**“Robin & the Las Vegas Cross-up”**

**A Robin Templar Caper (Episode 1)**

**Story by:**

**DENNIS F. STEVENS**

**Member: WGA, West**

**Screenplay by:**

**DENNIS F. STEVENS**

**&**

**PETER SZONDY**

**Shooting Script - Rewrite Dennis F. Stevens**

**Copyright © March 2018 by: Cinema Arts Prod. LLC**

**Dennis F. Stevens 122 N. 4th East, Suite 4**

**Library of Congress copyright no.: Rexburg, Idaho 83440**

**Applied for electronically** [cinemaarts@prodigy.net](mailto:cinemaarts@prodigy.net)

**All rights reserved (or) c/o CinemaArts.com**

**Copyright receipt: 1-6386943589**

**Overview:**

**They are a** “**merry band” of sometime thieves and “gray-ops” mercenaries with checkered pasts and, although they’ve straightened out and are successful in their day jobs, they now are out to help the downtrodden as modern-day Robin Hoods. And of course, they help themselves as well. So, with a combination of altruism and martial skills, enhanced by an adrenalin rush and the chance for riches, they pull off a slick armored-car heist. Unfortunately, it goes terribly wrong, resulting in both the police and the crooked manager of a dog track being hot on their trail. It’s only a matter of who gets them first, the cops, or the dog-track thugs, who are laundering money from a high-tech, identity-theft scam.**

**A NOTE FROM THE WRITERS:**

***Robin and the Las Vegas Cross-up* is the first episode in an twelve-part premier event (2-hours each), limited TV series; all twelve episodes of which have been written. The remaining episodes are light on narration and expository dialogue, but they are heavy on fast-paced, page-turning plots, twists, turns and subplots.**

**Producers, of course, needn’t go with all twelve episodes. They may pick and choose what they consider the best.**

**In parts two through eleven, the Merry Band, having learned from the missteps in episode one, works mostly on the side of law and order, recovering stolen loot or kidnap victims. All for an obscene fee, of course – a large percentage of which, in order to purge their conscience, goes to charity.**

**Logline:**

**A nefarious group of highly skilled thieves conduct an elabo-rate heist from a criminal racetrack in Las Vegas intending to spread the money charitably – if they can make it out alive.**

**Format:**

**Script was initially formatted on Final Draft (wide margin setting) and then transferred to Microsoft Word PDF for copy-right and wider circulation.**

**001 EXT. ENTRANCE TO A DOG TRACK – EVENING 001**

***SUPERIMPOSE: GREYHOUND RACING TRACK***

***OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS***

**Closed at the moment, the place looks deserted. Multiple signs on the impenetrable fence surrounding the park read: “Clark County Greyhound Racing - Pari-Mutuel betting.”**

**002 ANOTHER ANGLE 002**

**Parked across from the track and a bit down the road, on Nevada Highway 604 south of Vegas, is a late model sedan.**

**003 INT/EXT LATE MODEL SEDAN – DAY 003**

**Inside the sedan, watching the park entrance discreetly with binoculars is** **JONATHAN MOORE, a distinguished, fit-looking, 60-something, gray-haired black man.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**It’s funny. You always start off**

**trying to do the right thing...**

**004 BACK TO DOG TRACK ENTRANCE 004**

**Suddenly, two Clark County Sheriff units race up to the en-trance and rush into the park grounds.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...trying to save the world. Then**

**you find out that sometimes...**

**005 INT/EXT LATE MODEL RENTAL SEDAN – DAY 005**

**Inside the rental, Moore checks his watch and then enters the response time, in minutes, in his 3 X 5 memo book. He turns and SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO US IN OUR POV CAMERA located in the front passenger seat:**

**MOORE**

**...just sometimes... you can only get**

**there by doing ...the wrong thing.**

**And then he smiles and drives off.**

**006 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MARINA – DAY 006**

**To establish: Expensive yachts harbored in the Marina with the Golden Gate Bridge framed in the background.**

**007 EXT. TWIN MAST YACHT – FANTAIL LOUNGE – DAY 007**

**We FOLLOW Jonathan Moore as he walks from the cabin of his 90-foot, twin-mast yacht bearing a champagne glass and an open bottle of Dom Perignon. HE SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO US:**

**MOORE**

**It’s like what I was doing parked**

**across from that dog track outside**

**Vegas. Truth is I was reporting a**

**fake robbery...**

**We PULL BACK to reveal a lively GATHERING OF HIS *MERRY BAND*, as Moore pours champagne into each of their glasses. They are an attractive, fit-looking group, chatting quietly and snack-ing on gourmet delicacies. We shall later come to know them intimately: ROBIN TEMPLAR, late 30s, CHARDONNAY ROGERS, late 20s, PATRICK PALMER, late 30s and DOUGLAS SHINAMAN, early 50s. For now we get them as party-goers with an edge as they wait for their instructions. Moore continues to ADDRESS US DIRECTLY:**

**MOORE (cont’d)**

**...Yeah. Sure, that’s wrong. But I**

**needed to check the response time of**

**the Sheriff’s Department. And I had**

**a good reason – trust me. After all,**

**these lovely people gathered here – I**

**had handpicked...**

**Moore indicates his team, who carry on partying, oblivious to**

**Moore’s address to us.**

**MOORE (cont’d)**

**...for the martial skills to take from**

**the rich and the moral fiber to give to**

**the poor, with just enough larceny to**

**get the job done. I needed to know they**

**would have enough time to do what was**

**needed. ...Ah, but I’m getting ahead of**

**myself....**

**MOORE (cont’d)**

**What got us interested is this dog track?**

**008 EXT. GREYHOUND DOG RACING TRACK – LATE AFTERNOON (STOCK) 008**

**The greyhounds chase the bait as the sparse crowd in the stands shouts encouragement at the dogs they’ve bet on.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**They were making a whole lot of**

**money. And why not? This was Vegas.**

**009 EXT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD – MONTAGE – LATE AFTERNOON 009**

**To an upbeat MUSICAL SCORE, our MONTAGE features glimpses of the Vegas Strip’s most famous casinos: The Venetian, Palazzo; Wynn Las Vegas & the Encore; Bellagio, Paris Las Vegas, Luxor, New York – New York, Excalibur, Monte Carlo, Mirage, MGM Grand, Treasure Island, and Mandalay Bay.**

**010 EXT. MANDALAY BAY RESORT & CASINO – LATE AFTERNOON 010**

**A Brinks-type armored car pulls into the service entrance at Mandalay Bay.**

**011-112 OMITT 011-012**

**013 EXT. GREYHOUND DOG RACING TRACK – LATE AFTERNOON (STOCK) 013**

**With CHEERS from the sparse crowd in the stands, once again the greyhounds are off, chasing the bait around the track.**

**014 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – SUNDOWN 014**

**GLORIA DeMORNAY, ever bit a *femme fatale* in the noir sense, is a slinky, well presented, former showgirl in her late 30s. She and a tall, thin and almost frail MATT BARTHOLOMEW, late 20s, are zipping up various canvas bank bags and snapping on the miniature padlocks that act as a seal.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**But of course, the owner of the track,**

**a Ms. Gloria DeMornay... nice-looking**

**ex-showgirl that she was; unfortunately**

**also was...well...*dirty*. ..Like Mafia**

**dirty.**

**The geeky Bat looks and dresses like Facebook’s Mark Zucker-berg. He indicates several similarly locked canvas bank bags stacked on a table in the corner.**

**BAT**

**Ms. DeMornay, I don’t understand why**

**we don’t separate the track deposits**

**(MORE)**

**BAT (Cont’d)**

**from the other deposits instead of**

**listing everything under the *track’s***

**deposit slips.**

**Gloria answers with a wry smile that is alluring and sexy.**

**DeMORNAY**

**(wry smile)**

**Bat, I love your cute little butt,**

**and I know you’re a good technogeek,**

**but let me do the thinking on this**

**one. It’s a simple transaction. We**

**keep accurate books for both sources**

**of income. So, what the hell are you**

**worried about?**

**BAT**

**Cleaner, that’s all. Anything goes**

**wrong, there’s less risk.**

**DeMORNAY**

**That’s adorable, my pet. But let me**

**worry about the risk.**

**Bat nods obediently but a subtle reticence in his manner tells us he regards his attractive boss with a mix of sexual tension and fear.**

**DeMORNAY**

**Armored car will be here shortly to**

**make the pickup. I’ve got to get home.**

**The boyfriend and I are celebrating my**

**birthday with a few close friends.**

**With that, DeMornay exits for the employee parking lot.**

**015 EXT. PARKING LOT – VEGAS GREYHOUND TRACK – SUNDOWN 015**

**DeMornay walks to her SUV, climbs in, fires up the engine, and exits the lot just as the same armored car WE SAW entering Mandalay Bay arrives.**

**016 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN ENTRANCE – SUNDOWN 016**

**DeMornay’s SUV exits the park and heads south on Highway 604. She takes no notice of a dark colored, 4-door Ford Taurus parked next to the track entrance, but on the opposite side**

**of Nevada Highway 604.**

**017 INT. FORD TAURUS – SUNDOWN 017**

**Inside are the three men and one woman we saw partying on Moore’s yacht in San Francisco. We will learn they call themselves Robin Templar; Douglas Shinaman; Patrick Palmer; and the young woman, Chardonnay Rogers, whose face shows a striking blend of Mediterranean and Asian features. They**

**wait patiently – but intently.**

**But something odd is up: everyone wears funeral-parlor- supplied cloth gloves, dyed to the color of their skin so as not to leave fingerprints and be less intrusive than the original color of white.**

**018 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – SUNDOWN 018**

**While the FIRST GUARD, a fit young woman, stands on alert with a pump action shotgun at the ready and a .357 magnum holstered on her hip, Bat helps the SECOND GUARD load the last of the locked (bank) canvas bags into the back of the armored car; this while the ARMORED CAR DRIVER remains in the secured cab where he has access to both radio and cell phone.**

**019 ANOTHER ANGLE 019**

**Everything loaded, the First Guard climbs into the back with the Second Guard, closing and locking the armored door behind her.**

**020 INT. REAR COMPARTMENT OF ARMORED CAR – SUNDOWN 020**

**The First Guard then keys the inter-communication (ICS) system and notifies the Driver that they’re ready to go.**

**FIRST GUARD**

**(into microphone)**

**We’re secure.**

**021 INT. SECURED CAB – ARMORED CAR – SUNDOWN 021**

**The Driver presses a button on his cell phone and listens to the auto dial TONES. Following a RING the DISPATCHER answers:**

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

**(filtered)**

**Code in.**

**ARMORED DRIVER Zero…four…seven…one! ...Leaving the**

**greyhound track, en route to home plate.**

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

**Roger that.**

**The Driver moves the gear shift, steps on the accelerator and we watch from the Driver’s POV as the armored car heads toward the distant entrance to the park.**

**022 INT/EXT. FORD TAURUS – SUNDOWN 022**

**Inside the Taurus, Robin Templar sits in the driver’s seat. In his hand is a small radio device. Watching the park entrance, Templar’s thumb rests on the detonation button.**

**The armored car comes out of the park and dutifully stops at the entrance before turning onto the highway, to head north towards the Las Vegas city limits.**

**Templar presses the remote-control button.**

**023 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – SUNDOWN 023**

**Suddenly a temporary steel cover used when making street repairs BLASTS AWAY and lifts the heavy armored car high into the air.**

**024 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE 024**

**Locking the office door from outside, Bat jerks his head to-wards the SOUND of the EXPLOSION.**

**025 BACK TO SCENE 025**

**The armored car comes down on its side with a THUD; driver’s**

**side up. The mine had hit just right, flipping the armored car on its side without blowing it apart.**

**026 ANOTHER ANGLE 026**

**While Templar stays in the driver’s seat of the Taurus, the rest of the Merry Band is all over the armored car.**

**Chardonnay runs to the rear door, slaps a packet of explosives against the metal near the lock so that the suction cups grab, then pulls the cord and steps back out of the blast area.**

**027 ANGLE ON ARMORED CAR REAR DOOR 027**

**This EXPLOSION is short, flat and unimpressive, with only a little puff of gray smoke, but it gets the job done: Chardon-nay steps out again and finds the door hanging open.**

**028 BACK TO SCENE 028**

**Templar pulls the Taurus into position so its rear is next to that of the armored car, but out of sight of the two guards within. He pops the trunk open and exits the vehicle just as Shinaman, now wearing a huge fake mustache, oversize sunglass-es and orange road crew vest (upon which is clearly printed “FILM CREW”), returns from checking on the driver.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(Irish accent)**

**Templar! Be watchin’ that driver...**

**‘es on his cell phone!**

**TEMPLAR**

**Let him be.**

**(to Palmer)**

**Palmer, start tossing out the money.**

**029 ANGLE ON PALMER 029**

**PALMER**

**Aye-aye, sir!**

**Palmer pulls a large scarf from his pocket and ties it in place across the lower portion of his face, like the stage coach robbers of yesteryear; then he puts on aviator sun-glasses and disappears into the back of the armored car.**

**030 EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT NEAR THE OFFICE – EVENING 030**

**Bat climbs into his 6-passenger RAM 2500, backs out of his**

**slot, and heads for the track’s entrance.**

**031 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING 031**

**Palmer, in disguise, tosses the padlocked canvas money bags out of the back of the armored car at an angle where Templar and Chardonnay can pick them up and place them in the trunk of the Taurus without being seen by the two guards.**

**032 EXT. NEVADA HIGHWAY 604 & TRACK MAIN ENTRANCE – EVENING 032**

**Shinaman, with his *FILM CREW* vest and roadwork flag is waving the light traffic through the scene when one automobile has**

**the impertinence to actually stop and confront Shinaman.**

**033 TIGHTER ANGLE 033**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE, a young man in a late model sedan pulls up next to Shinaman, lowers his window and introduces himself.**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE**

**(to Shinaman)**

**My name is Steve. I’m a paramedic.**

**...Anything I can do to help?**

**Shinaman drops any sign of an Irish accent and goes with “California Surfer.”**

**SHINAMAN**

**No need, dude, just a film crew get-**

**ting ready for a night shoot. You**

**know how crazy that can be. But, hey,**

**it’s all good. *Rilly*. Thanks for**

**your concern, bro. Peace.**

**Shinaman gives him a fist bump and with a nod, PARAMEDIC STEVE drives on.**

**034 BACK TO SCENE 034**

**Templar and Chardonnay toss canvas bags loaded with money into the trunk of the Taurus when suddenly, everyone stops. In the distance, WE HEAR the SOUND of SIRENS. They look to the south on the 604, but see nothing. Templar SHOUTS an ORDER:**

**TEMPLAR**

**Get the rest of these bags loaded.**

**Let’s get the hell out of here. The**

**robbers slam the truck lid shut and**

**pile into the Taurus, with Templar**

**settling behind the wheel.**

**035 INT. FORD TAURUS – SO. LAS VEGAS BLVD. – EVENING 035**

**As the Taurus stops at the gate to the highway, the**

**sirens now clearly come from the South, to their left.**

**PALMER**

**Be advised, we have bogeys at 9:00 o’clock.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Didn’t expect them to come from the south.**

**...Must’ve been on patrol out there!**

**PALMER**

**This may be more exciting than we thought.**

**TEMPLAR**

**We’ll have to chance going north, towards**

**the city.**

**The Taurus takes off to the right, heading north, on Nevada Highway 604 (South Las Vegas Boulevard), away from the SOUND of the SIRENS.**

**036 EXT. FORD TAURUS – SO. LAS VEGAS BLVD. – EVENING 036**

**They are heading for St. Rose Parkway still quite a distance outside the Vegas city limits, when flashing red lights sud-denly appear out of the night, ahead of them.**

**037 TEMPLAR’S POV – EVENING 037**

**Spotting the flashing red lights in the distance, Templar suddenly turns right, onto a side road (East Larson Lane) that parallels the northern end of the dog track park with its high, impenetrable, prison-type, razor-wire fence. The sudden turn knocks the crew onto their sides.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(in his finest**

**Irish brogue)**

**Whoa! Robin, not to be complainin’ for**

**nothing, but where the hell are we going?**

**Be there anything at the end of this fine**

**alley besides the Grand Canyon?**

**Templar minds only the road and his rear-view mirrors.**

**038 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – EVENING 038**

**Bat’s Dodge RAM arrives at the Park entrance too late to see Templar make the sudden turn onto East Larson Lane.**

**Bat jumps out of the pickup and looks both north and south on Highway 604. Patrol units approach from both directions.**

**Bat quickly checks on the guards.**

**BAT**

**(to both guards)**

**Are you all right?**

**He gets two affirmative nods.**

**BAT**

**(continuing)**

**You get a look at any of them? See**

**which way they went?**

**FIRST GUARD**

**No. But it sounded like they went**

**north.**

**SECOND GUARD**

**We only saw one of them and he wore sun-**

**glasses and had his face covered with a**

**bandana. He took our weapons.**

**039 INT. FORD TAURUS – EAST LARSON LANE – EVENING 039**

**TEMPLAR**

**To answer your question, Doug, the**

**park’s service entrance is just ahead.**

**040 BACK TO SCENE 040**

**The Taurus pulls up and stops at the locked gate to the park’s service entrance. Shinaman jumps out with his satchel and goes to work picking the padlock securing the chain to the two gate sections.**

**TEMPLAR (V.O.)**

**We’ll duck into the park and find**

**some cover in case they send a chop-**

**per overhead.**

**041 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – EVENING 041**

**The Armored Car Driver is struggling to get his door open. With the vehicle resting on its side, the driver’s door is pointed skyward, making it difficult to lift its armored weight and swing it open. He finally manages to get out.**

**042 EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE TO PARK - EVENING 042**

**With the gate unlocked, the Taurus passes through then stops while Shinaman recloses and relocks the gate.**

**043 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – INSIDE ARMORED CAR 043**

**As he climbs out, Bat greets the Driver.**

**BAT**

**What did *you* see?**

**ARMORED DRIVER**

**All I know is that a dark Ford Taurus**

**was parked near the track entrance when**

**everything suddenly got turned upside**

**down. I called it in...would’ve seen**

**them through my windshield if they’d**

**have gone south.**

**044 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – EVENING 044**

**Three squad cars from the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department, EACH with two uniformed officers, roll up to the park entrance; two units coming from the south and one from the north. The officers exit their vehicles with guns drawn.**

**SERGEANT JOHNSON, a laconic westerner type, and his partner, the eager young CORPORAL JIMENEZ; draw down on the civilian Bartholomew while the other officers check out the disabled armored car.**

**CORPORAL JIMENEZ**

**(to Bat)**

**Police! Hands in the air!**

**With a gun pointed at him, Bat immediately complies.**

**BAT**

**Easy, guys! I just work in the track**

**office.**

**He patiently stands next to his Ram 2500, hands raised, as Sgt. Johnson steps behind him and begins the pat down. Bat is unarmed. Sgt. Johnson pulls Bat’s wallet and reads his ID:**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**So, Matt Bartholomew is it?**

**BAT**

**Yeah. Most folks call me Bat.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**What’s your story?**

**BAT**

**(lowering his arms)**

**The armored car had just made a pickup.**

**I was locking up the office when I heard**

**(MORE)**

**BAT (Cont’d)**

**an explosion and discovered... this.**

**...What about the money? Is it safe?**

**CARTER, the first officer to enter the armored car calls out! OFFICER CARTER**

**No sign of any money bags.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**(to Bat)**

**I’m guessing not so much.**

**The METRO officers huddle to compare notes.**

**OFFICER CARTER**

**Nobody passed us heading south and the**

**guards think they headed north.**

**CORPORAL JIMENEZ**

**And no one passed us heading north, so,**

**they had to turn off somewhere.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Call it a hunch, but we might’ve acci-**

**dentally spooked them into doubling**

**back.**

**CORPORAL JIMENEZ**

**Sir?**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**East Larson Lane. There are only two**

**(MORE)**

**SGT. JOHNSON (Cont’d)**

**entrances to the track: here and a**

**service gate on Larson. I want patrol**

**units at both. ...Corporal Jimenez will**

**be in charge.**

**BAT**

**Am I free to go?**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Sure. Just stay out of the park.**

**BAT**

**But I need to finish locking up!**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**We think the perps may be somewhere in-**

**side. Legally, I can’t order you to**

**stay out, but I strongly suggest it.**

**BAT**

**Guess I should check with the Owner,**

**Mrs. DeMornay.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**There you go.**

**045 EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT 045**

**Establish the LVMPDs 370,500-square-foot headquarters located at 400 S. Martin L. King Blvd. Las Vegas, Nevada.**

**046 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – NIGHT 046**

**The LVMPD is a joint city-county police force for the City of Las Vegas and Clark County, Nevada. It is headed by SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE, who is presently getting a rundown on the armored car heist from Sgt. Johnson.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**So, I posted men at both entrances.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Good. At this point it’s our only play.**

**If they’re not in the park, they’re in**

**the wind.**

**Sheriff Gillespie’s civilian SECRETARY, AMANDA, enters the office.**

**AMANDA**

**You asked for Captain McGraw. He’s on a**

**three-day leave and not answering his cell.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Keep trying! I need him on this.**

**The Sheriff notices some hesitation on the part of his sec-retary.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**What?**

**AMANDA**

**You’re going to put McGraw in charge of**

**the armored car investigation?**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Is there a problem?**

**AMANDA**

**Sir, he’s no longer a detective and after**

**nearly 10 years... I mean he’s become a**

***paper pusher.***

**The Chief shoots her a look. Backpedaling, she quickly adds:**

**AMANDA**

**(continuing)**

**And a fine one at that. But why him?**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Because Ted McGraw is still the best**

**detective I’ve got. Ten years behind**

**the captain’s desk haven’t dimmed his**

**lights any. And if we don’t solve**

**this case pronto, it’s going to get**

**real high profile in a hurry. Case**

**like this, makes certain people in**

**this town really nervous.**

**AMANDA**

**Okay, I get it. I’ll take another go**

**at his housekeeper...**

**Amanda heads for the door, throws her line away over her shoulder.**

**AMANDA**

**(continuing)**

**...just hope I don’t have to talk to**

**Lucy. She will not be thrilled to see**

**him back in the field.**

**047 EXT. THE VENETIAN HOTEL & CASINO – LAS VEGAS – NIGHT 047**

**To establish the resort located on the Vegas Strip.**

**048 INT. RESTAURANT BOUCHON – VENETIAN – LAS VEGAS – NIGHT 048**

**CAPT. TED McGRAW, mid fifties, of the LVMPD (in plain clothes) enters with his attractive, mid fourties wife, LUCY. Owner/ chef, THOMAS KELLER moves to greet them graciously.**

**CHEF KELLER**

**Lucy, my dear! How have you been?**

**The renowned chef kisses her hand.**

**LUCY**

**Thomas, I could be on my death bed**

**and all it would take is one of your**

**personally cooked meals for me to**

**miraculously recover.**

**CHEF KELLER**

**(smiling)**

**Be delighted to personally handle your**

**order.**

**049 INT. DINING AREA – RESTAURANT BOUCHON – NIGHT 049**

**A little later, as the McGraws enjoy their dinner, Chef Keller approaches the table and hands Ted the handset to a wireless phone.**

**CHEF KELLER**

**Call for you, Captain.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(into handset)**

**Hi, Douglas. How’d you find me?**

**050 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – NIGHT 050**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**I didn’t. It was Amanda. She’s got**

**more informants in this town than I**

**do. Anyway, Ted, I need you.**

**051 EXT. VENETIAN HOTEL & CASINO – VALET PARKING – NIGHT 051**

**The McGraws stand at the curb waiting for their car.**

**LUCY**

**It’s not fair treating you like a lieu-**

**tenant.**

**(distraught)**

**When you were a lieutenant I hardly**

**ever saw you. ...Tell me, when will**

**you be home?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Honey, you know better than to ask.**

**...I’ll be home when we arrest whoever**

**knocked off the armored car.**

**She gives her husband a peck on the cheek, tips the valet, climbs in and drives off just as a sheriff’s marked unit, driven by Sgt. Johnson pulls up. McGraw opens the passenger door and climbs in.**

**052 INT. JOHNSON’S SHERIFF’S DEPT. VEHICLE – NIGHT 052**

**As the marked vehicle heads south on the Strip portion of South Las Vegas Blvd., Captain McGraw is brought up to speed.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Sheriff has put you in charge. I’ve**

**been assigned to work with you, although,**

**as you can see, I’m not a detective. If**

**that’s a problem--**

**McGraw shoots the sergeant a smile.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Couldn’t ask for a better partner.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Thank you, sir. Won’t let you down.**

**053 INT. GREYHOUND TRACK – CONCESSION AREA – NIGHT 053**

**Templar and Shinaman, the latter who has shed his MOVIE CREW vest, watch Chardonnay as she listens intently while tapping the walls of the concession stand.**

**Suddenly Palmer bursts excitedly into the complex.**

**PALMER**

**Okay, I hid the Taurus and checked**

**out the pickup with the oversize can-**

**opy. It has a large, 2-door rear entry.**

**From the debris I’d say it’s used to**

**transport the Greyhounds. Good news is**

**the key was in the ignition.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Very good, Palmer.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Bingo!!**

**Chardonnay indicates the large blackboard hanging on the wall; which blackboard lists the food and beverage prices.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**These walls are reinforced by your typi-**

**cal 2 by 4s. That means there are four**

**inches between the walls. If we take**

**down the blackboard, carefully, so that**

**it can be re-hung, then punch out the**

**wall behind it, we can hide the money in**

**the four-inch gap.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Perfect. We can come back and collect**

**it when the hounds have returned to the**

**kennel.**

**056 EXT. DeMORNAY’S SEVEN HILLS ESTATE – NIGHT 056**

**Gloria DeMornay lives in one of the more modest homes in the elegant Seven Hills development, near Henderson. MUSIC, lights, many parked cars AND LOTS OF NOISE show he is hosting a RAUCOUS party. WE note Bat’s Dodge Ram 2500 among the parked vehicles.**

**057 INT. DeORNAY’S SEVEN HILLS - HOME OFFICE – NIGHT 057**

**With the NOISE of the party blasting throughout the house, Gloria DeMornay leads Bat into the 600 square-foot home office. Closing the door, DeMornay motions for Bat to pull up a chair, while she plants herself behind her desk.**

**DeMORNAY**

**Alright, what is it?**

**BAT**

**We’ve got a problem.**

**058 INT. GREYHOUND TRACK – CONCESSION AREA – NIGHT 058**

**The menu board has been removed from the wall, exposing the inside of the drywall. On a nearby counter, using one of the concession’s butcher knives, Robin Templar cuts open the locked canvas bank bags and extracts the cash, checks and deposit slips; the cash of which is carefully bound in stacks with a bank wrapper showing the amount in each bundle.**

**Palmer and Shinaman form a line to stuff the cash into the four-inch gap between the outside wall and the inside drywall.**

**Chardonnay separates the checks and deposit slips, stacking and securing them with small binder clips and recording the totals from the deposit slips in a 3 X 5 memo book.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Can’t wait to see your totals. Seems**

**to me we’ve got way more cash here**

**than we’d expected.**

**Templar cuts open the last of the canvas bags and extracts the loot, handing the checks and deposit slips to Chard, who is now focused on one particular deposit slip.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(to Templar)**

**WOW!! ...This is interesting.**

**TEMPLAR**

**What’s that?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(waving a deposit slip)**

**Guess how much money the Greyhound track**

**was depositing?**

**TEMPLAR**

**Judging by the crowds, I was thinking,**

**maybe a million, tops. Why? How**

**much is the deposit?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Nearly eighteen million.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(taken aback)**

**Whoa!... That can mean only one thing.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**They’re laundering money.**

**Shinaman and Palmer stash the remainder of the loot and then begin re-hanging the blackboard.**

**059 BACK TO SCENE 059**

**They finish locking the blackboard in place and curiously move**

**over to Templar and Chardonnay.**

**PALMER**

**(to Templar)**

**So, we’re talking mob money?**

**TEMPLAR**

**(nodding)**

**Likely from drugs.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Or identity theft.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Of course! What was I thinking? Eas-**

**iest crime in the world these days.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I mean, drug money is still a big item,**

**but the flavor of the month is hacking**

**bank databases of customers with pre-**

**paid debit cards.**

**SHINAMAN**

**It’s just too damn easy. Can be done**

**with a couple of computers, from any-**

**where in the world.**

**PALMER**

**Yeah, like here.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Dog track is a perfect place to clean**

**money -- make it legit.**

**PALMER**

**We should look into this. ...Sounds**

**safer than pulling heists.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(incredulous)**

**What? And rob innocent people?**

**PALMER**

**How about robbing guilty people? Isn’t**

**that what we’re doing here?**

**Chardonnay catches Palmer’s eye: they share a chuckle.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(to Chardonnay)**

**What?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(smiling)**

**I think what Palmer means is, how about**

**we lay this heist off onto the dog track**

**itself?**

**Templar is interested and begins to smile himself.**

**060 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 060**

**The 3/4 ton pickup with an enclosed, oversize commercial alu-minum truck canopy (with 2-door entry at the rear), pulls up in front of the park’s main office. Templar and Chardonnay exit from the cab while Palmer and Shinaman (tool kit in hand), climb out of the enclosed canopy.**

**Templar, Chardonnay and Palmer begin grabbing up the empty canvas bags while Shinaman reaches into his ever-present tool kit and goes to work on the multiple locks for the main door.**

**Shinaman has the door unlocked just as the others step up; their hands filled with empty bank bags.**

**061 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 061**

**The foursome enters the dark office where Chardonnay takes charge. From his enclosed tool box, Shinaman produces two small but powerful flashlights, after which Chardonnay motions for him to follow her to the huge safe near the rear of the office.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(indicating safe)**

**Think you can open this without leaving**

**tracks?**

**Shinaman examines the safe.**

**SHINAMAN**

**T’ be sure. But you’ll be having to**

**wait a mite.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Get to it then. We haven’t much time.**

**(to Templar & Palmer)**

**Bring in the rest of the bank bags.**

**062 ANOTHER ANGLE 062**

**While waiting patiently for her orders to be carried out, Chard begins examining the interior of the office building. She tries several locked cabinets and a bathroom and finds nothing unusual. But she looks very uneasy.**

**063 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 063**

**The armored car is still on its side and the crime scene roped off with the ubiquitous, yellow crime scene tape.**

**Working out of a single patrol car also with Clark County markings, three LVMPD officers are guarding the greyhound track’s main entrance as Sgt. Johnson’s marked sheriff’s department vehicle pulls up.**

**Sgt. Johnson and Capt. McGraw climb out and approach the three officers.**

**064 ANOTHER ANGLE 064**

**Capt. McGraw addresses Cpl. Jimenez.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Anyone try getting in or out, since you**

**arrived?**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**No, sir.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**What about the service entrance?**

**Jimenez checks his watch.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Checked with the two officers guarding**

**the north entrance just five minutes ago.**

**Gate is undisturbed. They’ve seen no one.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(to Sgt. Johnson)**

**Get additional man on both entrances.**

**...And get me four other units to patrol**

**the entire perimeter of the fence, in**

**case they try to cut a new exit.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Yes, sir.**

**065 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 065**

**Shinaman gets the huge safe open just as Templar and Palmer**

**enter, each carrying an armload of empty canvas bank bags.**

**As Templar and Palmer unload the canvas bank bags into the safe, a frustrated Chardonnay addresses the group.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Am I the only one that has noticed the**

**interior measurements of this building**

**don’t match the exterior?**

**066 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 066**

**Sgt. Johnson is on his cell phone when the RAM 2500 with Bart driving and Gloria DeMornay planted in the passenger seat pulls up and stops at the park’s blocked off main entrance.**

**067 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 067**

**Chard follows her hunch and begins pushing against different sections of the office’s back wall paneling. Suddenly a hidden door pops open, revealing a large room full of a dozen very advanced computers. Without the room lights; the blush from the large monitors makes for an even eerier effect.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Hello!...**

**068 INT - COMPUTER ROOM – NIGHT 068**

**Templar and *The Merry Band* are astounded: a state-of-the-art**

**I.T. facility buzzes with twelve advanced, liquid-cooled- computers with over-sized monitors in an air-conditioned room.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(continuing)**

**...Okay, Toto, we’re definitely not**

**in Kansas anymore.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Saints preserve us!**

**PALMER**

**Identity theft? Hell, with this set-**

**up, they could hack the Pentagon.**

**069 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 069**

**Sitting in the RAM 2500, Bat and DeMornay are making their case to McGraw and Sgt. Johnson for being allowed entrance to the park. Gloria’s overbearing attitude isn’t helping him.**

**DeMORNAY**

**No cop is going to keep me out of my**

**own facility. I have every right to**

**be in there and if you don’t get that**

**damn patrol car out of the way, I’ll**

**tell Bat here to knock it out of the**

**way!**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Ms. DeMornay, we know you have the**

**right to enter. Our only concern is**

**for your safety.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Ma’am, we have reason to believe that**

**the robbers doubled back and reentered**

**the park through the service entrance.**

**DeMORNAY**

**That’s a crock! That gate is secured**

**with a heavy chain and padlock. No way**

**they could get in through there.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Often, the bigger the padlock, the**

**easier it is to pick. It’s at this**

**point that with a disarming smile, Bat**

**calmly chimes in.**

**BAT**

**Sir, we have to inform the insurance**

**company of our losses. We just want**

**access to our records.**

**McGraw turns and nods to Sgt. Johnson, who in turn heads for the patrol unit blocking the entrance.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Just don’t claim you weren’t warned.**

**070 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 070**

**Templar, Shinaman, Palmer and Chardonnay exit the office and**

**jump into the 3/4 ton pickup. With Templar behind the wheel, Chard in the passenger seat, and the others in the canopied back, the pickup races for the track’s service entrance.**

**071 ANOTHER ANGLE 071**

**As the canopied pickup disappears from sight, the Ram 2500 arrives, parking where the 3/4 ton was previously parked. Bat and Gloria exit the pickup and enter the office.**

**072 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 072**

**Before reaching the park’s service entrance, the canopied pickup pulls over and stops.**

**073 INT. CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP – PARK GROUNDS – NIGHT 073**

**In the cab, Templar turns to Chardonnay.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I better check out the service entrance.**

**Things may have changed since we entered.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Let me do it.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(surprised)**

**You sure?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**If I get caught, I’ll just do a ditzy-**

**drunk bimbo on them. You know – “Oh,**

**Officer! I drank too much beer, fell**

**asleep and I’m just trying to get a**

**ride home, can you please help me?“**

**Blah, blah, blah. It’ll drive ‘em**

**nuts. ...They’ll be only too happy to**

**get rid of me.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Think that’ll work?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Did the last time I tried it...**

**Templar cuts her an incredulous look.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(continuing))**

**... A long time ago, of course... A**

***very* long time ago.**

**Before Templar can say no, Chard slips quietly out of pickup and into the night.**

**074 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 074**

**DeMornay is on the phone while Bat is unlocking one of the cabinets Chardonnay examined earlier. Inside, an arsenal of weapons and ammunition are neatly stored.**

**DeMORNAY**

**(into handset)**

**Rudy, listen. I’m at the track...**

**Yeah, well, that... but we have a**

**bigger problem. Get hold of your com-**

**puter geeks and get your asses over**

**here soon as possible. The cops are**

**guarding both entrances, but you tell**

**them you’re the track accountants...**

**That’s right, “track accountants,”**

**and that I asked you to come in to**

**make an audit to determine the amount**

**of our loss. ...Got it?**

**Hanging up the phone, Gloria turns to Bat.**

**DeMORNAY**

**Actually, it’s easier for us if they’re**

**in here. But whether they’re in the park**

**or not, we have to find them before the**

**cops do.**

**BAT**

**The last thing we need is for anyone to**

**find a certain deposit slip.**

**075 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 075**

**Careful to keep herself hidden, Chardonnay approaches the park’s service entrance.**

**076 EXT. CHARDONNAY’S POV – SERVICE ENTRANCE 076**

**She spots the patrol car and two armed deputies, one we recognize as Officer Carter.**

**She sees another patrol car cruise the exterior of the fence**

**perimeter.**

**077 BACK TO SCENE 077**

**Chardonnay beats a hasty but stealthy retreat back to the 3/4 ton pickup.**

**078 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 078**

**Finally, Capt. McGraw turns to Sgt. Johnson and outlines his strategy.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**If they’re in there, there’s no sense**

**in flushing them out at night and plac-**

**ing ourselves in harm’s way. Best wait**

**until daylight and then go in with a**

**full force.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**(greatly relieved)**

**Sir, I couldn’t agree more.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**I need to start quizzing my sources to**

**find out who could have pulled this off.**

**...Take me to headquarters.**

**079 INT. CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP – PARK GROUNDS – NIGHT 079**

**Chardonnay climbs back into the cab and reports.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Two uniformed officers are posted. At**

**least two units are patrolling the**

**fence perimeter.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Well, we can’t shoot our way out.**

**SHINAMAN**

**So, we’re stuck like a fox in a burrow.**

**TEMPLAR**

**For now, we need to make sure it’s a**

**good, safe burrow, until we figure out**

**how to get out of here.**

**080 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 080**

**Bat lets RUDY and ARCHER into the office. Archer is far nerdier even than Bat. All that’s missing is the pocket protector. By contrast, RUDY is your typical wise-guy thug.**

**Gloria DeMornay is all business and menace; she addresses the new arrivals.**

**DeMORMAY**

**Don’t know for sure, but the cops**

**think these bastards that stole our**

**bank deposit are hiding inside the**

**park.**

**ARCHER**

**Really? That doesn’t sound logical.**

**Why would they --**

**RUDY**

**(to Archer)**

**Just shut up and listen.**

**DeMORNAY**

**We’re gonna search every inch of this**

**place until we flush them out.**

**RUDY**

**And when we find them --**

**DeMORNAY**

**They don’t get out alive.**

**Rudy just nods. Archer grimaces.**

**Bat reaches into the arms cabinet and hands out 9mm pistols to Rudy and Archer.**

**081 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 081**

**Templar, Shinaman and Chardonnay are holed up in the track announcer’s booth when Palmer enters and reports.**

**PALMER**

**I put the pickup back in its original**

**spot. No one will ever know it was**

**moved.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good. ...It’s going to be a long night.**

**The Sheriff may put a chopper overhead.**

**(MORE)**

**TEMPLAR (Cont‘d)**

**We’ll see. Meanwhile we’ll take turns**

**standing watch. I’ll be up first. The**

**rest of you get some sleep.**

**Without further encouragement, the Merry Band settles down**

**and attempts to sleep. Templar couldn’t sleep now if he wanted to.**

**082 CLOSE ON TEMPLAR 082**

**Templar’s thoughts race as his mind appears to be elsewhere.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(sounding defensively)**

**So...things weren’t going as well as**

**planned. Alright, nothing was going as**

**planned. There are just some things you**

**can’t plan for....**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**083 EXT. FLETCHER ESTATE – CARMEL HIGHLANDS - MORNING 083**

**To establish the large home with its four car garage and adjacent helicopter hangar. Home is on an isolated bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean at the western end of Highlands Dr., just north of central Carmel Highlands. (House and hangar actually exist).**

***SUPERIMPOSE: SIX DAYS EARLIER***

***CARMEL HIGHLANDS, CALIFORNIA***

***HOME OF HARRY FLETCHER***

**The name on the mailbox, simply reads “Fletcher.”**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**...Last week, when we started this**

**caper, it looked to be relatively easy.**

**084 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - FLETCHER ESTATE – MORNING 084**

**The phone, sitting atop a bedside end table, RINGS. A half- awake Harry Fletcher, whom we recognize as Robin Templar, reaches over and picks up the handset.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(announcing himself**

**into handset)**

**Harry Fletcher.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**085 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING – S.F. FINANCIAL DISTRICT – MORNING 085**

***SUPERIMPOSE: SAN FRANCISCO FINANCIAL DISTRICT***

**On the other end of the phone call is our own Jonathan Moore. The nameplate on his desk identifies him as CFO of *Universal Imports.***

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Harry, good news. I’ve found a way**

**to save the battered women’s shelter.**

**Templar rises to a sitting position on the bed.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I’m listening.**

**MOORE**

**The women know we are protecting them**

**from being evicted. They just don’t**

**know how we’re getting the money.**

**TEMPLAR**

**And how are we getting it?**

**MOORE**

**Meet me for lunch in the City. We can**

**go over the details.**

**086 BACK TO SCENE – BEDROOM 086**

**The man we have now been introduced to as Harry Fletcher hangs**

**up the phone just as a stunningly beautiful woman, NICOLE FLETCHER, late twenties, her body wrapped in a towel, exits the bathroom and greets her husband lovingly.**

**NICOLE**

**Harry, my high-school students loved**

**the talk you gave on international**

**trade. They want to know when you’re**

**coming back...**

**Harry shrugs.**

**NICOLE (cont’d.)**

**...They were hoping you’d talk about**

**your days in the Marine Corps Special**

**Forces.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(facetiously)**

**Nicole, darlin‘, if I told them about**

**that, I’d have to kill them...and**

**(MORE)**

**TEMPLAR (Cont’d)**

**there’s already been far too many**

**school shootings. ...Look, I’m going**

**into the city. Not sure when I’ll be**

**home.**

**NICOLE**

**Is this about the funding for the**

**women’s shelter?**

**TEMPLAR**

**It is.**

**NICOLE**

**I know that’s close to your heart.**

**...I loved your sister, too.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I couldn’t save Melanie. I’ll carry**

**that forever. But I swore I would**

**honor her memory.**

**Nicole moves to her husband and gives him a warm kiss.**

**NICOLE**

**I understand, but... I worry so much**

**when you go on these *assignments,* as**

**you call them.**

**More kisses.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Not to worry. Jonathan says this one**

**is a walk in the park.**

**NICOLE**

**He can say that because his ass is**

**never in harm’s way.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(smiling)**

**His *tush* can’t afford to be in harm’s**

**way. He knows too much. In fact he’s**

**the only one who knows everything.**

**NICOLE**

**Yeah, I get it. Very clever design.**

**TEMPLAR**

**It’s for my protection, too.**

**087 EXT. FLETCHER ESTATE – CARMEL HIGHLANDS - MORNING 087**

**One of the garage doors opens and Nicole backs out a modest five-year-old sports model Mercedes and then slips the transmission into a forward gear and heads for California Highway 1.**

**Meanwhile, Harry Fletcher (Robin Templar) exits the front door and heads for the adjacent helicopter hangar.**

**088 ANGLE ON HELICOPTER HANGAR 088**

**Templar slides open the hangar door to reveal a helicopter model popular among businessmen.**

**089 EXT. MONTEREY REGIONAL AIRPORT (MRY) – DAY 089**

**To establish.**

***SUPERIMPOSE: MONTEREY REGIONAL AIRPORT***

**090 ANOTHER ANGLE 090**

**The same helicopter we saw at the Fletcher home settles to the ground in an area specifically designated for long-term visiting aircraft.**

**As the engine shuts down, the tie-down crew approaches.**

**091-104 OMITTED. 091-104**

**105 INT. BOARDING AREA – MONTEREY AIRPORT – DAY 105**

**Templar is in line prepared to present his boarding pass.**

**FLIGHT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)**

**SkyWest flight 5503 to San Francisco**

**is now boarding.**

**106 EXT. RUNWAY - SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – DAY 106**

**A SkyWest aircraft settles onto the runway at SFO.**

**107 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE – SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT – DAY 107**

**Templar exits the building and looks around for his limousine.**

**108 ANOTHER ANGLE 108**

**Spotting his Chinese limo driver, JASON OW, Templar follows him to the black limousine where he climbs into the back.**

**Jason then gets behind the wheel and they take off for The City.**

**109 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING – S.F. FINANCIAL DISTRICT – DAY 109**

**The black limo pulls up in front of a tall, financial dis-trict building. Robin Templar, AKA Harry Fletcher, exits the limo and enters the building.**

**110 INT. 19TH FLOOR LOBBY – OFFICE BUILDING – DAY 110**

**The elevator door opens on the 19th floor and Robin Templar steps out and into the huge lobby of a busy company. The SIGN on the back wall READS: *Universal Imports,* which clearly takes up the entire floor. As Templar enters, the crisply tailored receptionist, MARIANNE VALTON, smiles and calls out:**

**MISS VALTON**

**‘Morning, Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Moore**

**is waiting for you in his office.**

**(picking up phone)**

**I’ll let him know you’re here.**

**Without losing a step, Templar moves to one of the two sets of tall double doors.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Thank you, Miss Valton.**

**Templar opens one of the double doors and disappears into the inner sanctum.**

**111 INT. OFFICE HALLWAY – UNIVERSAL IMPORTS – DAY 111**

**Robin Templar passes an office door marked *Harry Fletcher,***

***Chief Operating Officer*, and stops at the next door marked *Jonathan Moore, Chief Financial Officer*.**

**112 INT. MOORE’S OFFICE AT UNIVERSAL IMPORTS – DAY 112**

**Templar opens the door leading into Moore’s posh, windowed office and enters, where he is warmly greeted.**

**MOORE**

**Harry, have a seat.**

**Templar sits as Moore checks his watch.**

**MOORE**

**(continuing)**

**Made a 1:30 reservation at Swan’s**

**Oyster Depot for lunch. Figured**

**the crowd will have died down by**

**then, the better for us to talk.**

**Meanwhile, look over these plans.**

**Templar peruses the documents.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Maps of a dog track?**

**MOORE**

**The owners of the track happen to**

**be part of the group who plan to**

**evict the shelter. Apart from**

**that, well, there are many reasons**

**they need to be taken down.**

**113 EXT. SWAN OYSTER DEPOT – POLK ST. – SAN FRANCISCO – DAY 113**

**To establish.**

**114 INT. SWAN OYSTER DEPOT – SAN FRANCISCO – DAY 114**

**Jonathan and Templar are sitting at a booth enjoying, as they talk, a large serving of oysters washed down with their customary premium French Champagne. The booths on either side are empty.**

**115 ANOTHER ANGLE 115**

**TEMPLAR**

**So, what did you tell the women at the**

**shelter?**

**116 EXT. AERIAL SHOT – CAMARILLO WOMEN’S SHELTER – DAY 116**

***SUPERIMPOSE: CAMARILLO WOMEN’S SHELTER***

**The shelter for battered women is clearly a place of high security.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**I told them I represented a “philan-**

**thropic foundation”...**

**Located on a mountainside south of the 101 freeway just west of Newbury Park, the shelter’s low, rambling structures and surrounding campus are enclosed by a 12-foot-high razor-wire fence.**

**117 EXT. CLOSER – VARIOUS ANGLES - SHELTER GROUNDS – DAY 117**

**Moore walks the grounds with SEVERAL WOMEN as he talks with**

**them. The compound is simple but immaculately kept.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...run by some people who had heard**

**of their plight and wanted to help.**

**Walking the grounds with Moore are women young and old, some with infants in arms.**

**118 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – WOMEN’S SHELTER – DAY 118**

**Speaking from a podium, Jonathan Moore is seen addressing the packed room of RESIDENTS OF THE SHELTER.**

**TEMPLAR (V.O.)**

**I’d heard the property owner died and**

**the heirs are auctioning off the land.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Right. This developer that’s lined up**

**to bid on it plans to bulldoze the**

**property and cover the place with**

**luxury condos.**

**119 INT. MOORE & TEMPLAR’S BOOTH - SWAN OYSTER DEPOT – DAY 119**

**TEMPLAR**

**And that developer also owns this dog**

**track?**

**MOORE**

**Well, they all work for the same...**

**syndicate, shall we say.**

**The two men share a knowing look.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Yes, I see the beauty of it.**

**MOORE**

**The women’s only question: can we**

**raise enough money to help them keep**

**the place?**

**TEMPLAR**

**And can we?**

**MOORE**

**I figure it’ll take one and a half to two**

**million.**

**TEMPLAR**

**And the armored car should be carrying**

**twice that amount?**

**MOORE**

**Maybe more.**

**TEMPLAR**

**And you explained that the money never**

**need be repaid?**

**MOORE**

**Yes, they especially liked that part.**

**120 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 120**

**By the light of the moon, the reflective Templar checks out his crew. He notices that Chardonnay seems to be in a REM (Rapid Eye Movement) doze. He lets her sleep.**

**He takes a quick look around and is satisfied that everyone is sound asleep.**

**121 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 121**

**Heavily armed, Gloria DeMornay, Rudy, and a very uncomfortable Bat and Louis Archer, are gathered at the entrance to the stands. Bat and Archer act like they’ve never had a gun in their hands before; by contrast, Rudy looks like he could brush his *teeth* with a .45.**

**DeMORNAY**

**I’m going to throw the track lights**

**on. When I do, we’ll split up and**

**cover every inch of the park. Keep**

**your weapons at the ready.**

**DeMornay takes Rudy aside and WHISPERS:**

**DeMORNAY**

**(in a hushed voice)**

**(MORE)**

**DeMORNAY (cont’d)**

**If nothing else, we’ve got to find**

**and destroy that deposit slip. Our**

**inside man at the bank won’t be able**

**to cover for this one.**

**With that, Gloria heads for the electrical shack, located**

**under the stands.**

**122 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 122**

**Now it’s Chardonnay’s watch. Everyone else is asleep. She sits up awake and in deep thought.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Of all the team, Chardonnay was the one**

**that worried me the most. Shinaman,**

**Templar and Palmer I had worked with in**

**the military. Chard was much younger.**

**I picked her because in real life, she**

**was a cop and a good one...and, frankly,**

**she really wanted this bad.**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**123 EXT. SAN DIEGO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS – DAY 123**

***SUPERIMPOSE: SAN DIEGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS***

***FIVE DAYS EARLIER***

**124 INT. HALLWAY – SDPD HEADQUARTERS – DAY 124**

**Chardonnay (ANDREA PARKER) walks down a hallway to a door marked WILLIAM LANSDOWNE, CHIEF OF POLICE and enters.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Her real name was Andrea Parker. De-**

**tective Sergeant, at her young age,**

**no less.**

**125 INT. OFFICE OF SDPD CHIEF WILLIAM LANSDOWNE – DAY 125**

**Chardonnay enters the chief’s office. Already waiting there is her partner, DETECTIVE JERRY KELLEY, early thirties.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Detective Sergeant Andrea Parker re-**

**porting as requested, sir.**

**CHIEF WILLIAM LANSDOWNE rises from behind his desk and comes**

**comes around to shake Chardonnay/Parker’s hand warmly.**

**CHIEF LANSDOWNE**

**Andrea, I have to tell you, the work**

**you’ve done on the latest run of ID**

**theft and drug cases was a proud mo-**

**ment for the department.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Thank you, Chief, it’s always good to**

**be appreciated, but my partner, Detec-**

**tive Kelley here, had as much to do**

**with it as I did.**

**CHIEF LANSDOWNE**

**He claims he was just following your**

**lead. In any event, he’s getting a**

**week’s leave as a result.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Well, that’s great. I was going to**

**ask for a week myself. ...Visit my**

**family up in Prosser, Washington.**

**CHIEF LANSDOWNE**

**Of course, Detective. ...Prosser, Wash-**

**ington? ...Wine country, isn’t it?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Yes, my folks actually just started a**

**winery but it’s new and very capital**

**intensive. They have yet to make it.**

**I’m hoping to change that.**

**126 INT. RESTAURANT BERTRAND AT MR. A’s (SAN DIEGO) – SUNDOWN 126**

**At a table next to one of the large southern view windows of**

**the twelfth-floor restaurant atop a hill in San Diego’s finan-cial district, Chardonnay and her good-looking dining company-ion, fellow plain clothes detective Jerry Kelley are enjoying an elegant dinner with some exquisite wine.**

**Suddenly there is shaking of the building as a Southwest 737 airliner passes by their window, at about the same height as their restaurant window, and settles onto the nearby main runway of San Diego’s Charles Lindbergh Field. Chardonnay smiles like a child as she gawks at the plane. Kelley laughs.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**You know, you really are a pistol.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Why?**

**DET. KELLEY**

**You like the buzz of danger -- even**

**during dinner.**

**Chard shrugs and smiles. This is who she is.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**So, I understand you’re visiting your**

**folks during your leave?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**it’s been a while since I’ve seen them.**

**Kelley nervously looks around the restaurant.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**What’re you looking for?**

**DET. KELLEY**

**Honey, you know the department policy.**

**This isn’t like coffee and donuts.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**You’re right. This does look like a --**

**DET. KELLEY**

**Like a date. ‘Cause that’s what it is.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Big no-no.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**Which reminds me, since we’re both**

**Taking our vacation time next week,**

**perhaps I can come to Washington and**

**we can spend some time together.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Jerry, I wouldn’t have any time for**

**you. My parents have my itinerary**

**locked down to the last minute.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**No leeway?**

**Chardonnay shakes her head sadly.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**(smiling)**

**Looks like I’ll just have to spend**

**my vacation alone.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(returning the smile)**

**I’ll make it up to you when we get**

**back.**

**127 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 127**

**The Merry Band is in a state of semi-consciousness when sud-denly Chard is shaken into alertness: the peaceful nighttime is broken by the dog track’s powerful lights; as they come on, one bank at a time.**

**In a flash, everyone is fully awake and on their feet.**

**128 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 128**

**One-by-one additional banks of lights come online.**

**129 BACK TO SCENE 129**

**PALMER**

**It’s time to get outta Dodge!**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Hold on. ...I need to do a recce and**

**see what we’re up against.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(laying on the**

**Irish accent)**

**A *recce*, she says? And she claims**

**never to have been in the military.**

**TEMPLAR**

**She’ll scout the area and should she**

**get caught, as a fine-looking lady,**

**she’ll come up with an excuse for**

**being here–-**

**SHINAMAN**

**And you’re thinking just maybe she has**

**(MORE)**

**SHINAMAN (Cont’d)**

**a slightly better chance than any of us**

**of talking her way out?**

**TEMPLAR**

**Well...yeah.**

**SHINAMAN**

**You know, as an Irishman, I should take**

**issue with that unwarranted assumption;**

**but fierce queer as it seems, it does**

**make a daft kind of sense. Even to me.**

**(to Chardonnay)**

**Good luck, m’ dear.**

**130 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 130**

**Guns in hand, Gloria, Rudy, Bat, and Archer split up with each taking a separate section of the grandstands. Bat and Archer’s uncertain manner betrays their inexperience.**

**131 ANGLE ON CHARDONNAY 131**

**Watching from her hidden position high atop the grandstands, and taking note of the individuals involved, is Chardonnay.**

**132 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 132**

**Chard enters the announcer’s booth and gives her report.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Four of them, heavily armed. ...The**

**woman and one of the men seem to know**

**what they’re doing, I’m not so sure**

**about the other two. Either way,**

**they’re bound to find us. ...And soon.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Aye, and ‘tis sure if we don’t get the**

**hell out of here, we may be forced to**

**shoot somebody. Maybe kill ‘em.**

**Chard cringes at that thought, and with good reason.**

**133 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 133**

**The armored car, sealed off with its yellow crime scene tape, has yet to be removed. Cpl. Jimenez is on his cell phone.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Captain, the whole park is all lit up**

**bright as day. I haven’t seen this since**

**they stopped nighttime racing to cut ex-**

**penses.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**134 INT. CAPT. McGRAW’s OFFICE – LVMPD HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT 134**

**McGraw is on his cell phone with Cpl. Jimenez.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**How many men we actually know of are**

**now in the park?**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Only that former showgirl, DeMornay,**

**the kid Bartholomew, and the two book-**

**keepers.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Bookkeepers?!**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Said they needed to do an audit to de-**

**termine their losses for the insurance**

**company.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Strange. ...Why didn’t they merely keep**

**a duplicate deposit slip?**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**I wouldn’t know about that, sir.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**I don’t like the smell of this. It**

**almost looks like... yeah, like they’re**

**doing our job, going after the *perps.***

**...Don’t let anyone out! Even the four**

**you mentioned. ...Hold them on suspi-**

**cion of trespassing, if you have to.**

**...I’m on my way.**

**135 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 135**

**TEMPLAR**

**We need to douse those lights, other-**

**wise we’re naked out there.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Okay, I’ll turn them off.**

**TEMPLAR**

**You know where the switches are? ...You**

**can’t just shoot out all the bulbs.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(feigning innocence)**

**I can’t?**

**(becoming serious)**

**Look, a place like this will have an**

**electronics shack somewhere; protected**

**from the weather. Under the grand-**

**stands would be a good place to start.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Okay, go find it. Palmer and Shinaman,**

**when the lights go out, we all head for**

**the pickup. We’ll hole up in the can-**

**opy until the right moment.**

**136 EXT. JOHNSON’S SHERIFF’S DEPT. VEHICLE – NIGHT 136**

**Heading south on the Strip, the sheriff’s vehicle (with Sgt. Johnson behind the wheel and Captain McGraw as his passenger), is spotted passing the Bellagio. As if on cue, the Bellagio fountains do their spectacular magic.**

**137 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 137**

**Under the bright park lights, DeMornay, Rudy and Louis Archer are closing in on the announcer’s booth.**

**138 INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 138**

**Templar, Shinaman and Palmer are gathered at the entrance to the booth, ready for a fast getaway.**

**Suddenly, the bank of lights goes out and the park is again thrust into darkness. Templar, Shinaman and Palmer make their move.**

**139 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 139**

**With DeMornay and her crew closing in, Templar, Shinaman (tool kit in hand) and Palmer slip quietly from the booth and begin making their way out of the stands, following Palmer.**

**140 ANOTHER ANGLE 140**

**DeMornay spots the shadowy figures of the threesome stealthily moving down the grandstands, away from her.**

**141 ANGLE ON DeMORNAY 141**

**Without thought, acting on the hair-trigger of emotion, Gloria DeMornay fires two rounds at the fleeing shadow with her 9mm Glock.**

**142 ANGLE ON TEMPLAR, SHINAMAN & PALMER 142**

**Shinaman is hit in his left rear shoulder and goes down, drop-ping his tool kit. Templar grabs the kit and together he and Palmer pick up their wounded colleague and rush him from the scene – into the shadows.**

**143 ANGLE ON DeMORNAY 143**

**From Gloria’s POV, the threesome disappears into the night.**

**144 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 144**

**At the entrance to the park, Cpl. Jimenez is on his cell.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**145 INT. JOHNSON’S SHERIFF’S DEPT. VEHICLE – NIGHT 145**

**Upon the first RING, Captain McGraw answers his iPhone.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**McGraw!**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Sir, we just heard shots fired from**

**inside the park.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Check on the officers guarding the**

**service entrance and the perimeter.**

**See that they’re alright. We’re only**

**minutes away.**

**146 EXT. DOG TRACK – GRANDSTANDS – NIGHT 146**

**Gloria DeMornay, Rudy, Bat and Archer are grouped together.**

**DeMORNAY**

**I’m sure I hit one of them.**

**RUDY**

**Then we’ll find either a body or a**

**trail of blood.**

**(to Bat)**

**Go back to the office and get us some**

**flashlights.**

**147 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – NIGHT 147**

**Sgt. Johnson’s sheriff’s vehicle pulls up in front of the**

**track’s main entrance and both the sergeant and Captain climb out to greet Cpl. Jimenez.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**(to McGraw)**

**Sir, there’s been no anomalies.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Other than the gunfire?**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Well, yes, other than the gunfire.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**I’ve called for reinforcements.**

**They’ll be here shortly.**

**(to Johnson)**

**Only way they can get out is through**

**one of the park’s two openings.**

**(beat)**

**That is unless they have explosives**

**left to blast a hole in the fence**

**which, if you take a look at that ar-**

**mored car, is a definite possibility.**

**148 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 148**

**With Templar and Palmer on each side, Shinaman is being helped in the direction of the 3/4 ton canopied pickup.**

**PALMER**

**(whispering)**

**Robin. ...He’s losing a lot of blood;**

**could bleed out if we don’t do some-**

**thing.**

**Considering his condition, Shinaman’s voice, even though a**

**whisper, is surprisingly strong.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Oh, don’t be pratin’ on with that**

**bloody nonsense. ...You just get me**

**to the pickup and do as I say... I’ll**

**be just fine.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(also whispering)**

**There’s another matter to consider.**

**PALMER**

**What’s that?**

**TEMPLAR**

**We’re leaving a trail of blood.**

**Palmer looks to the ground behind them, spots the tell-tale blood drippings, and nods his understanding. Templar whips off his jacket and wraps it around Shinaman’s left shoulder.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Keep pressure on the wound. ...I’ll**

**try to buy some time.**

**149 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 149**

**The reinforcements ordered by Captain McGraw arrive in the form of two additional Sheriff Patrol units.**

**150 INT. GREYHOUND TRACK – CONCESSION AREA – NIGHT 150**

**We are back in the concession stand with the blackboard behind**

**which is hidden the ill-gained loot. Templar quickly moves to**

**one of the commercial refrigerators containing the hotdogs, hamburgers, and other items served at the stand.**

**151 ANOTHER ANGLE 151**

**Templar grabs a large bowl of ketchup from the fridge then, picking up a tablespoon, retreats into the night.**

**152 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON TRUCK – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 152**

**Shinaman is laid out, face down, on the bed of the pickup, (lying on Templar’s jacket) hidden by the oversized, enclosed windowless commercial aluminum canopy.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(to Palmer)**

**Thanks for bringing my toolbox. It**

**just might be the thing that saves me.**

**PALMER**

**How do you mean?**

**SHINAMAN**

**You’ll be knowin’ soon enough.**

**153 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 153**

**DeMornay, Rudy and Archer are at the spot where Shinaman was hit by one of Gloria’s 9mm slugs, when Bat runs up carrying two flashlights.**

**BAT**

**All I could find.**

**RUDY**

**That’ll do.**

**Rudy takes one of the flashlights for himself and hands the second to Gloria. They search the ground and quickly find what they were looking for...blood. The five of them, weapons drawn, begin following the trail of blood droppings.**

**154 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 154**

**Shinaman is giving instructions to Palmer. The more dis-tressed he is, the thicker his Irish accent gets.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Fortunately, the bullet went all the way**

**through my shoulder, so you won’t have**

**to go digging for it. In my tool kit,**

**you’ll find a small bottle containing a**

**chemical mixture of chlorhexidine and**

**hydrogen peroxide. Also you’ll find a**

**packet of large Band-Aid adhesive pads.**

**Palmer finds the chemical mixture and large adhesive pads.**

**PALMER**

**Got ‘em.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Good. ...You’ll be needin’ to pour a**

**(MORE)**

**SHINAMAN (Cont’d)**

**generous amount of the chemical mixture**

**into the wound; dry it with a cotton pad,**

**then take three of your 9mm bullets and,**

**using the pliers, pull the heads off and**

**pour the gunpowder into the wound. Now**

**listen carefully. This is the most im-**

**portant part. You then take a match and**

**light off the powder.**

**PALMER**

**You got to be kidding!!**

**SHINAMAN**

**Don’t I wish. But that’s not the end of**

**it. After applying the adhesive pad to**

**the wound, you flip me over like a trout**

**on the griddle and do the same thing on**

**the exit wound.**

**155 ANOTHER ANGLE 155**

**At this point Templar opens one of the two rear doors and climbs into the enclosed space, closing the door behind him.**

**TEMPLAR**

**How’s he doing?**

**Palmer hands the chemical mixture and adhesive pads to Templar and extracts three bullets from his Glock’s magazine then, using the pliers, pulls apart the lead portion of the bullets.**

**156 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 156**

**Gloria, Rudy, Bat and Archer are following the *blood* trail, leading them towards the park’s concession area.**

**157 ANOTHER ANGLE 157**

**As they approach the concession area, Rudy becomes increase-ingly suspicious. He bends down and sticks his finger into what is thought to be a blood droplet. He rises with the substance on his forefinger, takes a sniff and then puts the finger to his tongue for a taste.**

**RUDY**

***Fuggedaboutit!* It’s ketchup! We’ve**

**been played. These bastards know what**

**they’re doing.**

**DeMORNAY**

**Whoever they are, they’re dead men**

**walking.**

**158 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 158**

**With Shinaman now on his back, Templar lights off the gun-powder poured into the exit wound. The powder flashes up and cauterizes the wound, as intended, after which Templar applies the large adhesive pad.**

**PALMER**

**I’m worried about Chard; should’ve**

**been here by now.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Chardonnay can take care of herself.**

**I’m more concerned about Shinaman.**

**159 CLOSE ON SHINAMAN 159**

**PALMER (O.S)**

**He’s going to be just fine.**

**TEMPLAR (O.S.)**

**If only we can figure out how to get**

**him home.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Now, home for Shinaman, was...**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**160 EXT. LA CANADA FLINTRIDGE HOME OF SEAN EASTON – DAY 160**

**To establish the large La Canada Flintridge estate in the exclusive 4000 block of Chula Sende Lane, located on 2 acres overlooking the Los Angeles basin to the south.**

**MOORE (V.O.; cont’d.)**

**...a two-acre estate overlooking the**

**Los Angeles Basin...**

***SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE DAYS EARLIER***

***HOME OF SEAN EASTON***

***LA CANADA FLINTRIDGE, CALIFORNIA***

**MOORE (V.O.; cont’d.)**

**...where he lived under his real name,**

**Sean Easton...**

**161 INT. BEDROOM - FLINTRIDGE HOME OF SEAN EASTON – DAY 161**

**In the huge master bedroom, Sean Easton is still asleep; his face buried in the pillow of the king size bed.**

**MOORE (V.O.’ cont’d)**

**...Not that Templar or the others would**

**know that as, for security reasons, I was**

**the only one who knew the real identity**

**of everyone in the Merry Band.**

**Sean’s wife, MARILYN, a perky and pretty 42, exits the adja-cent bathroom, wearing the flight attendant uniform of a major airline.**

**MARILYN**

**Sean, you should be dressed by now.**

**Sure you’re alright?**

**A sleepy Sean Easton lifts his head from the pillow and turns to face his wife. We recognize Easton and his Irish accent as Douglas Shinaman.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Sweetheart, I’m not so sure. This pain**

**in m’shoulder, t’would drive the devil**

**himself to his knees.**

**MARILYN**

**That’s too bad, honey. I’d give you a**

**massage except that I need to leave now**

**if I’m going to make my flight.**

**SHINAMAN**

**My angel wife, the flight attendant...**

**I do wish you’d give up this position**

**that keeps you so long away from me.**

**MARILYN**

**You know I can’t do that as long as**

**you insist on helping the world’s un-**

**fortunate at the risk of ending up in**

**prison for the rest of your useful**

**life. I only have one more year be-**

**(MORE)**

**MARILYN (Cont’d)**

**fore my pension kicks in. And I need**

**that security. You know this!**

**Shinaman nods wearily.**

**162 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS: VARIOUS L.A. LOCATIONS – DAY 162**

1. **Shinaman drives his SUV down to the L. A. basin from his home, high up in the wealthy section of La Canada Flint-ridge.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**So, in real life, our friend Doug**

**Shinaman is Sean Easton, a mercenary**

**contractor I once hired back when I**

**ran covert ops for the Marine Corps**

**in Afghanistan...**

1. **In the Glendale area, the SUV passes by a prominently advertised EASTON MULTIPLEX THEATER listing no less than eight current features on its marquee.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**...These days, however, he was the**

**president of a small chain of movie**

**theaters...**

**(C) The SUV gets off the 101 Freeway, passes Universal Studios and prepares to get on the freeway leading south, into Hollywood.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**He had joined our Merry Band partly,**

**for the money, and partly for the jazz.**

**He missed the adrenalin rush... But**

**getting shot? I don’t think that was**

**on his bucket list...**

1. **Shinaman heads West on the Sunset Strip. He pulls into an office building with a sign identifying it as *Easton Theaters.***

**163 EXT. TWIN MAST YACHT – SAN FRANCISCO MARINA – DAY 163**

**Moore sits at a table working on a laptop on the fantail deck. Three cell phones are lined up on the table next to the computer.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**... Anyway I knew nothing of his wound**

**...until...**

**One of the cell phones “ping” to indicate a text received.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**...Getting a text from Templar on a**

**burner phone.**

**164 INSERT – CLOSE ON BURNER PHONE – DAY 164**

**The text reads: “*D.S. wounded. Need to get him home to his wife.”***

**165 BACK TO MOORE 165**

**He grimaces at the news.**

**MOORE**

**(reads the text)**

**Need to get him home to his wife?**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**My first thought was, Templar had no**

**idea where that home was. Only I had**

**that information...unless Shinaman,**

**in the emergency, broke protocol and**

**outted himself.**

**166 CLOSE ON BURNER PHONE SCREEN 166**

**Another text “pings” in: "*Wound is GSW. D.S. needs care of his***

***own physician. Please advise.”***

**167 CLOSE ON MOORE 167**

**MOORE**

**Oh! ...A gunshot wound!**

**Moore takes a deep breath.**

**168 CLOSE ON BURNER PHONE SCREEN 168**

**Moore texts back: “Give me a few minutes.”**

**169 EXT. TWIN MAST YACHT – FANTAIL – DAY 169**

**Moore wrestles in his mind with the problem:**

**MOORE (V.O.**

**(continuing)**

**So, I needed to come up with a plan.**

**How the hell do we get him home? And**

**since doctors are required by law to**

**report all gunshot wounds, how in the**

**world does a doctor report the wound,**

**but have the investigation go nowhere?**

**Moore ponders the problem.**

**170 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 170**

**Templar and Palmer are doing their best to make the uncon-scious Shinaman comfortable.**

**PALMER**

**You know, I’m still worried about**

**Chardonnay. ...Maybe I should go**

**Look for her.**

**Templar wonders: maybe Palmer’s right.**

**171-175 OMITTED. 171-175**

**176 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 176**

**Chardonnay pops the trunk of the Ford Taurus and begins rum-maging through the bags left behind when the team abandoned the vehicle. From one of the bags she pulls out the radio transmitter used to bring down the armored car. From another bag, she extracts a packet marked C4.**

**177 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 177**

**Shinaman is sleeping peacefully when suddenly there is a familiar tap at the pickup’s canopy door. Glock in hand, Templar cautiously opens one of the doors.**

**Chardonnay climbs in as Templar quickly closes the door.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**There are four men closing in on us,**

**armed to the teeth.**

**PALMER**

**Any thoughts on how to get us out**

**of here?**

**Producing the small, hand-held radio transmitter from her**

**pocket, Chardonnay extends the transmitter’s short antenna.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(smiling)**

**Of course.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Let’s go for it.**

**178 EXT. EASTERN WALL – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 178**

**Suddenly, a vast, high energy EXPLOSION lights up the night-time sky and blows a hole in a section of the park’s eastern wall large enough to drive an 18-wheeler through.**

**179 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN ENTRANCE – NIGHT 179**

**Sgt. Johnson, Captain McGraw, Cpl. Jimenez and the two LVMPD officers simultaneously react to the explosion and giant fireball to the east. CPL. Jimenez crosses himself.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Madre de Dios! They’re making their**

**break. They’ll head cross-country**

**into the desert.**

**CAPT. MCGRAW**

**They do and they’ll get bogged down**

**in the sand, unless they’re driving**

**a military half-track.**

**Suddenly, the RADIO SQUAWKS; Officer Carter is excited.**

**OFFICER CARTER (V.O.)**

**(filtered)**

**Carter here. Appears the perps have**

**breached the eastern wall and are escap-**

**ing into the desert. We’re in pursuit.**

**...Request backup.**

**Cpl. Jimenez and the other two uniformed officers look to**

**McGraw for the order to respond.**

**But McGraw looks past them as he ponders. Jimenez is antsy and incredulous.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Sir, are we not responding to the call**

**for backup?**

**CAPT. MCGRAW**

**Not to worry, Corporal, we’re going to**

**respond ... but in our own way. ...This**

**is what I want you to do.**

**180 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 180**

**Holed up in the canopied bed of the pickup the group listens to the SOUND of SIRENS heading toward the breach in the park’s eastern wall. Templar turns to Palmer.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Yeah, we got their attention. They’re**

**heading for the breach. ...Think you**

**can get us through that service en-**

**trance?**

**PALMER**

**(with a smile)**

**Watch me.**

**With no further encouragement necessary, Palmer hastily bails out of the rear door of the camper.**

**181 EXT. PARK GROUNDS – GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 181**

**Palmer rushes towards the truck’s single cab.**

**But he’s been spotted: Gloria DeMornay, Rudy, Bat and Archer run toward the canopied pickup with weapons drawn.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**182 INT/EXT CAB – 3/4 TON TRUCK – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 182**

**Palmer jumps behind the wheel, shoves the key into the igni-tion, fires up the engine, and puts the pedal to the metal.**

**183 EXT. 3/4 TON PICKUP - PARK GROUNDS – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 183**

**As the high-powered pickup roars off, Bat and Archer, hands shaking, merely take aim, but DeMornay and Rudy OPEN FIRE, each of them squeezing off five or six rounds.**

**184 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON PICKUP – DOG TRACK – NIGHT 184**

**As Chard pulls the lock pick kit from Shinaman’s tool kit, bullets rip into the pickup’s enclosed, oversized canopy.**

**185 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN ENTRANCE – NIGHT 185**

**Sgt. Johnson and Capt. McGraw) are seated in the sheriff’s unit, blocking off the main entrance to the track. The two units that were previously there are gone.**

**186 ANGLE ON JOHNSON & McGRAW 186**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**We’ll hold our position until we**

**hear from Cpl. Jimenez.**

**187 EXT. DOG TRACK – SERVICE ENTRANCE – NIGHT 187**

**The canopied pickup charges up to the service entrance gate and slams to a stop where Chardonnay jumps out the back and rushes over to the gate.**

**188 TIGHTER ANGLE 188**

**Taking the large padlock in hand, Chard goes to work, using the lock picking tools she found in Shinaman’s kit.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**189 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 189**

**DeMornay, Rudy, Bat and Archer, guns drawn) are closing in on the service entrance.**

**190 BACK TO CHARDONNAY 190**

**Finally, Chardonnay opens the padlock, removes the heavy chain and swings open the two gates.**

**191 EXT. 3/4 TON PICKUP – SERVICE ENTRANCE – NIGHT 191**

**Chardonnay clambers back into the pickup’s canopy and yells to Palmer.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Go! Go! Go!**

**192 ANOTHER ANGLE 192**

**Leaving the gate open, the pickup makes a left turn onto East Larson Lane, heading west.**

**193 EXT. SERVICE RD. – TWO LANE BLACKTOP – NIGHT 193**

**With the pedal-to-the metal, the pickup races westward towards**

**South Las Vegas Boulevard (Nevada highway 604).**

**194 POV – 3/4 TON PICKUP – EAST LARSON BLVD. – NIGHT 194**

**From Palmer’s point of view, WE SEE the intersection of South Las Vegas Blvd. just ahead. But something seems to be block-ing the road.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**195 EXT. INTERSECTION – HIWAY 604 & SERVICE RD – NIGHT 195**

**Two marked Sheriff’s vehicles are parked end-to-end facing north, blocking off East Larson Lane and preventing any west-bound automobiles from entering South Las Vegas Boulevard.**

**Cpl. Jimenez and his partner, together with the reinforcement unit, climb out of their vehicles, brandishing shotguns.**

**Standing behind the protection of their vehicles, the deputies have their locked-and-loaded shotguns aimed at the approaching 3/4 ton pickup.**

**In the pickup, Palmer has to make a decision. Surrender or try to break the blockade.**

**Palmer pulls the pickup to the far right, off the road where there is almost, but not quite enough room to get through without a collision.**

**As the deputies pump away with buckshot, the canopied pickup clips the front of Cpl. Jimenez’s patrol unit, spinning the car around and destroying the unit’s right front wheel; but also making a pathway for escape.**

**With Cpl. Jimenez scrambling out of the way, the pickup makes a right turn onto Nevada highway 604 and heads north towards**

**the nearby St. Rose Parkway and the Las Vegas Strip.**

**196 EXT. ENTRANCE TO DOG TRACK – NIGHT 196**

**Hearing SHOTGUN FIRE coming from the intersection of East Larson Lane and Nevada Highway 604; Sgt. Johnson fires up his engine and he and Captain McGraw head in the direction of the gunfire.**

**197 INT. JOHNSON’S SHERIFF’S DEPT. VEHICLE – NIGHT 197**

**Northbound on the 604, McGraw is on the radio.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(calmly into mic.)**

**Ten-four Corporal...We’re en route.**

**Stay where you are and send the other**

**unit to replace us at the main gate.**

**We’re in pursuit of the pickup...and**

**get verifiable IDs on anyone entering**

**or exiting East Larson Lane. This**

**could be a ruse to draw us off...like**

**the explosion on the eastern wall.**

**198 EXT. SO. VEGAS BLVD. CHASE – AT ST. ROSE PKY – NIGHT 198**

**The only damage to the pickup resulting from the collision is a smashed left front head-light and a slightly bent fender.**

**199 INT. 3/4 TON TRUCK – SO. VEGAS BLVD. CHASE – NIGHT 199**

**As Palmer drives full throttle northbound on the 604, we MOVE IN to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP on Palmer’s face, the landscape of flashing lights whipping by in a blur.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**Patrick Palmer, of all the Merry Band,**

**was the most solid and the also the**

**most mysterious. I knew when I met**

**him in our days in the service that I**

**could trust him with anything – yet he**

**was the hardest one to figure...**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**200 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - JACKSONVILLE, FL – DAY 200**

**Beauty shots: Highlights of Jacksonville, Florida.**

***SUPERIMPOSE: THREE WEEKS EARLIER***

***JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA***

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**...He was from Jacksonville, Florida.**

**201 EXT. DUKE’S SPORTS BAR & GRILL – JACKSONVILLE – DAY 201**

**The SIGN establishes that we are at Duke’s Sport’s Bar & Grill, somewhere in the city of Jacksonville, Florida.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**(MORE)**

**MOORE (Cont’d)**

**...His real name was Louis Osgard,**

**but everyone called him *Duke*....**

**202 INT. DUKE’S SPORTS BAR & GRILL – JACKSONVILLE – DAY 202**

**It’s lunch hour and the lounge and adjacent dining room are full. Sports events blare on several giant TV screens.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...Owned a chain of a dozen sports**

**bars all over Georgia and Florida.**

**Very successful.**

**203 ANOTHER ANGLE 203**

**The good-looking Patrick Palmer (AKA Louis “Duke” Osgard) hobnobs and shakes hands with his customers. It’s obvious that despite his slightly cocky manner, he is charming and well liked, as is his bar and grill.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**If our Merry Band’s operation suc-**

**ceeded, he’d get paid very well. But**

**really, he needed the money less than**

**any of us... Single, independently**

**well-off....**

**Palmer/Osgard notices a woman he seems to recognize. In her early thirties, drop-dead gorgeous in a bright sun-dress, she moves to one of two empty stools at the bar. Palmer decides to personally make her feel welcome.**

**Settling upon the stool alongside the woman, Duke smiles.**

**PALMER**

**Pardon me, Miss, I’m Duke Osgard. I**

**want to welcome you to Duke’s Bar &**

**Grill. The first drink, of course, is**

**on the house.**

**LT CDR JANET FISHER looks up, somewhat startled and finds herself smiling back, trying to place a vague memory.**

**FISHER**

**That’s very kind of you. I’ll have a**

**glass of your finest Chardonnay.**

**PALMER**

**Now, Miss, I know you and I have met**

**before. And it wasn’t just in my dreams.**

**FISHER**

**You’ve used that line before?**

**PALMER**

**Not with much success, I’m afraid. I**

**only know we were both wearing white**

**when we met. And it wasn’t our wedding.**

**Then it hits her.**

**FISHER**

**On the carrier!**

**PALMER**

**Yes! We met on the carrier. You were**

**defending Major Moore.**

**FISHER**

**That was like aeons ago!**

**PALMER**

**I was Lieutenant Louis Osgard.**

**FISHER**

**(extends her hand)**

**I was Lieutenant Commander Janet**

**Fisher, with the JAG Office. Was then;**

**still am.**

**PALMER**

**And I was an aviator.**

**FISHER**

**I take it you are now an ex-aviator?**

**PALMER**

**‘fraid so.**

**FISHER**

**What happened?**

**PALMER**

**Atrial fibrillation.**

**FISHER**

**(sympathetically)**

**Sorry.**

**PALMER**

**(changing course)**

**May I buy you lunch?**

**The LCDR looks towards the dining area, then smiles at Palmer.**

**FISHER**

**Don’t know...looks a little crowded.**

**PALMER**

**Well, it helps to know somebody.**

**...Fortunately, you know me.**

**204 EXT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – AT B. WOODBURY BELTWAY – NIGHT 204**

**Pedal still to-the-metal, heading north, the pickup passes under the Bruce Woodbury Beltway; with no sign of anyone in pursuit.**

**205 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON – NEAR VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 205**

**Inside the canopied bed, Chardonnay is caring for Shinaman. Since there is no view into the cab, Templar pulls out his disposable cell phone and presses a button that automatically dials a preset number.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**206 INT. CAB 3/4 TON TRUCK – APPROACHING VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 206**

**Behind the wheel, and exceeding the speed limit, Palmer HEARS the RING of his disposable cell PHONE and calmly withdraws it from his shirt pocket. Noting the caller ID, he answers.**

**PALMER**

**(into cell phone)**

**How’s Shinaman doing?**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good as can be expected.**

**PALMER**

**Can he walk?**

**TEMPLAR**

**We’d have to get on each side of him**

**and pretend to be helping a drunk**

**friend.**

**PALMER**

**I’ll get us as close as I can to the**

**hotel before giving the bailout signal.**

**When I give the word, get as far away**

**as you can, as fast as possible. I’ll**

**lead them as far from you as I can be-**

**fore abandoning the pickup and hope-**

**fully disappearing into the crowd.**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**207 INT. DINING ROOM – DUKE’S BAR & GRILL – DAY 207**

**Palmer/”Duke” Osgard and LCDR Fisher are seated at a prime table, enjoying their lunch. Fisher is working her way through a healthy lunch consisting of juicy thick cod, and what is sometimes known as a Southwest salad, topped with a combination Greek vinaigrette and classic Catalina dressing; all digested with green tea.**

**Palmer is enjoying his standard heart attack lunch, an extra- fat-filled juicy hamburger piled high with lettuce, tomato, mushrooms, and sautéed onions served with French fries and a bottle of Guinness.**

**FISHER**

**I respect any aviator, especially a**

**fighter pilot.**

**PALMER**

**Why’s that?**

**FISHER**

**In the Navy, just the simple task of**

**landing the aircraft is an adventure,**

**because you’re laying it down on a**

**carrier deck that when you first see**

**it, looks the size of a postage stamp.**

**And it’s moving! ...You loved it,**

**didn’t you?**

**PALMER**

**Every minute. I lived for those mo-**

**ments. But my life ended when the**

**flight surgeon gave me the news.**

**FISHER**

**You know, that’s so strange, because**

**A-fib is not that big a deal any more.**

**They put you on a blood thinner and**

**you can lead a normal life. That’s**

**what they did with my uncle.**

**PALMER**

**What did he do for a living?**

**FISHER**

**He was a lawyer with JAG. Like me.**

**PALMER**

**(scoffs)**

**Maybe if I were a lawyer, the Navy**

**would’ve let me stay. But lawyers**

**don’t fly seventy-million-dollar wea-**

**pons systems that carry enough ordi-**

**nance to blow away the Eastern Sea-**

**board. The Navy gets a little skit-**

**tish about that.**

**FISHER**

**I can see their point. So, what do**

**you do for excitement, now?**

**208 EXT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – 3/4 TON - McCARRAN – NIGHT 208**

**Palmer eases up on the gas pedal as he approaches McCarran International Airport on his right.**

**209 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 209**

**Sensing the slowdown, Templar is again on his cell.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**210 INT. SINGLE CAB – 3/4 TON TRUCK – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 210**

**Palmer responds at the SOUND of the RING.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(on cell phone)**

**Why are we slowing down?**

**PALMER**

**(on cell phone)**

**(MORE)**

**PALMER (Cont’d)**

**We’re at McCarran. We have a head-**

**light out and the airport is heavily**

**patrolled. Surprised we haven’t heard**

**any sirens.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Does seem strange.**

**211 EXT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 211**

**A police helicopter patrols the Strip.**

**212 INT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 212**

**Seated on the left of the HELICOPTER PILOT is LVMPD Sheriff**

**Douglas C. Gillespie who keys the radio transmitter and speaks into the microphone attached to his aviation helmet.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**(looking down)**

**We have him. Pickup with a canopy and**

**the left front headlight out...passing**

**McCarran, heading towards the Strip.**

**213 INT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 213**

**With Sgt. Johnson behind the wheel, inside the sheriff’s patrol car, Captain McGraw grabs the radio’s microphone and keys the transmitter in answer.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(into microphone)**

**Sheriff, we’re holding back until we**

**see where they’re going. I’d rather not**

**start a high-speed chase on the Strip**

**– putting the public in harm’s way.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**That’s a ten-four, McGraw.**

**CAPT McGRAW**

**I suggest placing two Metro units**

**ahead of the pickup and another flank-**

**ing us on Paradise Road.**

**214 INT/EXT. CAB 3/4 TON – STRIP – MANDALAY BAY – NIGHT 214**

**As the pickup approaches the Mandalay Bay resort and Casino, Palmer is working his cell.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**215 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 215**

**TEMPLAR**

**(into cell phone)**

**Yes.**

**PALMER**

**(into cell)**

**We’re passing Mandalay Bay, heading**

**for Tropicana Avenue. In case we’re**

**being followed, or somehow tracked,**

**here’s my plan.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I’m listening.**

**As WE SEE the spectacular RESORTS and casinos pass by, Palmer continues to lay out his plan, such as it is.**

**PALMER**

**I’m going to pull into the MGM Grand,**

**into the ground floor of the multilevel**

**parking structure and then exit back**

**onto the strip, still heading north.**

**TEMPLAR**

**And this is going to accomplish what?**

**PALMER**

**It’s going to establish a pattern. I**

**haven’t seen them, but I know we’re**

**being tracked. ...After getting safely**

**past Flamingo Road, I’ll do the same**

**with the Flamingo Resort, located to**

**the northeast of the intersection.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I follow. Go ahead.**

**PALMER**

**As we pass Sands Avenue, I’ll duck**

**into the Wynn Resort then take the**

**access road to the Encore parking**

**structure, where you, Chard and**

**Shinaman bail and make your way to**

**the suite.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Question is, after dropping us off,**

**what will you do?**

**PALMER**

**Continue on to Circus-Circus, pull**

**into their parking structure, aban-**

**don the pickup out of sight of the**

**security cameras and enter the**

**casino like anyone else.**

**216 EXT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – 3/4 TON – MGM GRAND – NIGHT 216**

**Palmer turns into the MGM Grand’s huge parking structure.**

**217 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 217**

**In the back of the pickup we move in to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Robin Templar.**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**218 EXT. WYNN RESORT & CASINO AND THE ADJACENT ENCORE – DAY 218**

**To establish the two adjacent resorts and casinos.**

***SUPERIMPOSE: ONE DAY EARLIER***

**We PAN from the Wynn Resort & Casino to its adjacent, and equally luxurious companion hotel, the Encore Resort & Casino.**

**219 INT. HOTEL REGISTRATION – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 219**

**Unlike many officious hotel clerks, the ENCORE CLERK is only**

**there to help and oblige.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Robin Templar. ...I have reserve-**

**tions for four rooms.**

**The Encore Clerk goes to work on his computer keyboard and finally looks up and smiles.**

**ENCORE CLERK**

**Yes, sir, Mr. Templar. Three rooms**

**and a premium suite...all in your**

**name, for an undetermined length of**

**stay and secured by a Macau bank draft.**

**(impressed)**

**(MORE)**

**ENCORE CLERK (Cont’d)**

**Welcome to the Encore. Let us know if**

**there’s anything you need during your**

**stay.**

**220 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 220**

**Templar, Chardonnay, Shinaman, and Palmer are gathered in the**

**large, luxurious suite, enjoying jumbo shrimp on ice, brie**

**cheese and crackers, all of which is being washed down by an expensive French champagne. Templar has their attention.**

**TEMPLAR**

**We’ve worked together before, so you**

**all know the rules. ...Any of you bring**

**a weapon?**

**A unanimous shake of heads.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good. I’ll provide each of you with**

**a 9mm Glock, which if lost or confis-**

**cated can only be traced to the govern-**

**ment. ...Before heading home, you will**

**return your weapons and I will see**

**that they are properly taken care of.**

**(to Shinaman)**

**Doug, do you have our transportation?**

**SHINAMAN**

**Aye, sir, indeed I do. Ford Taurus,**

**freshly stolen this morning from a rent-**

**al agency that won’t even be missing it**

**for several days. Original plates have**

**been replaced with a set of recent ones**

**taken off a same make vehicle from a**

**wrecking yard in North Las Vegas.**

**(a chuckle)**

**And here’s the beauty of it: the stolen**

**plates have current tags.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good job! ...You have the box of gloves?**

**SHINAMAN**

**T’ be sure.**

**221 ANOTHER ANGLE 221**

**From his tool kit, Shinaman produces the six by twelve inch**

**cardboard box. With a pocket knife, he slits the seal. Then he gets up from his seat and hands the box to Templar. From the box, Templar produces numerous skin-colored cloth gloves. PRODUCTION NOTE: Shinaman’s enclosed tool box is the type that can be closed and locked for approved airline baggage).**

**222 BACK TO SCENE 222**

**TEMPLAR**

**With few exceptions, from the time you**

**leave this room until you’re safely on**

**your way home, you will wear these**

**cloth gloves. Each of you take at least**

**three sets. And make sure to carefully**

**wipe down your rooms, especially the**

**bathrooms where you’re most likely to**

**take off the gloves. Note that unlike**

**in the past, these are skin colored**

**so as not to draw undue attention.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**And try not to leave any hair follicles**

**that might easily be found.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good point, Chard. Vegas has one of the**

**best CSI units in the world, and a very**

**determined sheriff heading up Metro. We**

**don’t want to give either a leg up. It’s**

**no one’s business how you got to Vegas**

**nor how you intend to depart. If you**

**need assistance, don’t rely on each other,**

**and that includes me. You’re supposed to**

**have memorized the disposable cell number**

**to call or text. Okay? Now, if there’re**

**no questions, we’ll depart from this room**

**at 6:30 p.m. tomorrow.**

**223 EXT. 3/4 TON – VEGAS STRIP - PASSING VENETIAN – NIGHT 223**

**The canopied pickup is passing the Venetian Resort and Casino on its right.**

**224 INT/EXT. CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 224**

**Approaching the Wynn Resort and Casino, Palmer is once again**

**on his cell phone.**

**PALMER**

**Sir. We’re nearing Fashion Show Drive**

**(MORE)**

**PALMER (Cont’d)**

**and the approach to the Wynn Resort and**

**Casino. Time to get our Irishman ready.**

**225 INT. CANOPIED BED OF 3/4 TON – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 225**

**Shinaman is looking better. Chardonnay gives Templar a nod.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(on his cell)**

**He’ll be ready.**

**226 INT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 226**

**Seated to the left of the Helicopter Pilot, Sheriff Gillespie keys the radio transmitter and speaks into the microphone attached to his aviation helmet.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**(looking down**

**on the Strip)**

**McGraw? ...I don’t like it. They keep**

**ducking in and out of certain casino**

**parking lots, randomly, it would appear.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**227 INT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 227**

**McGraw keys the radio patrol car’s transmitter.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(into microphone)**

**But you’re not sure. Is there a time**

**when they’re not visible?**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**They enter a structure and then quickly**

**exit. During that period they’re out**

**of our sight.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Sounds like they know they’re being**

**tracked and are preparing to bail.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**If they haven’t already!**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Time to move in!**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**How do you wanna handle it?**

**228 EXT. VEGAS STRIP – 3/4 TON – WYNN RESORT – NIGHT 228**

**The canopied pickup turns off onto East Wynn Main Gate Drive, makes the circle but instead of returning to the Strip, keeps to the right and takes the access road to the adjacent Encore Resort and Casino.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**229 INT/EXT CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP - ENCORE ACCESS ROAD – NIGHT 229**

**From inside the pickup’s cab, WE SEE that the Encore access**

**road is not as brightly lit as South Las Vegas Boulevard. In**

**fact, it’s hardly lit at all.**

**Palmer rolls down the driver’s side window takes out his 9mm Glock throwing it into the tall grass.**

**230 EXT. 3/4 TON – WYNN/ENCORE ACCESS ROAD – NIGHT 230**

**We actually SEE what appears to be the weapon fly from the cab of the pickup and land far off the road.**

**231 INT/EXT 3/4 TON – WYNN/ENCORE ACCESS ROAD – NIGHT 231**

**Approaching the parking structure for the Encore, once again Palmer is on his cell phone.**

**PALMER**

**Approaching the parking structure. I’ll**

**try and find a blind spot from the secu-**

**rity cameras. Stand by for my signal.**

**232 EXT. GROUND-TO-AIR – SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – NIGHT 232**

**Establish the Sheriff’s helicopter, high above the Strip.**

**233 INT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 233**

**While looking down on the Strip, Sheriff Gillespie is speaking**

**into his helmet microphone.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**May have lost them. They turned onto**

**the Wynn Resort, made the circle and it**

**(MORE)**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIR (Cont’d)**

**looked like they were going to re-enter**

**Vegas Boulevard. But I don’t see ‘em.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**234 INT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 234**

**McGraw keys the radio patrol car’s transmitter.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Probably turned off on the access road**

**leading to the Encore. It’s not well lit**

**and it’s not surprising you can’t spot**

**them. Do I have your permission to**

**have all units close in on the Encore?**

**235 INT/EXT CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP – ENCORE RESORT – NIGHT 235**

**From inside the cab, WE SEE the pickup enter the parking structure for the Encore. With the cell phone to his ear, Palmer slams on the brakes and gives the signal.**

**PALMER**

**(into phone)**

**Go! Go! Go!**

**236 EXT. 3/4 TON – ENCORE PARKING STRUCTURE – NIGHT 236**

**The rear doors of the pickup’s canopy suddenly fly open and under cover of the Encore parking structure, Chardonnay, Shinaman, and Templar bail out. After closing the canopy’s doors behind them, with tool kit in hand, Chardonnay and Templar help Shinaman toward one of the resort’s entrances.**

**Once his passengers are clear, Palmer wastes no time in getting the pickup back on the road, heading for South Las Vegas Boulevard – the Strip!!**

**237 EXT. 3/4 TON – EAST DESERT INN RD. & THE STRIP – NIGHT 237**

**Palmer enters South Las Vegas Blvd. at East Desert Inn Road and continues north.**

**238 EXT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 238**

**Captain McGraw’s patrol unit is SEEN quietly pulling into the**

**Encore Resort and Casino, followed by three other patrol units.**

**239 INT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 239**

**Suddenly, Sheriff Gillespie’s VOICE is HEARD over the RADIO.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE (V.O.)**

**Abort! Abort! Stand down!**

**Sheriff Gillespie is speaking into the microphone attached to**

**his aviation helmet.**

**GILLESPIE**

**(explaining)**

**They’re back on the Strip, heading**

**north from East Desert Inn Road.**

**Give chase. Let’s end this now!**

**240 INT. CAB – 3/4 TON TRUCK – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 240**

**As the canopied pickup heads north on the Vegas Strip, we MOVE IN for an EXTREME CLOSE UP on Palmer’s face.**

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**241 EXT. DUKE’S BAR & GRILL – JACKSONVILLE – DAY 241**

***SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR DAYS EARLIER***

**Wearing civilian clothes, Lt. Commander Janet Fisher pulls her late model Ford Mustang into a parking slot across the street from Duke’s Bar & Grill.**

**242 INT. DUKE’S BAR & GRILL – JACKSONVILLE – DAY 242**

**Entering the bar-restaurant, Fisher spots “Duke” Osgard (Palmer) manning the reservations podium.**

**243 ANOTHER ANGLE 243**

**Stepping up to the reservation podium, Fisher smiles at the temporary maitre’d.**

**FISHER**

**Think I could perhaps get a table**

**for lunch?**

**PALMER**

**Have a reservation?**

**FISHER**

**No. Is that a problem?**

**PALMER**

**(smiling)**

**We can squeeze you in. Of course,**

**you’ll have to share a table with**

**someone.**

**244 INT. DINING ROOM – DUKE’S BAR & GRILL – DAY 244**

**Sitting opposite one another, at a prime table, Louis “Duke” Osgard and LCDR Fisher are enjoying lunch. The Lieutenant Commander is working on a Caesar salad with green tea, while Osgard is enjoying his usual fat-filled juicy hamburger, fries and a Guinness draft.**

**FISHER**

**(indicating burger)**

**You can’t expect to live long, eating**

**those heart attack specials.**

**PALMER**

**Don’t expect to live long, in any**

**event. I take life one thrill at a**

**time. ...Don’t deny me my thrills.**

**FISHER**

**You consider me just another thrill?**

**PALMER**

**Oh, no, *ma chéri*. I consider you my**

**greatest find, the one remaining hope**

**I have that will keep me going. What-**

**ever the future may be.**

**Fisher half rises so that she can reach across the table and give Osgard a warm kiss which, without rising, he returns.**

**FISHER**

**(settling back)**

**Are we still set to spend the week-**

**end at the Breakers?**

**The good humor suddenly fades from Osgard’s expression.**

**PALMER**

**I’m afraid that something has come**

**up. ...Hope you will forgive me.**

**This time Osgard half rises in order to lean across the table and give the lieutenant commander a warm kiss which, without rising, she returns in kind.**

**FISHER**

**Just come back safe, and I’ll for-**

**give you almost anything.**

**Both now rise in unison to give each other an emotional kiss and farewell, until the next time.**

**245 EXT. VEGAS STRIP – 3/4 TON – CIRCUS-CIRCUS DR. – NIGHT 245**

**The canopied pickup makes a left turn off the Strip onto Circus-Circus Drive, heading for the casino’s multilevel parking structure.**

**246 INT. CAB – 3/4 TON PICKUP – CIRCUS-CIRCUS DR. – NIGHT 246**

**Palmer rolls down his window and tosses his *burn* cell phone.**

**247 INT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 247**

**Sheriff Gillespie is speaking into the microphone attached to his aviation helmet.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Our *perps* have turned onto Circus-**

**Circus Drive. Probably heading for**

**the parking structure. If that’s the**

**case, there’s no easy way out for them.**

**Now’s the time!**

**248 EXT. VEGAS STRIP – THREE PATROL UNITS IN CHASE – NIGHT 248**

**McGraw’s sheriff’s unit turns left onto Circus-Circus Drive followed by three Vegas police units.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**249 INT. VEGAS STRIP CHASE – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 249**

**McGraw keys the radio patrol car’s transmitter.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**This is McGraw with three support units.**

**We’re right behind them. Break! Break!**

**McGraw to support unit one! ...On the**

**Third floor of the parking structure,**

**there’s a causeway leading to the hotel.**

**You get up there and block it off. De-**

**tain anyone who looks suspicious or ap-**

**pears nervous.**

**The VOICE from Unit One comes back OVER the radio SPEAKER.**

**UNIT ONE (V.O.)**

**Unit One! ...Ten-four!**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Support unit two! Following the same**

**procedures, you block off the east**

**ground floor entrance.**

**Unit Two’s VOICE comes back.**

**UNIT TWO (V.O.)**

**Unit Two...Ten-four!**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Unit three! ...You block off the western**

**entrance.**

**UNIT THREE (V.O.)**

**Unit Three. ...Ten-four!**

**In hot pursuit of the pickup, the sheriff’s and three Vegas police support units make the left turn off Circus-Circus Drive onto the lane leading to the hotel-casino’s multi-level parking structure.**

**250 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – WEST ENTRANCE – NIGHT 250**

**The sheriff’s patrol unit chases the pickup into the western- most entrance of the free parking structure’s two southern entrances.**

**Support Units One and Two peel off and race for the eastern- most entrance to the structure.**

**Support Unit Three pulls up and partially seals off the westernmost, entrance, through which McGraw has just entered.**

**251 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – EAST ENTRANCE – NIGHT 251**

**Vegas patrol Units One and Two approach the second (southern) entrance to the huge parking structure, which entrance/exit is located further to the east than the western entrance/exit.**

**Unit One enters the parking structure and heads for the third-floor causeway to the hotel.**

**Unit Two pulls up and straddles the entrance with its patrol car. Unfortunately, the patrol unit isn’t long enough to com-**

**pletely block the structure’s wide entrance/exit, but the two**

**officers, one a FEMALE OFFICER and one a MALE OFFICER draw**

**their weapons and take up positions covering the front and back gaps.**

**252 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING STRUCTURE – NIGHT 252**

**With McGraw’s sheriff’s patrol unit in hot pursuit, Palmer’s pickup is racing towards the third floor of the large parking structure.**

**253 INT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – SHERIFF’S VEHICLE – NIGHT 253**

**With Sgt. Johnson doing the driving, climbing from level to level, Captain McGraw keys the radio transmitter.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(into hand mike)**

**Support Unit one...are you in place?**

**Unit One’s reply is HEARD over the vehicle’s radio SPEAKER.**

**UNIT ONE (V.O.)**

**Ten-four.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Heads up. They’re coming your way.**

**UNIT ONE (V.O.)**

**We’re ready.**

**254 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING STRUCTURE – 3RD FLOOR – NIGHT 254**

**Vegas police Unit One is parked in such a way as to block off both the elevator and causeway from the parking portion of the huge structure.**

**255 INT. CAB – 3/4 TON, 3RD FLOOR PARKING STRUCTURE – NIGHT 255**

**Palmer, from his POV inside the pickup’s cab, rounding the turn to the third floor of the huge parking structure, SEES the patrol unit blocking the entrance to the causeway and the two officers with guns drawn.**

**256 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING STRUCTURE – 3RD FLOOR – NIGHT 256**

**The pickup performs a spectacular turnabout, reversing direc-tion and rushing back down the parking structure, heading for the structure’s eastern most entrance/exit.**

**257 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING STRUCTURE – 2ND FLOOR – NIGHT 257**

**As the sheriff’s unit, with Sgt. Johnson and Capt. McGraw, is heading up to the 3rd floor, the pickup is barreling down, heading for the easternmost entrance/exit.**

**The two vehicles barely miss one another.**

**As Sgt. Johnson whips his sheriff’s unit around to give chase, Palmer races to open the gap.**

**258 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – FIRST FLOOR – NIGHT 258**

**Rounding the down ramp, towards the easternmost entrance to the structure, the pickup charges towards the exit; blocked by**

**LVMPD patrol Support Unit One**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**259 INT. POV - CAB – 3/4 TON - 1ST FLOOR PARKING – NIGHT 259**

**From Palmer’s POV, WE SEE the five-foot gap between the police unit’s rear end and the parking structure.**

**Picking up speed, the 3/4 ton is closing the gap when suddenly the Female Officer steps from behind the parking structure, her weapon pointed at the oncoming pickup’s cab.**

**As the Female Officer opens fire at the approaching pickup; Palmer corrects his course by turning the pickup’s wheel slightly clockwise.**

**The pickup SLAMS into the right center side of the patrol unit. It’s a devastating CRASH; bringing the pickup to an everlasting stop.**

**260 EXT AMBULANCE - SUNRISE HOSPITAL – NIGHT 260**

**An ambulance pulls away from its berth at the Sunrise Hospital and Medical Center, on South Maryland Parkway.**

**261 INT. SHERIFF’S HELICOPTER – ABOVE VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 261**

**Sheriff Gillespie is speaking into the microphone attached to his aviation helmet.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**McGraw, I’m waiting for your report!**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**262 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – FIRST FLOOR – NIGHT 262**

**As we SEE Sgt. Johnson applying first aid to the seriously wounded Palmer, we HEAR the radio conversation of the nearby Captain McGraw with Sheriff Gillespie.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(into hand microphone)**

**There was only one perp in the pickup,**

**the driver, and he’s wounded. I doubt**

**he’s going to make it. Took a bullet**

**from one of the officers. She said the**

**driver was headed straight at her but,**

**at the last second turned and drove in-**

**to the center of the police unit.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**(surprised)**

**He T-boned a patrol car? Intentionally?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**That’s what she claims. Said it was clear**

**to her that he did it purposely to avoid**

**injuring or killing her...**

**We HEAR the SOUND of a SIREN approaching.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(continuing)**

**Anyway, ambulance is arriving. I’m going**

**to make the trip with him to the hospital,**

**take down any statement he might make.**

**It’ll likely be a deathbed statement, if**

**anything. ...I’ll get back to you soon as**

**I know anything.**

**263 EXT. CIRCUS-CIRCUS PARKING – CRASH SITE – NIGHT 263**

**The ambulance pulls up and the Driver and Paramedic Steve waste no time in getting Palmer on the stretcher and into the rear of the emergency vehicle.**

**McGraw turns to Sgt. Johnson.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Got an ID?**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**No sir. Only thing in his wallet is**

**nineteen hundred in cash, mostly 100’s**

**and a few 50’s. Hardly accounts for the**

**amount taken in the heist. No weapons,**

**no ID, not even a hotel key card, nor**

**any receipts. ...Obviously, a pro.**

**Paramedic Steve, whom we recognize as the driver who stopped to lend assistance when Shinaman convinced him that it was merely a movie set, jumps into the rear of the ambulance with McGraw just before the Driver closes the door and steps lively towards the cab.**

**264 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – NIGHT 264**

**Templar is on his cell phone as he and Chardonnay help Shina-man into the suite. Chardonnay gets him some Cognac from the service bar. Finally, Templar hangs up and turns to Chardonnay.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(to Chardonnay)**

**Jonathan says we need to get him to the**

**airport and send him to Mexico City.**

**Sooner he sees his own physician, the**

**better.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**His physician is in Mexico?**

**TEMPLAR**

**(pointedly)**

**We don’t know that and –**

**CHARDONNAY**

**--and we don’t want to know. Got it.**

**I’ll get him there. You stay here for**

**when Palmer shows up. Now, if you’ll**

**give me his passport.**

**Templar opens a desk drawer extracts a passport and hands it to Chardonnay.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Good thing we bring our fake passports**

**for just such an emergency.**

**Having heard it all before:**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I know, and we never bring any identi-**

**fication, real or not, to the crime**

**scene.**

**Templar allows himself a slight smile.**

**265 INT. AMBULANCE – EN ROUTE TO HOSPITAL – NIGHT 265**

**Paramedic Steve applies to Palmer the facial oxygen mask but McGraw waves it off.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**That necessary?**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE**

**(removing mask)**

**I suppose not.**

**(beat)**

**Officer Edwards, who shot this guy?**

**...She’s an excellent shot. I’m sur-**

**prised he’s still alive.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Which hospital are you taking him to?**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE**

**Sunrise, sir. It’s less than 15 min-**

**utes away.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Looks like he’s at least conscious?**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE**

**I can’t say for how long.**

**Notepad in hand, McGraw turns his attention to Palmer and looks him in the eye.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(to Palmer)**

**Name’s McGraw. Must say it doesn’t**

**look good for you. ...Want to tell me**

**your name and what happened to the**

**rest of your gang?**

**Due to his wounds Palmer has difficulty speaking, but makes every effort to do so.**

**PALMER**

**I’m a former naval officer; (gasp) my**

**prints are on file*,* (gasp) so I won’t**

**insult you by lying. (gasp) My name is**

**Louis Osgard. I’m well known in Jack-**

**sonville, Florida. As for my ‘gang,’**

**(gasp) as you call them, they should**

**still be back at the greyhound track.**

**(gasp) Had a difference of opinion and**

**I decided it was time to part company.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Let me get this straight. You took the**

**pickup on your own? By yourself?**

**PALMER**

**That’s right. (gasp) I was a new hire**

**and my boss was trying to eliminate me**

**(gasp) as a witness (gasp) so I took**

**off in fear of my life.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**And your boss. ...Just who might that be?**

**PALMER**

**The owner, or manager of the dog track,**

**of course. (gasp) I’m not sure of her**

**relationship to the track--**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(taking notes)**

**You’re fingering Gloria DeMornay, the**

**major shareholder and manager. Why**

**would she rob himself?**

**PALMER**

**I suggest (gasp) you ask the minority**

**shareholders.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**You’re a smart fella, Osgard. You’d**

**have made a fine police officer.**

**PALMER**

**I was a pretty good aviator. (gasp)**

**Which brings us to the subject of what’s**

**going to happen to me (gasp) should I**

**live.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Depends on what you’re charged with. If**

**they prove you had anything to do with**

**that armored car heist, then you could be**

**looking at some serious time. But my**

**affidavit as to your cooperation should**

**carry some weight in getting you a re-**

**duced sentence.**

**PALMER**

**You want cooperation (gasp). Here’s my**

**final bit of advice (gasp). Do a raid**

**on the track’s main office (gasp).**

**Check out the safe (gasp). Then there’s**

**a hidden panel on the wall behind De-**

**Mornay’s desk that you should open (gasp).**

**Listen carefully while I tell you how.**

**266 EXT. SUNRISE HOSPITAL & MEDICAL CENTER – NIGHT 266**

**Approaching the emergency entrance of the hospital, the ambu-lance cuts its siren and pulls into the appropriate spot where it is met by other emergency personnel.**

**267 INT. EMERGENCY WARD – SUNRISE HOSPITAL – NIGHT 267**

**As Paramedic Steve and Driver roll in the gurney with the**

**unconscious Palmer, Captain McGraw asks Steve:**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**What do you think his chances are?**

**The Paramedic shrugs.**

**PARAMEDIC STEVE**

**He’s going straight to surgery.**

**268 EXT. McCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – NIGHT 268**

**An airliner is making its approach.**

**269 INT. INTERNATIONAL DEPARTURES – McCARRAN – NIGHT 269**

**Chardonnay accompanies Shinaman as far as she can before he enters the TSA area.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Was a delight working with you, again,**

**M’ dear. I’ll say one thing for Jona-**

**(MORE)**

**SHINAMAN (Cont’d)**

**than. He puts together a smashing team.**

**And I rather fancy that the recipients**

**of our largesse truly appreciate what**

**we do for them, even though I’m certain**

**they have nay the faintest idea of the**

**nasty details.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**We’ll just have to rely on Jonathan’s**

**judgment.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Listen, when you get to whatever city**

**you end up in, see your doctor immedi-**

**ately. There may be internal damage.**

**You’re going to need antibiotics and**

**careful monitoring. I’m sure you’ll**

**find some inventive way to explain to**

**your doctor the unusual cauterization**

**process.**

**(beat)**

**Got your fake passport?**

**Shinaman shoots his partner-in-crime a grin as he steps to the security check.**

**270 EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT 270**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE (V.O.)**

**Here’s the warrant. Based on your notes,**

**judge agreed we have probable cause to**

**raid and search the Greyhound track.**

**271 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – NIGHT 271**

**Gillespie hands Captain McGraw a folded set of papers.**

**GILLESPIE**

**You think this Osgard was telling the**

**truth? That he was working for Chuck**

**Guntley?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(shrugs)**

**We’ll know more tomorrow, won’t we?**

**272 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – NIGHT 272**

**Chardonnay gives the signal KNOCK at the DOOR and Templar lets her into the suite.**

**Templar has been watching one of the news channels which are recapping the incident in the Circus-Circus parking structure.**

**Chard is deeply disturbed by the images of the wreck of the canopied pickup and looks to Templar for answers.**

**TEMPLAR**

**They say Palmer is in critical condi-**

**tion. I suggest you sanitize his room**

**and then, as Mrs. Palmer, check him**

**out and bring his luggage back here**

**to the suite...**

**He opens the desk drawer and extracts Palmer’s Encore room key card, handing it to Chardonnay.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(continuing)**

**...Here’s his room’s key card.**

**273 EXT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE - DAY 273**

**Three sheriff’s patrol units pull up in front of the Greyhound**

**track’s main office and the SIX LVMPD OFFICERS pile out and enter, among them Capt. McGraw, Sgt. Johnson, Cpl. Jimenez and Officer Carter.**

**274 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – DAY 274**

**Gloria DeMornay sits behind her desk. Gathered around are the thug, Rudy, and the computer nerds, Bat and Archer. Everyone is taken aback when McGraw and FIVE OTHER LVMPD OFFICERS burst into the office.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Everybody stay where you are. No sud-**

**den moves...**

**DeMornay and crew obey, and the Cops proceed to pat them all down and make sure everyone is disarmed. Which they are. Gloria raises her hands in the gesture of surrender.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(to DeMornay)**

**Put your hands down. You look ridicu-**

**lous.**

**McGraw lays the warrant we first saw in Gillespie’s office on DeMornay’s desk.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**The warrant says we have the right to**

**look inside your safe. Will you open**

**it or shall we blow it?**

**DeMORNAY**

**Blow it?**

**(wry, sexy smile)**

**Whatever turns you on.**

**She nods to Bat, who then steps over to the large safe and begins working the combination dial. Within seconds he has the safe unlocked and pulls the door open.**

**275 ANOTHER ANGLE 275**

**Bat’s mouth drops at what he sees. Even Sgt. Johnson seems surprised as he pushes Bartholomew aside and grabs one of the empty, canvas bank bags, with the hole cut in the side.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**(demanding)**

**What is this?!**

**Johnson tosses the bank bag on the desk, in front of DeMornay. Then Cpl. Jimenez pulls out the telltale stack of checks and**

**deposit slips and thumbs through them.**

**CPL. JIMENEZ**

**Captain. Look what we have here.**

**Jimenez tosses his find on the desk, next to the canvas bag.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Well, Gloria. ...What do you have to**

**say for yourself?**

**DeMornay, of course, is utterly and genuinely speechless.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(to Jimenez)**

**Log all this in at headquarters and**

**fill out the paperwork. ...And be sure**

**to get signatures. We wouldn’t want**

**to break the chain of evidence.**

**276 ANGLE ON SGT. JOHNSON 276**

**As the COPS swarm around the desk of the guilty-looking track**

**manager, Las Vegas Metro SGT. JOHNSON, to everyone’s surprise, POPS OPEN the HIDDEN PANEL behind DeMoray’s desk.**

**277 ANGLE ON HIDDEN ROOM PANEL 277**

**The opening door reveals the MASSIVE COMPUTER ROOM, in all its high-tech, sinister glory, populated by a DOZEN CYBERCRIMI-NALS, who all rise and raise their hands as they look shocked to be discovered and trapped by the Police who, despite being almost as shocked as they are, move quickly with drawn weapons and handcuffs.**

**DeMornay, mortified, sinks lower in her chair.**

**278 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 278**

**Chardonnay and Templar are seated, watching the TV news report on the raid by Metro.**

**279 ANGLE ON TV 279**

**Photos of Gloria DeMornay and her henchmen (“persons of interest”*)* are displayed on the screen.**

**280 BACK TO SCENE 280**

**Templar jumps up and shuts off the suite’s large HD set and**

**turns to Chardonnay.**

**TEMPLAR**

**I think it’s time we go back and col-**

**lect our money. What say you?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(smiling)**

**Definitely. They’ll be searching air-**

**port and bus baggage and agricultural**

**border stations, all with the prover-**

**bial fine-tooth comb, so, I assume we’ll**

**be getting the money out of town the**

**usual way.**

**TEMPLAR**

**That’s right. We’re going to deposit**

**it.**

**281 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – DAY 281**

**The Sheriff, Johnson and McGraw are assessing the raid.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**We know DeMornay has the money hid out**

**somewhere. It was smart not to arrest**

**her. Long as we tail her every move,**

**eventually we’ll find out where.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**I’m not so sure. When we opened that**

**safe, and showed the empty bank bags**

**and casino deposit slips, what I saw on**

**DeMornay’s face was total shock.**

**The Sheriff ponders a moment.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**But Johnson’s right. Let’s keep shad-**

**owing her every move.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Sir, what about that computer center?**

**282 INT. – MAIN OFFICE COMPUTER ROOM – DAY 282**

**Uniformed METRO officers are taking apart and confiscating the computer’s hard drives.**

**CAPT. McGRAW (V.O.)**

**Obviously used for cyber-crimes of some**

**sort. You don’t hide a room like that**

**so you can play video games.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE (V.O.)**

**With a warrant, of course, cyber-foren-**

**sics is going through the hard drives but**

**so far we haven’t enough to make a case.**

**283 BACK TO SCENE 283**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**And what about this Osgard?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**We’re guarding him around the clock,**

**with instructions to hold, interrogate**

**and get background checks on anyone**

**who tries to visit.**

**284 EXT. GREYHOUND DOG RACING TRACK – DAY (STOCK) 294**

**The track is open and the greyhounds chase the bait as the**

**sparse crowds in the stands shout their encouragement.**

**285 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE - DAY 285**

**Rudy, Bat and Archer are gathered around the enraged DeMornay.**

**DeMORNAY**

**News reports say Osgard is at Sunrise**

**in intensive care. I want you to go**

**there and get him to tell us where’s**

**the money and our deposit slip. Do**

**whatever it takes. That fathead Ser-**

**geant Johnson was curious why our de-**

**posit slip wasn’t included among the**

**others. I want that slip destroyed!**

**BAT**

**Boss, I don’t know... Osgard’s obvi-**

**ously under heavy police guard. ...So,**

**are we going to shoot a cop just to**

**get at Osgard?**

**DeMORNAY**

**(angrily)**

**You don’t get it, Joe college. If they**

**get that deposit slip, we’re done! All**

**of us! Now, the paper says he’s from**

**Jacksonville.**

**(to Rudy)**

**Get hold of our contacts in Florida and**

**find out where he is vulnerable: wife,**

**family, girlfriend, children, whatever.**

**Then get some proper wardrobe and a**

**stethoscope. One of you can pose as a**

**doctor to get into his room. Then...   
make him an offer he’ll understand!!**

**286 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS: LAS VEGAS CASINOS – NIGHT 286**

**Beauty shots of Vegas, taken on the Strip.**

**287 EXT. PARK GROUNDS - GREYHOUND TRACK – NIGHT 287**

**A Ford SUV pulls up to the concession area. Chardonnay gets out from the driver’s side and Templar from the passenger**

**side. They head towards the concession area; Templar carrying**

**a small box containing twenty 30-gallon trash bags and ties.**

**288 INT. GREYHOUND TRACK – CONCESSION AREA – NIGHT 288**

**The blackboard that serves as a menu has been removed and is now propped up against another wall. The drywall below the blackboard has also been kicked in for easier access to the money.**

**Chardonnay is holding open a 30-gallon trash bag as Templar gathers and tosses bundles of cash into the bag. He will repeat this process until the bag is half full, at which time Chard ties it off and opens another. Enjoying their work, their conversation covers a wide variety of issues.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I wouldn’t have guessed that Palmer’s**

**real name was Osgard, or that he was**

**from Jacksonville.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Neither would I. Which brings us to**

**your warrior name, ‘Chardonnay.’ I**

**always suspected you chose it because**

**it was your favorite wine.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Actually, I prefer champagne. But**

**‘Champagne’ just doesn’t work as a**

**name.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Ah, yes, but you chose Rogers as a nod**

**to the Champagne house of Pol Roger?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(nods smiling)**

**Pol Roger -- it was Winston Churchill’s**

**favorite.**

**TEMPLAR**

**And you’re a scholar.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Then there’s the name ‘Robin Templar.’**

**Robin Hood, the Knights Templar - that’s**

**all plain enough, but let me guess,**

**you’re a fan of the “Saint” books by**

**Leslie Charteris – Simon Templar?**

**TEMPLAR**

**(smiling)**

**Busted.**

**289 EXT. McCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – LAS VEGAS – DAY 289**

**To establish both the airport and a new day.**

**290 INT. McCARRAN – BAGGAGE AREA – DAY 290**

**A large suitcase rolls off the conveyor belt and is picked up by the man we know as Jonathan Moore. Jonathan turns to exit the baggage area and runs smack into Robin Templar AKA Harry Fletcher.**

**MOORE**

**Hello, Harry. Good of you to save me**

**cab fare.**

**291 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 291**

**As Jonathan and Templar enter the suite, Jonathan is greeted by Chardonnay, who gives him a warm hug.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Hello, Jonathan. ...Good to see you.**

**MOORE**

**Same here, my dear.**

**It’s then that Jonathan spots the half-filled, black garbage bags with their white ties stacked in a corner of the room.**

**292 ANOTHER ANGLE 292**

**Jonathan walks over to the stacked bags and lifts one up.**

**MOORE**

**Heavy. Didn’t realize how much paper**

**weighed.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**That’s why the bags are only half full.**

**Didn’t want to chance anything breaking**

**open.**

**MOORE**

**Good thinking. So, when do we start**

**making the deposits?**

**TEMPLAR**

**You did bring our own bank bags, deposit**

**slips, currency wrappers?**

**Jonathan grins.**

**MOORE**

**Mr. Templar, please. I’m the CFO.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Sorry... There’s a lot of loose cur-**

**rency where the binders were broken,**

**but most is intact so it shouldn’t**

**take long to wrap. I also got a bunch**

**of the casino currency wrappers. They**

**could come in handy.**

**293 INT. DINING AREA – BOUCHON’S VEGAS RESTAURANT – DAY 293**

**Chardonnay, Templar and Moore are enjoying lunch at Bouchon, in the Venetian Tower.**

**MOORE**

**This time, because it’s Vegas, I’m going**

**to run the money through Macau before**

**transferring it to our account in the**

**Caymans.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(explaining to Chard)**

**The word ‘Macau’ is magic in Vegas. It**

**implies large holding companies.**

**MOORE**

**What it implies is large gambling com-**

**panies, to be specific. And gambling**

**produces a lot of cash deposits, which**

**don’t get a lot of scrutiny here, which**

**is good.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Palmer, or his heirs, will get his share,**

**whether he survives, or not.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I get that Palmer would be more concerned**

**about the beneficiaries of our efforts**

**than about himself.**

**MOORE**

**You’re right. That’s why he needs us**

**to take care of him.**

**Templar and Chard nod as one.**

**294 ANGLE ON MOORE 294**

**We slowly PUSH-IN to a CLOSE-UP of a thoughtful Jonathan.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**It was good to sit again with the**

**Merry Band and break bread. Even with**

**two of us wounded and absent, I felt**

**a strangely familiar kind of peace.**

**Then I had an epiphany....**

**295 EXT. MARINE CORPS FIELD TENT – COMBAT ZONE – DAY 295**

**MOS: Moore as a younger Marine Corps Major stands before a terrain chart and briefs a tent-full of Marines dressed in desert/summer utility uniforms.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...It was how I missed the Marine**

**Corps. ...The camaraderie, the danger.**

**... the pride. ...the sense of accom-**

**plishment...**

**As Moore finishes his briefing and dismisses the TROOPS, they rise as one and are SEEN TO SHOUT, “YES, SIR!” before they exit the field tent.**

**296 INT. ANOTHER MARINE CORPS FIELD TENT – MIDDLE EAST - DAY 296**

**MOS: Inside the large tent, SEVERAL MARINE CORPS OFFICERS, among them Major Moore, are interrogating a CAPTIVE who is tied to a chair.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**See, it all ended for me one day, quick**

**as a flash. ...Generally, I don’t believe**

**in torture, or “enhanced interrogation,”**

**as they call it now. Most of the time**

**it’s counterproductive. But sometimes, to**

**save lives, you gotta go with your gut.**

**Suddenly Major Moore pulls out his handgun and puts it in the Captive’s face to scare the daylights out him. Then, he puts the gun to the Captive’s head. The Officers are SEEN but not heard repeating their questions.**

**297 WITH SOUND: 297**

**Suddenly, the weapon discharges with a LOUD REPORT; the bullet**

**slamming into the dirt floor and kicking up a dust cloud.**

**298 MOS: 298**

**The Captive spills his guts, babbling and blubbering hyste-rically.**

**299 IN SLO-MO: 299**

**The other Officers appear cautiously taken aback, relieved to get the information, but looking askance at Maj. Moore.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**That man was not hurt, but simply was**

**terrified into blurting out the infor-**

**mation we were seeking; and that infor-**

**mation saved countless soldiers’ lives.**

**As the Officers file slowly out of the tent, they distance themselves from Maj. Moore, who is left standing alone.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**All of which seemed beside the point**

**to the board of inquiry. As a ranking**

**officer, twenty years in, I was court-**

**martialed and dismissed from the Corps**

**for putting my weapon next to a cap-**

**tive’s ear and pulling the trigger.**

**300 INT. DINING AREA – RESTAURANT BOUCHON – VEGAS – DAY 300**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**Having tasted a life of combat and**

**covert ops, civilian life was a demo-**

**tion and not one I could accept...**

**Moore continues his lunch with Templar and Chard.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...So, I reached out to some people I**

**could trust and I created the Merry**

**Band - my own Special Ops crew. My**

**own Mini-Marine Corps, if you will.**

**Jonathan smiles at his realization and pours some more Champagne for everyone.**

**301 EXT. VENETIAN HOTEL – VENICE CANAL & GONDOLAS – DAY 301**

**As our trio walk along the Venice Canal, Jonathan and Templar explain the deposit process to Chard.**

**TEMPLAR**

**When Jonathan was setting this up, he**

**took out a Clark County business license**

**and opened three bank accounts at three**

**different Vegas banks. All with proper**

**Macau tax IDs, of course.**

**MOORE**

**Our deposits will be reported to the IRS**

**as are all cash deposits over 10,000 dol-**

**lars. But as long as they appear reason-**

**able, they’ll pass muster.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Now, in our case, a deposit between two**

**hundred and two hundred twenty-five**

**thousand will appear *reasonable* -- at**

**least long enough to buy time in case**

**anyone decides to check us out.**

**302 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 302**

**Chardonnay, Templar and Jonathan are filling out deposit slips. They count and bag the cash into the canvas bank bags, provided by Moore.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I’m a little confused. You have ac-**

**counts at three different banks, but**

**we’re not only making deposits to these**

**banks but to several of their branches**

**on the same day. Won’t that defeat the**

**purpose of keeping each deposit at or**

**below the so-called *reasonable amount?***

**MOORE**

**Tellers generally look at the total in**

**the account. They don’t focus on the**

**date of the deposits. Besides, all**

**they can do is report it to the IRS.**

**And all taxes due, if any, will be de-**

**clared in the Caymans.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(smiling)**

**Where there *is* no tax...**

**Templar notices that Chardonnay still has a frown on her face.**

**TEMPLAR**

**(continuing)**

**...Something bothering you?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**It’s the math. Even with each of us**

**making daily deposits, with the amount**

**of cash we have here, this could take**

**two weeks.**

**TEMPLAR**

**That sounds accurate. There a problem?**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I have a day job to get back to. I can**

**only give you three, maybe four days.**

**TEMPLAR**

**That’ll be enough. Jonathan and I will**

**finish the job.**

**MOORE**

**I think we should make the first set of**

**deposits beginning at 9:00 a.m. tomorrow.**

**In the meantime, there’s nothing we can**

**do for Palmer tonight, so why don’t we**

**all relax and go out to a show? I mean,**

**we’re in Vegas, right?**

**TEMPLAR**

**You two go. I need to get some rest;**

**phone my wife, let her know I’m alright.**

**The news reports must be driving her**

**crazy.**

**303 EXT. VENETIAN – PALAZZO COMPLEX – VEGAS STRIP – NIGHT 303**

**Beauty shots showing the gondola rides, etc.**

**304 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE – VENETIAN/PALAZZO – NIGHT 304**

**In an entertainment lounge, a popular MUSICAL GROUP is performing.**

**Surrounded by the large, well-lubricated audience, Chardonnay and Moore are seated together near the stage at one of the small lounge tables, enjoying cocktails.**

**The Group hits the finale wrapping up a FAST, UPBEAT TUNE. Then the GROUP LEADER addresses the audience.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**How about a change of pace? Any sing-**

**ers in the audience?**

**Chardonnay, a few drinks in her, laughs aloud at the question. The Group Leader zones in on her.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**You! Hot-looking lady! Yeah, you!**

**Chard is taken aback but she’s having fun.**

**305 ANOTHER ANGLE 305**

**The Leader, wireless microphone in hand, quickly moves to Chard’s table.**

**306 ANGLE ON CHARDONNAY AND JONATHAN MOORE’S TABLE 306**

**GROUP LEADER**

**Tell me, lovely lady, you ever sing**

**in public?**

**The Group Leader then holds the microphone so that the audi-ence can hear her every word.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(putting him on)**

**Of course. Every Sunday...in the**

**church choir.**

**This gets a giggle from the audience.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**So are there any sultry ballads in**

**your hymn book?**

**Outright laughter. She laughs with them.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Maybe a few.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**Would you sing one for us?**

**The Leader motions for the audience to put pressure on her to**

**sing by cheering and clapping their hands...which they do.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(indicating the**

**audience)**

**Well. ...if you’re going to harass me**

**like that....**

**To general applause, Chardonnay and the Group Leader head for the stage.**

**307 ANGLE ON AUDIENCE 307**

**Too stunned to applaud is a man sitting by himself in the back section of the room. It’s Detective Jerry Kelley of the San Diego PD.**

**308 ANGLE ON STAGE 308**

**Before singing, the Group Leader introduces the new performer.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**Sweetheart, tell us your name and**

**where you’re from.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Chardonnay Rogers, from right here in**

**Las Vegas, Nevada.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**And what are you going to sing and in**

**what key?**

**Chardonnay leans towards the Group Leader and whispers the name of the song in his ear. *(An original Academy Award qualified song yet to be written or recorded – should the film be released theatrically).***

**GROUP LEADER**

**(to the audience)**

**That’s a new one. ...But I think we**

**know it.**

**309 ANGLE ON CHARDONNAY ROGERS 310**

**As the ballad begins it’s evident that Chard has many hidden**

**talents.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**310 AUDIENCE REACTION 310**

**The audience is spellbound at the engaging, sultry perfor-mance. Jonathan is especially blown away.**

**311 BACK TO SCENE 311**

**As she finishes, the AUDIENCE GOES WILD. She returns to her table to TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE; including from Jonathan himself.**

**GROUP LEADER**

**(to an appreciative**

**audience)**

**We’re going to take a short break.**

**MOORE**

**Chard, I had no idea.**

**312 ANGLE ON SDPD OFFICER JERRY KELLEY 312**

**The one person who isn’t clapping and cheering is Jerry Kelley, who rises from his seat and heads toward Chard’s table.**

**313 ANGLE ON CHARDONNAY AND JONATHAN MOORE’S TABLE 313**

**The CHEERING is just dying down as Chardonnay looks up and is shocked to see her SDPD partner Kelley standing before her.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(quickly recovering)**

**Detective Kelley. ...How delightful**

**to see you. Won’t you sit down?**

**She gestures to the only empty chair at the small table. The SDPD detective accepts her hospitality and sits.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(indicating Jonathan)**

**Detective Jerry Kelley, this is...**

**(to Jonathan)**

**...I’m sorry, I don’t believe I**

**caught your name.**

**MOORE**

**You can call me Jonathan.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(to detective Kelley)**

**What are you doing here?**

**DET. KELLEY**

**I would ask you the same thing. I**

**thought you were in Washington**

**visiting your parents. And what’s**

**this *Chardonnay Rogers* all about?**

**Chardonnay turns to Jonathan and smiles.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I hope you will excuse me, but Detec-**

**tive Kelley is not only a colleague**

**but a dear friend.**

**314 EXT. VENETIAN HOTEL – VENICE CANAL & GONDOLAS – NIGHT 314**

**Chardonnay Rogers/Andrea Parker and SDPD Detective Kelley are walking through an outdoor, scenic site of the Venetian Resort. They make for an attractive couple.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Simply put, Jerry, I’m doing a little**

**moonlighting. My family needs the**

**money. And it has to be ultra-discreet.**

**All I can tell you is I’m not turning**

**tricks, I’m using my detective skills.**

**The way Kelley looks at her, he shakes his head but you can tell he’s in love and will forgive her anything.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**Chardonnay Rogers. ...I admit it has**

**a certain ring to it.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**You didn’t expect me to give my real**

**name! Take a chance on some crazy ass**

**nutcase tracing me back to San Diego,**

**showing up at my apartment, late some**

**night.**

**DET. KELLEY**

**Yeah, I see your point. Still, why lie**

**to the Chief as to where you were go-**

**ing on your leave? If he were to find**

**out...could come back to bite you hard.**

**She seductively places her arm on her SDPD partner’s shoulder, and coos in his ear.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**But he’s not going to find out, is he?**

**...You have a room?**

**DET. KELLEY**

**(cautiously)**

**Why, yes. I’m staying here, at the**

**Venetian.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**How convenient.**

***FOLLOWING POSSIBLY DELETED IN SOME NETWORK & CABLE VERSIONS:***

**315 INT. HOTEL ROOM – VENETIAN – NIGHT 315**

**Detective Kelley folds back the sheet on the king-size bed and**

**reaches out a hand to the nude Chardonnay, palm upwards.**

**Falling onto the bed, Chardonnay presses her face to the detective’s chest, her quick breath stirring his body hair.**

**CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the firm breasts to the plane of her belly, with the deep pit of the navel at its center, and**

**ending at last on the darkly furred, but carefully trimmed mound pressed between her thighs.**

**Then, with Kelley pulling the sheet over them, the taste of her mouth as her lips part slowly, softly, to his and always the feel of her, the warmth and the softness, the hardness of toned muscles and the running ripple of long hair about his face and down his body...and the heat that seems to reach beyond the frontier of reality and reason.**

***END OF POSSIBLY DELETED OR HEAVILY EDITED MATERIAL***

**316 EXT. SERIES OF LOCATION SHOTS – MEXICO CITY – DAY 316**

**To MEXICAN SALSA MUSIC, we establish a few landmark locations of the city.**

**317 EXT. MARRIOT HOTEL – MEXICO CITY – DAY 317**

**To establish one of Mexico’s finest resort hotels.**

**318 INT. SUITE – MARRIOT HOTEL – MEXICO CITY – DAY 318**

**While struggling to make a cell phone call, Douglas Shinaman (Sean Easton) is enjoying a lavish room service breakfast including fresh-squeezed orange juice, and a bottle of premium French champagne, which he uses to top off his glass of juice.**

**In the background, the large, flat-screen TV is tuned to CNN. Finally the call goes through.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(into cell phone)**

**Hi honey.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**319 INT. HOTEL’S AIRPORT TRANSPORTATION BUS – DAY 319**

**The city is not identifiable. But Marilyn Easton, in her flight attendant uniform is. The hotel bus is approaching the**

**airport.**

**MARILYN**

**(into cell phone)**

**Sean! ...Where are you? ...I’ve been**

**worried sick about you.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Mexico City!**

**MARILYN**

**What on earth are you doing there?**

**SHINAMAN**

**Awaiting my flight home. What time**

**does your flight get into LAX?**

**MARILYN**

**3:55 p.m. Are you alright?**

**SHINAMAN**

**I’m booked on an Alaska Airlines non-**

**stop scheduled to depart Mexico City at**

**1:30 p.m. and arrive LAX at 4:40 p.m.,**

**local time. Can you pick me up?**

**MARILYN**

**Of course, darling.**

**320 BACK TO SCENE 320**

**As Sean Easton clicks off his cell phone and goes to work on**

**his breakfast, the CNN FEMALE REPORTER on the TV begins discussing the armored car robbery in Las Vegas.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**321 ANGLE ON HD TELEVISION SET 321**

**From the TV set, the newscaster provides an update.**

**CNN REPORTER**

**As of yet, no money has been recovered**

**from a daring armored car heist in Las**

**Vegas. Under arrest, in a local hospi-**

**tal, is Louis Osgard, from Jacksonville,**

**Florida, who is suspected of being in-**

**volved. But so far authorities have**

**only filed charges related to *purpose-***

***ly ramming a police car.***

**The Reporter’s tone and face shows that she finds that charge perplexing and somehow amusing.**

**322 ANGLE ON SHINAMAN 322**

**Shinaman clicks off the TV, selects a number and presses his *burn phone’s* pre-programmed auto dial button.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**323 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 323**

**Jonathan’s *burner* cell PHONE RINGS as he is arranging the brief cases stacked in a corner of the suite in the order in which they will be taken to the bank and deposited.**

**MOORE**

**(answering cell)**

**Yes?**

**Chardonnay and Templar stop what they’re doing and turn their attention to Jonathan; watching him for a clue as to what’s being said on the other end.**

**SHINAMAN**

**(into phone)**

**So, what can we be doing to help poor**

**Palmer, then?**

**Jonathan gives all those staring at him a hint.**

**MOORE**

**Shinaman.**

**(into phone)**

**Templar wants to get a message to him**

**but isn’t quite sure how to go about it.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Easy, m’ Boyo. Go in as a nurse -- best**

**way to get into a hospital room.**

**MOORE**

**Not as a doctor?**

**SHINAMAN**

**Nah. Everybody knows all the doctors.**

**The nurses, not so much. ...Anything**

**else, then?**

**MOORE**

**If you were to plant something in the**

**upscale home of a mutual acquaintance**

**that you wanted to eventually be found**

**by certain parties, how would you go**

**about it?**

**SHINAMAN**

**Well now, I wouldn’t try to plant it in-**

**side the house, what with alarms and all.**

**MOORE**

**Yes, that was my thought as well. Out-**

**side definitely. Like, say, in the gard-**

**en. And in plain sight.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Of course**

**MOORE**

**For a container, we were thinking at**

**first maybe some potted plants.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Too complicated. And with the volume**

**of the goods you’re movin’ –**

**MOORE**

**Exactly. We need something larger, but**

**(MORE)**

**MOORE (Cont’d)**

**something that would fit in to a back**

**yard setting.**

**SHINAMAN**

**Here’s m’ thought: I’d get one of**

**Those diamond-plate tool boxes – you**

**know, the kind they make for pickup**

**trucks – and use that to contain what-**

**ever you wish to plant. You can plant**

**it in plain sight in the backyard.**

**MOORE**

**Right. The home owner will think it’s**

**something the gardener left there to**

**store his yard tools or something –**

**SHINAMAN**

**-and the gardener will think it’s**

**something put there by the homeowner.**

**MOORE**

**Most likely, neither one’ll pay any**

**attention.**

**MOORE**

**Doug, you’re a wizard. Should have**

**picked Harry Potter for your nom de**

**guerre.**

**324 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – DAY 324**

**Captain McGraw is giving Sheriff Gillespie a heads-up.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Who’s shadowing DeMornay?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Corporal Jimenez and Officer Carter.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**In plain clothes?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**And an unmarked car.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**They good?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Good enough.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**No wire taps or listening devices unless**

**signed off by a judge.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**They understand, sir.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Anyone tried to visit Osgard?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Not yet.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Not yet? Expect someone will try?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Oh, I’m sure of it.**

**325 INT. DOG TRACK – MAIN OFFICE – DAY 325**

**The usual suspects (Rudy, Bat and Archer) are gathered in the dog track’s main office where DeMornay is demanding results from the background check on Osgard.**

**DeMORNAY**

**What’ve we got on this Louis ‘Duke’**

**Osgard?**

**Rudy pulls out his memo book and checks his notes.**

**RUDY**

**Contributes heavily to charities like**

**Wounded Warriors. Never married, owns**

**a few sports bars in Georgia and Flor-**

**ida, all very successful. Our contact**

**in Jacksonville got chummy with one of**

**the bartenders and learned that Osgard**

**recently hooked up with a lady officer**

**in the JAG Corps who’s stationed nearby**

**and the bartender says they’re a hot**

**item. Marriage could be in the works.**

**DeMORNAY**

**Now that’s useful. You have a name?**

**RUDY**

**Lieutenant Commander Janet Fisher.**

**DeMORNAY**

**(flirtatiously to Bat)**

**So, Bat, my dear, what have you found**

**out about getting to him in the hospi-**

**tal?**

**BAT**

**Posing as a doctor appears to be the**

**only way, ma’am.**

**DeMORNAY**

**(thoughtfully)**

**That’s the way I figured it. ...Rudy,**

**you’ll be the doctor and Archer the**

**armed security guard, who will escort**

**Rudy to Osgard’s room.**

**(to Rudy)**

**Bat and I will await your call as to**

**where the money is hidden.**

**326 INT. HALLWAY – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 326**

**The elevator door opens and Chardonnay and Jonathan Moore enter the hallway carrying a smart looking, diamond plate tool box that looks to be 48 inches long, 13 inches in diameter, by 16 to 18 inches high.**

**With one of them on each end, they continue carrying the box**

**down the hallway towards Templar’s suite. The discussion be-tween the two is about the night before.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**I’m surprised Templar hasn’t confronted**

**me as to what happened last night.**

**MOORE**

**That’s because I haven’t told him.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Why not?**

**MOORE**

**Didn’t see the need.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Once again...why not?**

**As they arrive at the door to Templar’s Encore suite.**

**MOORE**

**I happen to know your employer has a**

**strict non-fraternization policy...**

**Take my word, Detective Kelley will**

**never admit to having seen you here,**

**or anywhere else during his leave.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(surprised)**

**Damn, you’re good! ...And you’re also**

**correct.**

**327 INT. INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 327**

**Templar opens the door and Chardonnay and Jonathan carry the large, smart-looking toolbox inside and set it down on the floor next to the remaining half-filled trash bags.**

**TEMPLAR**

**Alright, lets count out and wrap the**

**remaining money in the original cas-**

**ino wrappers and stack them into this**

**fine-looking tool box.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**Nearly half a million – At least the**

**casino’s will be getting *some* of**

**their money back.**

**MOORE**

**What’s half a million when dealing**

**With over *twenty* million?**

**TEMPLAR**

**(grinning)**

**And all for a weekend’s work in the**

**best resort city in the world.**

**328 EXT. SUNRISE (LAS VEGAS) HOSPITAL & MEDICAL CENTER – DAY 328**

**Ambulances and uniformed personnel indicate a busy hospital.**

**329 INT. HALLWAY - SUNRISE HOSPITAL – DAY 329**

**Rudy, dressed as a doctor, and the computer nerd, Archer, dressed as an armed hospital security guard, are seen walking down one of the hospital corridors.**

**RUDY**

**I don’t understand, why we don’t just**

**check with the nurse’s station and ask**

**what room he’s in?**

**ARCHER**

**(shooting a look)**

**Because, genius, we don’t want a re-**

**cord of our having been here, or being**

**asked to show ID.**

**RUDY**

**Then how’re we going to find him?**

**ARCHER**

**He’ll be in the room with a uniformed**

**officer standing guard. All we have**

**to do is find that officer.**

**RUDY**

**What if it’s a plain clothes officer?**

**Archer shoots Rudy a look of disdain.**

**330 INT. HALLWAY ADJACENT PALMER’S ROOM – HOSPITAL – DAY 330**

**Chardonnay Rogers, dressed in an appropriate nurse’s uniform, approaches the uniformed HOSPITAL GUARD sitting outside the room where Palmer is recovering from surgery. She projects an attitude of complete authority.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(to the officer)**

**Need to make a medication change on**

**his chart.**

**As expected, the officer lets her enter the room.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**331 INT. PALMER’S SUNRISE HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY 331**

**Palmer is asleep as Chardonnay walks directly to the foot of the bed, grabs the chart in its aluminum holder, and pretends to make changes.**

**The Hospital Guard gets up from his chair and peeks into the room to satisfy himself that all is *kosher*. When Chard smiles at him he smiles back and then resumes his seated, out of sight, position**

**Chard moves quickly to Palmer’s bedside. Taking a cell phone out of her pocket, she reaches under the covers and places the phone inside and gets him to clasp it in his hand. Naturally, Palmer’s eyes open wide, even drugged as he is as he takes a closer look at his partner-in-crime.**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(whispering to him)**

**It’s a disposable...on the pulse set-**

**ting. ...Expect a call from Templar. I**

**would explain but can’t take the time.**

**(beat)**

**Can we get you an attorney?**

**PALMER**

**(nodding; whispers)**

**Lt. Commander Janet Fisher, JAG office,**

**Naval Air Station Jacksonville.**

**The Hospital Guard suddenly appears in the doorway a look of concern on his face. Chard smiles and hastily withdraws from the room, closing the door behind her.**

**332 EXT. ENTRANCE TO SUNRISE HOSPITAL – DAY 332**

**Chardonnay, on her cell phone, exits the hospital just as Captain McGraw and Sgt. Johnson enter.**

**333 TIGHT ON CHARDONNAY 333**

**CHARDONNAY**

**(into cell phone)**

**You were right, I didn’t have time to**

**bestow the information myself. The**

**disposable was a good idea. He’s await-**

**ing for your call.**

**334 INT. PALMER’S SUNRISE HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY 334**

**Palmer feels something vibrating near his groin. As WE HEAR the subtle NOISE of the VIBRATION, he reaches under the sheets and comes up with the cellular...and puts it to his ear.**

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**335 INT. TEMPLAR SUITE – ENCORE RESORT & CASINO – DAY 335**

**TEMPLAR**

**(into cell phone)**

**(MORE)**

**TEMPLAR (Cont’d)**

**Palmer. ...Listen up. Cut yourself**

**a deal with the police. Tell them**

**where DeMornay has hidden the loot.**

**...On the grounds of her home. Not**

**in the house...on the grounds...and**

**in plain sight. ...Understand?**

**336 INT. HALLWAY ADJACENT PALMER’S ROOM – HOSPITAL – DAY 336**

**Rudy and Archer finally find themselves in the hallway where the uniformed LVMPD officer is spotted *sitting* guard. Over the intercom system the VOICE of the HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST is HEARD.**

**HOSP. RECEPT. (V.O.)**

**Doctor MacDonald. ...Call your office.**

**(beat)**

**Doctor John Dan MacDonald...call your**

**office!**

**ARCHER**

**(indicating officer)**

**Looks like that could be the room.**

**RUDY**

**Introduce me as Dr. John MacDonald.**

**337 ANOTHER ANGLE 337**

**Rudy and Archer approach the seated uniformed Metro Officer**

**standing guard. As they approach, the Guard rises from his chair, all business. Archer makes the introduction.**

**ARCHER**

**Officer! This is Dr. John MacDonald.**

**...Osgard’s physician asked him to**

**check the patient’s wound to deter-**

**mine when he’ll be ready for physical**

**therapy.**

**HOSPITAL GUARD**

**(to Rudy)**

**I believe I heard a page for you, Doctor.**

**...You’re to call your office.**

**RUDY**

**Thank you, officer.**

**(indicating room)**

**I’ll take it inside.**

**The Hospital Guard nods and Rudy enters the room while Archer stays outside to chat with the Metro officer.**

**338 INT. PALMER’S SUNRISE HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY 338**

**Rudy enters the room, closing the door behind him. He steps**

**over to Palmer’s bed looks down on the helpless patient and speaks quietly.**

**RUDY**

**Listen up, Osgard. You’re going to**

**turn over that stolen deposit slip and**

**tell us where the money is, or that hot**

**girlfriend of yours is going to get a**

**bullet in her head. Or worse yet, a**

**bottle of acid in her face. Yeah, I’m**

**talking about your lieutenant Commander**

**Fisher. We have men following her,**

**even on the Navy base. They’re spring-**

**loaded to perform. ...I’m waiting for**

**your answer. If I walk out of here**

**without knowing where the money is, or**

**you lie to me, or anything happens to**

**me, your woman is either dead or dis-**

**figured... What’s it going to be?**

**Palmer replies with the icy calm of a Navy pilot under fire.**

**PALMER**

**My gums bleed for you, but that’s all**

**you get from me.**

**RUDY**

**(taken aback)**

**What the hell does that mean?**

**PALMER**

**(laughs)**

**It means you can kiss my ass. You and**

**I both know you’ve got nothing. My**

**guards have her covered 24-7. You**

**think you can come in here and make**

**threats to me?...**

**Rudy’s jaw falls as he is stopped in his tracks.**

**PALMER**

**(calling out)**

**...Guards! Help!**

**339 INT. HALLWAY ADJACENT PALMER’S ROOM – HOSPITAL – DAY 339**

**Archer spots McGraw and Sgt. Johnson approaching the uniformed Metro officer and quickly walks away in the opposite direc-tion.**

**But he’s already been made and the Sergeant gives chase while McGraw bursts into Palmer’s room, weapon drawn.**

**340 INT. PALMER’S SUNRISE HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY 340**

**Hearing the door open, Rudy spins around to face McGraw and his service Glock-9.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(glibly)**

**How nice. We’re visiting the sick**

**today, are we?**

**The armed, Uniformed Guard follows McGraw into the room, his service weapon also drawn.**

**Palmer’s attitude suddenly changes from that of the cocky warrior to that of a milquetoast.**

**PALMER**

**(to McGraw)**

**This guy threatened me...**

**McGraw nods to the Uniformed Guard who steps up, cuffs Rudy, and hustles him out of the room.**

**PALMER**

**Alright, you got me. I’ll tell you**

**where the money is hidden, but you**

**gotta give me a deal!**

**341 EXT. DeMORNAY’S SEVEN HILLS ESTATE – DAY 341**

**Two sheriff patrol units are parked outside the home of Gloria DeMornay.**

**342 EXT. BACKYARD – GUNTLEY’S SEVEN HILLS ESTATE – DAY 342**

**McGraw, Johnson, Jimenez, and Carter arrive in the backyard of**

**the estate, prepared to begin the search for the stolen casino money. McGraw is giving instructions.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Osgard says that he doesn’t know ex-**

**actlywhere the money is, but DeMornay**

**toldhim that it was hidden “in plain**

**sight.” ...not in the house, but some-**

**where on his property. Search warrant**

**is good for anywhere on the estate ex-**

**cept inside the house. Spread out and**

**turn over every stone, so to speak.**

**The deputies fan out and begin looking.**

**343 ANOTHER ANGLE 343**

**Sgt. Johnson spots the attractive diamond plate tool box and moves to take a look.**

**344 ANGLE ON TOOLBOX 344**

**There is no padlock on the toolbox, so Sgt. Johnson opens the lid. After a quick look he yells out to McGraw.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**Captain!**

**345 INT. OFFICE OF SHERIFF DOUGLAS C. GILLESPIE – DAY 345**

**Captain McGraw and Sgt. Johnson sit with Gillespie giving him a verbal report.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**So, we only recovered four hundred**

**eighty-five thousand. Where do you**

**suppose the remainder is?**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**Frankly, Sir, I don’t give a damn.**

**(explaining)**

**Probably went to DeMornay’s partners**

**in which case we’ll never see it. The**

**casinos are insured. ...They’re not**

**suffering.**

**(passionately)**

**When I was a detective-sergeant, Nevada**

**outlawed these damn pari-mutuel tracks,**

**but DeMornay’s track was grandfathered**

**in. ...Douglas, I looked forward to**

**this day; the end of greyhound racing**

**in Nevada! ...To me that’s a positive.**

**SGT. JOHNSON**

**(to Gillespie)**

**Sir. Four men are in jail, five if you**

**count Osgard, and we did shut down one of**

**the biggest cybercrime operations in the**

**country.**

**Gillespie acknowledges Johnson’s point with a nod.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**I hope you two don’t mind if I keep this**

**investigation open until we find the**

**rest of the money.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**I knew you would. It’s the right thing**

**to do. It’s what I’d do if I were run-**

**ning for Sheriff.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**(reflecting)**

**And you get to continue pushing papers**

**as a captain. ...Actually, since you**

**didn’t recover the entire loss, I should**

**bust you back to lieutenant.**

**McGraw smiles.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**If you do, you’ll have a fight on your**

**hands....**

**Gillespie raises an eyebrow.**

**CAPT. McGRAW**

**(continuing)**

**...Oh, not from me. But my wife might**

**come after you.**

**SHERIFF GILLESPIE**

**Might be worth it having you back, do-**

**ing what you do so well.**

**This gets a knowing smile from McGraw.**

**346 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS – VEGAS STRIP – DAY, SUNDOWN & NIGHT 346**

**To appropriate MUSIC we see beauty shots of the iconic**

**resorts and casinos on the Vegas Strip going from day, to sundown, and finally into that neon-illuminated good night.**

**Just before the end of the montage, the MUSIC IS LOWERED and**

**we HEAR the voice of Jonathan Moore.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**So, that was our time spent in Las**

**Vegas. ...How’d we do? Well, we had**

**some winners...**

**347 EXT – CAMARILLO WOMEN’S SHELTER – DAY 347**

**The campus is in bloom and women stroll with their young children through an arbor. Older women sit on benches in the shade.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...Thanks to the money we provided,**

**Not only will the women and their**

**children have a place they can go to be**

**safe from abusive spouses or ex-boy-**

**friends – but the shelter can now**

**expand, purchasing adjacent property.**

**348 EXT. LA CANADA FLINTRIDGE HOME OF SEAN EASTON – DAY 348**

**With her husband, Sean (Doug Shinaman) in the passenger seat, Marilyn Easton drives her modest convertible up Chula Sende Lane, in La Canada Flintridge.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**Sean Easton finally made it home and**

**got treatment from his doctor, who**

**of course, reported the gunshot wound**

**to the police. But since he got shot in**

**Mexico, where such things are believed**

**to be common, and since he could verify**

**that he had actually been in Mexico...**

**there was nothing to investigate.**

**349 ANOTHER ANGLE 349**

**The convertible pulls into the driveway of the Easton Estate and, after electronically opening the proper door, drives into the garage.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**(MORE)**

**MOORE (Cont’d)**

**...How he managed to get into Mexico**

**without leaving a paper trail? ...Well,**

**that’s something that...fortunately**

**they never checked on.**

**350 INT. HALLWAY – SDPD HEADQUARTERS – DAY 350**

**Chardonnay Rogers (Detective Sergeant Andrea Parker) and fel-low Detective Sergeant Jerry Kelley, walk together down an SDPD hallway.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**Detective Sergeant Andrea Parker also**

**made it back to duty...on time. No men-**

**tion of Vegas ever came up in any con-**

**versations between her and Detective**

**Kelley -- nor anyone else; as she knew**

**it wouldn’t. ...And she was able to give**

**her family’s winery a much needed finan-**

**cial boost.**

**351 EXT. FLETCHER ESTATE – CARMEL HIGHLANDS – DAY 351**

**With Templar at the controls, the helicopter we saw earlier lands at Harry Fletcher’s Carmel Highlands home. His wife, Nicole, runs out to greet him; as he emerges from the chopper. She hugs and kisses him.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**Robin Templar -- Harry Fletcher, re-**

**turned to his home in Carmel Highlands.**

**His wife was most relieved to see him.**

**...Those were the big winners... Then**

**we had the one big loss....**

**352 EXT. MONTAGE OF LOVELOCK CORRECTIONAL CENTER – DAY 352**

**The state prison facility sits in the desert in the middle of nowhere.**

***SUPERIMPOSE: LOVELOCK CORRECTIONAL CENTER***

***Pershing County, Nevada***

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**...No one was supposed to get arrested.**

**353 INT. PALMER’S CELL – LOVELOCK CORRECTIONAL CENTER – DAY 353**

**Palmer admires a large poster of LCDR Fisher hanging on the**

**wall of his prison cell.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**...but Louis Osgard – our Patrick Palmer**

**– without whom none of us would have**

**been winners, ended up taking the fall.**

**Sentenced to three years for intention-**

**ally ramming a police car....**

**354 INT. DUKE’S BAR & GRILL – JACKSONVILLE – DAY 354**

**We’re again at Duke’s sports Bar and Grill, where everyone is enjoying food and drinks, watching sports events on the big TV’s. Moore sits at a booth with Janet Fisher in Navy uni-form, as they pore over legal documents spread out in front of them.**

**MOORE (V.O.)**

**(continuing)**

**So, we’re working to get him an early**

**release – me and Janet Fisher, who is**

**now a full Commander. While he’s gone,**

**I’m managing Osgard’s business for him,**

**which is going great. His legal case,**

**...not so much. The state is trying to**

**add more charges, tie him to the rob-**

**bery. It’s what they do. ...Janet is**

**fighting it.**

**355 EXT. TWIN MAST YACHT - SAN FRANCISCO MARINA – DAY 355**

**Jonathan looks out at the Bay from the Fantail Lounge as he takes a sip from his glass of Pol Roger Champagne. He turns and SPEAKS DIRECTLY to the CAMERA.**

**MOORE**

**Oh, you should know that Harry Fletcher**

**has vowed that Robin Templar is retired...**

**Moore chuckles to himself.**

**MOORE**

**(continuing)**

**He doesn’t know this yet – but I’ve**

**got a plan to take the Merry Band com-**

**pletely legit, and I’ve got an excel-**

**(MORE)**

**MOORE (Cont’d)**

**lent target for our next caper.**

**(beat)**

**And what might that be, you ask?**

**Surreptitiously glancing around, Jonathan then motions for the CAMERA to move in CLOSER.**

**356 TIGHTER ANGLE 356**

**Lowering his VOICE, Jonathan looks directly into the CAMEERA and confides:**

**MOORE**

**Some highly skilled thieves robbed a**

**vault at the Diamond Center in Antwerp,**

**Belgium of gold and diamonds worth ap-**

**proximately 100 million US Dollars...**

**(taking a sip**

**of Champagne)**

**But only 20 million was ever recovered.**

**That means there is some 80 million**

**still out there. I think we should go**

**find it...for an obscene recovery fee,**

**of course....**

**Smiling, he then waves us off, shakes his head and announces in full voice:**

**MOORE**

**(continuing)**

**...But that’s for another day.**

**357 ANOTHER ANGLE 357**

**MUSIC UP.**

**As the music builds, Jonathan exits the yacht – onto the floating dock and heads for shore.**

**It’s then that the CAMERA moves to the NAME of the yacht and homeport, painted on the fantail. It reads: “*SWEET CHARITY, SAN FRANCISCO”***

**\*\*\*\*\***

**PRODUCTION NOTES**

**PRODUCTION NOTE: A *Movie Magic* budget will be made avail-able to any potential purchaser upon re-quest.**

**NOTEWORTHY: This story takes place during a period in which Douglas Gillespie was still sheriff. Doug retired from the LVMPD in 2014 and was no longer sheriff when the Mandalay Bay tragedy took place.**

**Doug Gillespie has consented to play him-self and act as technical advisor.**

**Production has the full cooperation and support of the Venetian Hotel and Resort; including *comp* rooms & free show venue ac-cess, plus meal discounts at most restau-rants including *Bouchon, Carevino, Del-monico Steakhouse* & Wolfgang Puck’s *CUT.***

**Both the Carmel Highlands estate and the 90-foot twin mast yacht actually exist; both owned by close friends of the princi-pal writer.**

**END**