



Written by

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Based on "VEGA\$" by Michael Mann

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TEASER

EXT. HILLS OF PAKTIKA, AFGHANISTAN 2003 - DAY

Super: Paktika, Afghanistan 2003

A pair of binoculars peeks over a ridge onto an encampment. Taliban fighters practice shooting targets below.

DAN TANNA, early 20s, tied for most likely to succeed and most popular, lies on his belly in a U.S. Army Rangers uniform. His rifle rests across his back as he observes the Taliban camp.

An earpiece crackles and BENA "B" TRAVIS, mid-20s, fit and clever female Commanding Officer of Paiute descent, speaks.

B TRAVIS (O.S.)
T-Bird, come in.

Dan presses the talk button.

DAN TANNA
T-Bird here.

B TRAVIS (O.S.)
Sitrep?

DAN TANNA
No movement. They're still running drills.

B TRAVIS (O.S.)
Copy that. Head to the rendez-vous point for chow.

DAN TANNA
10-4, Oscar-Mike. Over and out.

Dan tucks his binoculars into a pouch and crawls backwards. Once out of sight of camp, he stands and descends the ridge.

EXT. AFGHANI VILLAGE - DAY

Dan drives a Hum-V through a small village. Young Children play in the dusty road, and an Old Man takes a pick axe to a patch of dirt.

The Taliban once ruled here, but this village is secured by the US Military and the Afghan National Army. Dan passes TABSHEER, a mid-20s Afghani interpreter, and waves. Tabsheer waves back.

Dan cruises on and pulls over in the back of a modest hovel. Smoke from cooking the midday meal rises out of a chimney. Dan circles the building to the door and enters the home.

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

KAAMISHA, an Afghani woman in firaq partug, sets the table for lunch. Dan sits down.

SOUNDS of the children playing can still be heard, as well as the Old Man repeatedly slamming the pick axe into the dirt.

B Travis enters the hovel. Dan quickly stands up. B LAUGHS.

B TRAVIS

At ease, soldier. Kaamisha doesn't care about chain of command.

Kaamisha's hands beckon them to the food.

B carries her bowl to the table and sets it down. B also wears a scarf over her head, but her face is not covered. Dan picks up a bowl.

Dan scans the room. He pauses on the corner of a floor rug flipped up, and he gingerly taps his boot on the floor below.

DAN TANNA

Did you check the cellar?

B TRAVIS

She keeps the flour down there.

DAN TANNA

Glad you're not phoning it in for your final days.

B tucks into her meal with her feet up on a bench.

B TRAVIS

I haven't reached FUBIS yet, Dan. Any movement?

DAN TANNA

No, just PT again. Wouldn't want to meet them in the 800 meter.

B TRAVIS

Agreed. We've been out of basic a few years.

DAN TANNA
And what's the next chapter once
you fly the coop?

B TRAVIS
I'm headed back to Vegas.

DAN TANNA
Fun town. I'd like to take leave
there. Maybe not as fun as our
leave in Thailand, though.

B's hand moves toward the top of her belly, revealing a
slight baby bump.

B TRAVIS
You should come once your tour's
done. There's plenty of work at the
casinos for former special ops.

DAN TANNA
I already signed up for another
round. I know your family and the
tribe want you home, but it's a
shame for the Rangers.

B TRAVIS
Oh, yeah, a shame.

B falls silent, leaving something unsaid. Kaamisha peels
potatoes.

Tabsheer enters the hovel. B immediately puts her feet down.

TABSHEER
Greetings! Lunch time, yes?

DAN TANNA
In the military, we call it "chow."

TABSHEER
Ah, yes, I am sorry, Mr. Tanna.

B TRAVIS
Don't apologize, Tabsheer, he's
just--

TABSHEER
No, I appreciate the tip. Mr. Tanna
gives me great - was it slang?

DAN TANNA
Yes, it's--

B stops and puts a finger in front of her mouth. There are no sounds of children or the Old Man. They hear a door shut nearby. Kaamisha turns to face them and points down.

KAAMISHA
(to Tabsheer in Pashto)
Under the floor! Quickly.

B and Dan don't need translation. They yank back the rug and lift a board - revealing a rough wooden ladder into a hole in the ground - and unholster their .45s.

Dan waves Tabsheer down first. Tabsheer ducks into the hole.

B jumps into the hole, and Dan follows. Kaamisha replaces the board and throws the rug over the hole.

A MOTOR sounds - not the smooth US Hum-Vs but demolition derby vehicles Frankensteined together with spare parts.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

The cellar isn't much more than a hole in the ground, and light streams through cracks between the floorboards. The rug obstructs much of their line of sight.

Dan aims his weapon through the cracks at the front door of the hovel from the left side. B trains her weapon from the right.

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Kaamisha pulls a full chadri over her face. Men BANG on a nearby door and throw it open. A neighbor CRIES.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Tabsheer stands behind Dan and B. He cups his hands in prayer.

TABSHEER
(in Pashto)
O Allah, suffice me against them
however you wish.

Tabsheer draws his own .45 and covers the hole in the floor.

DAN TANNA
What he said.

B nods, and they wait.

EXT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Four TALIBAN GUERILLAS approach the hovel. GUERILLA LEADER bursts through the door.

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Kaamisha slips the potato knife into her long sleeve and turns to the door.

GUERILLA LEADER
(in Pashto)
Sister, greetings from over the
mountain.

KAAMISHA
(in Pashto)
Greetings.

She bows her head solemnly. Guerilla Leader scans the table littered with half-eaten plates. Guerillas flank him with Kalashnikovs.

GUERILLA LEADER
Do you have guests?

KAAMISHA
They have left. How wasteful.

She waves her hand at the leftover food. Guerilla Leader steps forward, landing on the hollow board from the cellar below the rug.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Dan stands under Guerilla Leader with his .45 aimed straight up at him. Some dust falls on his face. He stifles a cough.

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Guerilla Leader touches B's plate - still warm.

GUERILLA LEADER
They're not gone long. Who are you
hiding?

INT. CELLAR - DAY

B looks to Tabsheer. He mouths, *THEY KNOW.*

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Guerilla Leader motions for the Guerillas to move the table and rug. They move the table, and then they jerk up the rug.

GUERILLA LEADER
Ah, a door, sister.

Guerilla Leader steps back as the Guerillas move to lift the board.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

B points her pistol at one Guerilla, and Dan aims his at another. They look at each other, nod, and fire.

INT. AFGHANI HOVEL - DAY

Two bodies drop to the floor. Guerilla Leader and remaining Guerilla point their AK-47s at the floor.

Two more SHOTS ring out, and remaining Guerilla falls.

Kaamisha throws her dull potato knife at Guerilla Leader, sticking him in the arm. He HOWLS and sprays a few bullets into a corner, hitting no one.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Dan and B can't see any Taliban Guerillas through the cracks. They signal to each other.

Dan brandishes his pistol. B throws off the board, and Dan shoots the Guerilla Leader.

Tabsheer breathes in relief behind them. They crawl up the ladder.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP PRESENT DAY - DAY

Super: Las Vegas, Present Day

A slick, candy apple red 1957 Ford Thunderbird convertible cruises the strip with a personalized TANNA license plate.

The car approaches a big hotel and casino, and Dan Tanna turns into valet parking in front of the hotel.

EXT. VALET PARKING - DAY

Dan jumps out of the convertible without opening the door and tosses his keys to Valet Attendant. Attendant smiles and waves.

Dan smiles and points at Attendant, makes a CLICKING noise with his tongue, and enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dan strolls into reception. LESLIE at the front desk is on the phone and smiles at Dan. She hangs up.

LESLIE

Hey! Mr. Roth is in the theater waiting for you.

DAN TANNA

Thanks. Did you and your sister enjoy those concert tickets?

LESLIE

Oh yes, Dan. Thank you! It made her first trip so special.

DAN TANNA

Happy to treat those of you who work so hard to make my job look easy!

Dan smiles, turns, and walks past a Chippendales poster on his way through the slot machines to the Casino's theater.

INT. CASINO THEATER - DAY

Beefy men in spandex rehearse the Chippendales show for that evening. The men are practicing a caveman routine.

Dan enters the theater.

Middle-aged, perfectly manicured hotel mogul PHILIP ROTH climbs onto the stage and waves off the choreographer.

Dan smirks and waits in the back.

ROTH
No, no, no. Haven't you heard that
women can fend for themselves these
days?

The men stop to watch Roth.

ROTH (CONT'D)
They want gentlemen - not cavemen!

Roth grabs one of the dancers and begins to tango with him. He's quite good, and the other dancers clap as Roth dips one of their own.

Dan claps the loudest from the back.

DAN TANNA
Just the gentleman I was looking to
see.

ROTH
Ah, Daniel!
(to dancers)
Try a more suave routine, boys.

Roth steps off the stage as Dan walks up the aisle.

DAN TANNA
I hear you have a job.

ROTH
Walk with me.

Roth drapes an arm around Dan's shoulder, and they head to the casino floor.

INT. CASINO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Roth throws open the theater doors and walks with Dan past the blackjack tables.

ROTH
We have a very big fish coming into
town, and he's friendly with Harold
Morgan, that sports mogul.

DAN TANNA
I know him.

ROTH
His pal Kenneth Argent travels with a lot of money, spends a lot at the tables, and I want to make sure he's watched over. Discreetly.

As Roth walks, his eyes scan the whole casino floor. He catches a Server's eye and subtly points out a big spender who needs a drink refill.

DAN TANNA
Of course. I'm always discreet.

ROTH
Uh-huh. Especially on weekends.

The Server waves at Dan. Dan waves back.

ROTH (CONT'D)
Leslie has his info at the front desk. Also, I sent some parents to your office. Their daughter might be missing.

DAN TANNA
She might be at the arcade.

ROTH
Yes, Dan, I know, but you're welcome for the business anyway.

Dan LAUGHS. Roth pats Dan on the shoulder one more time and then weaves through the roulette tables on another mission.

EXT. THEATRICAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dan pulls his red T-bird into a garage attached to a warehouse, which doubles as his office and living space.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Dan springs out of his convertible without opening the door. He exits the garage, filled with sporty props showcasing Dan's athleticism.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - DAY

Dan walks through a door into his open office. The kitchen is part of the floor plan, and his bedroom is lofted above.

B pours a cup of coffee in the kitchen.

A middle-aged, Midwestern couple wait patiently on a couch.

B TRAVIS
Good morning, Dan.

DAN TANNA
Hey, B. I'll take that coffee.

B hands him the cup, and their hands touch for a moment. She pours herself another cup.

B TRAVIS
Dan, this is Joan and Peter Smith.

DAN TANNA
Hi. I'm Dan Tanna, and welcome to
Tanna Investigations. I see you met
my right hand, B.

Dan shakes their hands and sits down. B smiles.

B TRAVIS
They're in town from Milwaukee,
and their 15-year-old daughter Anna
disappeared last night.

JOAN SMITH, a put together soccer mom who looks like she volunteers at her church and the soup kitchen, struggles not to cry.

PETER SMITH, a middle-aged softball coach-type, sits stoic.

DAN TANNA
Last night, huh?

PETER SMITH
That's right. We went into the
casino around 9 for a few rounds of
black jack and left Anna in the
room watching TV.

JOAN SMITH
When we got back, she was gone.

PETER SMITH
She, uh, left a note.

Joan pulls a hotel pad out of her purse and hands it to Dan.
B takes notes.

Insert on note: Went to arcade. Back soon!

DAN TANNA
Ah, the arcade. What time was that?

JOAN SMITH
Around 11.

DAN TANNA
Any problems at home?

Joan stays silent.

PETER SMITH
No. Things have been going well.

DAN TANNA
She wouldn't run away for a night
or lose track of time? Typical
teenage stuff, you know.

JOAN SMITH
Do you have a teenager?

Off B.

DAN TANNA
Well, no, but I've seen several
cases return within 24 hours.

PETER SMITH
I assure you that something *is*
wrong.

JOAN SMITH
She would have come back last night
if she could. I promise!

Dan nods.

DAN TANNA
I'll come by the room and examine
her things in about an hour?

PETER SMITH
Yes. We would appreciate that.

DAN TANNA
Great. It's \$500 a day plus
expenses.

JOAN SMITH
Please just find her.

PETER SMITH
Thank you, Mr. Tanna.

Dan shakes both of their hands and sees them to the door. The Smiths leave.

B TRAVIS
I already had them fill out intake paperwork, so I can do a background check for any... inconsistencies.

DAN TANNA
Great start.
(beat)
Is Binzer in?

At the computer, B's hands type away.

B TRAVIS
Oh yeah, he's in his cave working on that vein matching software.

Dan walks toward a side room.

INT. BINZER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan enters a small room with black out curtains and heavy duty computer equipment, including six huge monitors. It looks more like a command center than a regular office.

Robert Borso - aka BINZER, Latino resident CTO of Dan Tanna's private investigation enterprise - sits in front of his command station slurping a slushie.

Black and white skeletal images are on the screen, and he adjusts the filters, bringing to focus the network of veins crisscrossing a skull.

DAN TANNA
You know, people come to Vegas at least partially for the sunshine.

BINZER
Everyone wants to be tan, but no one wants to be brown.

Dan thinks about this and nods.

BINZER (CONT'D)

Check this out, Dan. Look right at that camera.

Binzer points at a CCTV camera mounted in the corner of his office. Dan looks to the camera, and his face shows up on one of the monitors.

Keys CLACK, and a filter seemingly peels Dan's skin away to reveal the network of arteries and veins running through his face. Binzer SLURPS.

DAN TANNA

Ugh. Binz, I haven't even had breakfast yet.

BINZER

You asked me to come up with a solution to better track card counters, and here it is. It's more accurate than fingerprints. Some thanks I get!

DAN TANNA

I'll thank you when you get it installed at Roth's casinos. Speaking of, we have a whale of a gambler named Kenneth Argent in town, and I'm gonna need you to track him. Roth wants to make sure he and his money stay safe.

Dan pulls out a file and large photo of KENNETH ARGENT, a middle-aged, well-heeled gambler and gives it to Binzer.

BINZER

So that the casino can keep some of it.

DAN TANNA

But of course. That's why we're on retainer.

They LAUGH.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - DAY

Dan exits Binzer's office and finds B sitting with her 15-year-old daughter JULIE, who is only half Paiute.

B TRAVIS

I said you'll have to ask your dad, and I mean it.

JULIE

But all of my friends are going to the show on Fremont. I'd be home by eleven.

B TRAVIS

Bravo Sierra, you'll be at your dad's that night. You know how this works.

JULIE

I know what Bravo Sierra means, Mom.

Julie notices Dan, smiles, and waves.

DAN TANNA

Hey Julie!

Julie gives Dan a hug.

JULIE

Dan, you'd let me go to an innocent little concert, wouldn't you? My favorite band's in town.

DAN TANNA

Don't put me in the middle. Maybe you can ask your dad to chaperone?

JULIE

Ugh. No, I don't need a babysitter.

Julie sulks and texts on her phone.

B TRAVIS

I'll have the background on the Smiths within an hour.

DAN TANNA

Great. I'm headed back to the hotel to check out their room.

Dan slides on a pair of Aviators and grabs a blazer from a coat rack, slinging it over his shoulder. He walks out to the garage.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY - DAY

Dan speaks with GEORGE in Security in a room with wall to wall monitors surveying the hotel and casino floors. A few Security Staff watch different banks of monitors.

DAN TANNA

So I'll need any footage from the 9th floor, hotel lobby, arcade, and exterior starting at 9pm until midnight last night.

GEORGE

We'll transfer it to your office this afternoon.

DAN TANNA

And you guys have the info on Roth's VIP, right?

GEORGE

Of course. Argent lands today, and we're standing by.

DAN TANNA

Excellent. You know the drill.

GEORGE

Sure. When are you going to bring us a tracking device so it's easier to keep tabs on these guys? You'd be surprised how slippery they can be.

DAN TANNA

I would not be surprised.

(laughs)

A tracking device isn't a bad idea, though. Let me talk to Binzer.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Dan's fist knocks at a hotel room door. Peter Smith opens the door and steps aside. Dan follows him into the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joan Smith sits immobile on a chair in the corner. The curtains are pulled closed. Dan smiles at her and walks over to the window.

DAN TANNA

How about this view?

He opens the curtains. The room brightens, and the Strip can be seen from the window. Joan stays still.

PETER SMITH
Here are her things.

Peter gestures to a suitcase, still packed, on the dresser. Dan moves closer and opens the suitcase. He talks as he examines various items in the bag.

DAN TANNA
Was the door locked when you
returned last night?

PETER SMITH
Yes. We used the key card to get
in. She was just gone.

Dan picks up a makeup bag and unzips a pocket. He sees typical makeup items.

DAN TANNA
Does she have any friends in town?

PETER SMITH
Not that we know of. We just came
for spring break.

Dan unzips another pocket and pulls out a sachet of herbs, wrapped in a sheer nylon draw string bag. He sniffs it.

Peter's mouth drops. Dan undoes the drawstring and pulls out the plastic bag inside the sachet. Joan looks up.

DAN TANNA
How long has your daughter been
smoking marijuana?

JOAN SMITH
That girl -

PETER SMITH
I didn't know she did.

Dan opens the bag and sniffs again, making a face.

DAN TANNA
Well, this gives me a place to
start. I'm also pulling the hotel
security footage to look for her.
I'll be in touch.

Dan smiles and exits the room.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - DAY

Dan pulls his Thunderbird into the parking lot of a trashy motel near Fremont Street - one of the last hourly joints.

DRUG DEALER, a tweaked out 20-something who's had his fair share of rough days, stands on a corner.

Dan hops out of his convertible and heads straight for Drug Dealer, who sees him and attempts to run.

Dan pursues Drug Dealer down the sidewalk.

Drug Dealer overturns a trash can, hoping to slow Dan down, but Dan leaps over the trash can.

Dan catches Drug Dealer from behind and slams him down face first onto the hood of a car - like a cop.

DRUG DEALER

Man, I laid off like you told me to! What the hell do you want?

DAN TANNA

Are you gonna cooperate?

Drug Dealer struggles, but Dan twists his arm. Drug Dealer WIMPERS and nods.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)

I'm looking for someone.

Dan lets Drug Dealer up slowly and pulls out his phone.

Insert: picture of 15-year-old Anna.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this girl?

DRUG DEALER

You asked me to stop selling to kids, and I stopped! I swear I -

DAN TANNA

Just look at the picture!

Drug Dealer looks.

DRUG DEALER

No, I haven't seen her.

A teenage Prostitute with a middle aged, neighborly-looking John walk across the street toward the motel. The Prostitute stumbles as if strung out.

Dan and Drug Dealer notice.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
They get younger and younger.

DAN TANNA
Oh yeah... do a lot of them come here?

DRUG DEALER
It's not the kind of place for vacationing families.

DAN TANNA
No, it doesn't look like that kinda joint. You've been a big help, and stay away from kids.

Dan points and CLICKS. Drug Dealer throws his hands up.

DRUG DEALER
Yeah, yeah, I hear ya, man.

Dan walks toward the motel behind the Prostitute and John.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Binzer stands near Roth's hotel check in. Kenneth Argent, the well-dressed and sophisticated VIP gambler, enters the hotel and heads to the front desk with a small suitcase and bag.

Binzer watches him approach the front desk and check in with the Receptionist. Receptionist gives Binzer a nod.

Receptionist hands Argent his key card, and Argent walks toward the elevators. Binzer tails him.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Dan enters the motel office and approaches DESK CLERK, a sloppy woman who might as well have been in Vegas since it was a stop on the railroad.

Desk Clerk does not notice Dan.

DAN TANNA
(clears throat)
Excuse me.

Dan's finger taps a bell on the counter. Desk Clerk looks up.

DESK CLERK
\$15 for the hour. Cash up front.

Dan pulls out his Private Investigator license and flashes it at Desk Clerk.

DAN TANNA
No thanks. I'm Dan Tanna, and I'm a private investigator-

DESK CLERK
I don't need anything investigated.

DAN TANNA
Well, I'm actually looking for someone.

DESK CLERK
Haven't seen him.

Dan keeps his cool. He pulls out his phone and shows the picture of Anna.

DAN TANNA
Her. Have you seen this girl?

Desk Clerk pulls out her reading glasses and inspects the photo.

DESK CLERK
I don't know. They're all the same to me. None of the girls have their heads on straight.

DAN TANNA
Does your motel only rent by the hour to minors who are on drugs and their Johns?

DESK CLERK
In Japan, those sleep pods or whatever you call 'em are booked by the hour all the time. I respect people's privacy and don't ask questions. Besides, the men look respectable.

Dan changes tacks.

DAN TANNA
Respectable, right. Look, I just
want to make sure they stay that
way. If you could give me -

DESK CLERK
Like I said, I don't ask questions.
That's why they come here.

DAN TANNA
That's why they come here.

Dan shakes his head and smirks.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
Thanks anyway.

Dan turns to leave the motel. He dials on his phone and
exits.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Dan walks outside.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - DAY

B sits in front of a computer and picks up the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAN AND B

B TRAVIS
Hey, Dan. I've got something for
you.

DAN TANNA
Shoot.

Dan walks toward his car.

B pulls up a database file on the Smiths.

B TRAVIS
Well, the Smiths have had their
share of problems. Child Services
checked in more than once.

DAN TANNA
The father?

B TRAVIS
Peter's her step-father, but no,
Joan has a history of alcoholism.
She went to rehab two years ago. It
wasn't a happy home before that.

Dan slides into his convertible.

DAN TANNA
Eesh. I turned up something
downtown. I'm at this Motel on 10th
street, and it looks like runaways
can pick up some hourly work.

B TRAVIS
TARFU.

DAN TANNA
Yeah, can you head down to Las
Vegas metro to let Lieutenant
Nelson know to check this place
out? I also want Argent's file
pulled.

B TRAVIS
10-4. I'm on my way.

DAN TANNA
Thanks. I'm sending you the
location now.

They hang up. Dan drops a pin on his phone.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - DAY

Argent wins big at black jack, dragging a full pot of chips
toward his fat stacks.

Binzer hangs back at a slot machine, watching Argent. Dan
comes up behind him and slaps him on the back.

DAN TANNA
How's it going?

BINZER
I've lost \$10 so far.

DAN TANNA
I meant for our gambler.

BINZER
Oh, Argent's hit it big. He's won
way more than \$10.

Dan rolls his eyes.

DAN TANNA
Good for him. Binz, just keep track
of him and make sure he doesn't
lose his money anywhere other than
on the table.

BINZER
Will do.

Dan walks toward the elevators.

EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

B walks into the LVPD on Las Vegas Blvd.

INT. LVPD RECEPTION - DAY

B smiles at FRONT DESK COP.

B TRAVIS
B Travis for Lieutenant Nelson.

Front Desk Cop picks up the phone and dials.

FRONT DESK COP
A B Travis here for you.

Front Desk Cop nods and hangs up.

FRONT DESK COP (CONT'D)
You can go ahead.

INT. LT. NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

B knocks on the open door and enters. LIEUTENANT NELSON, an
all business black woman about B's age, greets her.

B TRAVIS
Hi Denise.

LT. NELSON
To what do I owe the pleasure?

B TRAVIS
Business as usual. We've gotta stop
meeting like this.

LT. NELSON
Tell me about it. How can I help?

B TRAVIS

We're keeping an eye on one of
Roth's clients - a Kenneth Argent.
Dan wanted to pull his file just in
case.

LT. NELSON

Just another friendly favor?

B TRAVIS

You know how Dan is.

LT. NELSON

Mm-hmm. Anything in return?

B TRAVIS

Dan sent over a tip about a motel
where underage girls might be
working.

B pulls up the location pin on her phone and hands it over.

LT. NELSON

We've been monitoring that.

B TRAVIS

Why don't you arrest every perp
bringing in a child, Denise?

LT. NELSON

B, I would, but-

Phone RINGS. Nelson picks up.

LT. NELSON (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Nelson.

(beat)

I'm on my way.

Nelson hangs up.

LT. NELSON (CONT'D)

It's bigger than that. Look,
Homicide just found a teenage girl.
They need me on the scene downtown.
Might be one of the girls from the
motel.

B pulls up a photo of Anna on her phone and shows Nelson.

B TRAVIS

We're also looking for a 15-year-
old.

LT. NELSON
 Call Dan and have him meet me.
 It'll be just like old times.

Nelson puts on her jacket.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Dan knocks on the Smiths' door. Joan Smith opens the door.

DAN TANNA
 Hi, Mrs. Smith. I have some follow
 up questions.

JOAN SMITH
 Ok.

DAN TANNA
 May I come in?

Joan opens the door wider and gestures Dan into the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dan walks into the hotel room. Peter Smith is not there.

JOAN SMITH
 Any news?

DAN TANNA
 I'm pursuing a lead, but I have to
 ask... did you start drinking
 again?

JOAN SMITH
 Drinking? My daughter is missing
 and you're shaming me?

DAN TANNA
 Well, it looks more like she ran
 away, so I'm asking if she had a
 reason.

JOAN SMITH
 She didn't run! I had a hard time
 after her father, her real father
 left. I admit that I made mistakes,
 but I went into rehab and
 counseling. I've been sober for two
 years, and I promise that I was
 finally taking good care of my
 daughter. I love her.

DAN TANNA
I wanted to be sure.

Dan's phone RINGS.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
Just a second.

Dan picks up the phone.

EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

B stands outside LVPD on the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAN AND B

DAN TANNA
Hello?

B TRAVIS
Dan, they found a body. Denise said
to meet her.

DAN TANNA
On the move.

Joan's eyes water.

EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

B hangs up. Her phone CHIMES with a text message.

Insert: Text from Julie.

"Dad said show's ok."

B texts back.

"Ok, Jules. Text me when you get home?"

Phone CHIMES again.

Thumbs up emoji.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CASINO CASH REGISTER - EVENING

Binzer watches Argent cash out his chips. He puts stacks and stacks of bills into a briefcase. Binzer follows him.

INT. CASINO THEATER - EVENING

Argent passes the theater right as the Chippendales show lets out. Hundreds of bawdy, middle aged women exit the theater, feeling frisky.

Binzer loses sight of Argent and runs straight into a curvy SOUTHERNER who's had just enough tequila.

BINZER

Sorry, Ma'am.

Binzer tries to look past her for his target.

SOUTHERNER

Well, aren't you cute? *Ma'am!*

Southerner squeezes Binzer's biceps. Binzer's eyes widen and he turns to her.

BINZER

Uh, yes, ma'am. And you look lovely this evening, but -

SOUTHERNER

What a DOLL!

BINZER

Excuse me, I hope you find a nice man tonight, but I am not the one.

Binzer waves at a Cocktail Waitress.

BINZER (CONT'D)

One shot of tequila on me.

Cocktail Waitress smiles and nods.

Binzer slips out of Southerner's grasp and runs through the crowd, but Argent has vanished. Binzer looks frantically about him.

EXT. EMPTY LOT DOWNTOWN LV - EVENING

Police tape and LVPD vehicles secure the perimeter of the scene.

Dan flashes his Private Investigator license to a Rookie and crosses under the police tape.

Dan walks to the heart of the scene. He pulls up Anna's picture one more time.

The victim is Anna. She looks like your average American teenager.

Dan kneels down by the body and spots her hair matted on one side of the head. Nelson steps up and joins him.

DAN TANNA

Her name was Anna Smith. Her
parents hired me.

NELSON

(to Techs)
We've got an ID on the body.
(to Dan)
Welcome back to the force.

DAN TANNA

Pass.

Nelson SCOFFS.

NELSON

Oh, I know. Blunt force trauma.
Body was moved.

DAN TANNA

Maybe an accident? She fell and hit
her head?

Nelson clicks on her flashlight and points it at lesions from a zip tie on Anna's wrists.

NELSON

It's possible. We've had a few
missing teens turn up this way.

DAN TANNA

My theory was that she ran away
from an alcoholic mother, but the
zip tie marks confirm a kidnapping.

NELSON

It looks bigger than that.
Operation Cross Country has eyes in
Vegas, looking to put away a
trafficking syndicate.

Dan stands up.

DAN TANNA

That's why you haven't busted the
motel?

NELSON

We're cooperating with the larger
sting.

DAN TANNA

I still haven't looked at the
Hotel's security footage. I'll send
anything I find to your office.

NELSON

Please do. I wanna get these
monsters.

DAN TANNA

We will.

Dan leaves the crime scene.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - EVENING

Dan sinks into a chair. B pours herself a glass of Scotch,
neat.

DAN TANNA

Thanks.

His hand reaches out for the glass.

B TRAVIS

Oh, you wanted one too?

B pours a second glass and hands it to him. They clink and
sip.

DAN TANNA

It was not a good day, B.

B TRAVIS

I know. Are you ready to scope the
security footage?

Dan sits up.

DAN TANNA
Did you find her?

B TRAVIS
Affirmative. 23:13 in the arcade.

B cues up the footage on her computer.

DAN TANNA
Ok, let's take a look.

Dan walks over to the computer.

Footage shows Anna in the Arcade, time stamped 23:13.

B TRAVIS
I was able to blow it up.

B hits a few keys. The picture zooms in on Anna.

DAN TANNA
That's her. Does she meet up with anyone?

B TRAVIS
Two men. I wouldn't call it a meet.

B clicks into a different security camera on the casino's parking lot. Anna can be seen with two men. Each man holds one of her arms.

B TRAVIS (CONT'D)
They forced her into a van.

Pedestrians and a Security Guard go about their own business in frame.

DAN TANNA
No one did anything?! B, send a memo to the hotel about training Security to better spot a damn kidnapping in progress.

B TRAVIS
Already done.

B blows up Anna's face. She is scared.

DAN TANNA
Let's see these perps.

CLICK CLACK of keys. The two men's faces expand.

B TRAVIS
Recognize either of them?

Dan points at one.

DAN TANNA
Yeah. He's a small time pimp that hangs out at the bus station. Or at least I thought he was small time. Send these to Nelson. What would I do without you?

B TRAVIS
Underpay someone else to be half as good.

Dan raises his eyebrows.

DAN TANNA
To be continued....

Dan gives her a quick squeeze on the shoulders and leaves.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY - NIGHT

Binzer walks into security's epicenter, anxiety-ridden.

BINZER
I'm from Dan's office, and I need a computer.

SECURITY WOMAN looks at him sideways.

BINZER (CONT'D)
Please, it's directly from Roth.

He flashes his hotel ID. Security Woman gets up from desk.

SECURITY WOMAN
Well, you go on then.

Binzer sits down and pulls out his own laptop from a backpack. He hooks up his laptop to a security computer.

SECURITY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sir, this is the SECURITY office. I can't have you connect a foreign device to our system.

BINZER
I built this system. I just need to upload the vein matching software and find a VIP.

SECURITY WOMAN
Vein Matching?

Binzer pulls up a camera outside of the Casino Theater from moments earlier and zooms in on Argent.

Binzer runs a few filters, leading to a vascular image of him.

BINZER
It's vein matching technology.
Look, I was supposed to tail this
big gambler per Roth, but the
Chippendales show got in the way.

SECURITY WOMAN
Oh, I know what that's like.

She LAUGHS.

Binzer shrugs and types a few more keys. His laptop begins searching every camera on the property for a match.

The computer zooms in on Argent in the parking garage, getting into a cargo van. He wears a wide brimmed hat, cheap tourist get up, and a fake moustache, but the vascular identification confirms a match through the disguise.

BINZER
Got him!

SECURITY WOMAN
The Chippendales look better.

BINZER
You're right about that. Thank you!

Binzer packs up his computer quickly and rushes out of the room. Security Woman looks at Co-Worker, and they both shake their heads.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BUS STATION - NIGHT

Dan approaches the front entrance of the Las Vegas Bus Station with a baseball cap and sunglasses on. He looks like a tourist.

PIMP, who took Anna, notices him. Dan's fingers pull a Franklin out of his wallet.

DAN TANNA
(to Pimp)
Hey, it's my last night in town.

Pimp takes Dan by the shoulder and guides him around the corner of the building.

PIMP
No can do tonight.

DAN TANNA
You don't want business?

He takes out another \$100.

PIMP
I have a huge delivery tonight. No
one offs.

DAN TANNA
I'm looking for a specific girl.

Anna's picture stares out from Dan's phone. Pimp recoils.

PIMP
Who are you?

DAN TANNA
Now I just want to have a friendly
conversation, but we can make it
less friendly.

Dan's hand pulls back his jacket to reveal his trusty .357
Magnum revolver.

PIMP
I prefer friendly.

DAN TANNA
Good.

Dan puts Anna's face in front of Pimp's face.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
Don't even say you haven't seen
her.

PIMP
Ok.

DAN TANNA
You'll be charged with aggravated
kidnapping either way, and we might
add accessory to murder. I suggest
you cooperate.

Pimp's eyes widen.

PIMP

Murder?! Look, she was alive when I turned her over. I just recruit the girls.

DAN TANNA

It doesn't look like you recruited anyone on the security footage.

PIMP

You got video?

DAN TANNA

Yeah, all the casinos have cameras, genius.

PIMP

Usually I stick to runaways. This is my turf, and nobody misses them -

DAN TANNA

Nobody misses them?

PIMP

I don't see you sending them home, and they don't want to be home no way. I don't know nothing about murder.

DAN TANNA

Where else do you "recruit" girls?

Dan makes air quotes with his hands.

PIMP

Downtown. Lots of girls downtown. Concerts are good - young, drunk, eager to -

Dan waves a hand to stop Pimp from finishing this sentence.

DAN TANNA

Ok, I got it. Who requested the girls?

PIMP

You give me a deal, and maybe I'll tell you.

DAN TANNA

You can work that out with the DA. Now tell me - where are the girls?

PIMP

That I don't know. We get them in a van is all.

The flashing lights of a cop car pull up, and two OFFICERS step out. Dan walks toward them.

DAN TANNA

Code 44, and tell Nelson that my office is sending over video evidence.

PIMP

He was soliciting!

Dan rips off his sunglasses - deadly serious.

DAN TANNA

Nope.

OFFICER 1

Copy.

(to Pimp)

Hands behind your back, drop to your knees.

Dan walks away.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - NIGHT

Julie leaves the concert venue with her Friends. Julie's hands dig in her purse, looking for something.

JULIE

I think I left my phone. I'll be right back.

Julie runs back toward the venue. SEEDY MAN's eyes - the unidentified man who helped kidnap Anna - follow her movement, and he starts after Julie.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

B exits a local bar and runs into a group of smokers. She pulls out her phone.

Insert: B's phone. Time: 12:03am. Last text from Julie.

Thumbs up emoji.

B texts.

"Are you home yet?"

No response. B pushes past the smokers to a corner store.

INT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

B plucks an e-cigarette off of the display. A young CASHIER rings it up.

CASHIER
May I see your ID please?

B smirks and pulls out her license.

B TRAVIS
You're really improving my night.

Cashier examines the license.

CASHIER
You should probably quit at that age.

B TRAVIS
I take that back.

Cashier takes her money. B rips open the package and sticks it in her mouth.

CASHIER
You can't smoke that in here.

B TRAVIS
My life hasn't sunk that low.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

B's hand holds her phone and dials her ex-husband.

B TRAVIS
Where's Julie?

EX-HUSBAND
She's not home yet. She's probably just running late, and she'll be in trouble when she gets here.

B TRAVIS
What if she's already in trouble?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - EARLY MORNING

Dan pours B a cup of coffee. B's had better mornings.

DAN TANNA
I'll find her.

B TRAVIS
We'll find her. I'm going
undercover.

DAN TANNA
I know you're upset, but this is
serious. They're trafficking girls
to God knows where.

B looks at Dan.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
I know you know this is serious. B,
I can't lose you.

Dan touches B's arm. B rests her head on his shoulder.

B TRAVIS
I'm a trained operative just like
you. We've been through worse, *I*
hope, and that's our baby - *my*
baby, Dan.

B sits up straight, shocked that she said it out loud. Dan
doesn't notice the slip.

DAN TANNA
I know. I love Julie, too.

B TRAVIS
You haven't exactly knocked it out
of the park over the past 24 hours.

DAN TANNA
Jesus, I know. How about I call
Nelson and get a tail on you?

B TRAVIS
Should I bring my container kit?

They both smile. He thinks about her undercover.

DAN TANNA
Can you fit it into cut offs?

EXT. DESERT WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Binzer looks through a pair of binoculars on a ridge above a large warehouse. He focuses on Argent walking from the van into the warehouse, now with a baseball cap, sunglasses, and Hawaiian shirt disguise.

Binzer picks up his phone.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - EARLY MORNING

The phone RINGS. B acts as if she's about to stand up, but Dan reaches the phone first and picks up.

DAN TANNA
Tanna Investigations.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAN AND BINZER

BINZER
It's me. Argent had quite a night.
He cashed in chips at Circus
Circus, the Venetian, Caesars, and
more. And he met up with that new
sports team owner - Harold Morgan?
Is he working through a casino
bingo card?

DAN TANNA
That's more than some high rollers
do in a week. Where is he now?

BINZER
I followed him out to a warehouse
in the desert off of 95. I'm
sending you the location.

DAN TANNA
We might need your hacking skills
to get to the bottom of this. I
think our gambler is up to no good.

BINZER
Roth is gonna loooove that.

Binzer flips open a box near him and pulls out a fake,
plastic rock with wires running out of it and into a hard
drive in the box.

Insert: pinhole in the rock.

He pulls out a clamshell monitor and turns it on, testing the pinhole camera.

DAN TANNA
He sure is. Can you drop a surveillance camera?

BINZER
On it, and I already tagged his van at one of the casinos.

DAN TANNA
That's my man. Come back to base.

INT. DAN'S LOFT SPACE - MORNING

B's fingers type at the computer. Dan hangs up the phone.

B TRAVIS
Sunset Shipping owns the warehouse. They own warehouses in six other major cities, including San Pedro.

DAN TANNA
By the port?

B TRAVIS
Uh-huh.

DAN TANNA
Are they scheduled to ship out?

B looks crushed.

B TRAVIS
Tomorrow night.

DAN TANNA
C'mon.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Kenneth Argent sits behind a desk with a few GUARDS in the room and Seedy Man.

Julie sits in a chair across the desk from him with a 12-year-old BOY next to her on one side and another teenage GIRL on her other side. Their hands are all zip tied.

ARGENT
These three look good. Put them in holding.

Boy begins to CRY.

BOY
Where's mommy?!

Julie takes advantage of the distraction to catch her bracelet on the arm of the chair and yanks. Her bracelet breaks and drops to the floor under the chair.

SEEDY MAN
Get 'em out of here.

Two Guards walk the children out of the room. Julie obeys.

ARGENT
The final truck arrives in four hours. They need to be loaded and on their way to San Pedro by 10.

SEEDY MAN
On it, sir.

ARGENT
I'll be carrying the money and riding with them. Make sure you get me another 10 good marks before wheels up.

Seedy Man nods and leaves the room.

INT. LT. NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan and B walk into Lt. Nelson's office. B sports a short skirt, skimpy top, fishnets, and tall boots with chunky heels - good for running.

Nelson sits behind her desk.

NELSON
I know it's hard to meet people as a single mom, but really, B.

B TRAVIS
My daughter's missing.

Nelson sits at attention.

NELSON
I'm so sorry.

DAN TANNA

Can you give us a unit to cover B?
Her daughter disappeared off of
Fremont last night. I - we have a
working theory.

NELSON

Does this have to do with Argent?

DAN TANNA

What's the scoop?

NELSON

It's an alias. Real name Victor
Prokofiev. Professional money
launderer wanted in Europe with
ties to human trafficking.

DAN TANNA

It's never a good thing when two
cases meet.

NELSON

We're gonna get Julie back.

B TRAVIS

The front company is Sunset
Shipping, and we're looking into
where they hold the children. I'm
the bait.

DAN TANNA

Take care of her, Denise.

NELSON

Shoot. She can take care of
herself.

B TRAVIS

As he well knows...

Dan laughs.

DAN TANNA

Alright, alright. I'm sorry. Get
'em, ladies!

Dan leaves.

INT. BINZER'S OFFICE - DAY

Binzer types at his battle station. Dan walks in with a cup
of coffee.

BINZER
You should take a look at this.

Dan sits down next to Binzer.

BINZER (CONT'D)
You understand this isn't exactly
above board.

DAN TANNA
Whatever B and Julie need.

BINZER
The Sunset Shipping cargo manifest
has 200 shipping containers slated
to leave San Pedro tomorrow for
United Arab Emirates.

Dan chokes on his coffee.

DAN TANNA
200?! How many girls fit into those
containers, Binz?

BINZER
20 would be a conservative
estimate. Sunset Shipping has
freights arriving from all over the
country tonight and tomorrow.

DAN TANNA
Call Nelson and tell her it's an
anonymous tip. She can alert Cross
Country and Harbor Division.

BINZER
This is a big operation, Dan.

Binzer pulls up footage from the surveillance camera at the
warehouse. A van pulls out of the parking lot.

DAN TANNA
I'm going to check on B downtown
and then go to the warehouse. Julie
can't leave the city. Text me.

Binzer nods.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Nelson oversees B getting mic'ed in the women's locker room
of the LVPD. Two OFFICERS tape down the mic pack.

NELSON

We can't get a bulletproof vest under there.

B TRAVIS

I don't think they want to damage the merchandise anyway. Poor Anna.

NELSON

Yeah, hell of an accident. Say, Dan can be too protective, but I am worried about you.

Officers finish taping down the mic pack. One checks the reception with headphones.

B TRAVIS

My daughter might disappear halfway across the world. I will do anything, and I'm trained for this.

Officer with headphones gives a thumbs up.

NELSON

I would do the same, but it doesn't make me less worried.

Officers leave the room.

B TRAVIS

Who does this? Who buys these children?

NELSON

Just regular guys. The little league coach with a family, Joe in accounting, community leaders. Overseas - some of these countries don't even have age of consent. Law enforcement zeroes in on the organization. That's how we can rescue the most kids.

B TRAVIS

But the Johns just get to walk away? Will Julie even be herself again?

KNOCK on the door. OFFICER 2 pokes head in.

OFFICER 2

Nelson, you have a call.

NELSON

Coming.

Officer 2 closes the door. Nelson gives B a hug.

NELSON (CONT'D)

The good news is they won't put Julie to work if she's being shipped tomorrow. As you know, we have to make decisions with our resources and try to put them out of business. Sometimes it's not a winning play.

B TRAVIS

I'll put them out of business.

Nelson raises her fist and leaves the locker room.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - NIGHT

B struts along the Vegas strip as Tourists eye her. Two Plainclothes Officers trail behind her.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - NIGHT

Dan drives downtown casually looking for B.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan cruises by B. He catches her eye and looks over the surveillance team. Satisfied, he pulls ahead of them.

EXT. SIDE STREET DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan turns the corner and watches in his rearview mirror.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

B catches the attention of Seedy Man who appears in the crowd behind her.

EXT. SIDE STREET DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

B turns the corner alone. A cargo van sits next to the sidewalk - the van from the surveillance video of the warehouse.

A MOTORCYCLIST taps the van, puts on a helmet, and walks to the end of the block where the bike awaits.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan's phone vibrates. It's Roth calling. Dan looks down.

EXT. SIDE STREET DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

B stiffens as she approaches the van, recognizing it from the surveillance footage. The motorcycle REVS up the block.

Seedy Man approaches B, but suddenly a DRUNK TEENAGE GIRL crosses in front of B.

Seedy Man grabs Drunk Teenage Girl from behind. The side door to the van flies open, and Seedy Man tosses Drunk Teenage Girl inside.

B TRAVIS
Don't you dare!

B swipes her leg under Seedy Man, causing him to stumble, but he doesn't fall. He gets a handhold on the frame of the van as B tries to catch up.

The motorcycle drives toward the commotion.

Seedy Man shakes her off and jumps into the van, slamming the door shut on B. She tugs at the door handle as the van starts.

B TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Where's my daughter?!

B bangs on the van door.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan's face just now looks up from his phone and sees B pounding on the van door.

EXT. SIDE STREET DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tires SQUEAL as the van pulls off curb. Motorcyclist approaches B but makes the mistake of slowing down. Plainclothes Officers jog around the corner to see the van speed away.

Dan guns the Thunderbird in pursuit of the van.

B's fingers pull a sock filled with quarters out of her bra - she did bring her container kit!

The sock with quarters slug Motorcyclist in the chest. The makeshift sap scatters across the sidewalk. She follows up with her body weight to throw Motorcyclist off the bike.

B mounts the bike as it coasts toward a wall, leaving the Motorcyclist winded on the ground.

She maneuvers the bike around to pursue, but she's lost precious seconds.

Her eyes take in the construction site ahead of her and in between her and the main drag - if she wants to take a short cut.

B floors it to and through the construction site on the corner, speeding toward Las Vegas Boulevard.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The van swerves right onto the main drag, nearly clipping a tourist bus.

The Thunderbird cuts the corner short, jumping the curb to avoid the bus and narrowly missing the street lamp on the other side.

Seeming out of nowhere, B flies off of a piece of construction scaffolding and onto Las Vegas Blvd. She catches up to the chase.

INT. VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Seedy Man's hands manage to bind Drunk Teenage Girl with a zip tie behind her back. He now holds on for dear life.

Three other tied up Girls slide along the floor as the driver tries to lose B and Dan.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The traffic light ahead turns yellow. The van slows but floors it as the light turns red.

B manages to keep pace with the van, running the light.

Dan lays on the HORN. A horse trailer pulls into the intersection from the left with the right of way.

The Thunderbird swerves behind the horse trailer and into the opposing left turn lane - thankfully empty.

Dan dodges oncoming traffic, pulling around an old Neon sign decorating the median and back onto the right side of the road.

The van speeds past a semi-truck and pulls in front of it. B overshoots and ends up in front of the van on the opposite side.

The Thunderbird lost ground and accelerates to catch up. The freeway is dead ahead.

The van swerves into the far right lane, decelerates, and turns onto a side street. The truck blocks Dan's view. B pulls over a lane, slows down, and checks her mirrors. Nothing.

Dan speeds in front of the semi-truck but does not see the van. The semi-truck pulls ahead as Dan slows, realizing the van has eluded him.

Dan looks in the rear view as the truck clears his peripheral. B is on the other side of the semi but no van.

There is no traffic to the rear of Dan and B - only a red light.

Dan stops the car suddenly and throws the transmission into reverse. He hits the gas, driving in reverse at 25mph, and then throws the gear into neutral and pulls his foot off of the gas.

Dan wrenches the steering wheel 360 degrees to the right. The Thunderbird GROANS under the stress but cooperates by turning. B pulls a 180 herself and follows.

As the convertible comes out of the 180 turn, Dan flips the gear to drive.

The car grinds into the left turn onto the side street as the traffic light turns green. B turns with him.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan does not see the van on the side street. B pulls up next to Dan. Dan slams on the brakes, and B stops. It's gone.

He hits the steering wheel. B hangs her head.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

B dismounts the bike and throws it to the ground. Something breaks off from the handle bars and skids across the pavement.

DAN TANNA
Hey, we might have to pay for that.

B TRAVIS
I'm pretty sure he's a bad guy.

Dan shrugs.

DAN TANNA
I still have to reimburse for
damaged property.

B TRAVIS
They took another girl, Dan!

B stalks over to the item that broke off. She lifts her foot over it as if to stomp it but thinks better of it. She picks it up.

DAN TANNA
I get it. I'm calling Binz. Maybe
that tracker can help.

Dan calls Binzer.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
Where's Argent's van?

BINZER (O.S.)
Sending you the link.

Dan clicks over to a location link Binzer texts him.

Insert: Map on Dan's phone of a moving red dot on the 95 freeway just past Dan and B, indicated by a second, stationary dot for their location.

It was the van they were chasing.

DAN TANNA
Well, I'll be -

B holds up the item, which is the motorcycle registration.

B TRAVIS
This idiot registered the bike to
Sunset Shipping. The address looks
like-

DAN TANNA
That warehouse off of 95?

B nods. Dan dials Nelson.

NELSON (O.S.)
Nelson here.

DAN TANNA
The girls are being held at Sunset
Shipping.

NELSON (O.S.)
Copy.

B picks up the bike again and speeds off, leaving Dan to
catch up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

B drives the motorcycle straight up to the warehouse and
jumps out behind a semi-truck. She sneaks along the truck.

EXT. I-95 - NIGHT

Dan pulls off of the freeway and parks his car on the side of
the road.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

GUARD 1 walks behind the truck. In three quick steps, he has
caught up to B with his gun drawn.

GUARD 1
Hands behind your back.

B acquiesces, turning her back to him and lowering her hands
behind her back. He kicks her feet apart roughly and zipties
her wrists.

EXT. I-95 - NIGHT

Dan pulls out binoculars and looks more closely. Seven semi-
trucks surround the warehouse. He can see the warehouse and
B's bike tossed on the ground.

He sees B with her hands behind her back being pushed into the building. Dan turns away and takes a deep breath.

DAN TANNA
We've been through worse.

Dan leaps out of his car and walks toward the warehouse.

EXT. LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Nelson watches a couple of SWAT vans and several patrol cars load up behind LVPD. She wears a bullet proof vest.

The doors close to the vehicles.

NELSON
(into walkie)
Code 10. Crime in progress with
multiple perps. Let's move out.

Nelson jumps into a squad car, and the LVPD speed out of the lot.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens on an interior office of the warehouse.

B is thrown into the room by two guards.

SEEDY MAN (O.S.)
She's not a priority. We'll figure
out what to do with her later.

The door closes. B sinks to the floor.

EXT. DESERT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dan creeps between the semi-trucks in the warehouse parking lot. He spots two Guards at the entrance of the warehouse.

Guards TALK with their backs to Dan.

Dan prowls alongside the warehouse.

He puts a chokehold on Guard 1 closest to him.

Dan shoves Guard 2's head onto the hood of a semi truck with his free hand. He knocks him out with the blow to the temple.

Guard 1 passes out and drops to the concrete. Dan opens the door to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brandishing his .357 magnum, Dan tip toes along a hallway.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

B shimmies her bound arms underneath her, pulling them around her feet and into her lap.

INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE SPACE - NIGHT

Dan conceals himself behind some large, wooden shipping crates. Five GUARDS stand near the center of the warehouse with the gambler.

Argent hangs up his phone.

ARGENT

LVPD are sending SWAT now. Load up the cargo.

He gestures at three of the GUARDS, who walk toward another warehouse corridor and exit. Argent follows.

Dan peeks at the two guards left standing with no cover and no way for Dan to sneak up on them.

DAN TANNA

Freeze and put your hands up!

GUARD 3 and Guard 4 pull out their weapons and survey the warehouse.

GUARD 3

Who's there?

DAN TANNA

C'mon. Not the hard way.

Guard 3 fires a round that hits the box next to Dan's head.
Dan returns fire.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

B extracts something from the waistband of her mini skirt - a hair pin. B's teeth bite off the wax tip and spit it out.

B hears GUNSHOTS and works quickly to unlock the ziptie, jamming one end of the hair pin in between the teeth and the rachet of the tie.

INT. WAREHOUSE CAFETERIA - NIGHT

GUARDS have their weapons trained on 40 or more CHILDREN (boys and girls) and WOMEN. They are as young as 10 and as old as 25. Julie stands among them.

Some look as though they have been captive for days. All have their hands zipped.

Guard 5 looks at Argent. GUNSHOTS reverberate.

GUARD 5
Who's shooting?

ARGENT
Out the side!
(to kids)
Single file everyone. Don't step
out of line or you know what will
happen.

Argent pulls out a pistol. They dutifully file out of the room.

INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE SPACE - NIGHT

Dan shoots Guard 4 in the shoulder, and he falls to the ground.

Guard 3 fires back, and Dan runs to a nearby concrete column for cover. Dan checks his chamber. 1 bullet left.

GUARD 3
Back up! I need back up.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

B yanks her wrists apart, defeating the zip tie. She pulls off her boot and takes off a sock, replacing the boot without the sock.

She stands up and runs to the desk. She sees Julie's bracelet and grabs it off of the floor.

B TRAVIS
Julie!

B tucks it in her bra for lack of other options and looks for something heavy on the desk. She finds a round paper weight and drops it into the sock.

GUNSHOT sounds.

B TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Not a priority, huh?

B kicks the office door open and exits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The armed Guards have separated the children into groups and direct them into several semi-trucks.

ARGENT
Speed it up.

Close up: Julie's face as she walks up the ramp and into a dark semi-truck.

INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE SPACE - NIGHT

Dan's revolver shoots Guard 3 in the gut with his last bullet, and he walks over to kick away the weapons of both Guard 3 and Guard 4.

Seedy Man sneaks up behind Dan and punches him in the kidney.

Dan spins and blocks a hit with his left arm. He elbows Seedy Man's jaw with his right arm, still crouched from the kidney blow.

B comes up behind Seedy Man and knocks him out with the sap she made from the sock and paperweight.

B TRAVIS
Me be careful?

DAN TANNA
I'm a bad example.

Dan LAUGHS.

DAN TANNA (CONT'D)
Ow.

He clutches his kidney.

B TRAVIS
We have to hurry.

Dan leans on B, and they rush toward an exit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

B and Dan fly out of the warehouse only to see the last semi-truck Driver jumping into the cab and CRANKING the engine.

Seven semi-trucks are lined up, driving toward the highway on ramp.

B TRAVIS
Oh no, Julie!

Dan quickly reloads his gun and aims at the back tire of the final semi. He pauses.

B TRAVIS (CONT'D)
NO! My baby's in one of those!

B pushes Dan's gun up toward the sky, and it FIRES.

20 police vehicle SIRENS and LIGHTS flash on, showing the LVPD and FBI arriving at the scene.

Tires SCREECH as SWAT blocks the highway on ramp before any of the trucks have reached it.

Officers jump out and aim at the semi-trucks, halting them. Law enforcement surrounds the semis.

POLICE MEGAPHONE
Engines off and slowly step out of
the vehicles with your hands up.

Guards and Drivers step out of the semi-trucks with their hands in the air. Argent is among them.

SWAT immediately forces them facedown on the pavement and begins ziptying the whole crew. Other SWAT members throw open the cargo doors.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK CARGO - NIGHT

Julie smiles when she sees the police open her truck.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

B turns to Dan, tears still in her eyes but smiling.

B TRAVIS
Oh Dan!

B throws her arms around Dan, and he holds her.

DAN TANNA
I just needed your help.

B TRAVIS
Yes, you did.

They LAUGH.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

EXT. LAS VEGAS CITY HALL - DAY

A large CROWD is gathered for a press conference with the Las Vegas MAYOR and the Las Vegas Police Department.

Lt. Nelson stands by the podium in her dress uniform. The Smiths stand next to her.

MAYOR

Thanks to the diligence of the Las Vegas Police Department and coordination with agencies across the country, we recovered 74 minors, 43 kidnapped adults, and arrested 87 traffickers, including local sports magnate Harold Morgan. This is the biggest campaign Operation Cross Country has closed so far, but it won't be our last.

Dan, B, and Julie watch the conference.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

We would like to award Lieutenant Denise Nelson with this medal of honor for her heroic service here in Las Vegas. She reacted quickly, cautiously, and we had a very successful operation.

Police Commissioner pins a medal on Denise's uniform. She smiles and takes the mic.

NELSON

I would like to thank my civilian liaisons at Tanna Investigations. Citizens like you can make all the difference in trafficking. We would also like to announce that the city of Las Vegas is adopting a zero tolerance policy on purchasing children - the Anna Smith Code named in memory of a young girl who was lost this week. If you are caught with a minor, you will be charged. We are putting an end to human trafficking.

The crowd CHEERS. Joan Smith wipes a tear from her eye.

Dan leans down toward Julie.

DAN TANNA
I'm so glad to have you back,
Julie.

B looks over and smiles.

JULIE
I'm glad you found me!

DAN TANNA
I don't think your mom's going to
let you go to any concerts again,
though.

Julie squeezes Dan tight.

JULIE
She might be right.

Dan looks into B's eyes. B joins in the group hug.

Roth swaggers up to the group.

ROTH
Daniel! Good work, but I'll ask you
not to make a habit of locking up
some of my biggest customers.

Julie, hands on hips, gives Roth a look.

ROTH (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding, young lady. Roth
Enterprises is happy to have you
home safe!
(beat)
Excuse me, while I gladhand the
mayor.

Roth beelines for the top brass. Dan shakes his head.
Everyone LAUGHS.

FADE OUT.

THE END