

ANTIQUES ROAD HEIST

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FADE IN:

INT. MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's pitch dark, except for a tiny penlight that shines on an open safe door. We SEE the light shining on a beautiful blue diamond necklace and a small black notebook,

We HEAR the voices of an irascible actor and stuntman, GEORGIE TUTTLE (75), and his charming albeit naive granddaughter, NAN TUTTLE (24).

GEORGIE (V.O.)

I wouldn't have believed it myself
if I didn't hear it from my
granddaughter who got conned into
grand theft and nearly got herself
killed by entering a dark realm,
the abyss, the lowest form of
entertainment...

NAN (V.O.)

(interrupts)

Come on, Grandpa, you make it sound
as bad as pornography or a game
show.

GEORGIE (V.O.)

(disgusted)

Reality T.V.

We only SEE one gloved hand of the Thief reaching into the safe and removing the necklace and notebook.

The penlight goes out.

INT. CASTING ROOM WAITING AREA - DAY

SUPER: "Three weeks earlier"

Nan Tuttle sits up straight in a folding chair and clutches her smartphone and a "Casting Call Bulletin for Antiques Road House." She's calm and observant. She looks to her right to see LAURA SANCHEZ (26), whose legs bob from nervousness. To Nan's left is ADAM MITCHEL (28) who slumps in his chair half-asleep. All are clean but poorly dressed, "average-looking" college grads and struggling actors.

NAN

We gotta call back. That's good
news. I'm Nan.

Adam doesn't open his eyes to respond.

ADAM

Not if we don't get the gig. I'm Adam.

LAURA

I'm Laura. I need the rent money. That's the only reason I'm here.

NAN

Look at us. It's why we're all here!

They inspect each other.

LAURA

They're not looking for fashion models.

ADAM

(loudly)

The casting bulletin said tablet computer skills and confidence.

Laura puts a finger to her lips and whispers.

LAURA

Shush! The Producer and Director are in the next room. They're also the stars of the show who tell the homeowner and audience how much their shit is worth.

NAN

So instead of someone traveling to an Antiques Roadshow, the roadhouse comes to their home.

ADAM

And the tablet and antique appraisal software does all the work from photos we take of their shit.

NAN

Exactly! We take photos and look professional.

LAURA

And it's like an audition for us, maybe leading to a season-long contract on TV.

(laughs)

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

Good thing nudity is not required.
Their new reality show would have
to be called, "Naked, Be Very
Afraid."

ADAM

(glares at Nan)
Or Dancing with the Dregs.

NAN

(glares at Adam)
Or Bachelor Forever!

Nan looks away with a suspicious look.

NAN (CONT'D)

Sounds too easy to me. "Antiques
Road House?"

(looks back)

The only other requirements were a
driver's license, a negative COVID
test, agreeable to cash payment,
and signing a strict NDA.

ADAM

NDA?

NAN

Non-Disclosure Agreement. Didn't
you read it?

ADAM

I signed it. All that matters.

LAURA

Me too. What did it say?

NAN

You can't discuss the project with
anyone ever, including your family,
friends, and agent, but my guess is
none of us have agents or we
wouldn't be here.

Laura and Adam nod sadly.

From the adjoining room, they hear the sexy, upper-class
voice of CHARISE FONDRE (30), a French beauty.

CHARISE (O.S.)

Mademoiselle Tuttle? Entrez, s'il-
vous-plaît. Come in, please.

Nan whispers to Adam and Laura.

NAN
Afterward, let's meet up for coffee
across the street and compare
notes.

They nod yes as Nan heads off.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Nan sits at a corner table facing the entrance when Laura enters and calmly joins her.

NAN
Did you sign?

LAURA
(whispers)
Hell, yes. Two hundred bucks for
half a day. Chance for a TV career!
I'm in! You?

Laura holds out a fist for a fist bump. Nan smiles and fist-bumps.

NAN
We should wait for Adam.

Moments later, Adam steps in grinning. He yells.

ADAM
Nailed the audition!

NAN
(whispers to Laura)
Shortest audition in history!

Adam makes his way to the table, sits down, and looks around to see how many people are admiring him.

Adam, Nan, and Laura see everyone is on their phones and paying no attention to Adam or anyone else.

Nan puts a finger to her lips suggesting they whisper.

ADAM
Two bills for a half-day acting
job, cash.

LAURA
Free transportation to the job
site.

NAN

They're showing a lot of confidence
in us.

ADAM

And we don't see the cameras
because the Director has them
hidden in the entrance hall so we
don't stare into the cameras like
idiots.

LAURA

And we'll be working for the French
Producer who is also a licensed
antiques appraiser and estate sale
manager with a website and
everything.

NAN

I'll have an opportunity to use my
degree in Art History.

ADAM

Hey, me too! That must be why I was
assigned to photograph and appraise
the antiques. I need to do some
homework before the shoot.

LAURA

They assigned me to all the thrift
store goods.

Adam and Nan look sadly at Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Typecasting. Maybe. But the money's
the same. Two-hundred dollars!

ADAM

The homeowner's gonna love you for
decluttering the house.

NAN

They'll love us all for helping to
appraise all their household goods.

ADAM

And we all might land long-term
acting jobs on the show!

NAN

All the world is a stage!

ADAM & LAURA

Huh?

NAN

Everybody wins!

Nan looks away with a worried look, which Laura sees.

LAURA

Stay focused, Nan. We meet at the casting door two hours after we get a text message. We better be costume-ready to look like professionals!

They fist-bump and smile as Adam spills some coffee on his lap.

ADAM

(yells)

Coffee is on me!

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Charise Fondre, wears a black business suit, holds an iPad with earbuds, and large dark sunglasses complete her ensemble. A large pendant on her lapel contains a tiny camera that captures the black SUV with tinted windows in the front of the house. We hear a sexy French accent.

CHARISE

Où es-tu? Where are you?

A common white van pulls up behind the SUV. The van has magnetic signs that read, "Antiques Road House."

ABODI IKOYA (28), exits the van over-dressed as a Nigerian producer wearing traditional yet modern African fashion and large dark sunglasses. He holds up a fancy BRAND tablet computer and responds to Charise with a thumbs-up reply. Abodi speaks in a Nigerian accent.

ABODI

Ready for action!

Nan, Laura, and Adam exit the van, each carrying an iPad. They are "costumed-up" as an Art Appraiser, Thrift Store Appraiser, and Antiques Appraiser, respectively. They saunter like businesspeople to Abodi.

ABODI (CONT'D)

Ahh, very good. Very good. You look great. You know what to do.

They nod 'yes.'

ABODI (CONT'D)

Remember, from this point forward,
until you get home, you are to stay
in character. Got it?

They nod yes.

ABODI (CONT'D)

Ahh! There will be some surprises
to see how unshakable you are as
actors. We may toss in other actors
dressed like security guards,
insurance agents, or even police
officers at any time.

They nod yes, but Nan looks suspiciously at the mansion.

ADAM

What does the cost-evaluation
software do again?

ABODI

Ahh, yes. Good question. Good
question. It's the latest AI
substitute for the Antiques
Roadshow gurus. You snap the photo
and it researches millions of
records to generate a minimum value
for the object at auction.

Abodi puts an arm around Adam.

ABODI (CONT'D)

Look, your job is to stay in
character, photograph the best
stuff, and report the price to our
real-life Estate Sale Manager,
Mademoiselle Charise Fondre over
there.

Abodi points to Charise who waves back.

ABODI (CONT'D)

Mademoiselle Charise, and only
Mademoiselle Charise, will report
the estimated values to the estate
heir, Mr. Tommy Taylor-Hughes.

Nan gasps and whispers.

NAN

Tommy Taylor-Hughes the recluse
millionaire playboy?

Abodi glances back to Charise and calms down Nan.

ABODI

Ahh, yes. Ahh, yes. He's a multi-
millionaire after his grandfather
died. Never let on that you know
him. He values his privacy above
all else.

Abodi turns to see TOMMY TAYLOR-HUGHES (24) exit the mansion
dressed as John Lennon in a white suit, long brown hair
(obviously a wig), bare feet, and round purple eyeglasses.

They all look stunned, but Nan is smitten.

Charise races to meet Tommy but bows rather than shake hands.

ABODI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

No handshakes, no speaking directly
to Mr. Taylor-Hughes, and avoid eye
contact. Got it?

They nod yes.

ABODI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Action. Scene one, take one! Do
your jobs!

Abodi gets back in the SUV grabbing his tablet computer to
monitor and record the action.

Charise reads from her iPad and speaks to Tommy softly and
without eye contact. Her sexy French accent is a hit.

CHARISE

Bonjour, comment allez-vous? I'd
like to briefly introduce my staff.
Their educational background,
qualifications, and complete
resumes are on our website as you,
no doubt, have seen, oui?

Tommy nods and looks away as Charise points to Adam.

CHARISE (CONT'D)

This is Monsieur Adam Mitchel, our
antiques appraiser.

(point to Laura)

(MORE)

CHARISE (CONT'D)

This is Mademoiselle Laura Sanchez,
who handles thrift store items.

(points to Nan)

This is...

The pause in Charity's delivery causes Tommy to look back and directly at Nan.

CHARISE (CONT'D)

Mademoiselle Nan Tuttle, our art
appraiser. They all have Art
History degrees.

TOMMY

Mademoiselle Nan? Huh. What art
program?

Nan answers immediately and proudly but makes eye contact.

NAN

Texas A&M, Woop! Go Aggies.

Nan looks up and down at Tommy's disguise.

NAN (CONT'D)

I imagine you've heard of it.

Tommy looks at his outfit and chuckles.

TOMMY

It's getting hard to be someone but
it all works out.

Everyone but Tommy and Nan looks puzzled.

NAN

(laughs)

It doesn't matter much to me.
Almost 10% of art appraisers...

TOMMY

(interrupts)

It's 9.12 percent to be precise.

NAN

We're known to brag a little, sir.

Tommy smiles and puts out his hand to shake Nan's hand.

TOMMY

Call me, Tommy.

She glances away and then seizes the opportunity to shake hands. They share a moment.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Welcome to my home. All of you.

Tommy turns and leads them into the mansion.

Charise pulls Nan aside and whispers.

CHARISE

No, no, no. This is highly inappropriate.

NAN

He's disguised as John Lennon and quoting "Strawberry Fields." We got this!

Charise listens to her Ear Buds.

ABODI (O.S.)

Ooooh. She's good.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Nan, Adam, and Laura gawk as they enter the mansion which looks like a museum of art and furnishings.

Charise pulls up a map of the mansion on her iPad and points out areas throughout the mansion.

CHARISE

Vous tous. All of you. Only the Sotheby's-quality auction house items today, Oui?

Tommy stops everyone by raising a hand.

SVEN GUNDERSON (50), a giant of a man in a black suit with a shoulder harness for a Glock pistol steps in and glares at everyone.

TOMMY

This is Sven, my grandfather's assistant. He'd like to check your I.D.s, and he'll be asking questions of you during your visit. Also, there are security cameras throughout the house. I hope you don't mind.

Nan, Laura, and Adam quickly pull out their IDs and they satisfy Sven who grunts more than he speaks.

Charise digs through her tiny purse to find her driver's license.

Sven is taken in by Charise, which Abodi sees on his computer in the SUV, and he whispers to Charise's EarPods.

ABODI (O.S.)
Got him. Good call on that dress.

CHARISE
Monsieur Adam - furniture, gold, silver, diamonds, crystal, rare books, and china, complete sets only, oui?

Sven grunts at Adam.

ADAM
I'll be careful.

Adam begins photographing big items immediately.

TOMMY
(to Charise)
I assume you're using the AI valuation software.

CHARISE
(smiles to Tommy)
Of course, Monsieur.
(to Laura)
Mademoiselle Laura, quality knick-knacks, clothes, and other items, oui?

LAURA
I'm on it, Boss.

Laura begins photographing smaller items.

CHARISE
Mademoiselle Nan, record all the art except family portraits. but keep an eye out for named artists, oui?

TOMMY
This way, Mademoiselle Nan. I can assist you with issues of provenance, age, condition, and signatures.

Tommy holds out an arm like Nan is royalty.

Nan is stunned that she'll have a guide but takes his arm politely.

NAN

I could use some help. I'm fairly new at this.

(corrects herself)

With this latest software version, that is.

Charise gets uncomfortable quickly and begins to follow them.

CHARISE

That is not necessary...

Tommy puts a hand up, and Sven blocks Charise from following them.

Nan carefully photographs and discusses art pieces that Tommy points out around the hallway, parlor, and dining room.

One portrait shows Tommy's grandfather and grandmother, with his grandmother wearing a necklace with a large blue diamond.

NAN

Have these paintings been in your family for a long time?

TOMMY

My great-grandfather was a collector. It saddens me to say that his descendants were quietly ambivalent about art.

Nan stares at the blue diamond necklace.

NAN

And you?

They make eye contact.

TOMMY

I live on a boat that is horrible for paintings, and I would rather share them with the world.

Nan's eyes open wide as she sees the estimated value of one painting: "\$675,000."

Tommy looks away from the iPad, unconcerned about the value.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

"Buy experiences, not things."

Nan snaps her fingers like she gets it.

NAN
Jean Chatzky, my favorite
journalist!

They share another moment.

INT. MANSION, BEDROOM - DAY

Laura investigates a walk-in bedroom closet taking dozens of photographs.

She finds a set of gold cufflinks on a bedside table and freezes.

Laura's iPad gets a text message from Abodi that reads, "Keep moving. Stay on task."

Laura looks around and then exits the bedroom.

INT. MANSION, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Adam stops at large and small statues and is astonished at the estimated values that the software suggests.

He looks around for security cameras.

Sven storms into the study.

SVEN
Downstairs, now!

Adam bolts to the door.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

An elderly gentleman, REXFORD "REX" WALSH (70s), stands beside Charise with a stern look, as Laura, Adam, and Sven gather around.

Nan and Tommy are smiling as they join the crowd.

Rex glares at Tommy.

REX
I'm glad someone is enjoying
himself!

TOMMY

Hi, Rex. So kind and unnecessary of you to join us.

REX

I'm Rexford Walsh, his grandfather's attorney...

TOMMY

(interrupts, chuckling)
Your responsibilities and duties expired when Grandpa died. He appointed me Executor of his will because he never trusted lawyers.

Charise moves between Rex and Tommy.

CHARISE

We don't mean to be any trouble. We're merely conducting valuations for our client, Monsieur Tommy...

Rex glares at Charise and interrupts.

REX

If Tommy's parents were around things would be different. They were killed by a drunk driver...

Tommy lowers his eyes, which Nan sees.

TOMMY

Three years ago. That's why I don't drink.

Nan moves in and softly speaks to Rex.

NAN

We honor our ancestors, not with their possessions, but with their memories.

(gazes at Tommy)

It's a difficult time for everyone.

Tommy hugs Rex.

TOMMY

I'm sorry about the way I spoke to you, Rex. My feelings are jumbled right now, and I just want to sail away from all this. This is not the life I want to live.

SILENCE

Rex hugs Tommy back.

REX
I understand.

TOMMY
Sven, bring Rex those gold
cufflinks on my grandfather's
nightstand that Laura was so
interested in.

Laura looks away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Sven's been watching the security
cameras and texts me when something
doesn't look appropriate.

Charise is offended.

CHARISE
I assure you...

Sven pats down Adam and Laura.

TOMMY
No one has pocketed anything.
You've all been model citizens.
(glances at Nan)
Above reproach.

Charise raises her voice but remains calm.

CHARISE
Monsieur, we could go right now.
It's up to you. We signed on to
conduct a thorough inventory,
assess the valuable pieces in the
household, and take your most
valuable assets to the most secure
auction house in the western United
States before you open your home to
the general public, where anything
can get broken or go missing! You
understand, oui?

Rex, Tommy, and Sven step back and look like scolded kids,
but then Rex steps up bravely.

REX
I've seen your website, and while
your reviews are overwhelmingly
positive, I've seen no assurances
that you can protect...

Abodi swings open the front door with a Glock pistol pulled across his chest. Behind Abodi are a half-dozen crates of various sizes for paintings and antiques.

ABODI

Drone support is in position, Ms. Fondre. The security staff at the auction house are ready anytime you are.

CHARISE

(to Abodi)

Thank you, Monsieur Abodi. That's Abodi Ikoya, my head of security.

Abodi flashes an official-looking badge.

CHARISE (CONT'D)

(to the group)

We'll need to put tracking devices on each crate, and send a complete list of our photos and valuations to Monsieur Taylor-Hughes before we leave, oui?

REX

Will we be able to track...

CHARISE

(interrupts)

Of course, Monsieur. We'll be live-streaming the entire transport operation, and you'll be able to track everything on your smartphone.

Adam, Nan, and Laura smile as Charise shows them a map with blinking lights in the area of the crates.

ADAM

Wow, this is quite a show!

Adam turns away quickly as Charise glares at him.

CHARISE

It's well-orchestrated and professional inventory and appraisal, if that's what you mean, Monsieur Adam.

NAN

It's a lot of hard work on everyone's part.

Tommy's blank expression changes to a weak smile.

LAURA

These are difficult times, again,
sorry for your loss, Mr. Taylor-
Hughes.

TOMMY

It's been a long day. Why don't we
wrap things up?

Just inside the front entrance, Charise reviews the photos and valuations of items on her iPad with Tommy.

Nan and Sven carefully carry wrapped-framed paintings to the crates.

Laura helps Adam wrap statues and antiques. They load them into crates at the front door.

Sven carries locked boxes of china, silver, and jewelry to the lobby.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Abodi, Nan, Adam, Laura, and Sven carry the crates to the vans.

Abodi gives a thumbs up to Charise at the front door, who shows Tommy a map of the estate with red blinking lights emanating from the crates in the van.

Abodi closes the doors to the van and hops in the driver's seat.

Tommy follows Charise, Adam, and Laura to the black SUV. He looks only at Nan as he speaks.

TOMMY

It was nice meeting you all. Thanks
for your help today.

Charise gets in the driver's seat, and Adam and Laura get in next.

NAN

I hope our paths cross again soon.

TOMMY

Aren't you coming back tomorrow and
the next day?

NAN
That's up to my boss.

Nan waves politely, but their eyes connect and they share a moment before Charise drives off, following closely behind the van.

EXT. BOULEVARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The Van and SUV pull over about a mile away from the mansion on a busy boulevard.

We see Adam, Laura, and Nan exit the SUV, each with two \$100 bills in their hands, but they are angry. Charise begins to drive off as the van pulls out in front of her.

ADAM
(yells at Charise)
How are we supposed to call an Uber?! You didn't allow us to carry our phones to the set.

NAN
(worried)
There was no set.

Adam is angrier as he looks to the sky.

LAURA
They promised us transportation.

ADAM
I don't see a drone.

Nan begins to walk back to the mansion.

NAN
There is no drone. We weren't actors, we were thieves.

Nan's words sink in and everyone is depressed.

SILENCE

Adam takes off walking in the opposite direction.

ADAM
I'm going home!

Laura follows him.

LAURA
Me too. Where are you going, Nan?

NAN

Back to Tommy's then to the police station to turn myself in. You two better do the same.

Laura and Adam walk slowly away.

LAURA

I can't believe we fell for this. I'll be lucky to get a job at a thrift store now.

ADAM

Does this mean we don't get IMDB credit for the show?

Nan yells from several feet away.

NAN

There is no show! There never was a show, except for we Three Stooges!

Nan walks quickly to the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

We HEAR sirens.

Nan is walking up the driveway to the mansion as two police cars and one unmarked sedan race up with LIGHTS and SIRENS.

Sven exits the front door and sees Nan walking toward him.

He points at Nan and yells to the police.

SVEN

That's one of them!

Nan is frisked and handcuffed by a Policewoman, and loaded into the back seat of one of the police cars.

DETECTIVE JIMMY LI (45) peeks into the window of the police car as he heads up to the mansion. His partner, SERGEANT ALI KUMAR (35) opens the passenger-side door and sits in the car.

SERGEANT KUMAR

I'm Sergeant Ali Kumar of the LAPD, Minor Crimes Division, the lowest of the low in the police department.

Nan forces a weak smile.

NAN

I'm Nan Tuttle, of the stupid-humans branch of the family. I'm a failed actor who got duped.

SERGEANT KUMAR

Wait for your attorney, kid.

NAN

I don't have one, and she or he would be a fool to take my case, so I wouldn't want 'em anyway.

SERGEANT KUMAR

Duped huh?

Nan uses air quotes when needed.

NAN

With two other failed actors, Adam Mitchel and Laura Sanchez. The "producer," Charise Fondre, a French socialite, and "director," Abodi Ikoya, a Nigerian, said we were filming a reality TV show called "Antiques Road House," but it was just a ploy to get us into the mansion to steal stuff. All the stuff in air quotes is probably fake.

SERGEANT KUMAR

Where are they now? Your partners in crime.

NAN

Long gone, I bet. Those weren't their real names. They probably had fake IDs.

(shakes her head)

In a white van, the most common color and type, and with a magnetic sign that read, "Antiques Road House." The sign is probably sticking to a dumpster right about now.

The Sergeant laughs.

SERGEANT KUMAR

Did you get the make or the plates on either vehicle?

NAN

No, but Mr. Taylor-Hughes' front security cam probably got them. Although my guess is, the plates were magnetic also.

The Sergeant chuckles.

SERGEANT KUMAR

But the security cams probably contain great descriptions of all of you.

(snickers)

Assuming you're not magnetic too.

Sergeant Kumar leans out of the car to check the security cameras.

NAN

I bet they ditched the SUV in a chop-shop and the van is in a garage somewhere, probably at an Air B&B rented with an assumed name.

Sergeant Kumar stares at Nan.

SERGEANT KUMAR

For a smart kid, you sure got yourself in a heap of trouble, but I'll tell Detective Li that you're cooperating.

He starts to exit the cop car.

NAN

Hey, Sergeant Kumar...?

He turns back, slightly annoyed.

NAN (CONT'D)

I know. I know. I have the right to remain silent, but could you tell Mr. Taylor-Hughes that I'm sorry?

SERGEANT KUMAR

Sorry, kid. My job's hard enough.

Nan nods like she agrees.

SERGEANT KUMAR (CONT'D)

I'll get your formal statement at the station. Do me a favor and call an attorney. You're in deep shit.

Nan waves goodbye and her chin drops to her chest.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Nan sits alone in the room, handcuffed to the table until Sergeant Kumar enters with two cups of coffee.

SERGEANT KUMAR
How do you like your coffee? Say
black.

NAN
Black.

SERGEANT KUMAR
You take orders well.

NAN
That's what got me here.

Sergeant Kumar removes the handcuffs.

SERGEANT KUMAR
You'll have to repeat everything
you told me earlier, but slower for
the Detective, if you catch my
drift. It will be recorded and
there will be others watching.

The Sergeant points to the large mirror/window behind him.

NAN
Like on TV. My grandpa's gonna kill
me.

SERGEANT KUMAR
Are you sure you don't want an
attorney present?

Detective Li enters in a foul mood and glares at Nan.

DETECTIVE LI
I'm not buying any of the bullshit
that Mr. Mitchel and Ms. Sanchez
told me, so let's get this
interview on tape and go home.
(beat)
We get to go home. You'll be in for
months if not years.

The Sergeant presses the record button on and stares at the time on the recording device.

SERGEANT KUMAR

It's 9:48 PM. I'm Sergeant Kumar with Detective Li interviewing Nan Tuttle who has declined an attorney...

Rex enters the door to everyone's surprise.

REX

I'm Rexford Walsh, Attorney at Law. I was asked to represent Ms. Nan Tuttle, as reprehensible as that may seem, at the request of a mutual acquaintance.

Nan fights back tears.

NAN

Tommy?

Rex glares at Nan.

REX

My other client, the victim of the heist, is not pressing charges against the three misguided actors. You, Ms. Tuttle, will answer no questions unless I say so. Is that clear?

Nan nods yes.

DETECTIVE LI

Can you walk me through how you came to know and work for your conspirators?

REX

No!

DETECTIVE LI

How about the people you referred to in your written statement as Charise Fondre and Abodi Ikoya?

Nan looks at Rex who shakes his head no.

Detective Li shows Nan her copy of the casting call bulletin.

NAN

Where did you get that?

DETECTIVE LI
Legal search warrant. We were
looking for the stolen goods.

The Detective furnishes a copy of the search warrant for Rex who reads it carefully.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)
Does anything about this casting
call-back notice look suspicious?

Nan looks at Rex who shakes his head no as the Detective reads.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)
I see no acting skills necessary
except for the ability to bullshit
people. "Antique Road House" --
There's no specific location for
the film shoots. All you needed was
a driver's license and a COVID
test.

Nan whispers (a little too loudly) to Rex.

NAN
I bet the driver's license was so
they could do a criminal background
check on us. They wouldn't want
criminal records popping up for
Tommy's surveillance team with
common facial recognition software.

Nan looks back at the Detective and Sergeant to see them staring at her.

DETECTIVE LI
We heard that, Ms. Tuttle! We're
right here!

Rex shakes his head in disgust.

NAN
(to the Detective)
You're going to have a harder time
catching them if they don't have
priors.

The Sergeant chuckles at Nan.

SERGEANT KUMAR
What else can you tell us?

NAN

Come to think of it. Charise and Abodi never touched anything in the mansion. We did all the lifting for them.

DETECTIVE LI

Lifting? Is that what you call grand theft?

Nan stands and paces as she speaks and Rex cringes.

NAN

Charise took back the iPads they gave us so there's nothing with her prints unless you can find her black SUV. Probably a rental. Or stolen. But she didn't have on driving gloves, and neither did Abodi. But both vehicles are probably in a chop shop by now.

The Detective is angry.

DETECTIVE LI

You watch too many TV detective shows. Sit down and just answer our specific questions.

NAN

You might get lucky looking for abandoned black SUVs at self-wash car washes in the area. But, they might not be smart enough to know tiny traces of DNA...

DETECTIVE LI

(interrupts, yells)
I said, shut up!

REX

Thank you, Detective.

NAN

Although they could be laying low until dark and the traffic dies down. I'd also look for vans or trucks of different makes and colors rented today or yesterday.
(pauses for a breath)
Probably swapped out vans already. I'm afraid they're long gone.

Rex is in awe, but angry.

REX

(to Nan)

What part of the right to remain
silent do people not understand?!

NAN

My grandpa, George Tuttle, was a
character actor and stuntman in all
your favorite old cop shows. He
made me watch crime shows all day.

Rex softens.

REX

George Tuttle was your grandfather?
I loved him "L.A. Blue" and...

Sergeant Kumar stands, snaps his fingers, and interrupts.

SERGEANT KUMAR

And "The Streets of El Segundo."

REX

And how about "Culver City
Coppers."

NAN

Grandpa played the informant and
the punching bag on all those
shows.

Rex pats Nan on the back.

REX

I'd love to meet that Grandpa of
yours sometime.

(to Detective Li)

We're done here. She's not your
criminal mastermind. She talks too
much! She was set up! But if I were
you, I'd listen to her.

Rex storms out laughing.

Detective Li is furious and threatens Nan.

DETECTIVE LI

I'm not buying any of this actor
bullshit! If we don't find all that
stolen loot, you're all going to
prison!

Nan and Sergeant Kumar look frightened.

The Detective storms out.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAWN

Rex leads Nan down the steps of the courthouse.

NAN

I don't understand. Who posted
bail?

Rex ignores the question and walks away.

Nan looks across the street at a filthy homeless man in rags
and carrying a black plastic shopping bag like Santa Claus.

Nan looks away, then looks back.

NAN (CONT'D)

Tommy?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Nan and Tommy (still in his homeless disguise) finish a big
breakfast and sip coffee. Six Patrons (various types) stare
curiously at the odd couple.

TOMMY

You're sticking to your story that
you were duped into a heist, felt
bad, and returned to my
grandfather's house to confess.

Nan crosses her heart and smiles.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're too smart to be duped.

NAN

The fool doth think she is wise,
but the wise woman knows herself to
be a fool.

Tommy ponders Nan's reply. He smiles.

TOMMY

"As You Like It," by Billy
Shakespeare. But twisted in the
female mind. I like it.

NAN

Thanks for bailing me out.

Tommy is not listening as he looks around.

TOMMY

I forgot how good this feels.

NAN

Eating breakfast?

Tommy looks around.

TOMMY

Nobody knows you when you're down
and out!

Nan looks into his eyes and holds up a \$100 bill to pay the check.

NAN

The Eric Clapton version or the
Bessie Smith original.
(teases him)
Your breakfast depends on it.

He leans in kissing close. The Patrons all stop eating to stare in disgust.

He studies her face, and then he answers.

TOMMY

Clapton?

The Patrons nod in approval of Tommy's answer.

NAN

(angry)
Be an original, Tommy! Everyone
else is taken!

She drops the \$100 bill on the table, stands, and exits in a huff.

The Patrons look upon Tommy with pity, but they nod approvingly as he pays the waitress with the money.

TOMMY

Keep the change. She's loaded!

Tommy grabs the plastic bag from under the table and races out after Nan.

The Patrons look on from inside the diner.

Tommy catches Nan outside the Diner and turns her gently toward him.

He kisses her softly on the lips.

The Patrons are appalled.

Nan and Tommy glance into the diner and laugh as they stroll away.

NAN

I hope you have a change of clothes
in that garbage bag. We have a lot
of work to do to find your booty!

Tommy's eyes open wide as she takes his hand and pulls him away.

TOMMY

Where are we going?

NAN

Back to the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nan and Tommy sit on a bench shared with Two Gangbangers (16-18). Tommy is dressed in sports clothing, a baseball cap, dark wrap-around sunglasses, and carrying a blind man's cane. Nan sits next to him. The Gangbangers glance at Tommy.

GANGBANGER #1

What did he do?

GANGBANGER #2

(laughs)
Cop a ride?

NAN

(glares at them)
Serial stabbing. Blood everywhere.

Sergeant Kumar interrupts the conversation and points down the hall.

SERGEANT KUMAR

We'll talk in the interrogation
room.

Tommy pretends to be blind, so Nan pretends to guide him.

TOMMY

Next time, I bring my sword.

The Gangbangers shake their heads in disbelief as Tommy clangs down the hallway.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy takes off his sunglasses and collapses his walking stick as Nan and Sergeant Kumar take seats.

NAN

Tommy has some new leads and I want to know what we can do to help.

Tommy whips out an iPad to show the Sergeant a video.

TOMMY

The woman who called herself Charise.

NAN

The mastermind!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION - DAY

We see Charise enter the mansion hunched over her iPad computer.

TOMMY (V.O.)

She had a floor plan of Grandpa's mansion and bug-detection software that mapped all his security cameras first thing.

The Sergeant sees Charise move to another spot in the hall where she disappears.

NAN (V.O.)

She moved to what we call a "dark zone" in home security.

SERGEANT KUMAR (V.O.)

I know what a dark zone is.

NAN (V.O.)

She was getting electronic support from Abodi in the SUV so they both could avoid facial recognition.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Both wore large dark sunglasses.

SERGEANT KUMAR (V.O.)

Everyone in L.A. wears sunglasses.

END FLASHBACK

NAN

But large ones mess with facial recognition. They were pros.

TOMMY

When she transferred all the photos taken of the antiques in the house, she also transferred a Russian computer virus that destroyed all the photos and security footage except for these first few images.

SERGEANT KUMAR

We know they took down their phony business website right away.

Sergeant Kumar hands Tommy and Nan his business card.

SERGEANT KUMAR (CONT'D)

You two better get out of here. The Detective still thinks you did it. My mobile number is on the card if you think of anything else.

Sergeant Kumar tries to rush them out the door, but Nan stops.

NAN

The website. They're probably changing it up for their next job!

SERGEANT KUMAR

What next job?

NAN

How many old millionaires...

TOMMY

Or billionaires are there who live in the L.A. area and hold estate sales?

Sergeant Kumar glares at Nan and tries to push them out the door again.

SERGEANT KUMAR

And no shortage of out-of-work actors looking for fast cash! But... the Detective...

Detective Li storms into the room and glares at Nan.

DETECTIVE LI
 The front desk said you turned
 yourself in again.
 (to the Sergeant)
 Did she sign a confession?

He stares at Tommy who masquerades as a blind man.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)
 Aren't you the victim?

TOMMY
 I didn't see anything.

The Detective paces and then glares at Tommy.

DETECTIVE LI
 I knew it! You were in on it too.
 You erased your Grandpa's security
 video footage so we couldn't
 connect you!

NAN
 What motive would Tommy have? He
 was going to inherit it all anyway!

The Detective is frantic and paces as he yells.

DETECTIVE LI
 The Chief is all over my butt to
 recover the loot before it's
 fenced. Sergeant, get these two
distractions out of my sight!

Nan drags Tommy out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nan leads Tommy (in his blind man disguise) away from the
 police station.

TOMMY
 Where to now?

NAN
 My Grandpa's retirement home.

Tommy taps his cane down the street past the two Gangbangers.

TOMMY
 The actor? Fun. I'll drive.

The Gangbangers' eyes open wide.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - AFTERNOON

Tommy drives an ugly convertible inside the grounds of the retirement community. We see six nicely dressed Elderly Residents (60-70) walking around.

TOMMY

I could live here.

NAN

Be careful what you dream for, it usually comes true. Oh, and remember, don't bring up the past TV roles with Grandpa or we'll never get out of here.

Nan waves at Georgie Tuttle who sits on a large bench.

Tommy parks and walks with Nan.

TOMMY

He really likes to be called Georgie?

NAN

Since he was a kid. And he's still a kid. You'll see.

GEORGIE

There's my darling granddaughter. Is this your third husband or your fourth?

Tommy reaches out to shake hands as Nan shrinks from embarrassment.

NAN

We're just friends.

TOMMY

I'm Tommy. I'll probably be husband number six or eight. I hear she fools around...

Nan slaps Tommy's shoulder.

GEORGIE

It sounded urgent. What did you want to see me about? That email you sent? I don't want to miss my sponge bath.

NAN

Gramps, be serious. Yes, have you ever heard of a heist job like this?

GEORGIE

Two similar heist rings. Both fairly recent.

NAN

(to Tommy)

Gramps has a police scanner and knows every detective in the West.

We see stock footage of the first heist job (or a recreation).

GEORGIE (V.O.)

On July 11, 2022, an armored Brinks truck was carrying \$100 Million worth of rare jewels from South San Francisco to L.A. The drivers stopped at a truck stop for a bite to eat and 27 minutes later, the loot was gone. The thieves had done their homework. No one was caught.

NAN

Geez! They must have known where they were going to stop and for how long.

TOMMY

What was the second one?

We see stock footage of the second heist job (or a recreation).

GEORGIE (V.O.)

The Bling Ring, right here in L.A., 2008 and 2009. Teens broke into rich actors' homes and made off with \$3 million. They got caught but didn't serve enough time.

NAN

Our thieves used computers instead of guns.

GEORGIE

What was the value of your loot?

TOMMY

They stole antiques and art, some silver and gold. Maybe two million.

Georgie studies Tommy.

GEORGIE

The best heists in history have been inside jobs. But looking at the car you drove in on and the company you keep...

(smiles at Nan)

I think you're clean.

NAN

(laughs)

Good to know.

GEORGIE

Can I tell you what makes heists so alluring?

TOMMY

It's like stealing a pirate's treasure chest?

GEORGIE

Yep. There has to be a treasure. Second, there needs to be bad guys with the planning, coordination, and misdirection to steal it.

NAN

That describes Charise and Abodi.

GEORGIE

Third, there is usually a daring escape.

Nan stares at Tommy with a puzzled look.

NAN

They drove slowly away.

GEORGIE

Then they aren't done yet!

TOMMY

Georgie here is a regular Oldie-One-Kanobe.

NAN

What do you mean?

GEORGIE
 (whispers to Tommy)
 Did they get into your grandpa's
 safe?

TOMMY
 What safe?

GEORGIE
 If Gramps has one or two mill
 laying around the house in
 trinkets, there's a safe.

NAN
 He did have a bodyguard.

Tommy looks away.

TOMMY
 Sven.

NAN
 And an attorney, Rex.

Nan and Tommy look worried.

NAN (CONT'D)
 We gotta get going, Gramps.

Tommy and Nan sprint toward his car.

GEORGIE
 (yells)
 Be careful with that Sven fellow.
 The biggest heists have been inside
 jobs.

Tommy and Nan drive by and wave to Georgie who looks worried.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 (mumbles)
 And most involve guns!

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Tommy and Nan are anxious and worried.

NAN
 How well do you know Sven and Rex?

TOMMY
 Rex was Gramps's attorney since I
 was a kid.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He came for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners like one of the family.

NAN

Did your parents trust him?

Tommy looks away.

TOMMY

No. They didn't, but I don't know why. Rex was pissed that he was left out of my parent's will and grandpa's will. I had to bribe him to represent you at the police station.

NAN

What about Sven?

TOMMY

When Gramps got ill a few years back, he hired Sven as his personal assistant, chauffeur, bodyguard, and nurse.

NAN

Where did he find him?

TOMMY

Rex found him.

NAN

Oooh. That's not good. What business was your Gramps in?

TOMMY

Imports, exports, and for the past few years, he was a cryptocurrency trader.

NAN

Stop the car!

Tommy pulls over as Nan vents.

TOMMY

What?

NAN

When you trade and own crypto, you become your own bank. Only you know your account numbers and passcodes.

(MORE)

NAN (CONT'D)

What if Charise and Abodi were really after your Gramps's banking information?

TOMMY

Or Sven? He who finds that notebook is a multi-millionaire. But if Grandpa had a safe, I've never seen it!

NAN

What if any of them were casing the joint and raising capital for an even bigger job?!

TOMMY

What if they have guns and are planning a daring escape like Georgie said?

NAN

To the mansion! Step on it.

Tommy pulls slowly away.

NAN (CONT'D)

That's stepping on it?

TOMMY

Most car accidents occur within a few miles of home by drivers who speed.

Nan rolls her eyes in disgust.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We can't go in broad daylight. Can we stop for dinner? Take-out? I'll buy.

EXT. MANSION - EVENING

Tommy drives up slowly to the mansion. They see a yellow police tape "X" blocking the door.

Tommy parks far away from the door.

NAN

The cops probably have security cameras on the front and back doors.

TOMMY

Because bad guys always return to the scene of the crime?

NAN

That's cliché. It's because of potential looters. The actual estate sale hasn't happened yet. It would make the police department look bad if the place got robbed twice in two days.

TOMMY

Doesn't that police tape mean 'Stay Out?'

Nan takes out Sergeant Kumar's business card and presses his number.

Tommy stops her phone call.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Wait! I know another way in.

INT. MANSION, BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's pitch dark. Tommy leads Nan through a labyrinth of junk in the basement.

NAN

I didn't know mansions in L.A. had coal shoots.

TOMMY

Just the old ones.

NAN

Where are the lights?

Tommy uses the flashlight on his smartphone.

NAN (CONT'D)

It makes it tougher for looters?

TOMMY

Bill wasn't paid. I got a text message. He was pretty sick at the end. I should've helped out more.

NAN

But you were sailing around the world?

TOMMY

Docked at my parent's yacht club.

NAN

Eew! What's the smell?

Tommy stumbles on something at the bottom of the stairs. His hand shakes as he points his flashlight down, which Nan can clearly see.

They see Sven's body and heavily bruised and bloody head. They both SCREAM!

Nan checks for a pulse and doesn't find one.

They both SCREAM again.

NAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! He smells awful! We have to call Sergeant Kumar!

TOMMY

(panics)

And tell him we returned to the scene of the crime, broke in through the coal shoot, and found Sven's body in the basement?

NAN

I don't believe this! I'm calling him.

Nan calls Sergeant Kumar's private phone. No answer.

Tommy and Nan climb a set of stairs. Nan stops them halfway up.

NAN (CONT'D)

They've gotta believe us!

TOMMY

They might believe you. They'll never believe me. Sven hated me!

They HEAR footsteps in the house and freeze.

Tommy puts a finger to his lips and shuts off his flashlight.

They both listen and both hear footsteps.

The footsteps near the door, and Tommy leaps out at the legs of the intruder.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You killed Sven!

Sergeant Kumar shines a giant flashlight on Tommy's face as Nan squeezes her face next to Tommy's.

NAN
Sergeant Kumar, it's you!

SERGEANT KUMAR
Yes, I know. Didn't you see the police tape?

TOMMY
He was dead when we got here!
Honest.

SERGEANT KUMAR
He's been dead for hours. I can smell him from here!

Nan hits the top of her head with her palm.

NAN
Jesus, Tommy! That was so obvious!

Nan points her phone flashlight down the stairs and Sergeant Kumar calls the Detective.

SERGEANT KUMAR
We're going to need a CSI team at the mansion.

INT. MANSION - LATER

Detective Li strolls in confident and with his pistol pulled.

Sergeant Kumar hits the top of his forehead with his palm.

Detective Li his giant flashlight on Nan and Tommy.

DETECTIVE LI
They always return to the scene of the crime. Sergeant, book 'em for breaking and entering, contaminating a crime scene, and obstructing a criminal investigation.

SERGEANT KUMAR
They found the body of Sven Gunderson at the bottom of the stairs.

DETECTIVE LI

(snickers)

Add persons of interest in a murder investigation. I'll book 'em myself!

SERGEANT KUMAR

I think we should hear them out, Detective. We just discovered that Sven Gunderson, the PA for Tommy's grandfather, had an arrest record for burglary.

The Detective casually holsters his pistol.

DETECTIVE LI

(to Sergeant Kumar)

You think it was an inside job?
(glares at Nan and Tommy)
Me too!

TOMMY

And we don't think they're done!

Detective Li pretends to be excited.

DETECTIVE LI

I could catch 'em in the act. The Chief would give me that promotion I deserve!

NAN

We think the ringleaders, Charise and Abodi, are after something bigger.

TOMMY

My Grandpa's safe.
(looks around)
If he has one.

The Detective pulls his pistol on Tommy, which shocks the Sergeant.

DETECTIVE LI

And I've just bagged me a pair of thieves and murderers!
(to the Sergeant)
Take 'em downtown.

NAN

Here we go again.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy and Nan are handcuffed to the table as Detective Li yells in their faces. Sergeant Kumar is at the recording device.

DETECTIVE LI
There's no evidence of a safe!

Rex stomps through the door, angry and tired.

REX
(to the Sergeant)
I see you started without me. None of this is admissible.

TOMMY
(to Detective Li)
I was unable to contact Sven earlier today.

DETECTIVE LI
Easy to see why!
(to the Sergeant)
Inside job, huh?
(sarcastic to Tommy)
Maybe your lawyer did it. Left out of the will and jealous.
(to Rex)
Except he's already rich if he's any good as a lawyer.

TOMMY
I don't know who did it, but it wasn't me.

Sergeant Kumar shakes his head in disgust.

NAN
Again, Detective, Tommy has no motive. He's inherits it all anyway.

The Detective points his finger at Nan.

DETECTIVE LI
Still playing TV Detective, I see.

A Policewoman enters and hands a file to Sergeant Kumar.

SERGEANT KUMAR
Thank you, Officer.

The Policewoman smiles at the Sergeant and exits.

DETECTIVE LI
What's that, Sergeant?

SERGEANT KUMAR
We have a TOD from the coroner and it's just as I thought from the smell.

DETECTIVE LI
The Detective glares at the report.

SERGEANT KUMAR
Mr. Sven Gunderson died between 4 AM and 6 AM this morning while Ms. Tuttle was in Police custody.

DETECTIVE LI
And where were you between 4 and 6 AM, Mr. Taylor-Hughes?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

We see Tommy perfectly disguised as a homeless man across the street from a police station waiting for Nan.

END FLASHBACK

REX
Don't answer that!

TOMMY
(gazes at Nan)
I was waiting...

Rex hits his palm on his forehead.

DETECTIVE LI
To kill someone?
(angry)
Sven Gunderson knew about your inside heist job! He was going to turn you in! You had to silence him. Then, later that night, you sneak Nan Tuttle into the basement of your grandfather's mansion via the coal shoot where you discover the body together and act surprised!
(to the Sergeant)
Book him for Grand Theft and Murder One!

Tommy is stunned and speechless, but Nan stands and yells.

NAN

No! He didn't do it! He couldn't do it.

(to Rex)

Do something! You're his attorney!

The Sergeant points to Nan and glares at the Detective.

SERGEANT KUMAR

What do we do with her?

DETECTIVE LI

Let her go. She's a stooge in all this. We have our Mr. Big. Now we need to focus on the Frenchwoman and the African.

The Detective pounds on the table.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

And they'll tell us where those antiques and paintings are if it kills 'em!

Sergeant Kumar sadly hauls Tommy away shaking his head in disgust.

NAN

Don't worry, Tommy! I'll save you.

Tommy gazes back at Nan as he's led away with a worried look.

Rex exits hiding a slight smile.

Nan turns to Detective Li.

NAN (CONT'D)

He didn't do it. Check your exterior security cameras.

DETECTIVE LI

Stay away from that mansion and that killer or I'll book you as his accomplice and you'll get 20 years! Got it?

Nan glares at the Detective as she exits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Nan sits at the same table and chair facing the door when Laura walks in and joins her. They hug.

NAN

Tommy was booked for the heist and the murder, but we're all suspects.

LAURA

You can never figure out rich kids like Tommy!

Nan studies Laura's face which looks sincere and sad.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I couldn't believe your text message and still can't believe we were duped with that Antiques Road House bullshit.

NAN

Do you think Adam will join us?

LAURA

Do you know he hit on me right after they let us off?

Nan looks up to think.

NAN

Tell me about that.

LAURA

He was bragging about coming into money.

NAN

The two hundred bucks?

LAURA

I don't know. That was what was strange. He wanted to hail a cab!

NAN

That would have eaten a good chunk of his change.

LAURA

Exactly. Then he hinted he wanted to take me away for a week in Cabo!

NAN

Wow!

LAURA

I let him down gently, but I gave him my number.

NAN

Did he call?

LAURA

This morning right after we both got your emails. I told him I was coming here. He didn't commit.

Nan looks away in disbelief.

NAN

I'll get us coffee. You start Googling him.

Laura whips out an iPad and goes to work.

LATER

Two large empty cups of coffee rest on a table full of pastry crumbs. Laura and Nan stare at their iPads.

LAURA

What's your verdict?

NAN

Not much to go on.

LAURA

Art History major like you.

NAN

He's pursuing acting, which hasn't been stellar so far, but neither of us can brag either.

Laura turns sad.

LAURA

And I can't even get a guy like that to call me back. I'm in trouble.

Nan gets excited.

NAN

Me too. And I need your help. We need an alibi for Tommy for yesterday, 4-6 AM. It's a dicey area around the police station so I'd like company.

LAURA

Sure. I'm not exactly working.

NAN

Great. I have the description and plates of his car. We'll scope out parking garages and streets with security cameras first.

Nan cleans their table as Laura snickers.

They rush out the door.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Laura waits at the entrance to the parking garage as Nan approaches from around a corner.

NAN

His car's not on the streets I checked.

LAURA

Mine neither.

NAN

Tommy was across the street from the police station one block away when I got released at 6:30 AM. If we can prove his car was parked in this garage...

They HEAR sirens and look up to see a police car racing down the street and skidding to a stop.

Nan and Laura step closer with interest as the Policewoman speaks with the Attendant and shows him two photos: one of Tommy and one of his car.

The Attendant points to an area of the parking lot next to a garbage can.

The Policewoman puts on latex gloves and digs through the garbage can.

A moment later she retrieves a Glock pistol and places it in an evidence bag.

Nan moves in closer to the Policewoman.

NAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess. An anonymous tip?

The Policewoman glares at Nan before getting back in her car.

Nan calls Sergeant Kumar.

SERGEANT KUMAR (O.S.)
I don't have time for this.

NAN
Sergeant. Hear me out. I sent an email at 7:30 AM this morning, hoping to meet with the two other actors duped into the heist, Laura Sanchez and Adam Mitchel. Laura met me at the coffee shop across from the phony casting studio. Adam did not.

SERGEANT KUMAR (O.S.)
We're not interested in them.

NAN
Adam told Laura he was coming into money, and Laura and I looked for Tommy's car -- where it might have been parked yesterday morning.

SERGEANT KUMAR (O.S.)
I can't discuss an ongoing...

NAN
(interrupts)
I know that. Do me two favors. Check out the security footage of the parking lot for yesterday morning AND this morning, and see if your anonymous tip used a burner phone.

Nan ends the call and turns to Laura in anger.

NAN (CONT'D)
We have to talk to Adam. You said you have his address?

EXT. SLUM APARTMENTS - AFTERNOON

Nan drives up in a hybrid car and exits with high anxiety in the ghetto area.

Laura hesitates to exit the car but finally does.

The two Gangbangers race past them in a stolen car.

NAN

That tells us we gotta find Adam
and get the hell out of here.

Laura looks worried.

LAURA

Doesn't look like he could afford
to whisk me away to Cabo.

NAN

Or even one night in El Segundo.

LAURA

Let's get out of here.

NAN

Wait. Let's ask at the office
first.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

An unshaven, sleazy MANAGER (60s) sits behind a counter
watching TV as Nan and Laura walk in.

MANAGER

It's your lucky day. A unit just
opened up.

NAN

The word 'lucky' doesn't come to
mind. We're looking for Adam...

MANAGER

I can't give you personal
information.

Nan has an epiphany.

NAN

He moved out shortly after 7:30 AM
this morning.

MANAGER

Maybe. I can't say.

LAURA

Adam Mitchel. Do you know where he
was headed?

MANAGER

I can't say.

LAURA

Cabo?

The Manager's eyes light up.

NAN

(to Laura)

You check the airline schedules.
I'll call Sergeant Kumar.

MANAGER

I wouldn't bother.

NAN

Oh yeah! Why's that?

MANAGER

(leans in)

He was picked up in a large,
unmarked white van. In my
experience, you won't see him
again.

Nan looks terrified. Laura takes it in stride.

NAN

We gotta report this.

LAURA

Go ahead! Good riddance to bad
garbage, I say. I've gotta look for
acting jobs!

INT. POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Nan complains to the DESK OFFICER (40s, male) who glares at her.

NAN

He's missing, I tell you!

DESK OFFICER

How long has he been missing?

NAN

Twenty-four hours.

DESK OFFICER

Fill out a Missing Persons form.

The Desk Officer shoves a form onto a clipboard and shoves it to Nan.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
Fill this out and we'll have a
hundred officers...

NAN
(interrupts)
Sarcasm is so unattractive.

Sergeant Kumar stomps to the bench with an unhappy look. He pulls Nan aside to whisper.

SERGEANT KUMAR
You're wasting our time.

NAN
How do you propose little Tommy takes the pistol away from a big, trained bodyguard with a police record and tosses him down the stairs?

SERGEANT KUMAR
I don't have time...

NAN
Then within 30 minutes and during rush hour traffic, he drives downtown, parks in the parking garage, ditches the pistol in a trash can one block from the police station, changes his clothes to look like a homeless guy, and he's waiting for me across from your police station at 6:30 AM. Then, he's calm enough to take me to breakfast at Nick's Diner. Check that security footage too!

Nan hands the clipboard to the Sergeant.

SERGEANT KUMAR
Go home, Ms. Tuttle. Let us do our job! Forget about your easily duped actor friends, and stay the hell away from that mansion and everyone else involved in our investigation or you'll be behind bars for a long time!

Nan begins to leave when she turns back to the Sergeant.

NAN

If Tommy hasn't used his one phone call, have him call me. His attorney, Rex, is not his friend.

Nan steps toward the door.

SERGEANT KUMAR

What do you mean by that?

Nan doesn't turn around.

NAN

You still haven't found the two ringleaders, Charise and Abodi, who have the biggest motive, so your Detective is quick to pin everything on Tommy who has no motive. You're smart. Figure it out.

Nan huffs as she exits the police station.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nan trudges to her car.

NAN (V.O.)

What did I miss?

(beat)

The Sergeant has to consider the two main suspects -- the thieves who hired us, Adam's disappearance as suspicious, and I led them, falsely or otherwise, to consider Rex as a possible suspect.

(beat)

I don't trust lazy detectives!

Nan looks away and has an epiphany.

NAN (V.O.)

I can't search police records but I can search casting bulletins. I want to know if Charise and Abodi have done this before. And, Rex was right. I talk too much!

(beat)

Back to the coffee shop!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Nan is frustrated on her iPad with a large cup of coffee in her hands.

NAN (V.O.)
There are dozens of casting call bulletins in this region! Each with dozens of separate calls.

She scans more casting calls.

NAN (V.O.)
And new ones every day.

She has another epiphany.

NAN (V.O.)
I shouldn't go home. Adam put his real address on his casting form and look what happened to him. I wonder where Laura lives.

She looks up the name Laura Sanchez.

NAN (V.O.)
(laughs)
Do you know how many women are named Laura Sanchez in LA?
(beat)
More than 300. Know how many Nan Tuttles there are? One.

Nan's eyes light up.

NAN (V.O.)
I know where I can get 20 to 30 eager helpers.

Nan watches two well-dressed customers leave a mess at their table before exiting.

Nan buses her table and races out. She doesn't see Laura eavesdropping in the back of the coffee shop.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME -

Georgie guards the door to the Rec Room as Residents enter. If the resident shows an iPad, they get in.

Nan stands in the front of the room.

Georgie lets in a man with thick glasses and a woman by his side.

GEORGIE

I understand, Mr. Feldman. You need your seeing-eye dog.

Two women Residents enter the doorway with iPads.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Don't ask, don't tell, you two.
Thanks for coming on such short notice.

A large female resident tries to enter showing Georgie a 3' x 3' absorbent bed pad.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(laughs)
Not bed pad, Mrs. Lefcovitz, I said...

Mrs. Lefcovitz shows him the iPad under her bed pad.

MRS. LEFCOVITZ

Too much iced tea with dinner.

Georgie laughs and the others with iPads take a seat.

GEORGIE

Most of you know my darling granddaughter, Nan.

NAN

Thanks, Gramps. We're in over our heads with hundreds of casting bulletins to check...

GEORGIE

(interrupts)
How many of you have seen a casting bulletin?

They all raise their hands.

NAN

Then you know why we need your help. We're specifically looking for casting calls for reality TV shows...

The crowd BOOS.

NAN (CONT'D)
I know, but it beats starving.

GEORGIE
Barely!

The crowd laughs.

NAN
Look for new shows with limited skills and experience needed. And shows looking for only 3-4 actors.

GEORGIE
Make it interesting, Nan.

NAN
We're looking for two murderers.

SILENCE

GEORGIE
I said interesting!

NAN
The best lead found wins \$100.

The crown cheers and goes to work.

They scan casting calls.

A resident raises his hand and Georgie and Nan race to see his iPad.

NAN (CONT'D)
Atlanta? Let's confine it to Southern California.

They scan casting calls.

Nan's smartphone RINGS. Caller ID reads "County Jail."

Nan walks to the corner of the room and answers the phone.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Nan, don't hang up. It's me, Tommy.

NAN
I'm your one phone call?

TOMMY (O.S.)
There's no one else.

NAN
 (chuckles nervously)
 That's scary.

TOMMY (O.S.)
 I know what you're trying to do for
 me, but it's too dangerous.

Nan can't take her eyes off an elderly couple smiling and snuggling close together and sharing an iPad, the picture of love.

NAN
 I'm glad to help you. I know you
 didn't do it. That means this was a
 setup.

Georgie meanders closer to Nan to listen in.

TOMMY (O.S.)
 What do you mean?

NAN
 What if the thieves are after
 something bigger? Whatever's in the
 safe, maybe? And Sven knew about
 it?

TOMMY (O.S.)
 I don't even know that there is a
 safe.

NAN
 I think they needed you out of the
 way so they could check! I've got
 to get back to...

TOMMY (O.S.)
 No. Stay away from that...

Mrs. Lefcovitz yells.

MRS. LEFCOVITZ
 Bingo!

GEORGIE
 Mrs. Lefcovitz found something.

NAN
 Tommy, I gotta go!

Nan ends the call.

Nan and Georgie race to Mrs. Lefcovitz.

GEORGIE
Someone's casting for a nighttime sailing show?!

NAN
Looks like the casting bulletin that we responded to.

Nan looks at Georgie who looks concerned.

GEORGIE
They casted today! They're sailing tonight!

NAN
It's their dramatic getaway!

Nan studies the casting bulletin.

NAN (CONT'D)
I was so busy trying to spring Tommy, I took my eyes off the prize!

Georgie HEARS a car pull up outside and peeks out the window.

GEORGIE
(to Nan)
Cops are here. You've gotta be extra careful. If the thieves killed one guy, they'll kill again!

Nan looks worried as she kisses Georgie on the cheek.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Go out through the kitchen, but for your own safety, don't eat anything!
(to the group)
You know what to do!

Georgie moves to the front of the room as Nan escapes.

Detective Li and Sergeant Kumar burst in the door as Georgie reads from his iPad and yells.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
B-8.

The residents all have an electronic bingo card on their iPads.

Detective Li glares at the group.

DETECTIVE LI
We're looking for Nan Tuttle. We
saw her car out front.

MRS. LEFCOVITZ
What was that again, Georgie?

GEORGIE
B-8, Mrs. Lefcovitz. Please turn up
your hearing aids.

SERGEANT KUMAR
We know she's here.

GEORGIE
(surprised)
What's she wanted for?

DETECTIVE LI
None of your business, Mr. Georgie
Tuttle, actor and stuntman. But if
I find out you aiding and abetting
a person of interest, I'll...

GEORGIE
(yells)
I-25.

MRS. LEFCOVITZ
What was that again, Georgie?

Sergeant Kumar gets in Georgie's face.

SERGEANT KUMAR
She's a person of interest in the
disposal of evidence. We just want
to talk to her.

GEORGIE
That was I-25, Mrs. Lefcovitz.

DETECTIVE LI
(to the Sergeant)
Search Mr. Tuttle's room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Rex and Tommy sit across each other as Rex shares fuzzy
photos of Charise, Abodi, and dozens of antiques. They are
laughably low-resolution photos.

REX
So, you see, Tommy, everything
points to you.

TOMMY
And you believe them?

REX
You're the only one with a key to
the house.

TOMMY
Sven had a key.

REX
And now he's dead.
(whispers)
My friends in the department say
they recovered a pistol in a trash
can in the parking garage you
parked in.

Tommy looks away.

REX (CONT'D)
It looks pretty bad for you.

TOMMY
Will you take my case?

REX
It'll require a one-million-dollar
retainer.

TOMMY
I don't have that kind of cash.

REX
Maybe it's in your Grandfather's
safe! Your Grandmother's blue
diamond necklace, maybe?

Tommy's eyes open wide.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Nan parks a block away from the mansion and sneaks up to see
a white van parked in front. The police tape remains on the
door.

Nan creeps up closer to see the van is empty.

She feels a tap on the back of her shoulder, panics, and then turns to see Laura.

LAURA
(whispers)
I knew you'd come back. I thought
you might need my help.

NAN
What the hell is going on here?

They see large flashlights moving from room to room up on the top floor.

LAURA
Looks like a plumber or an
electrician has been called to the
house.

NAN
By whom? Tommy's in jail and Sven
is dead? I think someone is looking
for something. Looters! I'm calling
the cops!

Nan takes out her phone but Laura stops her.

LAURA
How's that going to look?

Nan stares at her phone's keypad before dialing. She panics.

NAN
Like I've returned to the scene of
the crime.

LAURA
Exactly. Maybe we should leave.

Nan glares at Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I could call the police with an
anonymous tip.

NAN
They'd have your phone number.

Nan pulls Laura's arm.

NAN (CONT'D)
No! We have to get closer to see
what they're up to. Follow me.

Nan leads Laura around to the coal shoot.

NAN (CONT'D)

Let me get a photo of the van first.

LAURA

That's just more evidence on your phone, isn't it?

Nan keeps walking.

NAN

I guess you're right. We'll listen in from the basement.

INT. MANSION, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nan leads Laura through the basement with the aid of Nan's smartphone flashlight.

They stop at the bottom of the stairs to listen.

They hear mumbling from a female voice (Charise) but can't make sense of it.

NAN

(whispers)

We've got to get closer.

They slowly walk up the stairs. Nan follows Laura whose steps cause the the stairs to creak.

Nan holds a finger to her lips.

LAURA

(whispers loud)

Can't help it.

NAN

(whispers quieter)

Let me go first. And, for heaven's sake, be quieter.

Nan gets to the top of the stairs and turns the knob.

NAN (CONT'D)

It's locked!

LAURA

They didn't want company. Let's leave.

NAN
No way. We've come this far.

Nan looks to the corner of the basement.

NAN (CONT'D)
Come on there's a dumbwaiter to the kitchen.

LAURA
(too loud)
What?

Nan puts her finger to her lips again.

NAN
Shush!

Nan pulls Laura to the corner of the basement and stares at a dumbwaiter filled with cobwebs.

She tests the pulley ropes and they SQUEAK.

NAN (CONT'D)
They used the coal for cooking in the old days. God, I hate spiders and tight places.

NAN (CONT'D)
It looks dangerous.

Nan squeezes into the tiny dumbwaiter.

NAN (CONT'D)
Pull me up. If it squeaks, stop.

Laura slowly pulls one rope with Nan's help.

LAURA
I'm not getting into that thing!

NAN
Fine. If I don't make it back. Call the police.

Laura nods 'yes' and pulls the rope.

The dumbwaiter squeaks as we lose sight of Nan.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nan pulls open the dumbwaiter doors and Adam is there pointing a pistol at her head.

He wears a Personal Protective Equipment (PPE) "bunny suit" that CSI teams wear. He holds a large flashlight in his other hand.

Nan is stunned.

ADAM

You saved us the trouble of hunting you down.

NAN

Who's us?

ADAM

Always asking too many questions for your own good.

Laura joins them at the bottom of the stairs. Adam kisses Laura sloppily on the lips and hands her a bunny suit to put on.

NAN

I saw that coming.

ADAM

(smirks)

That Laura and I are together?

Nan rolls her eyes in disgust.

NAN

No. That she would fall for the poor, dumb type.

Adam scoffs.

ADAM

I won't be poor much longer.

NAN

No, but you'll be stupid forever.

LAURA

Don't listen to her. We know who the dumb one is. Come on, Charise and Abodi want us upstairs.

They walk up the stairs. They hear sledgehammers banging away.

NAN

You know the police will be here soon.

Laura takes away Nan's phone.

LAURA
I forgot to call them. Did you?

ADAM
We'll be long gone soon.

NAN
Leaving me holding the bag?

ADAM
In your cold, dead hands, Abodi
says.

They enter the Master Bedroom door.

INT. MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan enters at gunpoint to see Charise and Abodi in "bunny suits." They have sledgehammers in their hands. They pound into a wall but stop to stare at Nan.

NAN
You two, again.

CHARISE
Tie her up and gag her.

ABODI
Laura and Adam, stay in your bunny
suits. No more DNA shedding.

CHARISE
We have to move quickly!

NAN
(yells)
Wait! You'll never find the safe
without my help.

Charise and Abodi watch Adam and Laura tie Nan up into an oversized stuffed chair.

Laura is about to gag Nan when Charise stops her.

CHARISE
Wait! Where is it? Where's the
safe?

NAN

It's an awfully big house. It would take you all night to find it without my help! I assume that you've searched the den.

Charise and Abodi have perplexed looks.

NAN (CONT'D)

And the Grandpa's walk-in closet.

Charise and Abodi hand their sledgehammers to Laura and Abodi.

CHARISE

Get her to talk.

Adam raises his sledgehammer.

NAN

Wait! You saw the old lady. You know they had separate bedrooms right?

Charise stops Adam from swinging the sledgehammer.

NAN (CONT'D)

I saw that blue diamond necklace in the painting. If I were you, I'd check behind the vanity in Grandma's bedroom.

ABODI

Why do you say that?

NAN

It's obvious she wore the pants in the family with all the antiques in the house. It's logical to assume that she owned the necklace and many other jewels.

CHARISE

(angry)

Adam, gag her. We're not here to hurt anyone! Abodi, Laura, follow me!

Adam gags Nan as Laura and Abodi follow Charise to Grandma's bedroom.

ADAM

You'd better be right!

Adam smashes Nan's left foot with the sledgehammer.

Nan SCREAMS but the gag works to muffle them.

Adam glares back before heading to Grandma's bedroom.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The Boss predicted your every move!

Nan cries and looks up in pain and thought.

She HEARS pounding in Grandma's bedroom.

There are desperate moments and fear in Nan's eyes.

She HEARS quiet footsteps heading in her direction in the dark.

Her eyes open wide when she sees it's Tommy dressed as a spoiled millionaire in high fashion.

Tommy sees that Nan's foot is smashed but not bleeding.

Nan tries to tell Tommy to take her gag off but Tommy whispers in her ear.

TOMMY

If you scream or they hear you
crying, they'll kill us both! I've
got to put you somewhere safe and
call the cops.

Nan protests with mumbles as Tommy unties her from the chair.

Tommy puts a finger to his lips and then helps her hobble out of the room and down the stairs.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Nan stops and points to the front door.

Tommy shakes his head 'no,' and leads her toward the kitchen.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy removes Nan's gag. She whispers in pain. They both whisper in fear.

TOMMY

I've got to hide you. If the police
find you here, they'll think you're
with the thieves.

NAN

I'll take my chances with the police.

Tommy points upstairs to the sound of the sledgehammers.

TOMMY

Who are those thieves going to blame? For everything! The original heist and breaking and entering, contaminating a crime scene, and obstruction of justice. No, it's best that you hide.

NAN

(angry)

Tommy, no! I'll admit to sneaking in, but it was Laura who led me here, Adam said to they wouldn't have to hunt me down! I'm scared. I just want the police.

TOMMY

No! You'll do eight to ten years in jail. I can't risk that! Listen to me, for once!

Tommy shoves her into the dumbwaiter as Nan keeps talking.

NAN

I figured it all out! I think Laura cooked up this entire heist scheme. Remember when we all arrived thinking we were actors in a reality TV show...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. MANSION - DAY

NAN (V.O.)

Charise introduced her staff to you.

CHARISE

This is Monsieur Adam Mitchel, our antiques appraiser.

(point to Laura)

This is Mademoiselle Laura Sanchez, who handles thrift store items.

(points to Nan)

This is Mademoiselle Nan Tuttle, our art appraiser. They all have Art History degrees.

NAN (V.O.)

Of course, Laura gave the best acting parts in the charade to the others so she could roam freely through the mansion looking for the jewelry, including the blue diamond necklace.

Everyone pays little attention as Laura walks past the painting of Grandpa and Grandma. Laura sees the necklace and quickly walks upstairs.

NAN (V.O.)

No one took any notice of the thrift store lady.

(disgusted)

Brilliant! We were all working for Laura, the real Producer and Director of the Antiques Road House show.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Laura is at the top of the stairs glancing back at Tommy and Nan becoming smitten with each other.

NAN (V.O.)

She planned that all along. If she couldn't find the safe or the necklace, she thought I might find out from you. She counted on you falling for me and vice-versa.

END FLASHBACK

Tommy looks away for a second, and then back at Nan.

TOMMY

Who do you think killed Sven?

NAN

I bet that was Laura and Adam. Neither had an alibi for the time Sven was killed. She could have invited Sven here, they could have taken his pistol and threw him down the stairs.

TOMMY

You think so?

NAN

And she could have had Sven's
pistol with her when I asked her to
help locate your car near the
parking garage.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Laura slips into the parking garage, puts on a latex glove,
removes the pistol from her backpack, and dumps it in the
garbage can.

NAN (V.O.)

It would have been easy for Laura
to stash the pistol by Tommy's
parked car to throw suspicion onto
him.

Laura steps back into the street and waits for Nan.

Nan turns the corner and walks up to Laura.

END FLASHBACK

NAN

And tonight she was stalking me,
found me outside the mansion, and
finessed me to come in. She made
noise so Adam would find me.

(beat)

Ooooh. She's the smart one. I bet
she hired Charise and Abodi to fake
like they were in charge to throw
the police off of her!

Tommy nods 'Yes.'

TOMMY

You figured it all out. Now, you
just have to live to tell the
story!

The hammering STOPS.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Uh oh! They heard us! We have no
choice now! Quick, in here!

Tommy opens the dumbwaiter doors and helps Nan in.

NAN
(worried)
I hate tight places and spiders.
What if they don't find me?

TOMMY
I'll come back for you. I'll always
come back for you.

They kiss quickly and Tommy lowers the dumbwaiter halfway down to the basement.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Tommy runs to the door to the basement and opens it, just as Adam arrives with a pistol and points it at Tommy.

Laura, Charise, and Abodi arrive with sledgehammers.

ABODI
Where's Nan?

TOMMY
Nan? I didn't see her! Is she here?

ABODI
Somebody untied her.

Charise speaks in an American accent.

CHARISE
What are you doing here?

Abode looks stunned.

TOMMY
No French accent?

Tommy and Abodi glare at Charise.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I came in through the coal shoot
because I forgot my toothbrush.

They HEAR SIRENS approaching.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You guys better get out of here!

Adam looks at Laura.

ADAM
Do I shoot him?

Laura yells so loud that Nan hears her from the dumbwaiter.

LAURA
Hell no! We're thieves, not
murderers.

Moments later, Detective Li bursts through the front door.
Georgie Tuttle tags along behind him.

DETECTIVE LI
I'll show you how a real detective
works, Georgie!

Adam panics and turns his pistol (a prop, fake gun) on the
Detective.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)
Drop it!

We HEAR a CLICK from Adam's gun and the Detective and Georgie
dive to the floor.

Adam turns his pistol and CLICK at Tommy, but the Detective
fires at Adam and hits his shoulder.

Adam SCREAMS like a baby!

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)
I saved the day!

We HEAR more SIRENS.

Everyone HEARS Nan's cry for help from inside the dumbwaiter.

NAN (O.C.)
Help! I'm in the dumbwaiter!

Tommy races to save Nan.

Georgie runs to assess Adam's pistol.

GEORGIE
It's a prop pistol. Fake.

Detective Li calls on his radio.

DETECTIVE LI
Can we get an ambulance here...?

INT. MANSION - LATER

The lights are on and Laura, Charise, and Abodi are in
handcuffs sitting in folding chairs.

A Policewoman guards them. Nan is in handcuffs across the room and sits in a comfortable chair while an EMT wraps up her foot. Tommy and Georgie comfort Nan.

Adam lays on a gurney and curses as an EMT wraps his shoulder.

ADAM

What the hell did you shoot me for?
The pistol is a prop for my goddamn
reality TV show!

The Detective wears latex gloves and bags the Adam's prop gun.

DETECTIVE LI

It was pitch dark and you pointed a
gun at me! There was never a TV
show, idiot!

(paces)

What am I gonna tell the Chief? I
was aiming for his heart!

Adam's eyes open wide.

Detective Li stands in the middle of the hallway like he's about to confidently solve the case.

Detective Li looks at the Policewoman.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

Keep your body cam on me at all
times.

She rolls her eyes in disgust while giving him a thumbs up and turning her body toward him.

Detective Li speaks loudly to her camera.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

For those of you who don't
recognize me yet, I'm Detective
Jimmy Li of the LAPD.

(to Georgie)

I've invited my friend, Georgie
Tuttle, a great character actor and
stuntman on Hollywood detective
series, to show him how real police
work is conducted.

(points to Nan)

Even if it means arresting his only
granddaughter, Ms. Nan Tuttle, as
the heist team's ringleader.

Nan gasps.

GEORGIE

What?

DETECTIVE LI

Riddled with guilt after the heist of treasured antiques and works of art recently inherited by Mr. Tommy Taylor-Hughes, Ms. Tuttle returned to the scene of the crime to confess to grand theft.

The Detective nods and smiles.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

The fact that she came back proved she wasn't just smart. It proved she was the ringleader!

Georgie and Nan look at each other in disbelief.

The Detective glares at Adam and Laura.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

According to Mr. Adam Mitchel and Ms. Laura Sanchez, your accomplices...

(glares at Nan)

It was you, Ms. Tuttle, who orchestrated the first meeting of the Antiques Heist Ring at the coffee shop where you finalized your evil plan!

Laura and Adam look away.

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

Immediately after the heist, and after he read you your rights, you confessed everything to Sergeant Kumar, and we have his body cam video to prove it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Nan sits in a police car and confesses to Sergeant Li.

NAN

... With two other failed actors, Adam Mitchel and Laura Sanchez.

(MORE)

NAN (CONT'D)

The "producer," Charise Fondre, and "director," Abodi Ikoya, said we were filming a reality TV show called "Antiques Road House"...

DETECTIVE LI (V.O.)

You not only provided the "who," you provided the "how."

NAN

In a white van, the most common color and type, and with a magnetic sign that read, "Antiques Road House."

DETECTIVE LI (V.O.)

And, under intense interrogation, she told us what happened next.

NAN

... ditched the SUV in a chop-shop and the van is in a garage.

END FLASHBACK

DETECTIVE LI

(points to Nan)

You spilled the beans about your entire plot! Details only the ringleader would know!

Georgie steps toward Detective Li to protest.

GEORGIE

No! Nan responded to a casting bulletin online - Nan showed it to me and you!

DETECTIVE LI

I wasn't buying the out-of-work actor BS for a minute.

NAN

What about the website for Antiques Road House?

DETECTIVE LI

What website? You were quick to delete that website at the same time you had the Frenchwoman transferred the useless fuzzy photographs of the stolen property to Mr. Tommy Taylor-Hughes.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

And that phony tracking software
that magically quit working one
mile away from the mansion!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION - DAY

DETECTIVE LI (V.O.)

But Sven smelled a rat!

Tommy and Sven stare at Tommy's iPad in horror and disbelief
as they scroll through dozens of fuzzy photos.

Tommy switches screens to the tracking software that stops
blinking after one mile.

Sven glares at Tommy with suspicion.

END FLASHBACK

Tommy looks sadly at Nan as Detective Li glares at the
Policewoman's body cam.

DETECTIVE LI

Sven had to be eliminated for Ms.
Tuttle to take the fall.

(to Nan)

And you almost got away with it.
Desperation breeds thieves and
murderers and it always has!

Detective Li points to Charise but speaks to Nan)

DETECTIVE LI (CONT'D)

But there was one big lie that
tripped you up, Ms. Tuttle. You
told us...

(in Nan's voice)

That "Charise and Abodi, or
whatever their names were, must
have had clean records too prior to
the heist."

(in his voice)

But that was wrong, wasn't it?
According to our facial recognition
software, she's Ms. Charmaine
Fondre from the south of France, an
international jewel thief.

Charise regains her French accent throughout.

CHARISE

(arrogant)

That's my infamous twin sister, Charmaine. I'm an out-of-work actor, Charise, like the rest of these losers, oui?

(bragging)

Although I did a few stunning TV commercials for pharmaceutical companies.

The Detective leans in close to Charise, flirting.

DETECTIVE LI

Really? Which ones? I've always been interested in doing commercials...

Charise speaks in her sexiest French accent.

CHARISE

For constipation...

Abodi pushes the Detective to the floor. He speaks like a gangbanger from east Los Angeles as he glares at Charise.

ABODI

I've had enough of your phony French accent, bitch.

Charise is shocked but loves it. Nan sees this.

ABODI (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

My name is Dion Stallworth, from East L.A., and I want out of this bullshit TV show, now!

(to Detective Li)

Charise hired me from a casting call!

(gazes at Charise softly)

She gave me a shot at stardom. I'm forever in her debt.

(to Detective Li)

Her sister is the real thief. I Googled her. I wanna hook up with that bitch. Charise ain't no thief.

Charise smiles at Abodi/Dion and they share a moment.

Detective Li pushes Abodi/Dion off him, stands, and yells.

DETECTIVE LI

You're all real thieves... and let me remind you of the right to remain silent.

ADAM

(bragging)

I'm the only one who decided to carry a fake pistol to stand out in the audition in case this TV series gets the green light!

Everyone stares at Adam with pity.

Laura hangs her head in shame.

LAURA

I... I... I don't think we'll get a green light.

Everyone turns to Laura.

Nan moves to the center of the room and the policewoman follows her with her body cam.

NAN

Laura, why don't you tell them?

Laura looks away.

NAN (CONT'D)

I'm betting that Laura's tablet computer and phone will tell the entire story.

Detective Li looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE LI

(laughs)

What story is that?

NAN

Laura's tablet computer will have the drafts of three casting bulletins she created to hire Charise, Dion, and the three of us. She hired Charise and Abodi separately more than a month ago.

Nan paces.

DETECTIVE LI

How do you know she hired them separately?

NAN

Because Abodi was surprised by Charise's phony American accent earlier tonight, and she was shocked when Abodi became Dion Stallwaorth from Skid Row minutes ago! I know out-of-work actors when I see them.

(looks around)

How many of you were Art History majors?

All the criminals raise their handcuffs, although Adam squeals in pain.

NAN (CONT'D)

Poor, out of work, and vulnerable, like me.

Charise and Abodi/Dion look away.

NAN (CONT'D)

Laura had Charise convinced that with a little start-up money and a proof of concept video, they could produce the Antiques Road House show under a new name in Hollywood, Atlanta, or Montreal.

Sergeant Kumar bursts through the door with a triumphant look. He smiles at Nan.

SERGEANT KUMAR

But they'd need someone to take the fall for this heist first.

The Sergeant strolls up to Nan and unlocks her handcuffs.

SERGEANT KUMAR (CONT'D)

Keep going, Nan. You're on a roll.

Georgie smiles at Nan.

NAN

They picked me to be the fall guy.

Laura, Charise, and Abodi/Dion look away. Adam and Detective Li are stumped.

SERGEANT KUMAR

(whispers to Nan)

You should have guessed they were using stage names.

Georgie hugs Nan.

GEORGIE
I'm proud of her, Nan thought of
everything else.

Nan looks sadly at Tommy.

NAN
Not quite everything.

Tommy smiles until he sees Nan's expression is deadly
serious.

NAN (CONT'D)
A couple of things bothered me.
(glares at Tommy)
Cuff him, Sergeant!

Everyone's eyes open widely.

SERGEANT KUMAR
You were 100% right, Ms. Tuttle!

Tommy looks worried as the Sergeant cuffs him.

Nan gets in Tommy's face.

NAN
Tough break, Tommy.

TOMMY
What's this about?

NAN
I told you that Laura was the real
Producer and Director of the
Antiques Road House show.

Charise and Abodi/Dion glare at Laura.

NAN (CONT'D)
(to Laura)
It was brilliant to recruit out-of-
work actors for a fake reality TV
show.

Laura ignores Nan but Detective Li glides over to guard her.

NAN (CONT'D)
(to Detective Li)
Why don't I call the phone number
on all three casting bulletins?

Laura eyes open wide as Nan dials.

Laura's phone rings in her back pocket as everyone glares at her.

NAN (CONT'D)

It will be the same number that gave the anonymous tip on Sven's pistol.

(glares at Tommy)

But you were the real mastermind and ringleader of the heist.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION - DAY

Laura roves around the mansion while Tommy distracts Nan with paintings.

NAN (V.O.)

Laura had free reign of the entire house with no one paying any attention to her. Sven was watching Adam and the precious antiques, and Tommy was distracting me with Grandpa's worthless art collection. When I saw the portrait of Grandpa and Grandma and Grandma's gaudy blue diamond necklace, I got a little suspicious. Why was Tommy flirting with me instead of sexy Charise?

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

NAN (V.O.)

Then, later, Gramps told me something that really made me think.

Nan and Tommy look worried.

NAN

We gotta get going, Gramps.

Tommy and Nan sprint toward his car.

GEORGIE

(yells)

Be careful. The biggest heists have been inside jobs.

Tommy and Nan drive by and wave to Georgie who looks worried.

END FLASHBACK

NAN

What motive would Tommy have to be involved in the heist? He inherits everything anyway.

Nan paces as Georgie and the Sergeant smile. The Policewoman follows Nan with her body cam.

NAN (CONT'D)

Ah ha! He could inherit everything twice! Once by fencing the goods, and once with an insurance payout.

Tommy's eyes open wide as Nan points to the painting with the blue diamond necklace.

NAN (CONT'D)

I roughly estimated the value of that blue diamond necklace to be \$1.2 to \$1.5 million. That's why everyone was so enthusiastic about finding the vault.

Nan glares at Tommy.

NAN (CONT'D)

Then I remembered from an Art History class that collectors often insure their art and jewelry for two to three times their current replacement costs. Their future value, adjusted for inflation. That's big money!

Glares at Laura.

NAN (CONT'D)

That's why you weren't afraid of a few sledgehammer holes in Tommy's walls. And I bet Charise, Dion, and Adam will turn state's evidence on you for blackmailing them into the sledgehammer routine or she would turn you in for the heist!

CHARISE

That's what she did!

ABODI

The bitch!

ADAM

I liked the sledgehammers. It was like a home improvement show. I promised Charise and Abodi that I'd stay in character of an antique appraiser turned bad guy, who was being blackmailed into smashing walls.

Everyone looks sadly at Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sorry about flattening your foot, Nan.

NAN

It's okay, Adam. You are to be commended for staying in character.

Nan glares at Laura.

NAN (CONT'D)

Laura, your boyfriend and accomplice wouldn't mind a few holes in the walls or paying the medical bills for us both.

Adam smiles as Tommy nods 'yes.'

Rex bursts in the door and yells at Tommy.

REX

Don't say another word.

Everyone ignores Rex as Sergeant Kumar handcuffs Tommy.

SERGEANT KUMAR

That's leaves the murder of Sven Gunderson.

NAN

I'm guessing it was Tommy who called Sven to the Mansion, and Laura who helped park Tommy's car by the police station to give him an alibi.

Laura screams and charges Tommy and tackles him.

LAURA

You said it was a foolproof plan!

TOMMY

I didn't shoot Sven.

SERGEANT KUMAR

That's right. No bullet holes in his body. But confided in me the day of the heist that you had the combination to your Grandpa's safe all along!

NAN

That's why I thought it was odd to have Laura ditch Sven's pistol in the garage parking lot. Laura planted the pistol for Tommy to confuse the cops and the timeline. And Tommy, from the very start, befriended me, the amateur sleuth, to keep proving he was innocent. Tommy set us all up!

Nan speaks softly and sadly into the Policewoman's body-cam.

NAN (CONT'D)

Love might be blind and deaf but it's not dumb.

(to Detective Li)

I'll bet Tommy's burner phone has dozens of calls to Laura's burner phone.

Georgie moves to hug Nan as Laura fights Tommy harder.

LAURA

You set me up to take the fall for murder!

The Detective pulls Tommy and Laura up and apart.

REX

Tommy, do not speak!

TOMMY

(coldly)

The lights were out in the mansion. He fell down the stairs to the basement and hit his head.

REX

I doubt that very much. And so will your jury! That's it, Tommy! Find a new lawyer.

As Rex storms out, Tommy yells at everyone.

TOMMY

I'll get the best lawyer around and be out in five years, richer than all of you.

DETECTIVE LI

What part of the right to remain silent don't these idiots understand?

Nan strolls over to Tommy.

NAN

Gramps was right about one more thing: the dramatic getaway! I suggested that Sergeant Kumar get a search warrant for your yacht at the marina. They recovered a certain blue diamond necklace. There will be no dramatic getaway tonight for you two.

Nan slaps Laura in the face, and and knees Tommy in the crotch.

DETECTIVE LI

That's a conspiracy to commit murder and insurance fraud. Book 'em, Sergeant... but give me the credit.

GEORGIE

Isn't there a reward for my granddaughter cracking a big insurance fraud case?

Sergeant Li pulls out two evidence bags, one containing the blue diamond necklace and one an insurance claim form.

SERGEANT KUMAR

Tommy submitted the claim forms yesterday. So, yes, typically ten percent of the insurance claim.

TOMMY

(angry)

Forget the necklace, where's my grandpa's notebook?

SERGEANT KUMAR

We failed to find a notebook.

Tommy's eyes open wide as he glares at the Sergeant.

Nan laughs and hugs the Sergeant and then Georgie.

NAN
(smiles)
It would be awful if that fell into
the wrong hands, Tommy.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

SUPER: "Six Months Later."

Georgie, Nan, and many residents sit in the game room with a big TV set as they watch a new reality TV show. Nan's backpack is at her feet.

We HEAR a TV announcer:

TV ANNOUNCER
Welcome to another episode of
"Antiques Road House" starring
Charise Fondre, Dion Stallworth,
and Adam Mitchel, and Produced and
Directed by Nan Tuttle.

The crowd cheers madly.

MRS. LEFCOVITZ
(yells)
Georgie, turn it up! I can't hear a
damn thing!

We SEE that Nan's open backpack contains a small black notebook open to a page revealing account numbers and passwords.

FADE OUT.

THE END