods, steps back. A low HUM sounds as Nora steps inside.

INT. MERCER RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly hands Nora, seated on a sofa, a glass of water.

KELLY
I apologize for earlier. There have been so many scammers over the years. Psychics, mediums, telling me they can make contact with Martin.

Nora smiles politely, nods. Kelly sits on one end of the other sofa, facing Nora--

MARTIN sits on the other end.

KELLY (CONT'D)
So, what's this about a claim?

Nora flicks her eyes to Martin, then back.

NORA
You and Martin were still married when he disappeared?

KELLY
Just divorced. We'd been separated for a year prior.

NORA
Forgive me for asking--was he seeing anyone at the time?

Kelly waves her hand in the air.

KELLY
Pfft. He'd always had an eye for-- younger women. Pretty little things he could mold. Dress the way he wanted...do the things he wanted.

She tosses her head.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I was one of those once. Then we married and I had children. And suddenly he wanted a divorce.

Martin looks down at his hands in his lap. Nora looks between the two of them again.

NORA
Do you know who he was seeing?

Kelly lets out a loud SIGH.

KELLY
I'm not proud to say I hired a P.I. to follow him.
(shrugs)
My attorney said it would help in the divorce.

Martin turns his head to look at Kelly.

NORA
Did they find anything?

KELLY
No. The P.I. thought he might be on to something, but then Martin disappeared right after, so it didn't matter. All the accounts were still in both our names, so I ended up with everything anyway.

She takes a drink of water.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I figured he wanted to start a new life somewhere, didn't want the baggage of his old one. Which would have been fine, except for, you know, his children never seeing him again or knowing what happened to their father.

Martin reaches out a hand places it on Kelly's arm. She absently rubs the spot.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Is there some paperwork or something I need to sign?

NORA
You wouldn't happen to have any of the reports from the P.I. would you?

KELLY
Oh, god...I wouldn't even know where to look if I did. It was a big firm, though. I'm sure they're still around. San Diego Legal Investigations.

NORA
Thank you. I can see myself out.

She stands up. Martin does as well. They lock eyes.

Kelly follows her gaze, furrowing her brow. Looks back at Nora.

KELLY
What about the claim?

NORA
I'll let you know when I find something.

She walks to the front door, her HEELS CLICK on the marble floor.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nora pushes her uneaten food away. Stares blankly at the DIRECTOR as he drones on at the front of the room.

She slides the NOTEPAD on the table into her lap. Flips the pages to find her notes. Adds the name "*MARTIN MERCER*" to the list.

She glances up, eyes landing on her co-workers across the table - they've turned into GREG, LAWRENCE, DAVE, and MARTIN. They stare back at her.

Greg brings his hands together, APPLAUDING her. Lawrence follows, out of sync, then Dave. Finally Martin.

Nora sits up, looks around. The director has finished speaking. Her co-workers faces returned to normal, CLAPPING in time. Nora joins in the applause.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - NORA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nora GULPS, standing up, from a metal water bottle. Lets out an "*Ahhh*", wipes her mouth. She sets it on her desk, next to her cell. It immediately RINGS.

She checks the CALLER I.D. - "*SWANSON'S BODY SHOP*", answers.

NORA
Hello?

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Arthur leans forward on a folding chair next to the red Mustang, rag in one hand, phone in the other.

ARTHUR
Is this Miss Hayes?

NORA (V.O.)
Yes. Mr. Swanson?

ARTHUR
You can call me Arthur.

INTERCUT NORA'S OFFICE/BODY SHOP

Nora smiles, moves to the window.

NORA
Arthur.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I got your number from the paperwork on your car. I hope you don't mind me calling.

NORA
Not at all. And you can call me Nora.

Arthur sits back, looks at the car.

ARTHUR
Here's the thing, Miss--Nora. It's been nagging at me ever since you were here.

NORA (V.O.)
What has?

ARTHUR
That I couldn't remember the girl's last name. Even though it's been decades, I should remember. I try to remember everything about that time, about my son.

Nora leans into her phone.

NORA
Did you remember?

Arthur reaches over, wipes a spot off the front bumper.

ARTHUR
It came to me when I was cleaning the wheel wells.

NORA (V.O.)
And?

ARTHUR
Williams. Wheels--Williams. Just like that, there it was.

Nora moves over to the desk, writes on the notepad.

NORA
Violet Williams. Great. Thank you, Arthur.

Arthur looks over toward the service bays.

ARTHUR
Say, listen, you haven't mentioned anything to my grandson about all this, have you?

Nora sits down, boots up her computer.

NORA
No, I haven't said anything.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Good. I wouldn't want to get his hopes up. In case it turns out to be a dead end.

NORA
I won't say anything until I have something solid.

Arthur clears his throat.

ARTHUR
Thank you, miss. You take care.

Nora smiles softly.

NORA
You too, Arthur.

END INTERCUT

Nora looks at the NOTEPAD. Types as she talks to herself.

NORA
Williams. Only one of the most common surnames in the U.S. Let's see what we can find.

She hits enter, the results populate the screen. She scrolls. And scrolls.

NORA (CONT'D)
Violet Williams Facebook, Violet Instagram, Violet Williams...this is a--

She looks up.

NORA (CONT'D)
Dead end.

She types in the search bar.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Search result reads "*Violet Williams Obituary Search*".

NORA (CONT'D)
(raises an eyebrow)
Only a hundred seventy-seven.

She scans the results, MUMBLING to herself as she scrolls through. Stops. Reads quickly aloud:

NORA (CONT'D)
"Violet Opal Turner, nee Williams, age twenty-one, died unexpectedly, November thirtieth, nineteen-ninety-eight. She is survived by her husband Christopher, and her mother Evelyn."

Nora grabs her notepad, scribbles on it:

1998 - 21 = 1977

Nora chews on her pen. Stands up abruptly, fishes the ENVELOPE out of her purse hanging on a rack. She flips through the backsides of the photos.

NORA (CONT'D)
Ninety-three, ninety-three...ninety-four...none past ninety-five.

She lets out a SIGH, taps the photos lightly against her palm. Stops mid-beat.

NORA (CONT'D)
Unexpectedly...

She swivels her head to the second monitor. Tosses the photos aside, scoots in closer. Types in her password under the GUARDIAN MUTUAL logo.

She taps on her keyboard, searches through the database. Finally nods to herself with a look of quiet triumph.

She hits a key, slides her rolling chair over to a printer. WIGGLES her leg as she waits for the pages to print. Pulls them out of the printer, scans through and--INHALES SHARPLY.

She grabs her purse and hurries out.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door OPENS. Evelyn looks out, unsurprised, at Nora.

EVELYN
Nora.

NORA
Hello, Evelyn. May I come in?

EVELYN
Of course, dear.

She opens the door wider.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn smiles at Nora as she steps inside. Clocks the BRIEFCASE Nora carries in one hand.

EVELYN
We'll sit in the kitchen. I was just making tea.

She closes the door behind Nora with a CLICK.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kettle WHISTLES on the stovetop.

Evelyn removes it, pours STEAMING water into the LAVENDER FLOWERED TEACUP in front of Nora, seated at the table.

EVELYN
How was your visit with your friend? Jen, was it?

Makes eye contact with Nora as she pours. Doesn't spill a drop.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Or does she prefer Jennifer?

Nora observes as Evelyn adds water to a matching cup for herself, returns the kettle to the stove. Measured, controlled movements.

NORA
It's Jen.

Evelyn sits across from her. Smiles.

EVELYN
Did her visit boost your spirits? I was concerned about you after the other week. You were quite distressed.

NORA
I'm fine. Thank you.

She reaches down to the briefcase at her feet, pulls out the PRINTED PAPERS from her office. Keeps them in her hands.

EVELYN
What is that?

NORA
I think I told you when we met I worked for Guardian Mutual?

EVELYN
Yes. You did mention that.

She sips her tea.

NORA
You're probably familiar with us since we manage city employee benefits.

EVELYN
I retired ten years ago.

NORA
I was going through old files and came across this in our system--

She puts the PAPERS on the table, slides them toward Evelyn.

NORA (CONT'D)
An unfiled claim from nineteen-ninety-eight. Accidental death.

Evelyn puts a hand atop the papers.

NORA (CONT'D)
All police department employees received a policy for their dependents automatically. Five thousand dollars.

Evelyn's hand tightens on the papers, CRINKLING them.

NORA (CONT'D)
(soft)
Your daughter died in a car accident in Minnesota. You never filed the claim.

Evelyn's eyelids FLUTTER.

EVELYN
You spend your whole life protecting your child. You'd do anything for them and then--

She releases her hand from the papers. Pushes them back toward Nora.

NORA
(leans forward)
I can only imagine how much you miss Violet.

Evelyn's jaw tightens.

EVELYN
She was worth so much more than this. Who are you to remind me of that pain?

She stands up. Pulls away the teacup from in front of Nora. Takes it to the sink and looks out, her back to Nora.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
See yourself out.

Nora pushes away from the table. Pauses. Collects the papers, puts them in her briefcase.

NORA
I won't disturb you any further.

She walks away, her footsteps ECHOING down the hall.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nora steps out into the SUN, CLOSES the door behind her. A low HUM begins.

A MAN and a WOMAN walk down the sidewalk past Evelyn's house; the light makes Nora squint to see them. The couple approaches a car - a 90s MAZDA RX-7 - parked on the curb.

Nora raises a hand to shield her eyes. Her vision sharpens as the man, mid-20s, in a RED PLAID SHIRT, opens the passenger door for the woman--VIOLET.

Violet smiles up at the man as she gets in the car. The man walks around the car, gets in the driver's seat. The car pulls away--

And is gone. The ROAR of the engine still lingering. Then--nothing.

Nora's cell PINGS.

She EXHALES slowly, brings the phone up. The NOTIFICATION reads: *"Chris is waiting to meet you!"*

Nora unlocks her phone, hits the ICON for FIRSTDATE.COM. CHRIS' PROFILE loads onto her screen. He smiles out from her phone wearing a RED PLAID SHIRT.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nora stands in the middle of the grass, phone in hand, gazes up at the STARS. She brings the phone to her chest, clasps both hands around it. Closes her eyes.

A beat. She checks her phone--

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN: A string of MESSAGES stacked on the right, a SPINNING BLUE WHEEL in the center--

"What do you want from me?"

"Why did you pick me?"

"Where are you?"

"Are you dead?"

The wheel disappears. The phone PINGS. A MESSAGE FLICKERS on the LEFT:

"Ye--"

The message fades away, the SPINNING WHEEL returns.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora sits on the floor in front of her coffee table with her laptop open, files and notepad spread out to one side. She puts her earbuds in, taps on her phone.

EXT. PARKING LOT (MINNESOTA) - DAY

Jen puts reusable GROCERY BAGS in the back of her car. Stops to answer her cell.

JEN
Hey, I was going to call you later. Is everything okay?

INTERCUT NORA'S HOUSE/PARKING LOT

Nora scoots back onto the couch.

NORA
So much has happened since you were here. Listen to this--Violet was Evelyn's daughter.

Jen SLAMS her trunk closed.

JEN
What? What do you mean "was"?

NORA (V.O.)
She died in a car accident. Back in ninety-eight.

JEN
That's terrible.

Nora picks up her notepad.

NORA
She was living in Twin Cities at the time.

JEN (V.O.)
No kidding. How does that tie in to everything else though?

NORA
I don't know, but she was married and the husband died just a few weeks after her.

Jen wheels her cart to the return.

JEN
And that raises a red flag for you.

NORA (V.O.)
Yes, it does. I found an obituary, but no other details about how he died.
(beat)
Does Megan still do that true-crime podcast?

JEN
A new episode every Tuesday.

Nora grabs a pen from the table, scribbles on her notepad.

NORA
She's got connections, right? Do you think you could ask her to pull any info she can find on a Christopher Turner? He was twenty-six when he died.

Jen opens her car door.

JEN
Yeah, of course.
(beat)
You're okay, right? You're safe?

Nora looks around the room, nods.

NORA
Yeah. I'm safe. I know this is going to sound woo-woo, but--I think they want my help.

JEN (V.O.)
Okay, but if they start asking for money...

NORA
Very funny.

Jen gets in her car.

JEN
Sorry. This is all just--a lot.
I'll let you know what Megan says.

NORA (V.O.)
Thanks, Jen.

END INTERCUT

Nora tilts her head back on the couch, runs her hands through her hair. Her cell RINGS. She grabs it, checks the CALLER ID: *"Swanson & Son Body Shop".*

NORA
Hello? Arthur?

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Cody leans on the front counter, speaks into a landline receiver.

CODY
No...it's Cody.
(light)
Is there something I should know about you and my grandfather?

INTERCUT NORA'S HOUSE/BODY SHOP

Nora puts a hand to her face.

NORA
Oh my gosh, no, I, just thought--

Cody smiles, straightens up.

CODY
Just teasing. I have good news.
Your car is ready.

NORA (V.O.)
That's fantastic. Should I come now?

CODY
Unless you can't part with that loaner car.

Nora smiles.

NORA
I'll be there shortly.

She SNAPS her laptop closed, stands up.

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Nora and Cody stand side by side behind her repaired Mini Cooper. Nora surveys the rear bumper.

CODY
See? I told you we'd fix it as good as new.

NORA
It looks...fantastic. Thank you.

CODY
Lets just get your paperwork signed and you're good to go.

He moves to the office, holds the door open for her.

Nora looks over to the back wall. Spots Arthur polishing the Mustang. He looks up and waves. She smiles, waves back.

Cody observes their exchange, but keeps quiet. They step inside.

INT. BODY SHOP - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind them. Cody goes around the counter, Nora stands on the other side.

Cody slides a printout toward her, removes a PEN from his shirt pocket--solid and shiny, with engraving on the side.

CODY
All right, I just need you to sign at the bottom.

He holds the PEN out to her. A low HUM. Her fingers close around the pen--

WHOOSH!

INSERT - NORA'S VISION

From NORA'S POV: Eyes gaze down. A PAIR OF HANDS rest on a kitchen table, a small PEARL RING on the right hand.

She looks up. Seated across from her--LAWRENCE. He raises a LAVENDER FLOWERED TEACUP to his lips.

CODY
Nora?

BACK TO SCENE

Nora's knees buckle slightly, she catches herself on the counter. The PEN slips from her hand.

CODY
Are you okay?

Nora blinks, takes a deep breath. Her gaze lands on the PEN on the counter.

CLOSE ON THE PEN: The engraving reads *"Lawrence Swanson".*

Nora looks up at Cody.

NORA
Just a little dizzy. I forgot to have lunch.

CODY
That's not good.

He comes around the counter, steers her towards a chair.

CODY (CONT'D)
Why don't you sit down? I'll be right back.

Nora sinks into the chair. Cody returns a beat later with a CANDY BAR and a CAN OF SODA, offers them to her.

CODY (CONT'D)
It's not the most nutritious, but we just fixed your car. I'd hate for something to happen on your way home.

NORA
That's very kind of you.

She opens the soda, takes a drink.

CODY
You know, I was wondering, since I already have your number...and my grandfather likes you--which is unusual, he generally doesn't like anybody...maybe you'd let me take you for a real lunch.

NORA
Oh.

CODY
(babbles)
Not today. I just mean, sometime. In the future. Which would be other than today.

NORA
(interjects)
Yes. I'd like that.

CODY
(grins)
Okay, then. Great.

Her cell BUZZES; she checks the CALLER ID--JEN.

NORA
Thanks for the snacks. And for fixing my car.

CODY
You're welcome. Be careful out there, okay?

NORA
I will.

CODY
Okay. Well. I'll call you. Soon.

NORA
(smiles)
Okay. Bye.

She pushes through the door.

EXT. BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Nora emerges, phone to ear. Heads for her car.

NORA
Please tell me you have something.

JEN (V.O.)
Are you sitting down? Chris was murdered. Poisoned.

NORA
Any suspects?

JEN (V.O.)
None. Nobody heard or saw anything. Nothing to go on, case went completely cold.

Nora gets in her car.

INT. NORA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nora throws her purse on the passenger seat. Starts the car.

JEN (V.O.)
There's something else.

NORA
What?

JEN (V.O.)
They lived at 2817 Emerson Avenue.

Nora freezes, her hand on the gear selector. She catches her reflection in the rearview mirror.

NORA
Which apartment?

JEN (V.O.)
(beat)
Yours.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

The Mini Cooper pulls into the driveway.

INT. NORA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nora turns the car off, puts her hands in her lap. Closes her eyes.

NORA
(whispers)
Now what?

EXT. NORA’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The porch light CLICKS OFF. Nora emerges through the slider, carries a small step ladder.

She walks over to the back corner, places the ladder between the APPLE TREE and the fence. Climbs up, slowly raises her head to peer into Evelyn’s backyard.

Trimmed grass, clipped hedges. A small GARDEN SHED against the far fence.

Nora clocks the shed. She places her foot on the top step of the ladder, craning to see.

The ladder shifts in the dirt, wobbles. Nora catches herself, gripping the top of the fence with a RATTLE. A DOOR CREAKS. Nora makes a face, ducks her head.

Next door, a LIGHT CLICKS ON. Nora quickly pulls her hands off the fence, loses balance, falls hard against the tree. An APPLE drops into Evelyn’s yard. Nora holds her breath.

FOOTSTEPS on the cement. Nora winces. Crouches further. A RUSTLE. Nora startles, grabs the tree. The BRANCHES SHAKE. An OPOSSUM darts out, runs along the top of the fence.

A beat. The LIGHT GOES OUT. Nora holds still. A soft CLICK.

Nora EXHALES, jumps lightly down from the ladder. She quietly folds it up, places behind the tree. Slips quickly back inside the house.

INT. NORA’S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dressed for work, Nora backs out of her drive. Shifts into gear, moves forward. She glances toward Evelyn’s house--looks back all the way over her shoulder as she rolls past.

CLOSE ON: Evelyn sits on her porch bench, peeling an APPLE. A long STRING OF PEEL hangs down. She doesn’t look up.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - NORA’S OFFICE - DAY

Head tilted, Nora SWIVELS back and forth in her chair, stares at the ceiling. Her notepad open on the desk in front of her. She recites:

NORA
Greg, Lawrence, Dave, Martin, Chris...Greg, Lawrence, Dave, Martin, Chris...
(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)
(slower)
Greg...Lawrence...Dave...Martin--

She sits up.

NORA (CONT'D)
Four missing, one dead.

Grabs a pen. Scribbles on the pad.

NORA (CONT'D)
No--four missing in San Diego. One dead in Minnesota.

She looks out the window.

NORA (CONT'D)
Why the change in pattern?

Her cell PINGS. She snatches it off the desk.

CLOSE ON CELL SCREEN: Text reads *"Arthur says hi."* TYPING DOTS, then another text - *"And that you should have lunch with me on Sunday."*

She smiles to herself.

NORA (CONT'D)
Is it wrong I was hoping for a dead guy?

She texts back, then shuts off her computer. Grabs the notepad, puts it in her bag.

INT. GUARDIAN MUTUAL (SAN DIEGO) - LOBBY - DAY

Nora waits for the elevator. It DINGS, the doors open. Krystal calls out from behind her:

KRYSTAL
Nora!

She walks briskly toward her, a MANILLA ENVELOPE in hand.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
A courier just dropped this off for you.

Nora takes it from her; the upper left corner stamped with: *SAN DIEGO LEGAL INVESTIGATIONS.*

NORA
Thanks, Krystal.

She steps inside the elevator.

KRYSTAL
Thanks for getting your order in on time. Have a good night.

NORA
You too.

The DOORS CLOSE.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Nora turns the ENVELOPE over, tears it open. Pulls out a report, several BLOWN UP PHOTOS.

She flips through the photos--stops. Her eyes track across the image. Her head SNAPS up.

NORA
They didn't disappear...they never left.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Evelyn walks up her driveway, mail in hand. Goes inside.

EXT. NORA'S STREET - NIGHT

The MINI COOPER stops in the middle of the block, backs in to a spot along the curb. Nora slips out, looks around. Heads down the street, keeping to the shadows.

As she approaches her house, she stays close against the shrubs, eases through her side gate away from Evelyn's.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bedside lamp casts a dim glow in the corner of the room, the rest of the house dark. The NIGHTSTAND CLOCK reads *3:53 A.M.*

The MANILLA ENVELOPE sits on the bed. Nora, in all black, perches on the edge next to it, phone pressed to her ear.

A BLOWN UP PHOTO in her other hand - MARTIN, in a business suit, walking up Evelyn's driveway.

Jen’s RECORDED MESSAGE plays:

JEN (V.O.)
“...and I’ll call you back.”

BEEP. Nora speaks in a low voice:

NORA
I think I figured it out. I just need proof. If you don’t hear from me in an hour, call the police...I hope you get this message before then.

She disconnects, puts the phone on SILENT. Tucks it in her back pocket. Clips a small AEROSOL CAN with a red top to her beltloop. Slips out into the dark hallway.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The neighborhood is still. No noise from the street.

Nora stands on the stepladder, checks Evelyn’s backyard--dark. No lights on in the house.

She focuses on the GARDEN SHED on the far side of the yard. Takes a DEEP BREATH, hoists herself up and over the fence.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Nora drops to the ground, crouches low. Waits; scans the back of the house. No movement.

Keeping low, she moves along the back fence toward the shed. A RUSTLE in the bushes. Nora freezes. Listens carefully; just her own breathing. Makes a dash along the rest of the fence.

She reaches the shed. Wood, older construction. Roughly six by six with a peaked roof. Unlocked.

Nora grasps a handle, slowly raises it--CLICK. She checks around. Eases one of the double doors open, winces at the SQUEAK. Wide enough, she slips inside, closes the door behind her.

INT. GARDEN SHED - CONTINUOUS

BLACKNESS--then Nora’s PHONE LIGHTS UP. Shines over RAKES, BROOMS, GARDEN TOOLS.

She runs her foot along the floor, checks for loose boards. Turns slowly, scanning. Shines the LIGHT UPWARD. Sweeps the BEAM along the center rafter, then back the other way. Stops.

A RACK beside the door. Hand tools. A SUNHAT. Nora moves the hat aside. A beaded metal chain hangs from the hook--a HOUSEKEY dangling at the bottom.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

The LOCK TURNS. A beat. The BACK DOOR opens. Nora crosses the threshold. Strains her eyes in the dark space.

Long, narrow. Washer against one wall, dryer against the other. Utility sink. Beyond the dryer, the opening to the kitchen on the right.

At the end of the room, a latched door. COMBINATION LOCK.

Nora INHALES. She pads softly to the door. Puts her ear against it. A low HUM emanates from inside. She pulls back.

Nora closes her hand around the lock. Looks at the numbers. Four slots. Her eyes shift to the door frame--PENCIL MARKS. Heights recorded over the years: *"Violet 4 years old".*

Nora turns back to the lock. Sets the numbers: *1-9-7-7.* Pulls. It opens.

She unlatches the door. Pauses. Listens. Opens the door. The HUM louder.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nora stands in the doorway. Shines her phone. Canned goods line either side. Against the back wall - a CHEST FREEZER. HUMMING.

Nora's knees dip. She catches herself. Steps to the freezer. The AEROSOL CAN handing from her beltloop CLINKS against the side. She places a hand on the lid. A breath. Lifts the lid.

Cold vapor RISES out. Inside--pale, waxy skin. A man's SUIT. BODIES. Stacked. Caked with ice. Nora closes the lid.

She lowers her phone, TAPS on the screen, then--

The kettle WHISTLES from the kitchen. Nora freezes.

EVELYN (O.C.)
Good morning, Nora.

Nora slides the AEROSOL CAN into her front pocket. Turns around. Evelyn stands in the doorway, a small caliber HANDGUN held casually in one hand.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
I made tea. Join me.

Nora doesn't move. Her fingers still hovers over her phone. Evelyn holds out her hand.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Phone, please.

She stares Nora down. Nora takes a step forward, places the phone in Evelyn's palm.

NORA
You killed them.

EVELYN
Let's go in the kitchen.

Not a request. Nora steps through the doorway.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nora enters, her eyes darting about. Evelyn behind her. She sets Nora's phone on the counter.

EVELYN
Sit down.

Nora sits at the table. Evelyn moves to the refrigerator. Nora puts her hands in her lap, underneath the tablecloth.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Violet's father refused to acknowledge her. High school football star, scholarship off to SC...tale as old as time and not one anybody cares about.
(beat)
I gave her his last name, hoping he'd--

Busies herself putting out lemon slices, cream.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
We were fine, though. Two peas in a pod, really. We had a wonderful time. Violet was smart as a whip. Thankfully, she got my brains, not her father's.

She adds tea bags to two lavender teacups.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
She loved computers, that's what she was studying in college. Two years of community, then she'd transfer to San Diego state. We had a good life.

She pours steaming water into the cups.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Then she discovered a website. Dating website.
(clucks her tongue)
Those men were all dangerous-- married, drug users. Just looking for one thing.

Evelyn opens a cupboard, removes a small, dark green bottle.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
I had to protect her. From them and herself. She was smart but she was innocent. She couldn't see what they were doing.

NORA
What about Greg? He wasn't on the website.

Evelyn unscrews the dropper-top. The TABLECLOTH at Nora's lap RUSTLES. Evelyn glances over.

EVELYN
True. He was just a filthy boy. Always watching Violet. Lusting after her.

She SQUIRTS the contents of the dropper into just one teacup. Nora places one hand on the table, the other still in her lap.

NORA
And Chris? What was his sin? He and Violet were married.

Evelyn brings the teacups to the table. And the HANDGUN. Nora's eyes flick to it.

EVELYN
You seem quite capable of filling in the blanks.

She puts a cup in front of Nora. Sits opposite her.

NORA
He took her away from you. That's why his body was the only one ever found. You went to Minnesota.

Evelyn uses silver tongs to add a delicate SLICE OF LEMON to her tea.

EVELYN
You're intelligent. I appreciate that.
(blows on her tea)
What was he thinking, moving her to Minnesota? Violet had never driven in the snow. He's to blame for what happened to her.

She drinks.

NORA
She wanted to get away from you, didn't she? That's why she married him and left.

Evelyn SLAMS her cup down on the saucer.

EVELYN
You don't know what you're talking about!
(calms herself)
Drink. Go on. I could shoot you, but it's such a mess.

On the counter, Nora's phone VIBRATES, LIGHTS UP.

Evelyn casts a glance at Nora, gets up, takes the gun with her. She checks the screen.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Your friend Jen just texted. We wouldn't want her to worry about you.

The phone goes dark. Evelyn brings it over to Nora.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Unlock it, please.

Nora brings her other hand out from under the tablecloth, gripping the AEROSOL CAN, her forefinger on the red top.

She presses down, releasing a sharp SPRAY directly into Evelyn's eyes.

Evelyn SHOUTS in pain, brings her hands up to her face. The gun and Nora's phone both CLATTER to the floor.

Nora shoves back from the table. Evelyn WRITHES in distress, SCREAMING.

Nora throws the can on the floor, scoops up her phone, runs out of the house.

Evelyn, hands outstretched, finds the PITCHER of cream on the table. From the front room--a door FLUNG OPEN, FOOTSTEPS RECEDING.

Evelyn pours the CREAM on her face, rubs it over her eyes. She leans on the table, breathing heavily. CREAM DRIPS from her hair.

She feels her way to her chair. Sits. Composed. SIRENS sound in the distance. She moves her own cup, with the lemon slice, aside.

She reaches across the table. Pulls Nora's cup over. SIRENS LOUDER. Adds a slice of lemon. Drinks.

INT. EVELYN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (LATER)

LIGHTS FLOOD the room. A C.I. snaps photos of--

EVELYN, at the table, DEAD. The lavender TEACUP BROKEN on the floor.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

The early morning sun barely filters through the trees, half the street still dark.

Nora sits on the curb, blanket wrapped around her shoulders. Police activity all around, CORONER'S van in the driveway.

She looks over her shoulder.

VIOLET walks toward Nora. Nora stands at her approach.

Violet passes her. As she walks, the NIGHT behind her TURNS TO DAY.

She crosses the street to a SUNLIT FIELD of tall grass. GREG, LAWRENCE, DAVE, MARTIN, and CHRIS wait for her. Violet joins them, taking Chris' hand.

They turn and walk deeper into the field. Violet glances back at Nora. Then--they're gone.

An OFFICER taps Nora on the shoulder.

OFFICER
Ms. Hayes?

Nora pulls her gaze away from the field.

NORA
Yes.

OFFICER
The detective would like to get your statement now.

She nods. Looks back across the street--just a house. Her face softens. She turns away, follows the officer.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY (TEN WEEKS LATER)

A realtor's "FOR SALE" SIGN planted in the front yard.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora, with a NEW HAIRCUT, sits on the couch, Jen next to her. A small SUITCASE waits by the door.

She holds her phone out, TAPS it with emphasis.

NORA
FIRSTDATE.COM is officially uninstalled. No more dating apps and no more...visions. Hopefully.

JEN
What about Megan's podcast?

NORA
I'll be leaving some parts out. Those are just between you and me.

A beat. Nora grabs Jen's hand.

NORA (CONT'D)
If you hadn't texted when you did--

JEN
But I did.

They hug for a long beat, break apart with a knowing smile.

NORA
I'm going to be late.

JEN
And will you be adding a plus one to your wedding invite?

NORA
(grins)
That is a distinct possibility.

Jen raises her eyebrows, follows Nora to the door.

NORA (CONT'D)
Thanks for housesitting. There've been so many strangers just knocking at my door since--
(grabs her suitcase)
Do you and Will need anything else before I go?

JEN
No, have a great time. You deserve it. Love you.

She gives her a quick hug.

NORA
Thanks. Love you, too.

She grabs her suitcase, heads out the door.

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

The Mini Cooper pulls in, top down. Her phone rests in the holder on the dash.

Nora smiles at Cody talking with a worker by the service bays. He holds up one finger. She nods.

She glances over--the MUSTANG is gone.

Cody puts a bag in the back seat, gets in the passenger seat. Gives Nora a quick kiss.

CODY
Thanks for meeting me here. It's still a little hard being next door to...

Nora squeezes his hand.

NORA
I understand.

CODY
You sure you don't want me to drive?

NORA
No, I'm good.
(beat)
Where's the Mustang?

Cody smiles softly at her.

CODY
Arthur took it out.

Nora gives him a soft smile.

CODY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He leans in, kisses her longer. A low HUM.

Nora's phone LIGHTS UP on the dash. She and Cody smile together on her SCREENSAVER.

The image PIXELATES, rearranges into: CHRIS and VIOLET. Red plaid shirt. Bouquet of red roses. A NOTIFICATION slides over it--

"You have a new match!"

CUT TO BLACK.