

Over and Out
by
Callie Currence

A lost boy and a broken CB radio become the only hope
for a fisherman stranded on the dark waters of Lake
Superior.

calliecurrence@gmail.com

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - SUNSET

A young boy with messy hair, a colorful sweater, and jeans tucked into his socks sprints through a dense forest into a sudden clearing.

Two lines of dead grass from tires led to a small rundown cabin.

The sunset falls behind the small residence, turning it into a black silhouette in front of the golden light.

The lapping of WAVES AGAINST ROCK can be heard up ahead.

The boy, TOMMY, walks towards it with uneven steps.

He walks along the dead grass path to the cabin as his eyes dart around at any sign of life.

All he hears are crickets, WIND through the trees, and the persisting waves.

Tommy begins to rub his earlobe.

The small boy walks to the front door.

He lingers on the dirty welcome mat for a minute in silence before he raises his hand slowly and KNOCKS on the door.

The door swings open from the force of the knock, and Tommy flinches.

2 INT. CABIN - EVENING

Lifeless. Silent.

The last rays of sunset bleed through the windows, casting long shadows.

A large picture window at the back frames Lake Superior—vast, endless, swallowing the horizon.

Tommy steps inside, wiping his feet. Clicks the light switch.

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dust coats every surface. Particles drift in the air.

His eyes dart. A landline on the wall.

He lifts the receiver. Silence.

His throat bobs. He glances at the kitchen.

Tommy creeps to the fridge, pulls the door open—

A SWARM OF DEAD FLIES.

He gags, slams it shut. Wipes his hands furiously on his sweater.

Darkness deepens.

Tommy scans the room—a flashlight. Weak, dim. Barely alive.

Down the hall is a door.

3 INT. CABIN BATHROOM - EVENING

Cramped. Claustrophobic. Duck and deer wallpaper peels at the corners.

A black bear statue clutches a half-used roll of toilet paper.

Tommy rummages through the drawers, searching.

A box of damp matches. Expired toothpaste. A rusted razor.

Then—his fingers brush something smooth. Cold.

He pulls it out—a small, dust-streaked hand mirror.

He turns it in his hands, uninterested. Just an old thing left behind.

4 INT. CABIN DEN - EVENING

His eyes land on a CB radio.

It sits on a dust-covered desk, Lake Superior looming behind it.

He sets down the hand mirror and brushes off the grime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy turns a dial.

CLICK. STATIC.

He yelps, hands clamping over his ears.

The noise fades to a low, humming crackle.

He slowly lowers his hands, rubbing his earlobe.

A hesitant turn of the dial.

Static... then—

A voice.

MIKE (O.S.)
(faint, over radio)
Does anyone copy? I repeat, does
anyone copy? My name is Mike Cornell.
C-O-R—

Tommy snatches the mic, gripping too tight.

TOMMY
Hello? Is someone there? My name is
Tommy James Yester, and I'm looking
for my dad and—

MIKE (O.S.)
(sharper now)
Whoa! Slow down. Who is this? Is this
a kid? Over.

TOMMY
(confused)
Over what?

MIKE (O.S.)
What?

TOMMY
You said over—over what?

A beat. Then—laughter.

MIKE (O.S.)
(amused)
Oh, man. That's just how you talk on
radios. You say "over" when you're
done talking. Over.

Tommy nods quickly, gripping the mic tighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
(serious now)
Got it. Over.

MIKE (O.S.)
(smiling through the static)
Good deal, Tommy. Listen, is there an
adult with you? Your parents? Over.

Tommy swallows, shaking his head.

TOMMY
(softly)
No. I don't know where I am. I'm
alone. Over.

Silence. Just static.

MIKE (O.S.)
(measured, careful)
Tommy... do you have a phone? Can you
call 911? Over.

TOMMY
Phone's broken. Sorry. Over.

A long pause.

MIKE (O.S.)
(sighs, shifts his tone)
Okay, buddy. I need you to listen real
careful. I'm stranded. My boat's out
in Lake Superior, and it's getting
dark. I can't see the shore.

A beat. The radio crackles.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I need your help, Tommy. Over.

Tommy's breath catches.

5 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

A silence falls over the transmission.

Reaching into his backpack, MIKE pulls out a water bottle.
Holding it above his open mouth, he squeezes out the last few
drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (O.S.)

What kind of radio do you have? Over.

Mike shrugs, tossing the water bottle back into his bag.

MIKE

I don't know, just some cheap walkie-talkie I got from Bass Pro. Why? Over.

TOMMY (O.S.)

(O.S.)

I saw on TV that walkie-talkies could only work when they're between 2 or 6 miles away. Over.

MIKE

(Tentative)

Okay...So we at least know that I'm 2 to 6 miles away from wherever you are. That's a start. Over.

Mike looks around from his seat in the boat.

There are no lights in any direction, no signs of life.

Night was falling.

6 INT. CABIN - EVENING

Tommy spots an old map of Lake Superior on the wall.

TOMMY

(excited)

Mike, I found a map! Give me a sec!

He tears it from the tacks, spreads it across the floor.

His eyes scan-bingo. The cabin is marked.

Grabbing a pencil and ruler, he measures a 6-mile radius.

His finger traces the map. A realization—

They're tucked into a bay. Only a small stretch of water fits the distance.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(murmuring to himself)

That narrows it down.

He scrambles to his feet, back to the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(urgent, into mic)
Mike!

7 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

Mike jolts at the sudden voice, rocking the boat.
He fumbles for the radio, breath visible in the cold air.

MIKE
(shivering, into radio)
Yeah?

He pulls his jacket tighter, the wind biting through.

TOMMY (O.S.)
(crackling over radio)
I measured the map... looks like you're
in a bay or something.

Mike scans the water—only darkness. No land in sight.

MIKE
You sure about that?

TOMMY (O.S.)
If you're on water, that's the only
place you could be. Normal walkie-
talkie range is 2 to 6 miles.

MIKE
(exhales, rubbing his face)
I don't know how to find where you
are, though. Over.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Do you have a compass? Over.

MIKE
(grimacing)
No. Didn't think I'd need one. Just
wanted to fish and relax.

He glances at the dead motor.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(sighs, muttering)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now I'm stuck, and I don't wanna
paddle to nowhere.

He leans back, exhausted.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into radio, wary)
I hope you're right about the bay... and
I'm not just drifting into open water.
Over.

8 INT. CABIN - EVENING

Tommy glances out the picture window.

A metal fire pit ring-half-buried in the grass.

TOMMY
(whispering, to himself)
Gondor calls for aid.

He stares at it, thinking.

Then-grabs the mic.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What if I light a fire? Think you'd
see it? Over.

9 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

The sun was completely gone by now, and Mike is in darkness,
besides the small blue analog screen of the radio,

MIKE
It's worth a shot, right? I think it's
a new moon, too, so if you make the
fire bright enough, it's possible I'll
see it.

Mike pauses.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Be careful.

10 INT. CABIN - EVENING

Tommy finds a stack of wood next to a stove in the living room, along with some matches.

He looks back at the radio before carrying the wood out the back door.

11 EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - EVENING

Tommy dumps the chopped logs into the fire pit, shivering as the wind whips through his sweater.

He kneels, arranging the wood into a tight teepee.

A match strikes. Flickers. Dies.

Another. Dies.

He growls, clenching his fists.

A third match—a tiny flame catches... then snuffs out.

Tommy slams his fists into the dirt, scattering matches.

Tears well. He digs his fingers into his scalp, rocking slightly.

He inhales—one deep breath. Then another.

Slowly, his fingers trace the ground, finding another match.

A flick. A spark.

This time, the fire holds.

Tommy leaps up, throwing his arms high.

He blows on the flame—watching it rise, grow, survive.

The wind howls. A distant rumble rolls across the sky.

Tommy's smile falters.

He sprints back inside.

12 INT. CABIN - EVENING

Tommy rushes to the radio, checking that it was still on twice and then thrice.

TOMMY

Mike! Mike? The fire's going! Look for it--tell me you see it! Over!

Silence.

Tommy's breath quickens. He grips the radio tighter.

MIKE (O.S.)

(faint, shivering)

Nothing yet... I'll keep looking.
Over.

Tommy rakes a hand through his hair, gripping tight.

His voice tumbles out--fast, desperate.

TOMMY

I'll make it bigger! Don't worry!
Over!

A long static-filled pause.

MIKE (O.S.)

You're fine, Tommy. Just keep at it...Over.

A distant RUMBLE.

Tommy freezes.

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

Did you hear that? Does it look like rain? Over.

Tommy shakes his head.

TOMMY

I didn't hear anything. Over.

His voice is more quiet now, hesitant.

Tommy shakes his head--then stops.

A low rumble grows.

His eyes flick to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beyond the glass, the fire pit flickers... and then—
Puffs of smoke rise. A rhythmic pulse.
Raindrops.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
No...

He grabs a piece of cardboard from the floor and bolts for the door.

13 EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - EVENING

Tommy hurls cardboard over his head, shielding the fire.

TOMMY
Come on—please!

He fans the flames—harder, faster.
The wind ROARS. The rain slaps his face.
The fire shrinks... flickers...
Then—darkness.
The fire is dead.
Tommy stares at the embers, shaking.
He hurls the cardboard away and bolts back inside.

14 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

The rain begins to fall onto the shivering man and his boat, the only sound being the PLONKING of raindrops against aluminum.
Mike is laying in the bottom of the boat, covering himself the best he can with his jacket.
He clutches the radio to his chest.
He raises it to his chapped lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

T-Tommy? You there? O-over.

He can see his breath.

A thundering CRACK erupts in the sky, and it momentarily illuminates the lake.

Mike flinches, then slowly sits up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tommy?

He holds the radio to his mouth, and hesitates before lowering it.

TOMMY (O.S.)

The fire went out.

The boy's voice is quiet and shaky, watery.

He's been crying.

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

I'm...I'm so sorry. I'm really, really sorry. I tried! I swear!

15 INT. CABIN - EVENING

MIKE (O.S.)

Hey, hey, it's okay.

Tommy is now under the radio table.

His knees are pulled up to his chest, his eyes and nose are red, and his hair and clothes are drenched.

His trainers SQUEAK against the wet wood floor.

The microphone is stretched down to where Tommy was sitting, the old bungee cable pulled to its limits.

He SNIFFLES.

TOMMY

But how are you gonna find me now?

MIKE (O.S.)

We'll...We'll figure something out.

Tommy begins to chew on the sleeve of his sweatshirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Tommy, where are your parents?

The boy flinches.

TOMMY
...I don't know.

Beat

MIKE (O.S.)
You don't know? You said that this
wasn't your cabin earlier, do you know
who's cabin it is?

TOMMY
No.

Tommy hears a SIGH from the speaker.

MIKE (O.S.)
Then how did you get there? Did
someone take you there?

TOMMY
I came up to the woods with my mom and
dad. We were gonna have a picnic day.

Pause.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Me and dad went hiking for a long
time, it was nice. Mom stayed in the
car for some reason, don't know why.

Tommy pauses again, but after no response, he continues.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
We eventually stopped to take a break,
and dad said he wanted to play hide
and seek.

16 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

Mike stares at the radio as Tommy talks. His lips are pressed
into a tight line, and his brow begins to furrow.

MIKE
(to himself)
Hide and seek?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (O.S.)

Dad brought a blindfold with and told
me to count to two hundred.

Mike runs a shaking hand through his damp hair, and wipes
away rain from his face.

His eyes slowly widen.

His face grows pale.

MIKE

Okay, hide and seek, counted to two
hundred...and then what?

TOMMY (O.S.)

I went to go look for him when I got
to two hundred, but I couldn't find
him anywhere.

The rain is stopping, but the grown man is now shaking even
harder.

He clenches his jaw and lifts the radio to his mouth.

MIKE

(tense)

I'm sure they're worried sick about
you.

With the rain now subsided, the only sound is the water
LAPPING against the aluminum boat, and Mike's heavy
breathing.

Mike hears a RUMBLE from the storm that had just passed.

17 INT. CABIN - EVENING

TOMMY

Mike?

Mike's voice comes through, quieter than before.

MIKE (O.S.)

Yeah, bud. I'm here.

TOMMY

You think maybe...maybe my dad got
lost too?

A pause. Mike EXHALES softly over the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (O.S.)
He probably thought you'd find your
way back to him.

Tommy frowns, and shifts in his spot while he pulls at a
loose thread on the sleeve of his sweater.

TOMMY
Yeah, maybe. I mean, he wouldn't just
leave me, right?

Mike stays quiet for a second longer than comfortable.

MIKE
(silent for a beat, gripping the
radio tighter)
No good dad would.

Tommy nods, and his fingers tighten around the microphone.
He swallows hard.

18 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - EVENING

TOMMY (O.S.)
But he didn't come back.

Tommy's voice begins to tremble.

MIKE
Maybe he just...got turned around.

Pause.

MIKE (O.S.)
He probably went to get police or
rangers to go find you.

Mike hears Tommy snuffle.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Dad doesn't like police.

MIKE
How come?

TOMMY (O.S.)
Don't know, that's just what mom told
me.

Mike grimaces, and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Well, don't worry, Tommy. You just keep helping me get to shore, then we'll figure out where to go from there.

Pause.

19 INT. CABIN - EVENING

TOMMY

Mike?

Silence.

Tommy stands there, staring. Waiting.

Nothing.

He checks the dials, the power, shakes the microphone for good measure.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mike? Can you hear me? Over!

Static.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Mike...Mike? Mike!

He shakes the mic, bangs on the top of the radio.

Nothing.

Tommy drops the mic and runs to the window.

He throws it open, sucks in a breath—

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(screaming into the storm)

MIKE!!!

The wind SWALLOWS his voice.

His own echo barely makes it past the trees. The lake is silent.

Tommy's face falls. He shuts the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His breath shudders. He has no choice but to try the radio again.

A water drop SPLASHES onto the radio's metal casing.

Tommy looks up—a slow leak drips from the ceiling.

Before he moves—SPLAT. Water hits the antique power cord.

ZAP! The radio flickers, then dies.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no! NO!

Tommy hurls the mic, screaming.

The bungee cord SNAPS back—CRACK!—striking his cheek.

He stumbles, gasps—his heel catches the rug.

THUD. He crashes to the floor.

For a moment, he just lies there.

Then, his body curls inward. Small hands clutch his burning cheek.

A shaky breath. A whimper.

Tears drip onto the dusty floor.

The room hums with static.

20 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

MIKE

Tommy? Tommy, you there?

He shakes the radio. Nothing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(shaky, desperate)

Tommy?... Shit.

His head drops into his hands.

His teeth chatter. Lips cracked, bleeding.

The radio slips from his trembling grip—CLATTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On his wrist: 11:32 PM.

21 INT. CABIN DEN - NIGHT

Silence. Just the soft hiss of static.

Tommy shakes, clutching his knees. His tears drip onto the dusty floor.

Then—

A faint glint.

Through his blurred vision, he sees it—

The hand mirror.

It lies just inches from his fingers, knocked off the desk during his panic and propped against one of the legs.

It catches the last bit of moonlight from the window.

Tommy's breath shudders. He stares.

His reflection—red eyes, dirt-streaked cheeks—stares back.

A beat.

His fingers tighten around the mirror.

Tommy sits up, wiping his face. Breath still shaky, but steadier.

His eyes dart to his flashlight.

It's almost dead. But not completely.

He scrambles for it.

Flips the switch—a weak flicker.

Tommy tilts the mirror, testing angles, bouncing light.

The faint reflection bounces across the room—then out the window.

His heart pounds.

He stumbles to his feet. Runs to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22 EXT. CABIN DECK - NIGHT

The night is still.

The lake stretches into endless blackness.

Tommy rushes out, gripping the mirror and flashlight.

His breath billows in the cold air.

He angles the mirror toward the water. Tilts. Adjusts.

The beam flickers across the lake.

S-O-S.

A moment of nothing.

Then—

A faint glimmer.

Tommy gasps.

Then another.

A light. Flickering back.

His throat tightens.

He waves his arms, frantic.

TOMMY
(voice cracking, screaming)
MIKE!!!

From the dark lake—distant but clear—

MIKE (O.S.)
(hoarse, weak)
TOMMY!!!

Tommy laughs, gasping, overwhelmed. His eyes flood with tears.

TOMMY
(crying, shouting to the water)
I SEE YOU!!!

Mike's voice echoes back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (O.S.)
I SEE YOU TOO, BUDDY! HOLD ON!

Tommy keeps flashing the mirror, his hands shaking violently.

The wind bites through his sweater.

His chest rises, falls—fast, unsteady.

But he's smiling.

TOMMY
(yelling, breathless)
Can you make it?! Over!

A beat. Then—

MIKE (O.S.)
(hoarse, faint, strained over the
water)
I—I think so! I see the shore, but
it's dark as hell. Keep flashing that
light! Over!

Tommy nods rapidly, gripping the flashlight tighter.

He angles the beam back and forth, creating a rhythmic pulse
against the black water.

23 EXT. MIKE'S BOAT - LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

Mike clenches the oars, muscles burning.

His breath rasps.

His fingers barely respond to his grip.

But in the distance—a flickering beacon.

Mike locks onto it. Tommy's light.

He grits his teeth. Paddles harder.

The waves slap the hull.

MIKE
(panting, to himself)
Come on. Keep moving. Keep moving...

24 EXT. CABIN DECK - NIGHT

Tommy leans over the railing, squinting into the dark.

The light trembles in his hand.

Nothing.

His chest tightens.

TOMMY
(whispering, desperate)
Please...

Then—

A shape on the water.

Faint. A black smudge against the lake's shimmering surface.

Tommy's eyes widen.

It's moving.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(screaming, voice cracking)
MIKE!!!

The boat drifts closer.

Then—a splash.

25 EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Mike collapses into the freezing shallows, gasping.

The boat drifts aimlessly behind him.

His arms shake. His legs barely function.

But he's here.

His fingers claw at the wet stones, dragging himself onto land.

Then—FOOTSTEPS.

Barefoot, rapid-sprinting toward him.

A blur of color—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY.

The boy skids to his knees beside him, hands shaking, eyes wide.

TOMMY
(breathless, desperate)
Mike?! Mike, wake up! Over!

Mike coughs, shivering. His eyes crack open.

He smiles.

MIKE
(weak, but grinning)
You don't have to say 'over' anymore,
bud.

Tommy lets out a choked laugh, tears streaming.

He grabs Mike's arm, trying to haul him upright.

TOMMY
(sniffles, determined)
Come on! Let's get inside!

Mike nods, barely conscious.

Tommy slings one of Mike's arms over his shoulders.

The boy—small but full of fire— helps the man stumble forward.

Toward the cabin.

Toward safety.

26 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The door bangs open.

Tommy half-drags Mike inside, collapsing onto the dusty floor together.

The cabin is cold, but dry. Safe.

Tommy scrambles up, grabbing every blanket, jacket, anything he can find.

He throws them over Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike blinks up at him, exhausted.

MIKE
(soft chuckle)
Hell of a signal, kid.

Tommy grins. Tears still on his face.

TOMMY
How come you didn't see the fire?

Mike takes a deep breath and sighs.

MIKE
(exhausted)
Guess I wasn't facing the right way.
And by the time I realized, the rain
had already killed it.

27 INT. CABIN - SUNRISE

The first light of dawn bleeds across the trees.

The lake—still, endless—now golden in the early glow.

Tommy, curled up beside Mike, finally sleeps.

END.