

10-57

Written by

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EXT. BEACH- DAY

A grey sky and crashing waves, BOBBY, 37, guarded and cynical, stares out at the water. Mick, 53, blunt and assertive, approaches her from behind. Both are police detectives.

MICK

I must be getting old, you know,
memory slipping away, because I
coulda sworn you were supposed to
meet me an hour ago at Lou's.

BOBBY

Shit happens.

Mick stops and stands beside Bobby, hands in his pockets. Wind whips around their faces.

MICK

Why put yourself through this, kid?
Year after year after year, she
aint just gonna wash up on shore
one day.

BOBBY

Maybe I'm a masochist. Who knows.

Mick pops the collar on his jacket, pulling it closer to his neck.

MICK

Could you be a masochist somewhere
warmer?

Bobby cracks a smile, shakes her head "no".

BOBBY

For a while in the Pacific north
west they had shoes with human feet
still in them washing up on shore.
Nobody ever figured out where they
came from. Just kept on comin'.

MICK

Luckily we're in Maine. Don't get
your hopes up.

Bobby turns away from the water and walks up a path leading to a parking lot, Mick trails behind.

INT. LOU'S DINER- DAY

Bobby and Mick sit opposite each other at a table. Bobby's plate is full, Mick's is nearly empty. Almost every table is occupied.

MICK

You really oughta let it go. Let that shit fester long enough and you'll turn into some old kook with those little notes and pictures connected by strings all over your apartment.

BOBBY

It never bothers you?

Bobby picks up a piece of toast then sets it back down.

MICK

Well sure it bothers me, but what am I supposed to do?

BOBBY

Your job.

MICK

What the hell's that supposed to mean? You know damn well we did our job.

BOBBY

We gave up.

MICK

The trail went cold, Bobby. It happens everywhere, all over the world, every single day. People vanish. It just happens.

Bobby looks at a young family sitting near them.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. BEACH- NIGHT

Police with dogs walk along the beach, shining flashlights in the water. A single children's shoe lies on its side on a near by rock. Mick stands near the edge of the water, trying to calm a hysterical woman.

A young, fresh faced Bobby looks out at the waters, police boats scanning the depths with spotlights. A helicopter BUZZES overhead.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LOU'S DINER- DAY

BOBBY
But why kids?

MICK
It's a sick world we live in.

Mick gets up from the table and pays the bill at a counter.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Bobby sits at her desk, a television playing a news program at low volume in the background. She pours over case files of missing people. Her apartment is a typical one-bedroom, open floor plan.

Bobby gets up from her chair and walks to her refrigerator, and opening the freezer pours herself a scotch on the rocks. She sits back down at her desk and lights a cigarette, then slams the drink.

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Bobby arrives at her desk, disheveled. Mick sits at his desk near hers, on the phone. He hangs up as she is walking in.

MICK
Rough night?

BOBBY
Nope.

MICK
You look like a damn zombie.

She brushes the comment off.

BOBBY
What we got?

MICK
Same old shit as every other day.

BOBBY
Anything new in the Sanderson case?

MICK
Nope.

Bobby sets her things down and settles into her desk. She rubs her eyes.

MICK
That was the chief. Wants to talk today.

BOBBY
To you?

Mick shakes his head "no".

MICK
To you.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE- DAY

CHIEF SWANSON, 62, tough but fair, sits behind his desk. His office is covered in awards and framed news paper articles. Bobby enters, the Chief motions for her to have a seat, and she does.

CHIEF SWANSON
I'm going to keep this short. There have been some concerns raised with me about your performance.

BOBBY
Concerns? About what?

The Chief hesitates, then speaks.

CHIEF SWANSON
Look at yourself. You look like you just crawled out of a hole.

BOBBY
It's not that bad.

CHIEF SWANSON
That's for me to decide.

Bobby rolls her eyes.

CHIEF SWANSON
Look, we all have those cases that just haunt us forever.

I know it's hard for you around this time of year but I can't have your head off in the clouds somewhere. You need to be here, working on helping the people we can still get to.

Bobby Bites her tongue.

BOBBY

Yes sir.

CHIEF SWANSON

Take the rest of the week off. You need the rest. Come back Monday looking like a cop.

Bobby rises from her chair and leaves the office without looking at the Chief again.

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Bobby goes to her desk and grabs her bag off her chair.

MICK

Bobby, look-

BOBBY

Don't give me that shit Mick.

Bobby storms out of the police station.

INT. BEDROOM- DAY

Bobby is sleeping in bed, a pillow over her face. Sunlight streams in from the blinds across the room. A phone on the nightstand RINGS. She grabs it blindly.

BOBBY

Yeah? What? I'm sure he's fine.
I'll give him a call.

Bobby hangs up the phone and dials Mick's number. It goes immediately to voicemail.

EXT. HOUSE- DAY

Bobby pulls up in her car and walks to the front door. Balling up her fist, she pounds the wood.

She walks around to the large front windows of the house, and peers inside, then walks back to the front door and pulls a key out of her pocket, letting herself in.

INT. HOUSE- DAY

Bobby walks in the front door, looking from side to side.

BOBBY

Mick?

Her call goes unanswered. Bobby searches the house, finding it empty.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE- DAY

Bobby paces in front of the door, Chief Swanson sits behind his desk.

BOBBY

Why didn't you call me the first day he didn't show up?

CHIEF SWANSON

You need rest, Bobby. Anyway, he's a big boy. I'm sure he's fine.

BOBBY

You know damn well this is not like Mick.

CHIEF SWANSON

We have our best people out looking. We're going to find him, we always do.

BOBBY

No, we don't.

Chief Swanson shakes his head, looking down into his lap.

BOBBY

People disappear, Chief. It happens everywhere, all over the world, every single day.

Bobby stops pacing, bites her nail while looking out the window. Then, under her breath, mostly to herself, she continues.

BOBBY

They just vanish.

EXT. BEACH- DAY

Cloudy and windy, Bobby stands on the beach alone. A few yards down, a black, mens sneaker washes up on shore.

Bobby walks over to the shoe, and kicks at it with her boot, finding it empty. She walks away, up the path, pausing once to look back over her shoulder before continuing on alone.

FADE OUT.