

ACTION SEQUINS

Pilot Episode
Written By
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TEASER/ACT ONE

NOTE: This script is a big, sloppy, wet kiss to Michael Mann in 1986. When in doubt, close your eyes and think of neon, sax, synths, Italian cars, clothes, and furniture... and profound emotions expressed in music video-like montages over the music of Phil Collins and Glenn Frey. If you don't know who these people are - and what they were doing in 1986 - go find someone over 40 and hand them this script, because there's **fuck all** I can do for you.

SMASH IN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER

All LIT UP in a clear and cloudless night...

TITLE OVER PICTURE: LAS VEGAS

As Elmer Bernstein's "Theme from *The Man With The Golden Arm*" (as remixed by Mark Ronson with Bruno Mars) BLASTS...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL THE PARIS (LAS VEGAS) HOTEL

In the middle of The Strip... and the REVEAL takes us into:

THE OBLIGATORY SWINGIN' VEGAS MONTAGE

The Strip! - Neon! - Cards! - Roulettes! - Martinis! - Chips!
- Sideboob-baring WAITRESSES and SHOWGIRLS!

Yeah, yeah... you've seen it before... but for some reason - maybe it's our baller taste in music... or the ass-kickin' shot selection...

(or the fact that we are only on page one and you still desperately want this to be good)

But something about what we are doing here feels fuckin' fresh - like you've never seen bling-and-glam like this on television before, especially the BIG FINISH to:

EXT. BABYLONIAN RESORT AND CASINO - NIGHT

Indigo walls. Lion mosaics. Ivory friezes. Hanging gardens. Enough Gold to make Steve Wynn look like Oliver Cromwell.

AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE

Twin statues of Nebuchadnezzar and Queen Amity of Media. Not unsurprisingly, she looks more like Kim Kardashian than a close reading of Persian history might indicate.

INT. BABYLONIAN RESORT - CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The vast pleasure dome spreads so far into the distance that you can practically see the curvature of the Earth... and at the center of the opulence?

A LAMBORGHINI URUS SUV

Atop many SLOT MACHINES. A large, yet tasteful sign reads:

DRIVE A LAMBORGHINI OUT OF BABYLON

But it's not the temptations of sin we're watching right now:

BUT THE TWO THICK-NECKED MEN IN BLACK SUITS

Flanking a UNIFORMED GUARD carrying a large lucite box full of GOLD AND PLATINUM CHIPS out into the casino through an ornate threshold labeled HIGH LIMIT POKER.

The two Thick-Necks gently nudge past many MEN WHO DRESS LIKE PITBULL and their DATES WHO LOOK AND DRESS LIKE GIGI HADID...

As they shepherd their cargo down the Casino's gilded midway:

A MAN IN A BLACK ZHONGSHAN SUIT AND A MIRROR-VISOR HELMET

Appears in the crowd... looking like a cross between Chairman Mao and Darth Vader - and he's there just enough for us to notice and suspect - working his way around the labyrinth of slot machines and video poker...

Until he LEAPS before the Thick-Necks and the Guards...

AND DRAWS A MINI-UZI 9MM SUBMACHINE PISTOL!

And before the Thick-Necks even know they're in a fight:

RATATATATAT-TATATATATAT!

(yes, his gun has the EXACT same rhythm as the synth-blast that opens Jan Hammer's original *Miami Vice* theme)

Bullets SPLASH across the casino's ornate Mesopotami-chic ceiling, BLASTING chandeliers, sconces, statuary and surveillance camera domes alike!

THE GUARDS HIT THE DECK

SCREAMS overtake the music and gambling noise as...

THE PITBULLS AND GIGIS PANIC

Drinks FLY. Mountains of chips FALL. Women in heels and men in suits STUMBLE and FALL!

HELMET-HEAD PISTOL-WHIPS THE UNIFORMED GUARD

Then GRABS the lockbox and RUNS...

BUT NOT BEFORE TOSSING A TEAR GAS GRENADE

Which rapidly BILLOWS into a curtain of vomitous smoke!

Helmet-head VANISHES through the scrum of COUGHING-AND - WEEPING Pitbulls and Gigis and into the WALL of smoke...

EXT. BABYLONIAN RESORT AND CASINO - ENTRANCE

Helmet-Head BURSTS out in a plume of smoke that makes him look like a Saturn V rocket - swinging the lucite box in one hand, and his weapon in the other:

RATATATATATATATATAT!

And as EVERYONE within line of sight PANICS...

HELMET-HEAD JUMPS ONTO A WAITING SUZUKI HAYABUSA MOTORCYCLE

And as he ROARS the engine and VANISHES into the night...

FREEZE FRAME

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
It's not the same guy.

As a hand REACHES INTO SCREEN and points to the motorcycle:

WIDER TO REVEAL

A woman in a suit accented with sequins - her focused and intense features bathed in the azure light from a monitor:

THIS IS BARBARA SEQUINS (50), PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Look, I could describe her 'til the cows come home, but, frankly, I want to hear how she's gonna crack this, so all you need to know is she's one of the eponymous series leads: so she's awesome, competent, supersmart, played by Sandra Bullock, and always wears sequins. Yes. Always.

SEQUINS
They pulled a Hayley Mills.
(off the looks)
Lindsey Lohan? *The Parent Trap*?
(MORE)

SEQUINS (CONT'D)
 (off the looks)
 Guys. Try to keep up. The guy on
 the motorcycle wasn't the guy who
 robbed the security crew.

INT. BABYLONIAN - CROW'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

Imagine mission control at NASA - tiered rows of station,
 every one of them manned by SECURITY PERSONNEL.

Next to Barbara stands SHELDON YEN, 55, owner of the
 Babylonian: an Asian Tony Curtis at his silver foxiest.

Yen always wears a tuxedo, and not a plain black one, either.
 Today, Yen wears the dark plaid tux worn by Fredo in the Lake
 Tahoe party sequence of *Godfather Part II*.

Flanking Yen are Barbara's partner in Private Investigations,
 BOB PEPPER - who's played by Robert Forster at his nubbiest
 and sad-sackest, like when he did *Jackie Brown* in 1997 - and
 Yen's Head of Security, LANCE DEMONACO, early 30s, reeks
 Silicon Valley boy genius attitude.

A TECH runs the touch-screen video security display:

DEMONACO
 (to Yen)
 Clark County PD found the bike and
 helmet abandoned in the desert, why
 are we going back over this - ?

But Sequins knows the case and she's working it:

SEQUINS
 (to the tech)
 Go back to the video of the snatch
 and grab - look -

THE SCREEN SPLITS

TO SHOW SURVEILLANCE VIDEO OF HELMET-HEAD GRABBING THE CHIPS

And...

SURVEILLANCE VIDEO OF HELMET HEAD ESCAPING

SEQUINS (CONT'D)
 Look at him picking up the box -
 thing's thirty five pounds - but in
 the outside video he's swinging it
 like it's five or ten pounds top -
 now, look at the helmet...

ON THE SCREENS: ZERO IN ON THE HELMETS AND FREEZE

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

The guy who took the box is wearing a Stilo ST5-GT Zero - you can tell from the carbon fiber accent and the shape of the visor... custom made in Italy, costs about five large... the guy outside is wearing an off the shelf Bell model, prolly got it at Dick's sporting goods.

END SPLITS - RESUME ON THE CROW'S NEST

DeMonaco shoots Yen look. Bob Pepper intercepts:

PEPPER
Yeah. She's that good.

YEN
So now I'm looking for two motherfuckers in Mao-Tse Tung suits and black helmets?

Yes, we use profanity, but it's **BLEEPED** for the network.

DEMONACO
Mister Yen. We have hundreds of trained security personnel here -

YEN
And now we have her too. She cracks this, you can brag that it was your idea to bring in a new set of eyes.

DEMONACO
Boss. We have cameras on these guys, we would have seen them switch the chip boxes - even through the smoke - we have heat-signature algorithms on our -

SEQUINS
Boys. You want me to go? The cards are hot. I'll hit the tables.

Yen motions for Sequins to continue. Sequins REACHES FOR THE TOUCHSCREEN... her fingers dance...

A SPLIT SCREEN OPENS TO SHOW HELMET-HEAD, OPENING FIRE:

SEQUINS (CONT'D)
So you have heat sensors and cameras... must be why he strafed the ceiling.

Sequins and Pepper exchange looks: of course. Sequins touches the screen again...

PEPPER

He wasn't just intimidating your guys...

DEMONACO

He was taking out my sensors.

SEQUINS

All the way to the switch.

SPLIT: A CGI BLUEPRINT OF THE CASINO'S SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT

A line of RED DOTS makes a path matching that of Helmet-Head as he runs into the smoke!

DEMONACO

That makes no sense. This place went on lockdown the moment the robbery took place - we'd have caught him trying to get out.

SEQUINS

He never left.

Sequins' deduction takes a moment to land, then:

YEN

I only just got the place reopened and got all the puke and shit and cosmopolitans off the rug and you're telling me that rat bastard's on my fuckin' floor fuckin' gambling?

SEQUINS

And drinking your free booze.

YEN (CONT'D)

Son of a nutsack!

PEPPER

(off DeMonaco's look)

That's how he's fencing the chips.

Everyone looks at everyone else... robbing a casino and gambling in it with the stolen chips? Now that takes balls.

SEQUINS

You got Clark County PD looking for anyone trying to trade high-value chips at all the cages that have reciprocity with the Babylonian...

PEPPER

Easier to gamble the chips right here. Cash out gradually.

As Sequins makes the following speech, DeMonaco nods to his personnel - who nod back and diligently go to work on their keyboards and phones - taking her orders to the letter...

SEQUINS

Call up the surveillance for all the high stakes salons - find out who was there both before and after the robbery - the perp most likely checked in days ago and has been gambling here regularly - wants you to think he's a whale - then cross reference with your guest list...

ANOTHER SERIES OF SPLIT SCREENS OPENS

ILLUSTRATING Sequins' words... showing:

SPLIT: SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF THE HIGH STAKES ROOMS

With digital FACIAL RECOGNITION CIRCLES appearing over the gamblers, finding their names... and then:

ANOTHER SPLIT SCREEN: A HOTEL GUEST LIST

Scrolling with names - the names of the gamblers turning red.

YET ANOTHER SPLIT: SURVEILLANCE OF A HOUSEKEEPING WORKER

Entering a room... opening a closet...

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Send maintenance, not security to search the rooms - you don't want the suspect twigging to this...

THE SPLITS CLOSE IN RHYTHM

LEAVING ONLY TWO OPEN - A CLOSE UP ON BARBARA AND:

INT. BABYLONIAN - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

As a HOUSEKEEPER steps out of a room to her cart, picks up her walkie-talkie and speaks in hushed tones... she holds a Stilo GT-5 in her hand!

SEQUINS

But my guess is you're going to find a Stilo GT5 helmet in one of their rooms.

And as Sequins speaks, the housekeeper's lips echo the words "Stilo GT5 helmet"...

CUT TO

INT. BABYLONIAN - CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

A PHALANX of SECURITY GUARDS erupts from an indigo blue door into the floor of the casino...

POWER ZOOM ALL THE WAY THRU THE CASINO TO

INT. BABYLONIAN - HIGH STAKES POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STOPPING at Helmet-Head! Sitting at a table. Of course, he is not wearing either a Mao suit or a black helmet.

In fact, he's an attractive man in his late 20s with a shaved head and a cream-colored suit. Kinda like Pitbull.

Helmet-Head hears the SQUAWK of a walkie-talkie just outside of the entrance.

HE'S A PRO - HE DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER HINT

Helmet-Head stands, cool as a cucumber, folds his cards, picks up his chips... takes a drink from his mojito...

AND GLIDES AWAY

Slipping quietly between two curtains...

INT. BABYLONIAN - CASINO - OUTSIDE THE SALON - CONTINUOUS

Helmet-Head greases out from behind the curtains. He's about to BLEND into the crowd when SEQUINS' HAND reaches for him.

SEQUINS

Easy, tiger.

Helmet-Head looks up to see Sequins, then Pepper, stepping up and drawing back his nubby jacket to reveal that he's strapped.

PEPPER

It doesn't have to get ugly.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

- er.

Helmet-Head looks at the two of them, a defeated grin forming on his face, he then looks down...

AND STRIKES PEPPER ACROSS THE THROAT

Pepper FOLDS like a bad hand of cards - letting out a GRUNT of excruciating pain!

HELMET-HEAD GRABS PEPPER'S GUN AND KICKS HIM INTO SEQUINS

And TEARS ASS into the casino before Sequins can recover!

PITBULL'S "DON'T STOP THE PARTY" BLARES ON THE SOUNDTRACK

As...

A PLATOON OF SECURITY MEN

Move in to intercept Helmet-Head!

HELMET HEAD AIMS AND FIRES PEPPER'S GUN

A security guard GOES DOWN! And as the Pitbulls and Gigi's go INSANE WITH PANIC... again.

SEQUINS GETS TO HER FEET

Sitting a COUGHING AND WHEEZING Pepper up:

PEPPER
I'll be fine - go! Go!

SWISH PAN TO FIND**HELMET HEAD - RUNNING ACROSS THE CASINO FLOOR**

And VAULTING onto the platform with the Lamborghini Urus! It takes him about a second to get in the driver's seat...

AND THE ROOM FILLS WITH THE ROAR OF AN ITALIAN TWIN TURBO V-8

Because we weren't going to put a Lamborghini in the casino and then NOT rampage the place - amirite?

It's Chekhov, baby.

SEQUINS RACES ACROSS THE CASINO FLOOR

Leaping over SLOT MACHINES and PAI-GOW tables - fearlessly barreling straight toward...

THE URUS - AS IT SCREECHES! OFF THE PLATFORM

FLYING OVER A BANK OF SLOTS and LANDING on the casino floor with an apocalyptic CRASH!

HELMET-HEAD SHIFTS THE CAR IN GEAR AND GUNS IT!

CUTTING A SWATH through card tables as it heads right for:

SEQUINS!

Unstoppable force on a crash course with immoveable object!

THE URUS GETS CLOSER... CLOSER

Sergio Leone time: Sequins-Urus-Sequins-Urus-Sequins-Urus!

SEQUINS SEAMLESSLY GRABS A CARD SHOE

From a Blackjack table...

AND LONG BOMBS IT AT THE URUS'S WINDSHIELD

SHATTERING IT!

HELMET-HEAD LOSES CONTROL

SWERVING away from Sequins...

AND CRASHING INTO A VIRTUAL REALITY ROULETTE STATION!

The air-bags DEPLOY. Helmet-Head PASSES OUT. The pretty ASIAN CROUPIER in the virtual reality roulette keeps talking through shattered LCD!

ARMED SECURITY SWARMS THE SCENE

Guns out... as Sequins gets up from the ground and looks at the conflagration...

AS SECURITY DRAGS HELMET-HEAD OUT AND ZIP TIES HIM

Pepper steps up to Sequins, offering her a hand...

PEPPER (CONT'D)
You just stopped a Lamborghini...
with a card shoe.

As she smiles...

SEQUINS
Pep. This deck is cut.

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES

ACTION SEQUINS

SMASH BACK IN

TO A GROUP OF JUMP-SUITED WORKPEOPLE

WHEELING the Urus out of frame to REVEAL Sequins, shaking hands with Yen and DeMonaco. DeMonaco then hands her an envelope and shakes her hand, no hard feelings here.

WIDER TO REVEAL

That CREWS OF WORKERS have already put back together...

INT. BABYLONIAN - CASINO - NIGHT

The Gigis and Pitbulls return to party. Sequins sees:

PEPPER, SITTING DEJECTEDLY BY A SLOT MACHINE

Nursing a bourbon... and holding an ice pack to his neck.

SEQUINS
(holds up the envelope)
Whole lotta gratitude in here.

Sequins tries to hand it over, but Pepper shakes his head:

PEPPER
Not this time, Sequins.

SEQUINS
Excuse me?

PEPPER (CONT'D)

Men who get suckered and lose
their piece don't get paid.

She looks at his face, all middle-aged regret, self recrimination, and earnest, wounded masculinity.

SEQUINS
Pep.

He looks up, a warrior who knows if he steps back in, he won't just be taking himself, but also people he loves:

PEPPER
You saw it. Time's up. Once is an
omen. Twice is a death sentence.

SEQUINS
So that's it?

PEPPER (CONT'D)

It's time.

SEQUINS
No. Come on.
(trying to find a way out)
So you lost a step.

PEPPER

Or ten.

SEQUINS

And you're just gonna hang it up?

PEPPER

Ukiah.

(off her look)

Laurene's been calling me. She bought a goat farm in Ukiah.

Just in case, here's a reminder: the profanity is **BLEEPED**.

SEQUINS

Laurene. The Laurene?

(off his nod)

Bitchface? Thundercunt? Laurene.

PEPPER

You don't gotta be nasty.

SEQUINS

Those are your words. Wanna hear mine? The woman cheated on you -

PEPPER

I know -

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Three times - with that Federal Marshal, and with the bodybuilding champion, and that guy who did online videos of his massive -

PEPPER

I'm giving her another chance.

Their eyes meet, he means it, even if she's not buying.

SEQUINS

You could do so much better, Pep.

And this is the moment when both of them realize what he is really talking about: Pepper's clearly in love with Sequins, but she just can't go there. And it sucks.

PEPPER

I see no takers, Sequins, do you?

She knows she can't give him what she wants, so she tries to stuff the envelope in his jacket pocket. He stays her hand.

SEQUINS

Half of this is yours. So's half
the shingle.

PEPPER

That's what I wanted to talk about -

SEQUINS

It's called "The Pepper Sequins
Detective Agency" - I'm not
changing the name just 'cause you
decided to become a goatherd.

PEPPER

I'm not gonna herd the goats, it's
a very professional operation -

SEQUINS

You gotta be kidding me.

PEPPER

Her goats won the World Series of
Cheese last year.

(off Sequins' look)

I think I have an idea about who
might take over for -

She finds another jacket pocket to put the envelope in. He's
done fighting for now.

SEQUINS

You suggesting you can be replaced?
Really? You come to work tomorrow.

(walking away)

What's it gonna be, the "Sequins
Detective Agency?" I don't like it.

PEPPER

Hey, Sequins?

(as she looks back)

"This deck is cut?" Makes no sense.

SEQUINS

That's why you can't leave me.

INT. BABYLONIAN - UNDERGROUND VIP PARKING - NIGHT

A VALET drives a bright yellow 1994 Ferrari Testarossa 512TR,
steps out, and takes a handsome tip from Sequins...

... and as she PEELS up the ramp to The Strip.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Sequins CRUISES... the shimmering mecca of debauchery REFLECTS off the windshield of her Ferrari... until she SHIFTS gear, overtakes the frame and turns into a YELLOW BLUR receding in the distance...

INT. BABYLONIAN - CASINO - NIGHT

Pepper sits where Sequins left him, sullenly draining another bourbon, one of a growing island of empties by his side.

MELANCHOLY DISSOLVE TO**A VIEW OF THE STRIP - A MIGHTY GLOW IN THE DISTANCE**

Sequins' Testarossa - flip-ups BLAZING - ROARS toward...

EXT. A QUONSET HUT IN THE DESERT - NIGHT

The Testarossa barrels right for the slab-side of the hut. A GARAGE DOOR opens, allowing Sequins to DRIVE RIGHT IN.

INT. QUONSET HUT - CONTINUOUS

The Ferrari pulls into what appears to be the most fastidiously maintained garage space this side of Jay Leno.

Red tool cabinets on wheels, impeccably clean industrial shelves, all nicely arrayed with the highest end gear...

But as Sequins steps out and the vehicle ROTATES on its automatic lazy Susan parking deck...

REVEAL SEQUINS' OFFICE

As she walks in across the open floor plan... like two sets living next to each other in a giant soundstage!

The office features three old-timey desks with bankers lamps, brown molding over a green back wall, a 75' flat screen with the words PEPPER SEQUINS DETECTIVE AGENCY, a gun safe...

And a Broadway Danny Rose-style door; the name of the agency seen backwards in gold letters through the marbled glass.

Sequins heads for the door... which she opens to...

REVEAL SEQUINS' HOME/MUSEUM OF MAGIC!

That's right, there's even more to Barbara Sequins's huge home/office/garage than meets the eye... the entire second half of this cavernous quonset hut is a combination LIVING SPACE/MUSEUM OF MEMORABILIA!

Right outside of the *Broadway Danny Rose* door is an open kitchen - beyond which can be seen many massive props... a Zeppelin hangs from the unimaginably tall ceiling alongside a slightly smaller-than-life helicopter...

Among the many displays: a cabinet criss-crossed with swords, a guillotine, an escape artist's water tank... a person-sized rotating target with daggers embedded in the outline of a magician's assistant!

And hanging by the kitchen wall, REVEALED as Sequins opens a bottle from a well-stocked wine fridge and pours herself a generous helping of Chardonnay...

A STORY-HIGH POSTER

Featuring a younger Sequins... in full magician's assistant get up - all of it sequined - next to:

**RENE THE REMARKABLE AND BARBARA SEQUINS - DAZZLING NIGHTLY AT
THE BABYLONIAN RESORT AND CASINO**

Sequins lifts her glass to the poster...

SEQUINS
Fooled 'em again, Rene.

MELANCHOLY DISSOLVE TO

INT. BOB PEPPER'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Pepper enters. Moving boxes with a distinctive logo and the legend "WEHAWKIN MOVERS" crowd the place.

Pepper looks out to The Strip - a circulatory system of light made even more impressive by the golden hue of the rising sun - a paradise just out of reach.

Pepper sits on a box and reaches for his saxophone, which he glides effortlessly to his lips to flawlessly blow the opening sax solo from "You Belong to the City".

But as he plays, we notice something across his window...

A REFLECTION OF A MAN

STANDING behind him - deathly still. Pepper plays through to the emotional climax - has he seen the figure? Is the figure even there? Seriously, Pepper, this shit might be dangerous!

PEPPER SPINS AND FLINGS THE SAXOPHONE

At his unwanted visitor!

THE INTRUDER DUCKS THE FLYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Taking a knee as Pepper's saxophone hits the wall behind him with an echoing, discordant KLANG!

And as the sax disintegrates into a HAIL OF BRASS, the Intruder seamlessly draws a silenced weapon:

SWHOOMP! A ROUND HITS PEPPER IN THE NECK

He STAGGERS... one hand rising to the blood, the other reaching for his weapon: a gunfighter who will not give up.

But before Pepper can give as good as he got...

THE INTRUDER ADVANCES ON HIM LIKE AN OIL SLICK!

Pepper lifts his gun... the Intruder SWEEPS his legs...

PEPPER FALLS - GUN STILL IN HAND

And as the Intruder CRUNCHES down on Pepper's wrist with agonizing cruelty, forcing him to release the weapon.

THE INTRUDER'S FACE COMES INTO LIGHT

Dark, angry eyes, a mere slit of a mouth, huge, black-gloved hands clutching a gun the size of Reno.

THE INTRUDER

You wanted to meet me.

In a while, we will know this sadistic son of a bitch as:

PEPPER

Kulchesky.

KULCHESKY RAISES HIS GUN

KULCHESKY

Now we've met.

SCHWOOMP! A PUFF OF SMOKE FROM THE SILENCED BARREL!

Pepper's hand GOES LIMP... and as Kulchesky puts his gun back into his back coat and turns to VANISH into the darkness...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER/ACT ONE

ACT TWO**IN A MONTAGE - AS THE SUN RISES HIGH OVER THE STRIP**

The HOTEL RESORT POOLS fill with girls who look like Gigi Hadid and men who look like Pitbull... WAITRESSES walk trays of martinis in stilettos and string bikinis... but as the sun shines off the azure walls of the Babylonian... the montage takes a sad turn, SETTLING ON:

EXT. SEQUINS' FERRARI TESTAROSSA - DAY

Wearing Bulgari BV5032TK aviator-style sunglasses to cover her tears, Sequins drives hard and fast to:

EXT. PEPPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Sequins Tokyo-drifts her Ferrari into a spot and is out before the engine's finished firing, BARRELING toward...

A LINE OF COP CARS AND A CORONER VAN

Sequins grabs the first UNIFORM she can find:

SEQUINS

Where is he?

UNIFORM

Next of kin?

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

You do not want me telling you who I am! Where's Bob Pepper?

(off his hesitation)

Where is he?

CUT TO

BOB PEPPER'S BLOOD-STAINED AND PALE FACE

Obscured by an UP-ZIPPING body bag at...

INT. BOB PEPPER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Two CORONERS prepare the body for transport. UNIFORMS, and CSUs go about their business, and leading the charge?

DETECTIVE AARON GINSBURG

(30s, Latino, jet black hair, jet black suit with a jet black silk tee underneath, jet black Ray-Ban Wayfarers, Jet black pornstache - Al Pacino in *Heat*... if he'd been a Mexican Jew)

Ginsburg enters the room from Bob's bedroom and hears:

SEQUINS (O.S.)

That man was my partner for ten years, you pudknockers don't get the hell out of my way right now -

Ginsburg STRIDES to the door - dodging WEHAWKIN MOVING boxes - and spots Sequins - SHOUTING at two UNIFORMS.

GINSBURG

(dismisses the unis:)

Sorry for your loss, Barbie Doll. You know my heart's fucking bleeding. But I can't let you in.

Sequins tries again. Ginsburg shakes his head. She lifts her head: Bulgaris meeting his Ray-Bans.

SEQUINS

Goddamnit, Ginsburg.

Ginsburg knows she's in pain, but he also knows there's a job to be done here, and that she's going to understand that:

GINSBURG

I know. I know. But you know too.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Then you know I gotta -

GINSBURG

Yeah, but so do we. And you know if I let you in here, it's my ass, and yours, and how's that lead to righteous payback?

SEQUINS

You got any leads?

GINSBURG

Please. You know how it works. We just got here too.

Sequins looks up at the body bag...

THE CORONERS LOOK AT GINSBURG

Unsure what to do next. Ginsburg holds up his palm:

SEQUINS

I saw shots to the head and neck. Looks like 9mm hollow-points.

GINSBURG

You wanna hear this?

(off her nod)

No witnesses.

(MORE)

GINSBURG (CONT'D)

Call came in around nine,
maintenance noticed the open door.
Otherwise it might have been days.
Now you know as much as I know...
you got anything you need to tell
me? Known enemies, all that jazz?
(off her head shake)
You wanna go ahead and let us take
care of him?

SEQUINS

The moment you know anything -

Ginsburg removes his Ray-Bans, showing his own red and tear-stained eyes. Sequins keeps her on:

GINSBURG

I know you know what he meant to
me.

SEQUINS

Yeah. I know.

Ginsburg holds out his hand - she shakes it in that way that Don Draper could make a handshake feel like a universe:

GINSBURG

Then you know. I know anything.
I'll call you. Do me the same.

EXT. BOB PEPPER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Coroners WHEEL Bob out of the building as Sequins watches, then turns and walks to the REAR OF THE BUILDING...

And COLLAPSES against the wall, finally removing the Bulgaris to wipe her tears... and as she looks up and cries...

TILT UP TO THE DESERT SUN THEN:

TILT DOWN TO TRANSITION TO ANOTHER DESERT

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN IRAQ - 1990 - DAY

A FIELD OF AMERICAN OLIVE DRAB TENTS serves as the backdrop where the concrete jungle of Las Vegas once stood...

As an appropriately minor key remix of Phil Collins' "Another Day In Paradise" (imagine the ubiquitous cover of "Mad World" from *Donnie Darko* - and yes, Phil Collins: it was one of the top ten songs of 1990 during Desert Storm) plays as...

A TAN HUMMER WITH A MILITARY POLICE CHEVRON

SCREAMS into frame... a much younger Sequins steps out the passenger side, dressed in MP livery... around comes a much younger Pepper, also an MP, as they HIGH FIVE and walk off...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN IRAQ - FIRING RANGE - 1990 - DAY

Sequins lies on the ground, firing an M-60 machine gun at a SERIES OF HUMAN-SHAPED TARGETS... Pepper squats by her, instructing her... Sequins nods, then FIRES again...

BLOWING ALL THE HEADS OFF THE TARGETS

And as Pepper nods approvingly, and Sequins SMILES...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN IRAQ - FIRING RANGE - 1990 - DAY

Sequins sits blindfolded in front of her now disassembled machine gun, expertly assembling it as Pepper looks at a stopwatch and SHOUTS at her... she finishes, puts it down, takes off the blindfold, and puts her hand on his mouth.

Pepper hits the stopwatch, and as he gives her a thumbs up:

FREEZE FRAME ON THE TWO FRIENDS**DISSOLVE BACK TO SEQUINS**

As the Phil Collins cover STOPS abruptly... cut off by:

THE SCREAM OF A VICTORY VEGAS 8-BALL MOTORCYCLE!

Sequins SHOTS TO HER FEET to see the bike and its driver, BLASTING out from a dumpster close to her... the DRIVER wears a blacked-out helmet and leathers:

COULD IT BE SOMEONE FROM THE CASE SHE SOLVED IN THE TEASER?

She RUSHES over to where the motorcycle was... and sees...

A WEHAWKIN MOVERS BOX

Discarded by the dumpster - that's not a coincidence.

Sequins looks up to see the motorcycle - zipping away - and puts her Bulgaris back on, her expression hardening:

IN A SEQUENCE OF SMASH CUTS**SEQUINS SLAMS THE DOOR TO HER FERRARI - TURNS THE KEY - HITS THE CLUTCH - SLAMS THE CAR IN GEAR**

And as the Testarossa's exhaust literally SPEWS FIRE:

EXT. LAS VEGAS HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Victory 8-Ball ZIPS between cars. The driver, face unseen behind the black visor, stays close to the yoke, until...

THE NEIGH OF TWELVE ITALIAN STALLIONS FILLS THE AIR

The Biker turns to see:

SEQUINS' FERRARI - GAINING!

The Biker TORQUES the throttle.

INT. SEQUINS' FERRARI TESTAROSSA - CONTINUOUS

Sequins (now inexplicably wearing driving gloves) expertly dodges, passes, and weaves. She is going to get her man!

EXT. LAS VEGAS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Biker SPEEDS UP... but let's face it: an American cycle may out-corner an Italian race car, but a Maranello flat 12 dominates the straightaway...

And Sequins just DODGED her way into a straight line:

SEQUINS STOMPS ON THE GAS - VROOOOOOM!

The Ferrari CHEWS BLACKTOP even as:

THE BIKER SWERVES INSANELY

Between cars and lanes, trying to make an escape...

INT. SEQUINS' FERRARI TESTAROSSA - CONTINUOUS

Sequins WHITE-KNUCKLES as the absolutely LUDICROUS ACCELERATION of her prancing steed GLUES HER TO HER SEAT!

EXT. LAS VEGAS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Biker JERKS out onto a lane from the space between...

ONLY TO FIND HERSELF LEG TO DOOR WITH SEQUINS!

Who DECELERATES just enough to LOCK EYES WITH THE BIKER.

THE BIKER

MATCHES HER GAZE: inscrutable behind the blacked-out visor.

AND IT'S A JOHN WOO MOMENT IF THERE EVER WAS ONE

The cold stare behind the Bulgaris make it clear: if the Biker had anything to do with Pepper's death, shit's going down like the Costa Motherfuckin' Concordia.

AND THAT'S WHEN THE BIKER LURCHES INTO A VIOLENT TURN

In front of the car closest to the median, cutting it off...

TO FLY OVER THE BREAK IN THE MEDIAN TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE!

And making a dangerously violent U-turn that - at this speed - has her out of reach before Sequins can turn her head!

THE BIKER VANISHES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION

As the Ferrari OVERSHOOTS at a hundred and fifteen MPH!

INT. SEQUINS' FERRARI TESTAROSSA - CONTINUOUS

But is Sequins fazed by any of this... nope... she smiles.

INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

The garage door opens to admit the Testarossa - and a BROAD BEAM OF DESERT SUNLIGHT that reaches across the garage...

ALL THE WAY TO THE PEPPER/SEQUINS OFFICE

And into the limpid eyes of a YOUNG MAN WITH MASSIVE BICEPS, short blond hair, black tank top, and very tight jeans - seated behind one of the three desks, working a computer while answering a call on a headset...

THIS IS SEQUINS' RECEPTIONIST, "TRAGIC" MIKE LUNDQUIST (25)

TRAGIC MIKE
Pepper/Sequins Private
Investigations, Mike speaking...
(feels the sun)
Can I call you back? Thank you.

Tragic Mike HANGS UP, tears off the headset and RUSHES to meet Sequins... who removes a little box from the forward section of the dash of her Ferrari and brings it over.

Judging by his distraught expression as he gathers Sequins into an awkward hug, Tragic Mike has heard the bad news:

TRAGIC MIKE (CONT'D)
I came soon as I - I'm so sorry -

SEQUINS

Mike. What are you doing?

Tragic Mike unhands her, steps back, and wipes his eyes.

TRAGIC MIKE

Well... I'm... crying.

SEQUINS

Shut it down.

TRAGIC MIKE (CONT'D)

But... I'm sad.

SEQUINS

Mike. Mike.

(takes off her Bulgaris)

You see me crying?

TRAGIC MIKE

No.

(off her intensity)

Is that because you cried already?

Sequins hands over the box, closes his fingers around it:

SEQUINS

No. We don't cry. We get the son of a bitch who did this. Then we get payback. Then we cry. You got that?

TRAGIC MIKE

Dashboard cam?

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

(a nod, then)

Get a freeze frame on the plate of the motorcycle and have someone run the plate... I need to know who was driving that bike and I need to know yesterday.

TRAGIC MIKE

Lily in Ginsburg's office?

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Not Ginsburg. He's busy.

Tragic Mike scratches his head, trying not to tip his hand.

TRAGIC MIKE

Shyeah... it's just that Lily and me... well, she finds out I went around her on a thing...

SEQUINS

Mike. You actually worried you might not find someone else to have sex with?

TRAGIC MIKE
Now that you mention it, no.

SEQUINS
Good boy.

SMASH CUT TO

A DOSSIER COMING OUT OF MIKE'S PRINTER

As Mike grabs it and hands it to Sequins:

TRAGIC MIKE
From Daisy at Vice...

SEQUINS
Daisy... Victory Vegas 8-Ball model
- OBCPO3 - issued to "Tony Action".

TRAGIC MIKE
Tony Action. That is not a common
name.

SEQUINS
Home address a P.O. Box. Hit social
media, find this "Tony Action", who
he is, what he does, and what -

Tragic Mike hands her another page:

TRAGIC MIKE
Done.

INT. A LOW-END MMA PROMOTION OFF THE STRIP - OCTAGON - NIGHT

As FLASHES AND PHONE CAMERAS SNAP, TONY ACTION (early 20s, in deep black spandex) takes a PUNCH to the face that sends a spray of blood and saliva into the air!

She is played by Hillary Swank when she did *Million Dollar Baby* - remember how cute she was before she didn't thank her husband at the Oscars and got weird? - that's her...

And she looks pissed even as she REELS BACK INTO HER CORNER, then recovers, quickly, to face off against...

MARTA DJURDJEVIC: a Hungarian she-devil with fists like hams. Seriously, there is no way Action should be in the ring with this monster, much less be able to win. As they circle...

FIND SEQUINS IN THE CROWD

Watching from behind her Bulgaris as...

ACTION BACKS AWAY, LETTING MARTA COME IN

Marta THROWS A PUNCH - Action DUCKS under her arm, then FEINTS a jab - Marta leans back, dodging it and gathering her strength for her next attack... Action then LEANS BACK to avoid Marta's incoming fist, and, with a slight duck...

ACTION LAUNCHES HER KNEE INTO MARTA'S GROIN!

And as Marta's lumbering mass LURCHES forward, Action takes the "in" to grab the back of Marta's head - then KNEES HER IN FACE - drops her to the mat and arm-locks Marta's throat... squeezing... squeezing... squeezing...

SEQUINS NODS QUIETLY

Taking in her suspect's strengths.. as the REF finishes the fight...

And Action STANDS to accept her accolades...

EXT. A LOW RENT MMA PROMOTION OFF THE STRIP - NIGHT

A BACK DOOR opens to REVEAL Action, now in slick sweats and a hoodie lightly zipped over her sportsbra, a duffel slung over her shoulder... heading for the parked Victory Vegas 8-Ball just under the yellow shaft of a lone sodium light.

UNTIL MARTA STEPS BETWEEN HER AND THE BIKE

All black leather, studs, army boots, and thirst for revenge:

MARTA

You hit dirty.

ACTION

You rigged the weigh-in so you could fight someone half your size.

MARTA

Fight was mine. I work for it.

ACTION (CONT'D)

Boning fight officials ain't work.

MARTA

You rob me.

ACTION

Don't hate the playa. Hate the game.

Marta deploys a TELESCOPING LEAD BATON with an echoing SCHWING!

MARTA

I show you what I hate.

Okay. Tony's got a large building behind and an even larger Hungarian in front - if she runs, she loses the bike - so she DROPS her bag... but before she can put up her dukes...

ZZZZAP! MARTA DROPS HER BATON THEN COLLAPSES TO THE BLACKTOP

To REVEAL SEQUINS, reloading her TASER gun with a new cartridge. A moment of silence, then:

ACTION

Uh... thanks?

SEQUINS

You got ten seconds to tell me what you were doing at Bob Pepper's before I stun your ass and let you two work it out when you wake up.

ACTION

So you're the famous Barbara Sequins.

SEQUINS

Seven... six... five...

ACTION (CONT'D)

You really gonna -

SEQUINS

Sing little birdie!

Tony shakes her head, then blurts it out:

ACTION

I was at Bob Pepper's apartment because I'm his daughter.

And as Sequins reacts to this MX missile of truth:

SMASH THE FUCK TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**FADE THE FUCK BACK IN**

Right where we left off... Marta face down on the blacktop. Sequins holding a TASER... and Action dropping shimmering grenades of pure dramatic revelation:

SEQUINS

You're Bob Pepper's daughter?

ACTION

Did I stutter?

SEQUINS

Laurene's your mother?

ACTION

Laurene? Bitchface? Thunder -

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

I know who she is.

ACTION

You gotta be kidding.

SEQUINS

He never mentioned a daughter.

ACTION

That's 'cause he was married to Bitchface when I was born. I only found him after I got out the service last year.

Before Sequins can keep up the interrogation, Marta stirs, lifting her massive heft with a loud GROAN. Sequins re-TASERS her without looking down.

SEQUINS

What branch?

ACTION

MP. Two tours in Afghanistan.

SEQUINS

That's how I met your dad. 1990, Iraq. He was my Captain.

ACTION

Yeah, he told me.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

The family business.

ACTION

(looks down at Marta)
So. Can I... leave?

SEQUINS

(looks down at Marta)

I'm outta cartridges, so you better tell me why I should trust you.

ACTION

'cause I know I can fuck you up in the time it's gonna take her to wake up?

SEQUINS

I ain't moving, Action, You wanna go through me, roll the bones and take your chances.

Action looks at Sequins, no longer so sure.

ACTION

I got there right before the cops did. We were supposed to have breakfast.

SEQUINS

Why didn't you talk to the cops?

ACTION

(looks at Marta again)

'Cause I didn't shoot him and I didn't want anyone searching me and finding his property.

SEQUINS

Why'd you run away from me?

ACTION (CONT'D)

(itching)

Didn't know you!

SEQUINS

Bob didn't tell you about me? The yellow Ferrari? The sequins?

ACTION

We had other shit to talk about.

Action looks down at the fallen Hungarian MMA fighter, again. She's really worried now, and Sequins knows it.

SEQUINS

What did you take from his place?

ACTION

His burner phone.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Why?

ACTION

He told me to get it if anything happened to him.

SEQUINS

What'd he say to do with it? Give it to me?

(Action shakes her head)

The cops?

ACTION

(panicking)

No, okay? Are we done? My father got shot, I did what he asked!

Sequins turns, genuinely unable to understand this, then:

SEQUIN

Not buying it, Action. He had a secret phone. That he told you about? And not me? No.

Marta STIRS. Action detonates the Nuclear Hail Mary:

ACTION

He ever say how much he loved you?

(off Sequins' silence)

I guess he had secrets, didn't he?

And off Sequins, struck by Actions' swift and shocking deployment of an uncomfortable truth.

INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

Tragic Mike looks up from his desk, stunned as Action and Sequins walk in from the Garage area - the Victory 8-Ball parked next to the Testarossa.

TRAGIC MIKE

So... you're Bob's daughter.

ACTION

Yes.

TRAGIC MIKE (CONT'D)

With bitchface?

SEQUINS

No. Not. With bitchface.

TRAGIC MIKE

Oh. So whose daughter are you?

ACTION

My mom's.

TRAGIC MIKE
 (still in shock)
 Your mom and Bob had a daughter.

ACTION
 (to Sequins)
 What the fuck's the matter with
 Tragic Mike?

Tragic Mike turns to look at Action, stung:

TRAGIC MIKE
 What did you call me?

ACTION
 (never backs down)
 "Tragic Mike."

TRAGIC MIKE
 Why?

SEQUINS
 (to Action, conciliating)
 His name's actually "Mike."

ACTION
 Really? I mean, I just called him
 that 'cause...
 (looks with both)
 Well... look at him.

Tragic Mike looks at himself, thinks, then:

TRAGIC MIKE
 How does everyone guess I'm a male
 entertainer?

ACTION
 (of course he is)
 You are a male entertainer.

TRAGIC MIKE
 Aspiring.

SEQUINS

You're also a part-time
 investigator and
 receptionist... and a damn
 fine one, Mike, and we need
 to you find out what calls
 Bob was making on this burner
 phone.

TRAGIC MIKE
 Bob had a burner phone?

SEQUINS

Man had secrets.

Sequins motions Action to hand over the burner phone, which she produces from her duffel bag.

TRAGIC MIKE

Along with really bad taste in burners. Samsung Gusto 3. My budgie could bust this open.

ACTION

A budgie.

And as Tragic Mike gives Action a stink eye and walks off...

SEQUINS

Two of them.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

THE FACE OF A MUCH-YOUNGER SEQUINS

Wearing the traditional "Las Vegas Showgirl" costume with a huge plume on top of her head.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Action, looking at the picture - one of many on a wall at:

INT. QUONSET HUT - MUSEUM OF MAGIC - NIGHT

SEQUINS

(entering)

Mike thinks you shot Pepper and you're using us to hide from the cops.

ACTION

You agree?

SEQUINS

You were hiding you wouldn't have climbed in the octagon last night for a rigged fight.

ACTION

So rigged. Right?

SEQUINS

My first husband was a stage magician. Not that it'd take a master of deception to figure that out.

ACTION

Iraq MP to LV showgirl. Nice.

The tone of Sequins' response makes clear that she is about to state the code that guides her entire life. This is what you have to know about Barbara Sequins: just because she traded an MP's uniform for a Showgirl's sequins doesn't mean she is any less rigorous about one than the other.

SEQUINS

Do I look like a showgirl?

(points to Rene)

That man made me a lady. You know what I looked like when I first landed in Vegas? I looked like you.

ACTION

An awesome badass?

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

If by "an awesome badass" you mean "a meatball wrapped in spandex".

ACTION

The hell's the matter with you? I gave you the damn phone.

SEQUINS

I loved your father plenty.

Action looks at the wall - all the memorabilia - indicates Sequins' first husband, Rene:

ACTION

Like he had a chance against a dead guy.

Sequins bears down on Action, letting her anger out just enough to shut her down:

SEQUINS

"Dead"'s got nothing to do with it.

"Dead" you get over. "Murdered on stage" while you watch helpless?

That puts a burden on a lady.

(turns away, then)

Who was your mother?

ACTION

No one.

(realizing that was harsh)

Motel manager in Barstow. Bob was staying there one of the times he was separated from bitchface. Him and my mom... they had a...

(MORE)

ACTION (CONT'D)

thing, but she hated she'd helped a guy cheat on his wife, even if they were separated. She cut him off.

(a moment, a smile)

You know, I met him completely by accident at a VA veteran's meet and greet in Henderson... this rando old dude walks up to me, whips out his wallet, shows me my own baby picture. Blew my mind.

SEQUINS

Why didn't he tell me?

Before Action can answer, Tragic Mike enters...

TRAGIC MIKE

No texts. Lots of calls to untraceable burners... only calls I was able to track were to a pool party promoter... works the Bellagio, Wynn, Venetian, Babylonian... Guy named Travis Tim-Hank. Which violates Mike's ninth rule of confidence.

(off Action)

Never trust a man with two first names.

SEQUINS

Lee Harvey Oswald. James Earl Ray.

TRAGIC MIKE

Philip Michael Thomas.

ACTION

You got an address on this guy?
I'll get him out his front door. I don't care if it gets messy.

SEQUINS

I care. And what makes you think I'm taking you out on the field?

ACTION

Cost/benefit on trying to stop me?

TRAGIC MIKE

Think you can get past Heckler and Koch?

(off Action, his biceps)

The "guns"? Heckler? Koch?

ACTION

It's like his lips are moving but
it's just clicks and pings.

TRAGIC MIKE

Did time in the army, doesn't know
Heckler and Koch? There's something
seriously the matter with her.

A SERIES OF SPLIT SCREENS OPEN

EXT. CRAPPY STRIP MALL NEAR THE STRIP - DAY

TRAVIS TIM-HANK - black jeans and an equally tight collared
shirt showing off his massive biceps - pulls his Cadillac
Escalade up to a mom-and-pop sandwich shop in a shopping pod
with a low rent liquor store and a "DANCER SUPPLY" boutique
and STEPS OUT, walking to the sandwich shop...

But before he gets to the store, a DUDE IN A TRACKSUIT steps
to him and hands him a MOM AND POP SANDWICH SHOP bag...

CLOSE UP ON THE EXCHANGE

As Travis Tim-Hank DISCREETLY SLIPS a baggie full of BLUE
PILLS into the Dude's hand.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! INTO A MONTAGE OF DIGITAL STILLS

Set to a redemptive cover of Don Henley's "Dirty Laundry":

ANOTHER EXCHANGE

With a YOUNG WOMAN in sweats, heavy make-up and lucite
heels... at a BAR between Big Box Resorts on the strip...

ANOTHER EXCHANGE - AT DAWN

At an alley bathed in the green light from the Emerald
City... this time with a WOMAN IN A BELLHOP UNIFORM...

EXT./INT. SEQUINS' WHITE BMW 633 CSI - CONTINUOUS

Parked far enough away as to not be visible, but yet get all
the action on a massive telephoto lens wielded by Sequins.

ACTION

This is great. Chucked an entire
day proving a dude that might have
shot my dad is a scumbag.

SEQUINS

Didn't you use to be a cop? What we
got here is leverage.

(MORE)

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

(picks up her phone)

Mike. Call Travis Hank - use my fashion stylist cover. Tell him you have a whale who wants a cabana at the Babylonian's Sins of the Euphrates Pool Party.

ACTION

Now we're going swimming?

SEQUINS

Fishing.

(then)

Got something you can wear to a pool party?

INT. QUONSET HUT - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Remember that scene in *The Devil Wears Prada* in the clothing vault that made you want to go to there? This is better.

Sequins steps out from behind a divider ROCKING a sequined bikini, sarong, belly chain, stilettos and a sequined clutch.

But Sequins' expression is not a "rocking it" face, but rather a "WTF am I looking at" because she's looking at...

ACTION - IN HER OCTAGON SPANDEX

And a cut-off T with a rust-colored stain under the neck:

SEQUINS

I thought you said you had something you could wear to a pool.

ACTION

Yeah. Let's go.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Is that blood?

ACTION

It's not mine or anything.

Sequins takes a deep breath, then:

SEQUINS

Mike! Get the makeover trunk, we have an emergency!

Mike rolls in with a red-drawer cart, much like the ones in the garage: only when he opens the cabinet, it's full of cosmetics, make up and hair equipment, and shoes.

MIKE
Step ahead of you boss.

SMASH CUT TO A MONTAGE

Cocktails! Bikinis! Man-abs! Bottle service! Sideboob!

A DJ on a stage plays the thumpiest THUMP-THUMP-THUMP music imaginable as hundreds of greased, tanned, tattooed bodies BUMP AND GRID around the pool!

EXT. BABYLONIAN RESORT AND CASINO - POOL - DAY

Action - dressed, styled, and spangled to within an inch of her life - walks in beside Sequins, who beelines to the bar.

ACTION
Stop thinking it.

SEQUINS
Thinking what?

ACTION
Shock that I can walk in heels.

Sequins keeps her smile pasted on as she reaches the bar:

SEQUINS
I wasn't thinking that, you can definitely walk in them... like a Mack Truck.
(off Action)
Come on. Shoulders back, lift your legs, stop shuffling. Work it.

ACTION
I feel like a prostitute.

SEQUINS
You look like a lady.
(to the BARTENDER)
Mojito, please.

ACTION
Tecate - skip the glass.

SEQUINS (CONT'D)
(not on my watch)
Two mojitos.

ACTION
Hard stuff on the job. Really?

SEQUINS
Better you slur your speech than look like you should be strapping on a leaf blower.

Before Action can reply, Travis Hank steps up to them:

HANK

Good afternoon, ladies, I believe
your office contacted me with a
request for a luxury cabana.

Sequins very discreetly hands Travis a hundred dollar bill.

SEQUINS

Why yes. You must be Travis.

HANK (CONT'D)

Why yes I must.

And then she not so discreetly FEELS THE HARD AND BULGING
MUSCLES of his arms.

SEQUINS

All that and the gun show too.

ACTION

He's a regular Heckler and Koch.

HANK

More of a Sig and Sauer man myself.

SEQUINS

(off Action's grimace)

You wanna show us to our party pad?

As they follow Hank across the sea of Pitbulls and Gigis...

INT. BABYLONIAN RESORT AND CASINO - POOL - CABANA

Travis Hank enters the cabana in mid-tour... motioning a
minifridge on top of which are several very large bottles of
Voss water and a stack of rolled-up towels...

HANK

Through here we have the Cabana...
bottled water and towels...
minibar, touch this button for
concierge service... flat screen...

Sequins and Action POSITION THEMSELVES around Travis, as
Sequins points to the curtains around the cabana entrance...

SEQUINS

Now, can I close this for a
little... privacy?

HANK

Depends on whether you want some
privacy.

Sequins sidles up to Hank, and a hand on his rear:

SEQUINS

Oh... we'd like some privacy.

Hank looks at Action, who gives him her best impersonation of an alluring smile (NOTE: she sucks at it)... he then TURNS around, and SLIDES the curtains shut... but as he does:

SEQUINS REACHES FOR THE GUN TUCKED IN HIS BELT

Then PULLS him back and SHOVES HIM ONTO A DAYBED:

HANK

Hey, ladies, relax there's plenty
of Travis to go around -
(oh shit, she took my gun)
What the fuck? What are you -

Sequins holds his gun in one hand, Action HOLDS UP A PHONE:

SHOWING IMAGES FROM HANK'S PREVIOUS DAY'S WORK

SEQUINS

We got you on camera dealing pills
to every bellhop, bar-back, and
stripper in town. You don't give us
what we want - this goes to
Detective Ginsburg at the LVPD.

Hank shakes his head and grins a shit-eating grin... you get the sense this isn't the first time he's gotten a shakedown:

HANK

All right, all right... you got me,
ladies. Dead to rights. What do you
want? How do we make this go away?

ACTION SWIPES THE PHONE TO AN IMAGE OF BOB PEPPER

SEQUINS

That guy. You two were talking.
What did he want with you?

Hank tries to sit up, even as Sequins kicks him back down, his changing affect reflecting a growing awareness of the gravity of his situation.

HANK

Hell. That guy. What are you? Cops?

ACTION

You ain't that lucky.

SEQUINS
What did you want from him?

HANK
I didn't want anything. He
called me.

SEQUINS
So what did he want?

HANK
What do you think? Same thing
everyone wants with me.
(off the looks)
He had something to sell, I know
people who can sell it.

ACTION
He wanted to sell you drugs?

HANK
He said he had a need for cash, and
a lot of inventory... and he wanted
to meet my boss.

And off Action and Sequins, processing the possibility that
the man they both knew and loved might have been dirty...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**SMASH BACK IN RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF**

In a LAS VEGAS POOL CABANA: two women in bikinis, a scumbag on his back, an Earth-shaking revelation, and a loaded gun!

ACTION

My father was not a drug dealer.

HANK

You wanted me to tell you what he wanted, I told you what he wanted. This guy - your dad - came to me, said he had inventory he wanted to move and he wanted to meet my boss.

As the speak, Action opens a water bottle and grabs a towel:

SEQUINS

Why would he want to meet your boss if he knew you could sell the drugs for him?

HANK

What am I, his shrink?

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

Who do you work for?

HANK

I don't know his name.

Action POUNCES, sticking a knee on Hank's chest:

ACTION

Is Tony Action gonna have to waterboard a bitch? 'Cause Tony Action's gonna waterboard a bitch!

HANK

I'm totally telling you the truth! Guy has a million nicknames, but no one knows his real handle!

Sequins steps back, letting Action's gambit play out:

ACTION

Make me a list.

HANK (CONT'D)

Big Kahuna, Fatso, Honker, The Max, Paunch, Chubby -

ACTION

Red light, Travis. Go back three -

HANK ACTION (CONT'D)
 Fatso? Honker?

I said three, asshole!

HANK
 The Max! The Max!

ACTION
 (her expression darkening)
 The Max. You gotta be kidding me.

SEQUINS
 You know that name?

ACTION (CONT'D)
 (focussed on Hank)
 And you got him the meet?

HANK
 I did, but it never happened - The Max has a snitch at the LVPD, a meth addict he supplies for free, so whenever someone tries to narc or run an OP, we get advance notice. This Bob Pepper guy got ratted soon as he got on our radar.

SEQUINS
 (to Action)
 You know the man who shot Bob?
 What's going on? What are you - ?

But Action takes her knee off Hank's chest, GRABS a handful of his shirt and DRAGS HIM UP as she cracks the curtain:

ACTION
 I'll tell you what's going on -
 look out this curtain.

MIKE'S POV THROUGH THE CRACKED CURTAIN - ON THE POOL

DeMonaco and a pod of SECURITY enter some distance away...

ACTION (CONT'D)
 That's resort security - Miss Universe already sold you out, she's waiting for you to give us what we need so she can hand you over and they can take you to a back room and make you swallow poker chips 'til your ass bleeds.

Sequins looks at Action in absolute horror - this is the dictionary definition of jumping off the reservation:

SEQUINS
Tony, you gotta stop this -

ACTION (CONT'D)
(not listening)
We're going out the back of
this tent, sneaking out of
the hotel, and this asshole's
gonna get us in a room with
the sonofabitch that killed
my dad.

SEQUINS
That was not the plan.

HANK
I like her plan.

ACTION
I ain't negotiating, Sequins.

SEQUINS
Gimme one good reason I don't scrub
this entire thing right now.

Action turns to Sequins, all snarl and lip-quivering rage:

ACTION
'Cause if his boss is who I think
it is, I may have been the one that
killed my dad.

And off Sequins, trying to chew on THAT.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FACE OF KULCHESKY

HANK (O.S.)
That's him. That's my boss. We call
him "The Max".

On a LAPTOP SCREEN at:

EXT. ATOMIC CYBERDINER - NEVADA DESERT - DAY

The sun BLAZES over a lonesome, Googie-style roadside diner
with "space age" accents. Large signs on the windows
advertise "FREE WIFI" and "GAMING TERMINALS FOR RENT."

Parked outside - leaning on the BMW just across the lot from
the Ferrari and watching the screen on the hood of the car -
Action, Tragic Mike, and Hank:

ACTION
Fuckin' Kulchesky. Sonofabitch!

TRAGIC MIKE
So... you know this guy?

ACTION

Yeah I fucking know Ron Kulchesky.
He was an MP until they court-
martialled his ass.

SEQUINS

Who is this guy? What did he
do?

ACTION (CONT'D)

Stole Army gear, sold it in
the black market, dealt meth
to soldiers, sexual assault -
(gathering herself)
I testified against him. I
was there when he was
sentenced. This guy should be
in a hurt locker for the
duration. How the hell did he
get out the stockade?

TRAGIC MIKE

Says here he was killed during a
prisoner transfer, chopper crash in
the Qumari mountains - bodies were
never recovered.

SEQUINS

And now he's here? In Vegas?
You just said he died.

ACTION

Clearly he didn't - and he
made his way back to the
states, and made a business
for himself.

HANK

Okay then - wow, looks like I just
gave you a lot of stuff to process,
so... can I just...

ACTION

Move a limb - draw back a stump!

This is when we finally see the military side of Sequins:

SEQUINS

Stow that shit, soldier!

(off the STUNNED SILENCE)

Here's what's gonna happen. You're
calling Kulchesky. You're telling
him you got a disgraced doctor who
works with MMA fighters and wants
to sell steroids - but I'm only in
town for the next twelve hours.

HANK
I can't - he won't go for it -

SEQUINS (CONT'D)
Make him go for it, or I will lock you up in a cargo container with Tony Action until she's worked out every last one of her daddy issues with her calloused and un-manicured fists.

HANK
I can be very persuasive.

Action STORMS away from the scene, Sequins watches her from the corner of her eye as she lays down the law:

SEQUINS
Then you're gonna go in that diner, pop a squat, and order a cup of coffee on the hour, every hour. They have a webcam. Mike's gonna be watching. You leave that chair, before he knows we're out of the meet, he pushes a button on that laptop and all the evidence we have on you goes to Clark County PD, DEA, and Casino Security - and you'll be praying one of the first two catches you before the third puts you in the dinghy with Fredo.

And off Hank... knowing this is the best deal he can get...

TIME CUT TO

ACTION - LEANING ON THE TESTAROSSA, CRADLING HER HEAD

As Sequins barrels over, steam escaping from her nostrils:

SEQUINS
Who the hell do you think you are to call an audible in my op?

Action turns to Sequins, tears streaming down her eyes:

ACTION
I told my father about Kulchesky. Told him everything.
(hard swallow, then)
He asked why I was into fighting. I told him what that guy did to my friends. How I helped stop him. How all I have to do to win in the ring is close my eyes, see his face.
(MORE)

ACTION (CONT'D)

How did he know the guy? How did he even find him?

Sequins shakes her head, softening as she makes peace:

SEQUINS

You told him everything about Kulchesky, including his aliases?

ACTION

(yes)

Helping take that son of a bitch down was the most important thing I did in the service.

SEQUINS

Bob worked Narcotics before he went PI. Spent a lot of time with his old buddies in division, consulted on active cases. If there was some new kingpin in town, he would have known about it.

ACTION

He didn't tell you about it?

SEQUINS

You think he was gonna casually mention running an undercover vendetta on a presumed-dead fugitive drug kingpin that he was also keeping secret from a daughter I didn't know about?

ACTION

He must have thought he could make up for not being there for me... It's my fault he's dead.

SEQUINS

Because you told him your story? Because he probably heard a perp's name at some cop bar and decided to go cowboy for one last bust? Is this how you get ready for a fight?

(off her look)

Maybe he shouldn't have tried to fix this for you, but he did, and he gave his life for it. He doesn't deserve to lose you for that - so you stay frosty. This guy's a fugitive: we expose him, he's out for the count. I meet him, I get proof to the cops, you back me up -

The Testarossa PULLS UP to the lot before the garish building... and as Sequins STEPS OUT, dressed in a smashing, sequined, Roberto Cavalli pantsuit and thick glasses ...

SWISH PAN ACROSS THE LOT TO FIND THE BMW 633 CSI

Parked a few spots away... with Action in the drivers seat...

WATCHING THE VIDEO FEED FROM SEQUINS' GLASSES

ACTION

The glasses are sending and I'm receiving, we're good to go.

SEQUINS (O.S.)

I'm going in.

INTERCUT WITH SEQUINS

As she enters the august establishment...

INT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - MOMENTS LATER

Imagine a high-end gentlemen's club, only instead of a bar, this has a LARGE GUN COUNTER and a platoon of BUXOM WOMEN IN AMMO-THEMED BUSTIERS demonstrating high-capacity mags and to a large number of BACHELOR PARTY DUDEBROS.

THE IMAGE ALTERNATES BETWEEN EYEGLOSS-CAM AND SEQUINS

As she SAUNTERS by the crowd, and through a door with a bullet-proof glass window to:

INT. PRIVATE FIRING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

A long, empty corridor of SHOOTING BOOTHS... at the end of which are an EMERGENCY EXIT (with all the appropriate warning logos and alarms)... and...

KULCHESKY,

In black suit, yellow glasses, and ear-protectors:

FIRING AN M249 SAW MACHINE GUN ON A BIPOD

The RATATATATATATATATAT! of the SAW drowns out the music as:

A THICK-NECK IN A BLUE SUIT

Meets Sequins at the entrance, motions for her to turn around, FRISKS her, and then motions her to move toward...

A SECOND THUG in a RED SUIT, who emerges from a booth halfway down, then ushers her toward Kulchesky, who removes the protection but still brandishes the gun straight at Sequins:

KULCHESKY

I like the glasses - Dita?
Alexander McQueen? Or just
something big enough to hide a
camera?

(off her surprise)

What are you sending on? Bluetooth?

Sequins SPINS to see the entrance to the range OPEN to admit a THUG IN A PURPLE SUIT, muscling in Action - her lip bloodied - at gunpoint:

KULCHESKY (CONT'D)

It was a good plan for something
you threw together in an hour, but
how stupid do you think I am?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**PICK IT UP RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT IT**

As Kulchesky, the SAW still cradled in his arms, and his three armed - and color-coded - thugs, square off against Action and Sequins:

KULCHESKY

Hello, Tony. Long time.

ACTION

You're supposed to be dead.

KULCHESKY

I live in Vegas, what's the difference?

(off her look)

For what it's worth, cost me everything I had to buy that chopper crash and get back in.

ACTION

You mean everything you stole.

KULCHESKY

Yeah. It was a lot.

(a smile, then)

Sorry about your old man. He sucked at his job, if that's any consolation.

ACTION

You're gonna die screaming.

Kulchesky takes that under advisement, then motions to the emergency door:

KULCHESKY

OK. Let's all go out this door, I have a van waiting, we'll shoot you all in the van and bury you in the desert. Sound good?

SEQUINS

(re: the door)

What about the alarm?

KULCHESKY

I own the place. Let's go.

Kulchesky motions for his thug to open the door. He does:

ANGLE OUT THE DOOR - TO SHOW A PHALANX OF COP CARS

Headed by Ginsburg, LIFTING A BULLHORN!

GINSBURG (BULLHORN FILTER)

We have you surrounded, Kulchesky,
drop your weapons and come out with
your arms over your head!

KULCHESKY

FUCK!

Oh, come on. You didn't think we were going to have a scene with Ginsburg and then not bring him back.

It's Chekhov, baby!

SEQUINS LOCKS EYES WITH KULCHESKY

SEQUINS

Bluetooth. Straight to the LVPD.
(a smile)
How stupid do you think I am?

Kulchesky grabs the SAW and OPENS FIRE ON THE COPS!

EXT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - CONTINUOUS

The cop cars ERUPT in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, steel and broken glass! Any resemblance to the final shoot-out from *Heat* is completely intentional!

RESUME ON ACTION AND SEQUINS INSIDE THE RANGE!

Action takes advantage of the chaos to FUCK UP the thug in purple, guiding his gun hand to SHOOT THE THUG IN RED!

Once his clip is spent, thug in purple turns on Action - and as he UNLEASHES on her - and as she UNLEASHES right back:

SEQUINS TACKLES KULCHESKY

Sending the last of his mag FIRING into the ceiling as the thug in blue draws his gun on her!

Before he can fire, Sequins sends a flying kick - and then a series of ELBOWS and FISTS into thug in blue that end his career as a bodyguard in TV procedurals.

But Kulchesky takes the out to SLAM the door shut on the cops and LEAP over the counter into the firing range...

SEQUINS GIVES CHASE

Picking up the gun from thug in blue... as...

ACTION SLAMS THUG IN PURPLE'S HEAD INTO THE COUNTER

The drops him to the floor.

INT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - FIRING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Kulchesky ZIG-ZAGS into a MAZE OF PAPER TARGETS as Sequins - gun leading the way - FIRES!

BUT KULCHESKY DUCKS THE FUSILLADE

And reaches the far wall - where there's a ladder and an electrical box... and as he HITS A SWITCH...

LOUD HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYS, the overhead lights turn off - replaced by disco style COLORED LIGHTS...

AND THE TARGETS MOVE UP AND DOWN THE RANGE RANDOMLY!

And as Sequins navigates the maze... and Kulchesky goes up the ladder...

ACTION FINISHES OFF PURPLE

And as she throws his HUGE mass into a wall:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - ROOF - NIGHT

Sequins works her way through a HATCH on the roof -

ONLY TO BE GRABBED BY KULCHESKY

Who SLAPS the gun from her hand and GRABS her, pushing his 9mm into her neck as he turns her around and WALKS her away, turning his back on the

KULCHESKY

All right, Sequins, now I got me a
hostage, and the next step -

AND THAT'S WHEN ACTION GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND

Having just come up the ladder! She GRABS his gun and FLINGS him away from Sequins...

ACTION GETS IN FRONT OF KULCHESKY

And calls down a THUNDEROUS BEATDOWN - PISTOL WHIPPING his bitch-ass as she drives him ACROSS the front of the VIDEO SCREEN showing the bikini girls with machine guns!

(which, visually, makes for a very striking tableau of sex and violence, like the that awesome fight in *Skyfall*, or the climactic showdown at the Silvercup studios in *Highlander*)

Action finally drives a VICIOUS FRONT KICK into Kulchesky's solar plexus, sending him DOWN ON HIS ASS as Action maneuvers the gun into her hand and points it at his face!

SEQUINS (O.S.)

Don't do it Action!

Sequins turns her head to see Sequins, standing behind her:

ACTION

Why not?

(off Sequins' silence)

He killed my dad - your partner -
was gonna put one behind your ear!
He straight-up machine-gunned a
bunch of innocent cops in front of
you!

Sequins takes a moment to chew on that, then:

SEQUINS

Yeah but -

ACTION (CONT'D)

But what? I'm so in the right
here!

SEQUINS

I just don't think you need to be
pulling the trigger on the guy
yourself.

ACTION

Why the fuck not?

SEQUINS

I mean... morally!

ACTION (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding?

SEQUINS

It's not like he's a danger.

ACTION

He's a meth-dealing, cop-
killing, rapist - he's the
definition of dangerous!

SEQUINS (CONT'D)

I mean right now! He's
unarmed!

KULCHESKY
Listen to your partner!

Action looks at Kulchesky, then at Sequins... pondering the morality of this difficult situation:

ACTION
You know what? You're right.
(looks at Kulchesky)
I can't kill an unarmed man.

ACTIONS THEN TOSSES THE GUN TO KULCHESKY!

Who GRABS it from the air and turns on Action and Sequins:

KULCHESKY
DIE BITCHES!

But before Kulchesky can make it happen:

THE LAS VEGAS POLICE DEPARTMENT

OPENS FIRE from:

EXT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Where they have reformed their phalanx - led by Ginsburg - bulletproof vest visible under his now-torn jacket!

KULCHESKY FLIES BACK INTO THE MASSIVE VIDEO SCREEN

Which SHATTERS under the ONSLAUGHT OF GUNFIRE from the, justifiably, trigger-happy cops!

Chekhov, baby. Chekhov.

THE MASSIVE VIDEO SCREEN EXPLODES

In an orgiastic display of cordite and shattered light emission diodes, FILLING THE NIGHT WITH SPARKS AND SMOKE.

GINSBURG (BULLHORN)
Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

THE BULLETS STOP - THE SMOKE DISSIPATES

The screen and Bullets and Bustiers logo lie in a heap around Kulchesky's MACERATED body...

AND ACTION STEPS UP TO SEQUINS

Who sizes her up... looking between her and at the wreckage of what was once the video screen and Kulchesky's body... trying to decide how she feels about what just happened.

ACTION
Guy was armed.

SEQUINS
I saw that.

ACTION (CONT'D)
So morally...

SEQUINS
Badass.

Sequins offers Action a smile, and as Action reciprocates...

FREEZE FRAME ON THE DUO

John Woo style.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BULLETS AND BUSTIERS - FRONT PARKING LOT - LATER

FIRE TRUCKS and AMBULANCES crowd the parking lot, as EMTs tend to wounded COPS and MOTOR POOL COPS hook up the decimated cruisers to TOW TRUCKS.

Action and Sequins step through the detritus of the gun fight, to meet Ginsburg... his bulletproof vest festooned with melted bullets.

GINSBURG
Ladies... we're going to have to have a little chat about today's shooting.

SEQUINS
Nice vest, Detective.

GINSBURG (CONT'D)
Think I go anywhere on your say-so without putting on the dog?

SEQUINS
Amazing how your guys got here just as he pulled his gun on us.

GINSBURG
That's pretty much exactly what I was gonna say in my report. One of my guys walked the rooftop, tells me that gun might be firing the same 9mm rounds in the Pepper murder.
(touches Sequins' arm)
Good job, ladies.

Ginsburg walks back to his men... Action turns to Sequins...

ACTION

"Ladies"?

SEQUINS

That's what I came to Las Vegas to be called.

ACTION

How's that working out for you?

SEQUINS

Got something else you'd like to call me?

Action looks at Sequins, smiles, then hears a familiar engine sound and looks over to see...

TRAGIC MIKE

Arriving with the Victory Vegas 8-Ball.

ACTION

My ride's here.

(off Sequins' look)

You know... my dad said when he moved back with Laurene... you might need someone to pick up the slack.

SEQUINS

How about you come in tomorrow first thing, we'll talk about it.

Action takes the keys to her bike, and her helmet, from Tragic Mike. She mounts her ride, then:

ACTION

The "Action Sequins Detective Agency."

(a moment)

I like it.

And with that VROOM! she fires up the engine:

SEQUINS

(shaking her head)

Not on your life.

IN A MONTAGE

SEQUINS

Boards the Testarossa...

ACTION

SLAMS on her helmet...

SEQUINS

THROWS the Ferrari into gear...

AND AS THE VICTORY VEGAS 8-BALL AND THE TESTAROSSA ZOOM AWAY

Taillights BLURRING into the glowing skyline of Las Vegas...

TRAGIC MIKE WATCHES THEM GO

Alone and unacknowledged in the aftermath.

Tragic Mike he LETS OUT A DEEP BREATH and makes his way to the BMW... twiddling the keys...

And as the sound of POLICE CREWS and FIREFIGHTERS and MOTOR POOL WORKERS fills the soundscape all around him...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF PILOT