

The Spellman Files

by
Bobby Florsheim
&
Josh Stolberg

Based on the novel by Lisa Lutz

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A CABLE-CAR wipes the frame outside a classic San Francisco restaurant. TYPE clacks onto the screen:

SUPER: "Tadich Grill. Tuesday. 8:13 PM"

INT. TADICH GRILL - CONTINUOUS

We follow a diet soda and a Jack Daniels from the bar, through the restaurant, to a young couple in a booth.

PICTURE FREEZE

FEMALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking, and you're a sexist pig. The whiskey is mine and the diet coke is Jason's. Or Jeremy. Jimmy? Something like that.

UNFREEZE. The drinks are served as we continue to hear the Female's V.O.:

FEMALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

Welcome to blind date #63 of my life. So far, the odds for a second date are at 10-to-1.

She slams her whiskey; he sips the soda. The guy calls out to a passing busboy.

GUY

My diet's flat. Can I get a spritz of bubbles?

FEMALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

60-to-1.

Meet IZZY SPELLMAN (28). As a kid, she wasn't a tomboy, *she kicked the tomboy's ass*. And if a squad of fashionistas joined forces to surgically remove her ripped-up Levis, her legs would be stunning. We'll never know, though, because Izzy wearing a skirt is the 5th sign of the Apocalypse.

IZZY

So, you're a lawyer?

GUY

4th generation. My theory on law is...

The Guy CONTINUES TO TALK, but we only hear Izzy's V.O. as she impatiently fingers two initials inside a heart which is carved into the old wooden table. "C.H. + M.M."

IZZY (V.O.)

It is at this moment -- 4 minutes, 16 seconds into the date -- that I realize Guy-Whose-Name-Starts-With-A-J and I have no future together. Fortunately, I stopped by the restaurant yesterday to plan my escape routes--

CGI OVERLAY: A BLUEPRINT of the restaurant comes up, LITTLE WHITE SLASHES ANIMATE THE DIFFERENT EXIT PATHS.

IZZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our booth is 16 1/2 feet from the front door. Careful of the fat guy whose chair is in the aisle, easy to trip up. Better option is the ladies' room. In my dry run, I found I could just squeeze out the window into the back alley, if I'm willing to rip my shirt and fall from the second story into a dumpster.

(then)

No-brainer.

We suddenly realize that our Guy has asked us a question. We have no idea what... He asks again.

GUY

I said, "Izzy, what do you do?"

IZZY

My brother didn't tell you?

GUY

(laughing)

David said he didn't want to scare me away.

IZZY

He wasn't joking.

His smile drops. Izzy is distracted, looking out the front window.

GUY

Is something wrong?

IZZY

The same 1996 blue Ford sedan has driven
past 5 times in the last 6 minutes.

GUY

Maybe they're looking for a spot.

IZZY

Or they're following me.

The Guy chuckles and head-nods to Izzy's whiskey.

GUY

Maybe you've had enough.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - 3 MINUTES LATER

Izzy walks briskly, the Guy struggles to keep up.

GUY

I didn't mean to end our date.

IZZY

How do you expect me to relax when I'm
under surveillance?!

GUY

It was just a car!

At the far end of the parking row, they see the 1996 blue
Ford. Tinted windows. Menacing.

IZZY

Give me your keys.

Suddenly nervous, he tosses her the keys to his BMW.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - MOMENTS LATER

The guy white-knuckle-clutches the Jesus-strap as Izzy
flies down the parking row at 60mph. In the next row,
the Ford is speeding to keep up. A race to the gate.

Seconds before the Ford can cut off their BMW, Izzy
launches them out the exit.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

GUY

I wanna get out. Stop the car.

In the rear-view mirror: the Ford is right on their tail.

IZZY

Not now, Joe.

GUY

It's Jerry.

Izzy mouths "Jerry", remembering. She makes a sharp left, accelerating. The Ford is right behind them.

IZZY

Fantastic acceleration. What is this, 400 horses?

GUY

You don't have to use all of them.

Jerry moans as the car catches air over a hill. Slamming to the ground, Izzy breaks to 40mph. She overshoots the turn onto Sacramento Street, but the Ford is right there.

IZZY

Dammit They know all my tricks.

They speed over two hills. Jerry closes his eyes and whimpers. Izzy makes a sharp right into an alley, rattling the bums, only to spit out the other side.

She makes a left turn onto a ONE WAY STREET. GOING THE WRONG WAY. Cars honk, swerving out of the way.

GUY

Holy crap! Holy crap on a crap-holding plate.

A growing wet spot appears on his crotch.

IZZY

I can't lose 'em. They're too damn good.

GUY

(sobbing)

Then stop. Please just stop. I want to go home. I want this date to be over.

Izzy SLAMS the breaks. The Ford almost crashes into them, but stops a millimeter short of the bumper.

Izzy gets out of the car and storms to the drivers side of the Ford. SHE KNOCKS ON THE WINDOW.

A moment passes before the window rolls down, revealing a middle-aged couple, the woman in the driver's seat.

Izzy leans into the car...

IZZY
Mom. Dad. This has to stop.

TITLE CARD: "THE SPELLMAN FILES"

The words "THE" and "FILES" disappear from the screen, bleeding away like spy invisible ink. We start to PULL OUT from the word "SPELLMAN" to REVEAL...

...a line of mailboxes. The first branded with the name "Spellman Investigations". There are a dozen other boxes, marked with aliases (including Marcus Godfrey and Garrison Enterprises) and others with P.O. Box numbers.

The house, at 1799 Clay Street, is an impressive four-level Victorian located on the outskirts of the Nob Hill district. There are two entrances (one for business and one for personal), as well as a one-unit apartment over the unconnected garage.

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

OLIVIA SPELLMAN (early 50s) sits calmly in the office. The layout is unusual: FIVE TEACHERS' DESKS FORM A PENTAGON. Izzy paces.

OLIVIA
It's not that we don't trust you, Izzy.
We just don't trust you romantically.

Before Izzy can protest, Olivia kicks open the file cabinet and pulls out a LENGTHY PORTFOLIO, all typed up on Spellman Investigations stationery.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Exhibit A: A complete breakdown of every bad relationship you've ever had.
(beat)
Your father and I had a little free time this week.

Olivia quickly FLIPS through the tome in front of Izzy. As she does, we FREEZE FRAME on three of the pages.

ZOOM INTO A SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH OF...

Ex-Boyfriend #7

NAME: Flannagan, Sean
AGE: 23
OCCUPATION: Bartender at O'Reilly's
HOBBY: Being Irish, serving minors, drinking
DURATION: 2.5 months
LAST WORDS:

Izzy looks bored in a loud pub on St. Patrick's Day.

SEAN
 Oder dan Guinness, we don' haf much in
 common.

FLIPPING OF PAGES. FREEZE. ZOOM INTO A PHOTO OF...

Ex-Boyfriend #15

NAME: Collier, Professor Michael
AGE: 47 (Izzy: 21)
OCCUPATION: Professor of Philosophy
HOBBY: Sleeping with Students
DURATION: 1 semester
LAST WORDS:

Izzy lies in bed with a much older man. They both stare at the ceiling, vacantly. They've just finished.

PROFESSOR
 This is wrong. I need to stop doing this
 with my students.

FLIPPING OF PAGES. FREEZE. ZOOM INTO A PHOTO OF...

Ex-Boyfriend #28

NAME: Fuller, Joshua
AGE: 25
OCCUPATION: Web designer
HOBBY: Alcoholics Anonymous
DURATION: 3 months
LAST WORDS:

Izzy drinks from a bottle of Jack Daniels at a concert next to a sweating guy who watches her intensely.

JOSHUA
 (shouting over the music)
 Our relationship is becoming a threat to
 my sobriety.

BACK TO SCENE:

IZZY

Mom, the "dating surveillance" has got to stop!

OLIVIA

It's an expression of love.

Izzy holds up a small electronic box.

IZZY

It's a CLASS A FELONY! I found the GPS tracker you had Grandpa sew into my purse!

OLIVIA

Izzy, honey, we're private investigators-

IZZY

In this family, *nothing* is "*private*"!

ALBERT SPELLMAN (early-50's) passes through the living room holding a half-full bag of trash.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Trash day isn't 'till next week. Dad's going through everyone's garbage looking for dirt!

ALBERT

This isn't our garbage. It's for the Jacobson case. I'm trying to find proof of expense account abuse.

IZZY

(accusatory)

So, you *haven't* gone through our trash today?

Albert slinks out, silently pleading the 5th. Izzy throws up her arms to Olivia in protest. "See!?!?"

OLIVIA

Where did the day get away to?

(then; calling out)

Kitchen everyone! Spellman Boardroom. Five minutes!

Olivia follows Albert into the kitchen while a frustrated Izzy heads for the front door, aching for freedom.

EXT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS, FRONT STOOP - CONTINUOUS

Izzy sits on the bottom step -- stopped by an apparent invisible force-field of guilt. DAVID SPELLMAN (31), walks up, a floating dream boat.

DAVID

Hey kiddo, where you going?

IZZY

Nowhere apparently. How did you do it?

DAVID

What?

IZZY

Escape this family.

DAVID

It's 8:45 A.M., I'm here for the daily board meeting before court... and you think I *escaped*?

IZZY

They're impossible. You have no idea. Star athlete, bigshot lawyer, perfect son. Christ, David, you never even got a "B" in school.

DAVID

What about the one you forged on my report card for 9th grade Algebra?

IZZY

Everyone should know what a "B" feels like.

DAVID

(teasing)

You know, I'm getting nostalgic here. Maybe I'll move back home. Take my old room above the garage.

IZZY

And force me back into CIA Headquarters? I'll murder you in your sleep.

ALBERT (O.S.)

(yelling from the house)

Spellman Boardroom Meeting, November 11th, called to order!

DAVID
 (smiling)
 Come on, I don't want to spoil my perfect attendance record.

She slugs his arm.

INT. KITCHEN, SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The family sits around the daily Spellman Board Meeting: aka The Breakfast table. David and Izzy dash in from outside and join breakfast.

And, lastly, LITTLE RAE SPELLMAN (10). When people say "the devil you know is better than the devil you don't", they clearly never met Little Rae. Looking innocent as pie, she wears an iPod ear-bud and eats Fruit Loops.

ALBERT
 Status reports? David?

DAVID
 My firm has some new subpoenas for you guys to serve.

LITTLE RAE
 (pleading)
 Dibs! Girl Scout cookie process server!
 Girl Scout cookie process server!

ALBERT
 Fine, after school. I'll back you up.
 (beat)
 David, would you pass the donuts?

David reaches for a box of donuts, but Olivia stops him. She pulls out a little blacklight flashlight and shines it on the box, exposing FINGERPRINTS.

OLIVIA
 Darling, I ran these prints this morning. Do you want to admit you broke your diet or do we need to send a stool sample to the lab for custard?

ALBERT
 For God sakes, Dad, put on some pants!

He's saved by RAY SPELLMAN, Albert's Father (71), who strolls out in tightie-whitie briefs and a wife beater. A career FBI man, Albert was sent on early retirement for "excessively bugging his co-workers".

BIG RAY
I burned them up.

OLIVIA
You burned your pants?

BIG RAY
I was trying to make them flame retardant
and-
(illustrates with his hands)
-POOF.

LITTLE RAE
What about your other pairs?

BIG RAY
I really thought the 12th version of the
formula would work.

They all start eating breakfast as Grandpa joins them.

ALBERT
Izzy. The Linda Cho case. Is her
husband gay and is he having an affair?

Izzy pulls out SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of an ASIAN MAN and a
GOOD-LOOKING GUY, passing them around the table...

IZZY
I followed Mr. Cho to Beechwood Country
Club three times this week, where he's
played tennis with a Dr. Daniel Castillo,
local dentist. I'm going for a cleaning
today to figure out which way he swings.

OLIVIA
I need you on the Lucchesi case A-SAP.
Can't Grandpa do it?

IZZY
I was planning on seducing him. And I've
got bigger boobs.

LITTLE RAE
(under her breath)
Barely.

Izzy playfully throws a donut at her. It bounces off of
Little Rae and lands near Albert. He looks at it, but
feels Olivia's eyes burning into him.

ALBERT
Last on the docket, we lost our fifth
baby-sitter in a month.

Everyone turns to Little Rae. She shrugs:

LITTLE RAE
She couldn't even handle "hide and seek".

OLIVIA
You lay motionless under the stove for
six hours.

LITTLE RAE
So I'm good at the game! So what?

ALBERT
So Izzy will need to take Little Rae on
non-school-night stake-outs.

	IZZY		LITTLE RAE
No!	No-no-no-no-no.	Yes!	Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes.

IZZY
She's ten years old!!!

LITTLE RAE
I've been training for this since I was
born!

ALBERT
Family vote. All in favor?

Everyone raises their hands, except Izzy. She glares at her brother: "E tu, Brutus?" He smiles a perfect grin.

Little Rae throws her arms up in triumph. FREEZE-FRAME.

IZZY (V.O.)
So this is my dysfunctional family. If we spent half the time investigating our cases that we spend on each other, we'd put the police out of business.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

ALBERT
New clients! Act normal!

The family fans out: David to court, Big Ray to get dressed, leaving Little Rae to eat her breakfast in peace with her iPod.

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy, Albert and Olivia all have smiles plastered onto their faces. Trying their best to look "normal".

Sitting opposite them are TWO RED-HEADED SIBLINGS: LAURA and PETER HOLT (mid-40s).

LAURA HOLT
(stalling; to Peter)
This is an exercise in futility.

PETER HOLT
Then why are you here?

LAURA HOLT
The pure joy of watching you look stupid.

An awkward beat.

ALBERT
So, tell us, Mr. and Ms. Holt, what brings you to Spellman Investigations?

PETER HOLT
Our parents died in a car accident on PCH three weeks ago.

OLIVIA
I'm so sorry.

LAURA HOLT
Don't be.

PETER
Penny pinchers left us a triple mortgaged house, \$382 in savings, and this:

Peter holds up a tattered-looking journal. 100 years old and looks every day of it.

IZZY (V.O.)
I instantly love these two. They make our family look healthy.

PETER
The lawyer gave it to me at the funeral. Turns out it was our grandfather's.

Izzy inspects the journal, intrigued.

IZZY
Burn marks. Water damage.
(then)
Wait... Holt - Not *Cyrus* Holt!?

LAURA HOLT
So, you've heard of our family?

ALBERT

I was a police officer for twenty years.
There isn't a cop by the Bay who doesn't
know the name Holt.

Peter and Laura's faces drop. This has clearly been a
life-long issue for them.

OLIVIA

Excuse my husband. He hasn't been the
same since he hit his head.

ALBERT

I had to quit the force after an on-the-
job injury.

OLIVIA

He fell down a flight of stairs while
walking to the bathroom. He was telling
his informant a joke.

ALBERT

It was a really good joke.

IZZY

Mom, Dad. This is when we usually take
the *client's* history.

PETER HOLT

You're holding it. Go ahead.

Izzy flips through the pages. Toward the beginning is a
hand drawn aerial map of San Francisco.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AERIAL SHOT - DAY

CAMERA soars above S.F. in all its glory... Coit Tower...
the Golden Gate Bridge, the TransAmerica Pyramid, etc.

IZZY (V.O.)

(reading)

"April 18th, 1906."

Below: The city CHANGES. The Golden Gate dissolves.
Coit Tower. The Transamerica. All MELT INTO 1906 San
Francisco.

IZZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Met the boys for dinner at Taditch
tonight, sprung my plan on them..."

ZOOM DOWN INTO:

INT. TADICH GRILL, 1906 - NIGHT

It's the same 156 year old restaurant Izzy had her date in. It's unchanged except for the clothing and hair styles. We follow a waiter bringing three whiskeys to same booth where Izzy was sitting.

CYRUS HOLT (19) is a dashing, red-headed Irish rogue. He sits with his two red-headed brothers, JASPER (22) and OSWALD (16). They are looking over a hand-drawn map drawn inside Cyrus' pristine leather-bound journal (the same one we just saw in Izzy's hands).

CYRUS HOLT

Jasper, you've got the getaway buggy here. Oswald will have the stolen uniforms. I'm "borrowing" some firepower from Fort Alcatraz. We hit 'em fast, brothers, and we hit 'em hard.

Oswald throws back a shot of whiskey as Cyrus digs his knife into the table, carving something in the wood.

JASPER

Cyrus, we've never robbed more than a candy shop, and suddenly you want to take down the U.S. Mint?

OSWALD

If 1/3 of the gold in the country is in there, why aren't we taking THAT?

CYRUS HOLT

Gold certificates ARE gold, Oswald. You can trade 'em in at any bank. And they're damn sure lighter.

JASPER

You make it sound like buying catfish off the wharf.

CYRUS HOLT

What did father always say?
(thick Irish brogue)
"With family at your back, mountains crumble at your feet-

OSWALD/JASPER/CYRUS

- ladies will swoon, and the whiskey will never run dry."

They raise their glasses and drink their shots. Cyrus pours another round, spilling extra whiskey on the table.

CYRUS HOLT

To family!

They down the next shot. Glasses slam back down on the table, as we see what Cyrus was carving... "C.H. + M.M."

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET, 1906 - DAWN

The three brothers are exhausted and drunk. The whiskey bottle is almost empty. The sun is just rising.

They stagger in front of the The US Mint at San Francisco. Steel, granite, stone. Impossibly steep steps leading to the giant iron doors.

CYRUS HOLT

One week, my love, we have a date.

JASPER

Cyrus, tell me what's going on.

CYRUS HOLT

I'm a criminal genius.

Oswald lays out on the steps.

JASPER

Who's three fingers short of wetting himself.

CYRUS HOLT

Maggie's not coming over.

JASPER

From Dublin?

CYRUS HOLT

Not unless I can bring her whole family. The whole clan McDonnell. There's no work, no money - she can't leave 'em.

JASPER

So your answer is robbing the U.S. Mint of San Francisco. The Granite Lady.

Cyrus steels his eyes into Jasper's.

CYRUS HOLT

She's going to be my wife, Jasper.
Nothing before family.

Jasper digests this. A crossroad.

JASPER

You tell Maggie you're naming the first two kids after their Uncle Jasper.

Cyrus grins and puts his brother in a neck hold.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy lowers the book after perusing a few pages.

IZZY

He robbed the mint for a girl!? I can't get a guy to hold the door.

PETER HOLT

Cyrus was our grandfather. Mastermind of the biggest unrecovered heist in U.S. History.

ALBERT

(to Olivia)

Legend holds in the hours after the great Earthquake, Cyrus Holt supposedly made off with millions in gold certificates. And no one ever saw them again.

PETER HOLT

I'd like to hire you to find them.

IZZY

From 1906.

LAURA HOLT

My brother inherited the Holt "delusion gene".

ALBERT

Mr. Holt, with all due respect, people have been searching for that money for a hundred years. There's no hard proof he even stole the money.

Peter snatches the journal and flips through the pages.

PETER HOLT

Maps. Guard shifts. Blueprints. And here, at the end, he's about to go into hiding with "the greatest treasure in history".

LAURA HOLT
(shaking her head; sarcastic)
Oh, let's not forget the will.

PETER HOLT
The last line of my parents' will says
they hope we'll inherit the "Holt Family
Legacy."

LAURA HOLT
Peter, you're grasping.

PETER HOLT
No Laura! This journal proves Cyrus
pulled it off. Not only that, but there
are four pages torn out at the end of the
book. It must give the location. The
money is real.

IZZY
But why wouldn't your parents-

LAURA HOLT
Dad was too ashamed to say his last name,
let alone dig up some imaginary fortune.

PETER HOLT
If it's "imaginary" Laura, why did you
call the currency museum?

LAURA HOLT
What are you talking about?

PETER HOLT
I found the guy's number in your purse!

LAURA HOLT
Yes, I called. You know what he said?
There's no money! Not a shred. Cyrus
lived poor and he died poor. He was a
lost cause, that's the family legacy.

ALBERT
Look, we can check into it. See if any
of the gold certificates turned up over
the years. Trace Cyrus' history.

OLIVIA
\$300 a day, plus expenses. No promises,
but if there's something to uncover,
we'll find it.

PETER HOLT
That's all I ask.

Everyone gets up.

IZZY

Mr. Holt, we are very, very good at what we do. If it's out there, we'll find it.

Izzy opens the door and Little Rae stumbles in, eavesdropping with a glass to her ear.

LITTLE RAE

Just practicing.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - LATER

Izzy sits in a dentist chair getting her teeth cleaned by a heavy-set American Indian HYGIENIST.

TYPE clacks onto the screen:

SUPER: "THE CHO CASE. ATTEMPTED SEDUCTION. 2:37 PM"

Izzy wears sexy jeans that look like they're painted on.

HYGIENIST

Dr. Castillo will be right in.

Izzy leans over to spit, revealing her thong panties.

IZZY

Is my thong sticking out too much?

HYGIENIST

(dryly)

How much of it is supposed to?

Suddenly, DR. DANIEL CASTILLO (35) appears at the door with her chart. Dressed up, he's even better looking than the surveillance photos. Izzy loses all composure.

DANIEL

Hi. You must be my new-

IZZY

-Isabel. Izzy. Isabel.

Izzy sits in the chair, trying to look sexy as Dr. Daniel examines her teeth.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(mumbling, fingers in mouth)

I've always wondered how dentists understand what people are saying. Stuff in mouth and everything.

DANIEL
We take classes for it in Med school.

IZZY
(mumbly, attempts seduction)
And funny, too. I couldn't help but
notice no wedding ring.

A little drool drips from her chin. He chuckles.

DANIEL
You're drooling.

Izzy blushes; the Hygienist hands Dr. Castillo a scraper.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
So what do you do for a living?

CGI OVERLAY: Daniel's "file" appears on the screen,
Terminator style.

IZZY (V.O.)
Best way to make a man insta-dig you? Be
an uber-sexy version of his mom. My
research on Daniel revealed a local birth
certificate and a DDS from Berkeley.
There are two age-appropriate female
"Castillos" in the Bay Area: One is a
career prostitute, the other-

IZZY (CONT'D)
-I teach fifth grade.

DANIEL
My mother taught fourth!

IZZY
Well, what do you know?!

HYGIENIST
Spit.

Izzy turns to drink a cup of water, revealing her thong.

DANIEL
Wow. The kids must love you.

IZZY
(gargles and spits)
Casual Friday.
(then)
How about you? How does Dr. Daniel get
his hands dirty off-hours? Movies,
walks... alternative bars?

DANIEL
 Honestly? I like to get dirty.
 (off Izzy's look, he laughs)
 As in digging. Urban Archaeology. It's
 the science of studying cities.

IZZY
 Indiana Jones, *sans* whip.

DANIEL
 Who said I don't own a whip?

IZZY
 (heating it up)
 Careful, Dr., you might not escape my
 clutches.

DANIEL
 Worst case, it's six feet to the door if
 I don't trip on the spit sink. And
 there's always the window if I'm willing
 to jump two stories into the dumpster.

Her eyes light up. This just went from being a job to
 something a lot more interesting.

IZZY
 Or we could just, you know, go to dinner.

Before Daniel can answer, the hygienist comes in with x-
 rays. Daniel examines them.

DANIEL
 Your lower left 1st and 2nd bicuspid say
 otherwise. Two deep cavities. And your
 upper right... oh, this isn't good.
 (to Hygienist)
 Clear my afternoon.

Daniel picks up his drill and WHIRS it. IZZY'S EYES GO
 WIDE, as we CUT TO...

INT. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR PEEPHOLE

DING DONG. The Doorbell chimes. Someone peers through,
 standing outside is Little Rae in her Girl Scout Uniform.

The door opens.

LITTLE RAE
 Would you like to buy some Girl Scout
 cookies? Thin mints on special - check
 out our discounts!

She hands over a sheet of paper.

MAN

Hey, this has my name on it.

LITTLE RAE

You have been served by Rae Spellman.

She curtsies and runs to the car. Albert drives away.

INT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Izzy walks in, cheeks puffed out, novocaine tongue.

IZZY

(cotton-mouth, mumbly)

He's not gay.

Olivia surfs the web with a copy of the Gold Certificate.

OLIVIA

Who's not gay?

IZZY

Mr. Cho's dentist. He asked me out.

OLIVIA

Old news. Your grandpa bugged Cho screwing his receptionist at lunch.

IZZY

Why didn't anyone call me?

OLIVIA

You were overdue for a teeth cleaning.

IZZY

(annoyed)

How go the Holts?

OLIVIA

Lots of dead ends. Apparently very few people had internet access in 1906.

Izzy starts to head up to her room...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(without looking up)

So what did you tell the dentist?

IZZY

A dentist? ME with a dentist? Please. They date girls in *skirts*.

OLIVIA
Why do you look like you're lying?

IZZY
Mom, I've practiced my poker face in the mirror so often, it's frozen in one expression.
(stoic face)
This is me smiling.

Not entirely satisfied, Olivia goes back to work.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO APT, SPELLMAN HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Izzy is awkwardly modeling a sexy dress in the mirror.

She lives in the converted garage, her only refuge from her parents. It's a funky quirky extension of her personality -- hookah, tapestries, a poster of Kirk Douglas' film noir "Detective Story" on the closet door. (Paramount Pictures, 1951).

Big Ray knocks, entering the room wearing bathing trunks and FBI T-shirt. He takes in Izzy's dress.

BIG RAY
Costume party?

IZZY
Date. Don't tell the overlords.

Big Ray laughs. Izzy stops him with her glare.

BIG RAY
Who's the future ex-boyfriend?

IZZY
Your optimism warms my heart.

BIG RAY
Izzy, you don't have new relationships. You have the same one over and over. Self-Destructive girl meets self-destructive boy. Passion, fighting, implosion, repeat.

IZZY
I'm telling you, this boy's different. He's... normal.

BIG RAY
Since when did you like "normal"?

IZZY

It's like alternate universe normal,
where normal is interesting. I would
kill to be this kind of normal -- like I
wasn't part of this insane family.

BIG RAY

Izzy, you can't change who you are.

IZZY

I've got 17 fake ID's that say otherwise.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

INT. SPELLMAN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Albert wears his reading glasses, focused on a book on
the Great Quake. Olivia is surfing the internet.

A KNOCK. Olivia lets in LAURA HOLT.

LAURA HOLT

My brother is a liar.

OLIVIA

Ms. Holt?

Laura slams a 1906 Gold Certificate on the table.

ALBERT

Is that-?

LAURA HOLT

One 1906 U.S. Treasury Gold Certificate,
legal tender. I found it in Peter's
things three days after the funeral. He
already has the money.

ALBERT

Where's the rest?

LAURA HOLT

I want to hire you to follow Peter. He's
got it somewhere, and knows I'm looking.

OLIVIA

Then why would he hire us to find it?

LAURA HOLT

Because you won't. And then I'll give
and he keeps my half. He *never did* like
to share. I don't know what Peter's got
cooking, reward money, black market...

(MORE)

LAURA HOLT (CONT'D)

but it's definitely on the wrong side of legal.

OLIVIA

Alright, we'll put a team on him. And we'll keep trying to trace the money as a backup-

LAURA HOLT

There's no need. He's got it.

OLIVIA

We like to cover every base, Ms. Holt. If it's out there, we'll find it.

LAURA HOLT

Please keep me updated. You can't imagine what it's like to not trust your own family.

EXT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Daniel parks in front of the Spellman house. THE SIGN on the mailbox has been ALTERED. Instead of "SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS", it now reads "SPELLMAN TUTORING."

Laura Holt exits, doing a double-take at the sign before walking away.

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Albert and Olivia are in the kitchen whipping up dinner. Little Rae flails, playing TV tennis on her Nintendo Wii.

ALBERT

We need to up our surveillance on Peter Holt. Rae, after dinner, help your mother look for any trace of those gold certificates in historical circulation.

LITTLE RAE

Check.

Albert licks brownie batter off his fingers. Olivia scowls and swaps his bowl with hers of brussel sprouts.

Izzy walks in wearing a trench coat to hide her dress.

IZZY

I'm going out for a bit. Don't wait up.

The doorbell rings - it's Daniel with a bottle of wine.
Izzy goes white and answers it.

DANIEL
(smiling at her trench coat)
Hi. You look great. Will you be
exposing yourself later?

IZZY
I told you to park down the block!

OLIVIA
Oh, that's okay, hon. Daniel called your
line today and I told him how you wanted
him to meet the family for dinner.

IZZY
My private line.

OLIVIA
Yes, somehow it rang in here. I'll have
your grandfather check the wiring.

DANIEL
It's nice to meet you all.

Izzy pushes him into the bathroom.

IZZY
You should wash up for dinner. Get all
that archeology dirt from under your
nails.

She shuts the door on the surprised man.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I am at the absolute END. If any of
you... look, we're a family of school
teachers. Simple. Stick to it.

LITTLE RAE
What's my back story?

IZZY
You don't have one! You're in 6th grade.

LITTLE RAE
I think I should have a heroin problem.

IZZY
You do not have a heroin problem!!!

INT. SPELLMAN DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel and Izzy sit across from Rae and Ray. Albert and Olivia at the heads. Izzy pours herself a triple whisky.

OLIVIA

We're so happy to meet you, Daniel. I hope the invitation wasn't too off-putting. We're a very close family.

Izzy is already in hell.

DANIEL

Not at all, Mrs. Spellman.

OLIVIA

Please, call me Livy. Everybody calls me Livy.

IZZY

No one calls you Livy.

Albert gets up to pour wine.

ALBERT

Isabel's never dated someone with a medical license before.

BIG RAY

Unless you count the guy who sold medical marijuana. Dr. Cannabis. I think that was an alias.

Behind Daniel, Albert reaches down to his collar.

ALBERT

Stray hair. Let me get that for you.

Albert yanks a hair OUT OF DANIEL'S HEAD. He jumps. "OUCH".

As Albert surreptitiously places the hair in a small plastic baggy.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Oops. Sorry. I guess that one was still attached.

Daniel raises an eyebrow. Slightly suspicious.

OLIVIA

So, Daniel, how old are you?

IZZY
That's none of your business.

DANIEL
It's okay. I'm thirty-five.

OLIVIA
And your birthday?

IZZY
Don't answer that question.

DANIEL
February 15th.

Izzy sighs as Olivia jots down the date. Albert holds up his wine glass.

ALBERT
Cheers. To new friends.

Daniel reluctantly picks up his glass and cheers. As soon as he puts it down, when he turns toward Albert, Olivia QUICKLY SWITCHES OUT HIS GLASS, pouring out the remainder of the wine and putting the fingerprinted glass into another baggy.

IZZY
MOM!!!

But when Daniel turns back, the switch is complete. Daniel looks around uncomfortably. Finally, he turns to the youngest and the oldest at the table.

DANIEL
You're both named Rae? That must get confusing.

BIG RAY
I had cancer when "Livy" was pregnant. Didn't look like I was going to make it, so they stole my name.

OLIVIA
It was a tribute, Dad.

LITTLE RAE
But then he didn't die like he was supposed to.

IZZY
Rae, five bucks to get out of here now.

LITTLE RAE

Ten.

Without hesitation, Izzy hands a ten dollar bill to Little Rae. As she takes her plate to eat upstairs:

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

They really shouldn't give me money.
I've only been off the heroin a few
months now.

Daniel smiles, not buying it. Suddenly, the door opens and David walks in, suit and briefcase.

DAVID

Sorry I'm late, tied up at the office.

ALBERT

The *school* office.

Izzy just hangs her head, shaking it.

OLIVIA

Daniel, this is Izzy's brother, David.

DAVID

Nice to meet you.

DANIEL

Likewise. So you're a teacher, too?

BIG RAY

The whole damn family, teacher, teacher,
teacher!

DAVID

Izzy's currently teaching her class about
Machiavelli. Can someone find true
happiness using lies and deceit- OUCH!

IZZY

I'm sorry, was that your shin?

DAVID

Yes.

DANIEL

Wow. You must all be very dedicated.

OLIVIA

Not really.

ALBERT

Teaching wasn't really our calling.
(whispers)
Frankly, we don't like children.

IZZY

We really should get going.
(hopefully; to Daniel)
How about a movie?
(then; angrily to parents)
Or would you like a urine sample first?

OLIVIA

I have no idea what you're talking about,
Isabel.

Izzy is about to explode. She turns to Daniel.

IZZY

I'm sorry, Daniel. I'm afraid I can't go
out with you. Not now. Not ever.

Daniel is confused. "What the hell is going on?"

ALBERT

Izzy, don't be ridiculous.

OLIVIA

Dad's right. You're not exactly a spring
chicken.

IZZY

(hard; to Daniel)
I'd appreciate it if you'd leave now.

An awkward moment as Daniel heads for the door. A beat,
and then he walks out. Izzy stares down her parents.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You said you'd behave!

EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Izzy runs and catches up to Daniel, who is getting into
his car.

IZZY

I'm really sorry -- I just needed to get
us out of there. Do you want to, I don't
know, maybe get a drink or something?

DANIEL

I'll take a rain check.

Izzy's face drops as Daniel drives off.

Izzy stomps her feet in the driveway. Finally, she hops into her Buick and speeds off in Daniel's direction.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Izzy's Buick catches up to Daniel's Lexus as he turns a corner. She follows behind, two cars behind. Tailing.

A moment later, her phone rings.

INTERCUT DANIEL'S CAR --

DANIEL

Isabel, is that you behind me?

IZZY

Daniel, please stop the car.

The Lexus speeds up.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I should warn you, Daniel, if you're trying to shake me, it's not going to happen.

DANIEL

My car is faster than your car.

IZZY

Trust me. It's not that simple.

Daniel hangs up as he speeds through a yellow light. Izzy speeds through a red light.

The cars maneuver quickly through a few side streets. Daniel's Lexus loses some paint on a dumpster.

Izzy's phone rings again.

DANIEL

Are you trying to kill me?

IZZY

Kill you? We're setting a world record for "slowest car chase".

As Izzy expertly maneuvers the car with one hand, pulling next to Daniel, she pleads into the phone with the other.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Look, my family is crazy.
 (shouting out the window)
 Please stop the car!

Daniel skids to a stop at the side of the road. Izzy jumps out of her car and moves to Daniel.

DANIEL
 What!?! What do you want?!

Izzy approaches. This is not easy for her.

IZZY
 I don't know. Daniel, there's something different about you. Yeah, I mean, you're hot and I want to see you naked, but that's the icing. It's the cake I want. You're the cake. I have no idea why I'm using a baking analogy, but I'm going to run with it. I've had a lot of cake in my day and even more icing -- not that I'm some icing addict. I've never even tried chocolate icing, for example. I digress. I never find cake and icing together that I like. Until now.

DANIEL
 Could you stop with-

IZZY
 -There's something special about you.

DANIEL
 And you got all this from one teeth cleaning and half an awkward dinner?

IZZY
 Plus a car chase.
 (taking his hands)
 I have the worst instincts when it comes to men, and my gut tells me we'd make a terrible couple.

DANIEL
 Ooookay...?

IZZY
 It means we'd be spectacular.

INSERT -- a shot of the entire Spellman family sitting around a speaker, listening to Izzy and Daniel's conversation via a BUG.

IZZY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please. One normal date. What have you
got to lose?

We CUT BACK TO SCENE:

DANIEL
(playful)
What have I got to win?

Izzy smiles back. Then... she sticks her fingers in her
mouth and mumbles like she's at the dentist.

IZZY
(mumbling, SUBTITLED)
Next Saturday, plan something for us.
I'll be there with bells on. And by
bells, I mean my thong.

Daniel looks at her strangely... then nods.

DANIEL
You're very peculiar, Isabel Spellman.

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sounds of Daniel driving off. The family looks at each
other, having no idea what was just said.

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Izzy storms into the house to find the family eating ice-
cream out of the cartons at the kitchen table. Looking
innocent.

IZZY
I quit.

OLIVIA
Quit what, dear?

IZZY
This job. This family. This F'd up
life!

OLIVIA
You can't quit.

IZZY
Watch me.

Izzy turns and starts to walk out.

OLIVIA
Section 12, paragraph 19.

This stops Izzy in her tracks.

LITTLE RAE
Section 12, paragraph 19 of our
employment contract states that in order
to quit you must solve one last case or
reimburse all back rent.

BIG RAY
(whistling)
28 years from birth.

IZZY
You can garnish my wages at my next job.

OLIVIA
Won't you need references to get that?
And since this is the only job you've
ever had...

Izzy turns on them all, determined.

IZZY
Fine. Give me the damn case.

CUT TO:

INT. SPELLMAN OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

DUST is blown off an OLD MANILA FOLDER. Albert and
Olivia smile as they open the old file.

IZZY
What is that from, like 1985?!

ALBERT
1957. A missing person's case from when
Dad first joined the FBI.
(re: paperwork)
Last seen on Market Street. Hey, there's
a good lead.

IZZY
This is unfair!

Olivia mock "flips through" the employment contract.

OLIVIA
I'm sorry? Where in your employment
contract is there a "fairness clause?"

INT. LITTLE RAE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Little Rae unlocks the outside of her bedroom door and enters to find Big Ray standing in the middle of it. He looks like the cat who ate the canary.

LITTLE RAE

What are you doing in my room?

BIG RAY

... This isn't the john?

LITTLE RAE

There's a big "No Trespassing" sign on my door and you had to pick three locks to get in!

(then)

What's behind your back? Is that my camera?!

Big Ray shakes his head... nothing. She moves forward and pulls his hand into view... a nifty digital camera.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

I don't know what they call it in the old country, but where I come from, this is called stealing.

BIG RAY

It's my camera!

LITTLE RAE

You gave it to me fair and square.

BIG RAY

You blackmailed me.

LITTLE RAE

I negotiated. You didn't want Mom to know you used your Medicare checks to bet on the 49ers, I needed a camera.

(beat)

Can I help it if I accidentally followed you to the bookie's???

BIG RAY

You're an evil little girl.

She takes it back and pushes Big Ray out of her room.

LITTLE RAE

I'm installing a security system.

BIG RAY

I look forward to breaching it. This isn't over!

Little Rae hops into her race car bed, and starts to look over the Holt case file. Izzy peeks inside. Rae fumes.

LITTLE RAE

What do you want?

IZZY

You're mad at me?!

LITTLE RAE

You're trying to quit the family. You're ditching me.

IZZY

Rae, I'm not quitting you. Just the business. Like when David became a lawyer. It's called "growing up".

(changing tactics)

You realize if I left the business, you'd get all the cool cases.

Rae lights up. The silver lining.

LITTLE RAE

Hmmmm. I *have* been looking for a little more responsibility.

IZZY

But I'm never going to solve a missing persons case from 1957. What are you working on?

LITTLE RAE

A cake walk. Trace the 1906 gold certificates and follow Mr. Holt with Dad for a few days. See if he's got the goods. But they'll never let us swap.

IZZY

Section 13, Paragraph 7, subsection B: With consent, any Spellman may swap cases with another for a fresh perspective.

LITTLE RAE

You're good.

Rae hands her the Holt case file (including the journal), but doesn't let go when Izzy tries to take it.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)
 I also want 20 candy bars, mixed variety,
 no Heath, Mars, or Special Dark.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izzy walks downstairs to her parents sitting in the living room.

IZZY
 I've swapped cases with Rae. She's got your 1957 Sherlock-Holmes-Couldn't-Solve-It-Time-Waster. And before you veto it, it's done. You can't undo the swap, your own rules! As soon as I solve this Holt deal, I'm out of here.

Little Rae hops onto the stairs, beaming.

LITTLE RAE
 Finished! I just googled the guy from 1957. He has his own blog. He moved to Seattle where he runs a Starbucks Franchise.

Izzy makes a poker face, pivots, and leaves the room.

EXT. CABLE CAR, SAN FRANCISCO STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Izzy stands in the middle of a downtown intersection. She looks up at the street signs. Fifth and Market.

IZZY
 (into phone mic)
 Yes, Dad, I'll be at the Mint to pick up Holt in 10. I'm doing a little research.

She hangs up and, looks annoyed at the tourist next to her holding a BARKING Chihuahua.

She looks back down at the journal. Takes out a pocket digital sound-recorder, taking notes.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 "The plan was foolproof. That is, until fate threw a little wrench into things."

We PUSH IN over her shoulder at the battered journal:

CLOSE ON -- a hand-drawn map. Fifth Street and Market. "X" marks the spot on a nearby building.

CGI: The paper magically gets cleaner, then smoldering
ASH lands on it. PULL OUT, we find ourselves in...

EXT. 1906, TENEMENT - DAWN

Cyrus is now holding the journal open. Outside, dogs are barking. KATE, Jasper's wife, slams a glass into it, making a slice in the paper that we just saw fade.

KATE

Not in a hundred years, Cyrus!

CYRUS HOLT

(to Jasper)

Why did you tell her?

JASPER

Women develop magic powers when they marry you.

KATE

You are not taking my husband into a bloody hornet's nest. If you had an army to back you up, the answer wouldn't change.

JASPER

Maggie-

KATE

-Maggie doesn't need a dead fiancée any more than I need a dead husband.

CYRUS HOLT

A family not worth risking your life for doesn't deserve to be called a family.

Kate bows her head, she can see Jasper has made his mind up. Oswald, still a little drunk, gets up to pee.

KATE

Please-

CYRUS HOLT

I've planned for every possible thing.

All three STUMBLE.

OSWALD

I'm drunker than I thought.

They stumble again.

JASPER
That's not the booze.

A DEEP RUMBLE STARTS. BUILDINGS SHAKE. BRICKS ARE FALLING. All four are knocked to their asses as the floorboards BUCKLE. The ceiling half caves in. Out the window, the building next door collapses. Then another.

It is the GREAT SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE. 9.0 on the Richter scale. Epic.

When the dust finally settles, they slowly stand in the half-caved-in tenement. Screaming and crying can be heard coming from every direction.

KATE
Did you prepare for that?

CYRUS HOLT
Is everyone okay?

OSWALD
I think so. The city... it's-

CYRUS HOLT
-flattened. Forget next week -- we're taking the Mint *right now*.

EXT. 1906, SAN FRANCISCO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Cyrus, Oswald, and Jasper walk briskly down a steep hill, passing the ruins of buildings. They talk as fast as they walk.

CYRUS HOLT
Jasper, I need you to get transportation. Anything that can carry our haul. I don't care if it's a toy wagon.

JASPER
Done.

He peels off.

CYRUS HOLT
Oswald, the Mint is made of granite so it's probably partially standing. This is good, less rubble to dig through. Hopefully, we can get to the vaults in a few hours.

Cyrus stops short. In the distance, EVERY BUILDING IS COMPLETELY FLATTENED -- Except the Mint. It's PERFECT. UNTOUCHED. MASSIVE. IMPERVIOUS.

CYRUS HOLT (CONT'D)
You gotta be shitting me.

A MODERN DAY IZZY walks across the frame, in front of the Mint. As she walks, we MATCH WIPE TO:

EXT. OLD MINT, PRESENT DAY - DAY

Izzy walks to the corner, eyes flittering across the pedestrians. Searching.

CAMERA fast-motion rockets 2 blocks away where we see a RED-HEADED MAN walking down the street.

ON SCREEN - **"SUBJECT: PETER HOLT. UNDER SURVEILLANCE."**

RACK FOCUS: Albert is about 15 feet behind in the crowd, following him, unnoticed. He whispers into his lapel.

BACK TO IZZY. A tiny ear piece crackles in her ear.

ALBERT (V.O., ON EARPIECE)
In visual range. Subject is heading your way. South on Mission. 2 blocks out.

She speaks into her collar -- a transmitter.

IZZY
(into lapel)
Holding at Mission and 5th for transfer.

Izzy stops, leans against a building, and starts reading the paper. Suddenly, Little Rae rolls up on her roller-sneakers. She speaks into a digital tape recorder.

LITTLE RAE
(to tape recorder)
Subject is heading North on Mission.
Bought Jamba Juice, medium orange with energy boost. Window shopping.

IZZY
(not looking at her, annoyed)
What are you doing here?

LITTLE RAE
Tailing a suspect.

IZZY
What suspect!?

LITTLE RAE
Fat guy in the blue suit.

IZZY
What case is that for?

LITTLE RAE
It's not for a case. I'm honing my skills.

IZZY
Rae, you know what Mom and Dad said about following strangers! You could get hurt.

LITTLE RAE
I could get hurt playing squash.

IZZY
You don't play squash.

LITTLE RAE
Not the point.

IZZY
Shouldn't you be in school?

LITTLE RAE
Field trip: ditched.
(off Izzy's look)
Stevie Mehlman won't stop shooting spitballs at the back of my head.

In the distance, we see a class of 6th graders lined up outside the S.F. Chronicle office. We see FUGLY-LOOKING STEVIE MEHLMAN eyeing Little Rae. Izzy eye-balls him right back. The Fat Man moves on.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)
Subject moving.

Rae covers her face with a comic book and glides her wheel-sneakers out of frame.

Izzy lifts her newspaper again. A MOMENT LATER... PETER HOLT appears in the crowd. He looks over his shoulder.

ALBERT (V.O., ON EARPIECE)
Potentially made by subject. Dropping tail.

IZZY
 (into collar)
 I've got the package. Following into the
 Old Mint.

ALBERT (V.O., ON EARPIECE)
 Roger that.

Izzy drops the newspaper, now wearing a BLONDE WIG.

OLIVIA (V.O., ON EARPIECE)
 Izzy, I'm making pork chops for dinner.

IZZY
 (into collar)
 Mom, get off the line! I'm working!

OLIVIA (V.O., ON EARPIECE)
 I just wanted to know if you were going
 on a date tonight or-

Izzy rips out her earpiece in disgust and heads into:

INT. OLD MINT - CONTINUOUS

The Old Mint of San Francisco is a monument to a grander era. Doric Columns peer down at the street, a stunning Greek Revival. Now "The Granite Lady" is the home The United States Currency Museum.

The Curator, KARL MÜELLER (mid 40s), leads two dozen bored tourists through the exhibits. His muscle-bound body tests his Zegna suit. There's an old press, a bullion smelting machine, a giant photo of the mint from 1906 surrounded by absolute devastation, etc.

KARL
 Money. It's the blood that keeps society
 alive. It starts wars and ends them. It
 cures disease and built the atom bomb.
 Collectors will pay millions for a rare
 penny that you might pass on the street.

Izzy follows PETER HOLT from a distance as he joins the tour. Karl leads everyone to a large exhibit.

KARL (CONT'D)
 We conclude our tour on April 18th, 1906.
 The greatest and worst day in this
 building's history.
 (MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

The Granite Lady withstood the worst
Mother Nature had to offer, yet not the
worst of man, as millions in gold
certificates went missing. Please feel
free to donate to the museum on your way
out.

Peter approaches Karl; Izzy keeping a shallow distance.

PETER HOLT

They ALL went missing?

KARL

To this day.

PETER HOLT

Peter Holt.

Peter stands next a life-size photo of CYRUS HOLT in the
exhibit. The resemblance is uncanny, down to the hair.

KARL

Look at that. Please, come to my office.

IZZY quickly takes the gum out of her mouth, and pulls
the transmitter from her collar. IN ONE FLUID MOVE, Izzy
"DROPS" her purse at Holt's feet, bends over to pick it
up, sticks her gum/transmitter on the back of Holt's
shoe, unnoticed, and slips away. She's that good.

Peter Holt heads into the office with Karl. Izzy puts
the earpiece back in -- she can now hear them.

As she listens, she watches them through the glass window
while pretending to study the exhibits.

KARL (ON EARPIECE)

(CONT'D)

Yes, your sister contacted me recently,
and I'll tell you what I told her. As
far as the money, there's no conclusive
proof your grandfather even stole it; and
certainly no way to know what became of
it.

PETER HOLT

You're certain she didn't know where the
money was? I have reason to believe-

Right then, IZZY'S CELL PHONE RINGS. She looks at the
number -- It's Daniel. Damn. She answers quickly.

IZZY (TO CELL PHONE)

Hi you!

DANIEL (V.O., ON PHONE)
 Okay to talk? I tried to time it during recess.

IZZY
 Actually I'm... my class is on a field trip right now.
 (she shouts at a kid standing next to her)
 Toby, stop climbing on that!

The kid just stares at her. She mouths "sorry". He gives her the finger.

DANIEL (V.O., ON PHONE)
 Can you meet me at the San Francisco Tennis Club tomorrow, say eleven?

IZZY
 Sounds great. Toby! Stop-- I have to go. And Daniel, I'm excited to see you.

DANIEL
 Me, too. You. Not me. I can see me anytime.

She hangs up, smiling, and pushes the earpiece in.

PETER HOLT (ON EARPIECE)
 One last question. Hypothetically, if the bills *did* exist, what would they be worth?

KARL (ON EARPIECE)
 Nothing. They're government property.

PETER HOLT
 What about to a private collector?

KARL
 Well... a fortune. But if you have information about the where-abouts of stolen government property-

PETER HOLT
 Thank you for your time.

Izzy speed dials her phone.

IZZY (TO CELL PHONE)
 Grandpa? The transmitter-

BIG RAY (ON PHONE)
 -on it. I've been listening.

Peter walks past briskly. Karl following.

KARL
Mr. Holt, if you know anythi--

EXT. OLD MINT - CONTINUOUS

Peter Holt hurries down the steps... Big Ray, at the bottom, "accidentally" collides with him.

Ray snatches the gum/transmitter from Holt's shoe. Holt hurries off and Grandpa smirks, pocketing the bug.

Albert strolls up, along with Olivia (who drags Little Rae by the collar). Izzy joins from inside.

ALBERT
It's so nice when the family gets to visit the museum together, don't you think?

Something catches Izzy's attention off-screen.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A class of 11-year-olds board a school bus. As bully Stevie Mehlman passes, a hand PULLS HIM OUT OF LINE.

IZZY
(threatening)
Do you know who I am?

STEVIE MEHLMAN
You're Gay Rae's sister.

IZZY
Call her that again and...

Izzy holds up a ball-point pen.

STEVIE MEHLMAN
You'll draw on me?

IZZY
(hushed)
This isn't a pen. My grandfather built advanced FBI technology for 30 years. This is a delivery system for a classified neurotoxin. It's like mace for your bowels. At 5 seconds it makes you poo and pee uncontrollably.
(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)
But 20 seconds in... you ever see
projectile vomiting out someone's nose?

STEVIE MEHLMAN
(terrified)
N-No.

IZZY
One more spit-ball, call her "Gay Rae"
one more time...

Izzy starts to click open the pen. The terrified boy
runs post-haste into the bus.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm glad we had this little talk!

As Izzy pockets her pen, she's stopped by Little Rae.

LITTLE RAE
What did you tell him?

IZZY
(grumpily)
To aim for the *front* of your head.

INT. SPELLMAN KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Olivia and Albert make breakfast. Albert slathers butter
on his pancakes. And more butter. And more...

OLIVIA
Big break on that insurance fraud case.
I got shots of Joe Neck-Brace playing
beach volleyball yesterday.
(unable to contain herself)
I thought Dr. Schneider put you on a
diet.

ALBERT
She did.

OLIVIA
Does it have a butter-and-pancake-theme?

ALBERT
Can I have a little latitude? A pinch?
I have been so good lately.

OLIVIA
You haven't cheated today?

ALBERT

Not once.

Olivia then opens the cabinet -- a little black and white TV and DVR is in there, with wires running into the fridge. She flips it on the TV and BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from INSIDE THE FRIDGE COMES ON. The time stamp says 2:13am.

ON TV: The fridge door opens and we see Albert in his bathrobe eyeing a slice of chocolate cake. In one motion he shoves the entire huge piece in his mouth.

Albert slides the pancakes away in disgust. He bites into an apple from the centerpiece.

Olivia sorts through the mail, pleased with herself.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(mouth full of apple)

You are such a shrew.

Olivia stops on a MANILA ENVELOPE... Inside are PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALBERT IN BED WITH A NAKED BLONDE.

OLIVIA

Wow.

Albert looks at the pictures, munching his apple. Neither bats an eye.

ALBERT

Would you look at that.

OLIVIA

(squinting)

Izzy is getting incredibly good with Photoshop. You barely see the jagged pixels where she attached your head.

ALBERT

Beautiful work.

A beat as Olivia looks torn. They both turn serious.

OLIVIA

Maybe she has a right to be angry. Did we go too far with Daniel?

ALBERT

She makes bad choices. I could argue that *other* parents don't go far enough.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO TENNIS CLUB - LATER

Izzy is standing in the lobby wearing an adorable tennis outfit holding a racket. Daniel arrives wearing heavy construction-style clothes. He carries a tool box.

DANIEL

What are you wearing?

IZZY

Ummm... Tennis clothes?

DANIEL

I said to meet me here, not... it's my mistake. I'm sorry.

IZZY

(teasing)

It's my fault. Tennis clothes, tennis courts -- crazy leap in logic.

Daniel smiles and takes her hand sweetly, leading her down a service corridor to the boiler room, then to an ancient door guarding a stairwell down.

DANIEL

You know what's even better than sports?
Time travel.

INT. DECREPIT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel turns on his flashlight -- beyond the filth and debris are broken gambling tables, ancient casino signs, and ornate woodwork.

Two UNIVERSITY GRAD STUDENTS are carefully digging in a corner. They nod to Daniel, who waves back.

DANIEL

Welcome to 1856. The El Dorado, hottest gambling hall of the Gold Rush.

IZZY

Soooo freaking cool.

DANIEL

I'm working with Urban Archeologists at Stanford to excavate on the weekends.

Izzy is poking around.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
People are walking right on top of their
own history without realizing it.

IZZY
You are one weird dentist.

DANIEL
No, my love of oral hygiene is weird. My
- this - I think everyone else is weird
for NOT loving it.

She looks at him with sweet, comprehending eyes.

IZZY
The tricky part is finding your "this".

DANIEL
Exactly. C'mon lets get out of here
before our date ends with a tetanus shot.

IZZY
Are you kidding?

Izzy scurries over to the Grad Students, getting onto her
hands and knees, joining them in the dirt.

IZZY (CONT'D)
So, guys, what are we digging up?

Daniel can't keep his smile buried.

EXT. 21ST AMENDMENT BREWERY CAFE, SF - NIGHT

Izzy and Daniel stumble out of the bar, laughing. They
are covered in dirt and grime and couldn't be happier.
The great afternoon has stretched into a great night.

DANIEL
For a school teacher, you drink more like
a sailor. Do you think sailors drink a
lot? Where does that expression come
from anyway? Maybe there was one sailor
80 years ago who was such a raging
alcoholic they started saying that.

IZZY
Do you think 80 years from now they'll
say "You're drunkenly analytical like a
dentist-archeologist"?

DANIEL

Hey! 2nd and Federal. Did you know in the 1820's, the largest cannery west of the Mississippi was right here?

IZZY

Really?

DANIEL

No.

He laughs hard at his own joke. Izzy swats him.

IZZY

I would so have kicked your ass in Jr. High. You are such a *dork*.

DANIEL

A dork who took you to 1856.

IZZY

Next time can we go to 1906? I'm trying to solve a mystery.

(catching herself)

For my class. Class report.

DANIEL

You know, the Stanford research database is incredibly deep. Genealogy for the whole Bay Area, history, public records, financials. You're welcome to log into my account there with the kids.

She kisses his cheek. He doesn't pull back. They're about an inch apart.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Am I so different from the guys you usually date?

IZZY

You're so much less damaged.

Daniel moves to kiss her when a SKETCHY GUY bumps him. Izzy pulls back from the kiss, radar going off.

SKETCHY GUY

Sorry.

IZZY (V.O.)

Here's a P.I. trick you can take home: when it's a wide sidewalk and someone still bumps into you? DANGER WILL ROBINSON.

Izzy makes a decision, she TAKES OFF AFTER THE MAN into the bar. Daniel, confused, chases after her.

DANIEL

Izzy?

INT. MEN'S ROOM, BAR - A MOMENT LATER

The Suspicious Man is using the URINAL. Izzy storms in, Daniel a few steps behind.

IZZY

Okay, asshole, hand it over.

SKETCHY MAN

Lady, you're in the men's room.

IZZY

From where I stand, you're a few inches short of qualifying, too. Hand it over.

DANIEL

Izzy-?

Izzy reaches for the man's jacket pocket and he slaps her hand away. In about 3 seconds, Izzy unleashes a fierce KRAV MAGA martial arts ASSAULT on the guy. He slumps into the urinal, barely conscious.

Izzy pulls DANIEL'S WALLET FROM THE MAN'S JACKET.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That's my-!

Izzy hands it to him. She looks expectantly. She's blown it. The jig is up.

Daniel grabs her and gives her an awesome, intense, passionate KISS. Izzy's eyes are wide with shock.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That was the hottest thing I've ever seen.

He kisses her again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What was that? Jujitsu?

IZZY

Krav Maga. It's an Israeli martial art.

DANIEL

You handed that guy his ass!

BEAT. Izzy handles Daniel's ass as she kisses him back, stumbling INTO A STALL. THE DOOR CLOSES, but we see intermingling feet.

IZZY (O.S.)

This is good. You're a *little* damaged.

INT. SPELLMAN CAR - AFTERNOON

Ray and Rae are staking-out Mr. Holt's house. They share a tin of mixed nuts. Little Rae uses her digital camera (the one that Big Ray tried to swipe) to spy on Peter.

LITTLE RAE

I can see Holt in the window. This is *so* pimp.

BIG RAY

Stakeouts should be quiet, not "pimp".

He turns down the teeny-bop music and closes his eyes.

BIG RAY (CONT'D)

Wake me if Holt makes a move.

INT. IZZY'S GARAGE STUDIO APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Izzy is on the computer. David tries cleaning up her stray clothing. Her studio would not be featured in Better Homes and Gardens.

DAVID

This room smells different from when I lived here. Is that microwaved broccoli?

Izzy ignores him. Pinned to every wall are dozens of index cards with notes, maps, each page of the journal photocopied and blown up.

IZZY

If Cyrus Holt stole the money in 1906, and his grandkids have the only known certificate in 2008, then it stands to reason that the rest of the loot *was* or *is* somehow still in the Holt family.

DAVID

Look, I didn't say anything to Mom and Dad, but I called up a friend at police records.

IZZY

I have no convictions, only indictments!

DAVID

Iz, forensics thinks the Holt's parents car accident was deliberate. It wasn't conclusive, but... be careful.

Izzy's touched. She gives him a peck on the cheek.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, what's going on with the boy? Did we drive him off.

She rolls her eyes and ignores him deliberately.

IZZY

Help me run this: None of the Holts ever had a penny saved, let alone earned.

(pacing in front of cards)

Records show that Cyrus fled to Mexico after the earthquake, supposedly with the gold certificates. But he lived a modest life down there, and didn't send for his fiancée for 2 years. If he had the money, why did he wait?

DAVID

Laying low?

IZZY

Family was everything to this guy, you should read this journal. The whole robbery was to get his girl over from Ireland. He risks his life to be with her, then waits 2 years?

(beat)

But that's not all. After they have a kid, they went back to the states so the kid would know his relatives.

(holding up court records)

The Feds grabbed Cy two seconds over the border and sent him up to Alcatraz. Money never recovered.

DAVID

Maybe it was stolen from Cyrus?

IZZY
Not one bill has ever turned up. Until
yesterday.

Looking over her shoulder at the computer printouts.

DAVID
What are you doing hacking into the
Stanford University historical database?

IZZY
I was invited to peruse.

DAVID
Well, you perused into a dead end.

IZZY
Literally. Cyrus died escaping from
Alcatraz in '62.

She throws down a newspaper photocopy with a picture of
an old Cyrus and a headline detailing his death.

DAVID
Square one. Wait-

David leans over the computer and starts typing.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It looks like Cyrus' *cellmate* is still
alive, trailer park up North.

IZZY
I was JUST ABOUT to do a search on that.
Hate you. Why do you have to be perfect?

David goes to leave.

DAVID
Trust me, perfect ain't all it's cracked
up to be. And Iz-

IZZY
I know. Be careful.

Izzy walks to the photocopied journal blown up, covering
the walls.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(to the pages)
Cyrus, old buddy, you can run, but you
can't hide.

MATCH CUT: A DANK BASEMENT, the same photocopied pages adorn the walls. A map with push-pins tracking all the Holts movements through the 20th Century. Someone else is looking just as hard as Izzy.

A MAN'S HAND traces the photocopied journal. A PHOTO OF THE SPELLMANS IS ALSO ON THE WALL.

MAN'S GRUFF VOICE

...No, you can't hide.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is quiet, Grandpa Ray is fast asleep. Little Rae watches the building's front door through binoculars.

Score! The door opens and out walks Peter Holt. He walks to his car.

LITTLE RAE

Grandpa. Wake up!

Peter Holt starts up the car; Rae nudges Grandpa again.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

Grandpa! Get up!!! He's getting away!!!

Ray doesn't move. Rae starts to get scared. Is he DEAD?

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

Grandpa?

(beat, sad realization)

Grandpa...

SUDDENLY, Grandpa starts SNORING LOUDLY as Peter Holt drives away. Rae SMACKS him.

INT. SPELLMAN OFFICE - THAT NIGHT

Albert and Olivia are both working on the Holt case. Albert stands in front of a map of San Francisco, with push pins marking all of Peter Holt's movements.

Olivia is at a drafting table, working on splicing together a fake San Francisco Chronicle I.D. for Izzy.

ALBERT

Matching Peter's credit card history with his visits this week, the Mint is the only place that's unusual.

Little Rae bursts in, Big Ray sheepishly follows.

LITTLE RAE
I can't work with him! He's
unprofessional!

BIG RAY
I nodded off.

LITTLE RAE
On a stake out! On a stake out! I
thought he was dead until he started
snoring.

BIG RAY
Sorry to disappoint.

LITTLE RAE
Dead at least I can still respect you!

Little Rae picks up her iPod and storms outside, bumping
into Izzy as she exits.

Olivia puts the finishing touches on the fake I.D. and
hands it to her.

IZZY
Looks good.
(then, seeing the name)
Fudrucker? Really? Sally Fudrucker?

OLIVIA
Snotty daughters get unpleasant names.

Annoyed, Izzy clips on the I.D. and walks out.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN

The rocky coast 100 yards below, Izzy sings Johnny
Paycheck's "Take This Job And Shove It" along with the
radio as she pulls off the freeway.

A moment later, a BLACK SUV pulls off behind her.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, NORTHERN CA COAST - DAY

Izzy sits outside a disgusting, dilapidated trailer in an
equally sad trailer park. This is where vehicles -- and
people -- go to die. She wears her faux reporter's I.D.
around her neck.

Across from Izzy is HERMAN DUPONT, an ancient man on the
wrong side of 100. He uses an oxygen mask and smokes a
cigarette at the same time.

HERMAN

Fortune in gold? Cyrus Holt?
 (then; suspicious)
 What did you say your name is again?

She holds up her I.D.

IZZY

Sally Fudrucker. With the Chronicle.
 I'm doing an article about the 1906
 quake.

HERMAN

Fudrucker, huh?

IZZY

(deeply annoyed at Olivia)
 That's the name my mother gave me.

Herman warms, feeling a bond toward her fake identity.
 He takes another long drag.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Did Cyrus ever mention gold certificates?
 Maybe a robbery during the Earthquake?

HERMAN

(smiling a toothless grin)
 You know how fisherman exaggerate fish,
 boys exaggerate their Friday night dates?
 On The Rock, people spin tales about
 their "big scores".

IZZY

But if it were true, what happened to the
 money? Would Cyrus have told his son
 where he hid it?

HERMAN

Twenty years in lock-up and his boy never
 visited the old man once. Kids ain't got
 no respect anymore.

(then)

You got kids?

(Izzy shakes her head)

You want 'em?

Izzy humors him with a smile, still needing more info.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Well, Cy did talk a lot about his lottery
 ticket.

IZZY
"Lottery ticket"?

HERMAN
Cy was an odd duck... he'd go on and on
how his jackpot was waiting for him when
he got out. That's why he swam for it in
1962. Poor bastard could dream better
than he could breaststroke.

IZZY
Do you have any idea where or what this
"ticket" was?

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Izzy speeds down the highway, back toward San Francisco.

HERMAN (V.O.)
Best I can do is point you to Alcatraz,
back of our cell. Cy had some nonsense
he carved into the wall. Broadway
cellblock, number 57.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She's on her cell phone.

IZZY (INTO CELL PHONE)
Daniel? I know we talked about digging
up dinosaur bones or something--

DANIEL (ON SPEAKER)
A DINER. The group is excavating a diner
built over from the 40s. It's urban
archeology.

IZZY
I still think that name sounds like a hip-
hop clothing store. Can we push our date
a few hours? I have to make a pit stop
on Alcatraz Island, don't ask.

DANIEL
I love Alcatraz!

IZZY
Of course you do. Wait - hold on, call
waiting.

The number reads "PRIVATE", Izzy switches over.

IZZY (INTO CELL PHONE)
(CONT'D)

Hello?

An ELECTRONICALLY SCRAMBLED VOICE is on the other end.

VOICE (O.S., CELL PHONE)
Drop the case before someone gets hurt.
We are deadly serious.

IZZY (INTO CELL PHONE)
Nice try, Mom. So I drop the case and
stay under your thumb forever?

VOICE (O.S., CELL PHONE)
This is not your moth-

IZZY (INTO CELL PHONE)
Sure it isn't.
(she switches over)
Daniel? Dress warm.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRY, SAN FRANCISCO BAY - LATER THAT DAY

Daniel, Izzy, and Little Rae ride a choppy ferry.

DANIEL
(to Little Rae)
It's awfully nice of your sister to take
you to Alcatraz for your class report.

LITTLE RAE
Oh yeah, Izzy's the best. I can't
imagine a better role model.

Without missing a beat, we see Izzy slip a twenty to
Little Rae behind her back, out of Daniel's view.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)
Did you know Izzy once raced into a
burning building to save a litter of
puppies?

Izzy squeeze's Rae's arm... *enough!*

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY

As they get off the ferry, Izzy whispers to Little Rae:

IZZY

I need you to keep Daniel busy while I do some digging.

LITTLE RAE

What is he even doing here?

IZZY

I'm multi-tasking.

LITTLE RAE

Daniel? Do you know anything about Alcatraz?

DANIEL

Do I? Rae, before Alcatraz became a prison, it was a Military Fort, later used to hold Civil war deserters. And underneath is the dungeon where they locked 'em up.

Rae takes Daniel by the arm and drags him off. She sneaks a thumbs up to Izzy, who slips into a closed off section of the Prison.

LITTLE RAE (O.S.)

Tell me some more weird things.

INT. ALCATRAZ CELL BLOCK - DAY

Izzy is going down an abandoned cell block, looking for #57. It's eerily quiet. Ghosts of criminals past.

Finally she finds it and steps in -- all the doors are open. Inside is just a rusted bed frame. She moves the frame and examines the wall until she sees it:

CARVED IN TO THE CONCRETE: **"M -- Tá an stór faoi cheilt ar chúl mo chuid focal"**

IZZY

What is that, Esperanto? You couldn't draw a nice map with an "x"?

Izzy writes it down... suddenly ALL THE CELL BLOCK DOORS BEGIN TO SLIDE CLOSED. Thinking fast, Izzy kicks the bed frame, JAMMING THE DOOR.

She hurries out of the cell... FOOTSTEPS ECHO, GETTING LOUDER.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Mom! This isn't funny!

She sees a figure appear in the shadows at the end of the hall. MUCH too big to be her mother. She sees the shadow of a knife drop down into his hand.

Izzy runs.

INT. ALCATRAZ CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Izzy is rushing through this closed off part of the prison, in the distance she can hear a tour nearby.

The heavy footsteps are gaining on her.

Izzy reaches a door, she's almost back with the tour...
LOCKED!

Behind her, she hears the sound of the KNIFE SCRAPING
AGAINST THE CONCRETE WALL.

The footsteps getting louder, she spies an open access hatch in the floor and a ladder, leading down.

INT. ALCATRAZ UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS - CONTINUOUS

This is the "dungeon" of Alcatraz, where Civil War deserters were imprisoned. The light is dim as Izzy runs past ancient cells.

She stops for a moment and looks back at the light from the access hatch being opened. Someone is coming.

IZZY DUCKS INTO A CELL AND PUSHES THE SOLID DOOR CLOSED. SHE KEEPS HER HANDS PRESSED AGAINST THE DOOR, HYPER-VENTILATING.

STEPS APPROACH... CLOSER... CLOSER...

... they pass the cell... STOP... then DOUBLE BACK.

SUDDENLY, the FOOD SLOT IN THE DOOR OPENS, right where Izzy is pushing. A man's hand, wearing a large Panerai watch, grabs her wrist and pulls it through the slot.

Izzy tries to pull her hand back, but the man is too strong. She freezes when a hunting knife is pressed against her wrist.

As the man talks, he makes lazy circles with the knife point over her wrist... palm... fingers...

MAN'S GRUFF VOICE

Do you think you're the only ones looking
for this? I warned you to walk away.
Now do I take your hand? Or do I take
Olivia's? Or maybe your sister's?

IZZY

No. Please stop.

He purposely slices her palm, drawing blood. She yanks
her hand back through the slot.

MAN'S GRUFF VOICE

I wouldn't stick your neck out.

Izzy quickly reaches into her purse for a mirror. She
thrusts it through the opening, hoping for a better look.

But the ATTACKER is GONE.

INT. OLIVIA & ALBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia and Albert lie in bed. She's reading a TYPED
REPORT, he's watching "The Rockford Files" on television.

Izzy walks in, shaken up. Her hand is bandaged.

IZZY

Truce.

OLIVIA

What happened?

IZZY

A man held a knife to me today and told
me to drop the case.

They shoot up in bed.

ALBERT

Oh my God. I'm calling the department.

OLIVIA

Are you okay? What did he look like?

Albert is dialing, but Izzy hangs up.

IZZY

Already filed a report. No good I.D.,
though. Just his watch: He was wearing a
Panerai, a *fake*. The bezel wasn't
titanium.

(then)

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. I'm dropping the case and I'll keep working here. But if I still want to leave in a year, you let me go? Good references? Full support?

OLIVIA

You're our daughter. You always have our full support.

Izzy give her mother a hug. Albert pats her back. From the hug, Izzy sees the REPORT her mother was reading:

"RECONNAISSANCE: ISABEL SPELLMAN AND DR. DANIEL CASTILLO, ALCATRAZ ISLAND by RAE SPELLMAN, Private Eye".

Izzy grabs the report and recoils.

IZZY

You had Little Rae spy on me?

OLIVIA

We just... don't want you to blow it, honey. We like this Daniel.

IZZY

You're impossible, both of you! I'm going to finish the Holt case, and then I'm done. You won't have to worry about me ever again.

OLIVIA

No, Izzy, someone attacked you!

IZZY

Ever better. When someone threatens to cut off your thumb, it usually means you're close. I'm going to crack this and then I'm out!

Izzy storms out. A beat.

INT. LITTLE RAE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rae is reading a comic book when Izzy bursts in.

IZZY

What did they pay you? 30 pieces of candy?

LITTLE RAE

10 trips to Pinkberry, 3 toppings/per.

IZZY
We're finished. As co-workers AND as
sisters.

With that, she storms out of the room.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO GARAGE APT. - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A cowed Little Rae creaks open Izzy's bedroom door.

LITTLE RAE
Izzy-

IZZY
No! You sold me out for frozen yogurt.
It would be funny if it wasn't my life.

LITTLE RAE
But I want to help you with the case-

IZZY
NO! No matter what, you are not to do
anything on the Holts. It's not safe,
and I don't trust you.

LITTLE RAE
(hopeful)
You can have the yogurt.

IZZY
It's yours. *You earned it.*

Izzy grabs Cyrus' journal and climbs out the window onto
the garage roof. She slams the window shut behind her.

Izzy tucks her legs under for warmth, looking at the
water-damaged journal. She examines FAINT TEETH MARKS on
the binding.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(reading)
"There I was standing ten feet of granite
between me and my dreams..."

EXT. 1906, US MINT - DAWN

Cyrus and Oswald stand at the foot of the steep granite
steps. The huge metal doors are bolted. The metal
security shutters are sealed over the windows.

OSWALD
How were we going to get in before?

CYRUS HOLT

I bribed the watchman at the building across the street for roof access. We were going to slide down a cable to the top of the Mint.

They turn around. The building (like all the others) is GONE.

CYRUS HOLT (CONT'D)

Go home. It's over. I'll need to get the money for Maggie some other way.

OSWALD

But-

CYRUS HOLT

But what? This place was built to withstand an army. The only weak spot is a roof access hatch!

OSWALD

Maybe-

CYRUS HOLT

What? Maybe they'll just open the front door and invite us in!?

As if on cue, THE FRONT DOOR OF THE MINT SWINGS OPEN.

GUARD

You there! I need men! We need to water down the roof before the fire gets here!

Cyrus and Oswald stare at the guard.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Get in here! Now!!!

Cyrus and Oswald share a look and a smile.

EXT. OLD MINT, ROOF - 1906 - LATER

From the roof, the city looks like something out of Dante's Inferno. A red glow on the horizon, smoke, ash, dust and distant screams fill the air.

Cyrus and Oswald are hosing everything down as 12 other ramshackle volunteers work the manual water pumps. The Lead Guard oversees it, holding a RIFLE. The Holt boys eye the access hatch.

LEAD GUARD

Faster boys! We need to wet the roof
before the fire reaches us.

CYRUS HOLT

(whispering)

All I wanted was to get on this roof and
now we can't get off it.

Oswald looks over the edge.

OSWALD

Is that what I think it is?

Down below, we see guards loading pallets of Gold
Certificates onto a FEDERAL POLICE CAR (a Model-T).

CYRUS HOLT

(to Lead Guard)

What's going on down there?

LEAD GUARD

We're moving the flammables to the harbor
in case the fire jumps across Mission.

Cyrus looks over the edge, six armed guards jog alongside
the POLICE CAR as it slowly drives away, maneuvering
around the rubble. Cyrus looks around, frustrated.

OSWALD

What do we do?

Cyrus makes an executive decision. He walks his hose
behind the Lead Guard and CLOCKS HIM in the back of the
head with it. Oswald grabs the man's rifle and turns
toward the other men, daring them to approach.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

We're never going to catch them.

Cyrus stands at the edge of the building.

CYRUS HOLT

We will if we take the short cut.

With that, Cyrus BITES DOWN on the journal to hold it,
holding rifles in his hands. He then JUMPS OFF THE THREE
STORY ROOF.

EXT. OLD MINT - CONTINUOUS

CYRUS' BODY SPLASHES DOWN IN WATER. He surfaces. We REVEAL that he is wading in a STOLEN S.F. FIRE DEPARTMENT HORSE DRAWN WATER TRUCK, courtesy of his brother Jasper.

He climbs out of the water as Oswald MAKES THE JUMP FROM THE ROOF. SCREAMING all the way down. Cyrus takes the reigns as everyone boards the wagon.

JASPER
Where's the haul?

CYRUS HOLT
One minute ahead of us. Heading toward the bay. HEYAA!!!

Cyrus lashes the horses as the wagon lurches forward. Oswald, still wading in the water, almost spills out.

It looks like all is well until a GIANT TELEGRAPH POLE falls down directly in front of them, blocking the way.

An angry Cyrus watches as the money and his dreams disappear toward the wharf. He shoots both of the shotguns off into the air in anger.

MATCH CUT TO:

A sketch of the phone pole blocking the wagon. A glob of DROOL lands in the middle of the picture. We are:

INT. FLOOR, IZZY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Izzy is passed out on the floor, drooling into the journal. All the photocopies are everywhere, along with a dry erase board filled with letters and numbers.

The ALARM goes off, and Izzy shoots up. She's late for:

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

KA-BLAM! We are in one of those shooting ranges like the FBI training center -- cardboard bad guys pop out of windows. Occasionally, an old lady or dog pops out to keep you on your toes.

Izzy wears protective glasses and wields a Baretta.

IZZY
"Tá an stór faoi cheilt ar chúl mo chuid focal" You'll never guess the language.
(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

Took me 3 hours online, google, Lexus-Nexis-

A CUT-OUT BANK ROBBER pointing a gun pops out from behind a rock. Izzy shoots and misses. David stands in the next booth, he shoots the robber cut-out down.

DAVID

Ancient Gaelic.

IZZY

I hate you.

A CUT-OUT MUGGER pops out from a faux-doorway. IZZY MISSES AGAIN. David takes it down.

DAVID

They're Irish. What's it mean?

IZZY

"M - The key to the treasure is hidden behind my words."

DAVID

Well, there you go.

IZZY

I then spent 9 hours reading and rereading the journal for hidden anagrams or something. Bupkis.

A CUT-OUT OLD LADY WALKING A DOG POPS UP. IZZY SHOTS HER IN THE HEAD.

IZZY (CONT'D)

How did you get Mom's sharpshooting skill while I got Dad's love of pastry?

They both reload.

DAVID

Just lucky. So you're not talking to them?

(no response)

They both seem to like Daniel.

IZZY

His one drawback.

INT. SPELLMAN KITCHEN - DAY

Little Rae is throwing a TANTRUM at Albert and Olivia. Through the window, Grandpa Ray is spraying a solution on a pair of slacks in the yard.

LITTLE RAE

It's not fair!

OLIVIA

This is not a debate.

LITTLE RAE

But I can help her. Even if Izzy doesn't want it. I can follow everyone around. Take notes. Wait for someone to slip up.

OLIVIA

No recreational surveillance!

ALBERT

Honey, we're sorry your sister is mad at you. She's mad at us, too. But this is not a safe situation anymore. We don't even want your sister investigating.

Suddenly, Rae gives up.

LITTLE RAE

Fine. Oh, I almost forgot -- I have a sleep over at Julie's house. Gotta run!

Rae picks up her backpack and heads out. Albert and Olivia shake their head.

OLIVIA

(disappointed)

You'd think she'd be better at lying by now.

RACK FOCUS out the window: Grandpa Ray's latest formula fails and his test pants GO UP IN BALL OF FLAME.

EXT. PRESIDIO PARK - LATER

Laura Holt is walking a dachshund. About 30 feet behind, Little Rae glides along on her roller sneakers. She speaks into her mini-tape recorder.

LITTLE RAE

Subject Laura Holt, surveillance.
Walking puppy.

(MORE)

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

Dachshund, possible mastermind of dog fighting ring. Investigating further.

She continues watching as Laura sits down for lunch with a man we don't see.

About 30 feet behind Rae, a certain Ford with tinted windows follows the girl...

INT. FORD - CONTINUOUS

Albert and Olivia are following their little girl.

OLIVIA

Do you think she's made us?

ALBERT

Not a chance.

Suddenly, THERE IS A GLINT OF LIGHT from behind a bush. They get a better look to find a SKEEVY PHOTOGRAPHER taking secret pictures of Little Rae.

OLIVIA

Do you see that?

Albert is already taking the safety off his .38 revolver.

EXT. PRESIDIO PARK - A MINUTE LATER

The Photographer is snapping photos of a clueless Rae in the distance. A GUN ENTERS FRAME, POINTED TO HIS HEAD. "CLICK", it's cocked.

ALBERT

You have three seconds to tell me who hired you to trail my daughter, or your brains fertilize this bush.

The guy drops his camera. Terrified.

PHOTOGRAPHER

She did.

OLIVIA

Who?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Her. The little girl. She gave me 20 bucks to follow her and take her picture. She said I could stop when two lunatics came up to me.

Olivia and Albert look up: Sure enough, LITTLE RAE IS GONE. They've been scammed.

Albert holsters his gun. He tries to hide a tear that rolls down his face.

OLIVIA
Are you okay?

ALBERT
I'm just so... proud of her.

INT. KRAV MAGA STUDIO - DAY

Daniel stands on a mat, head to toe in heavy padding. Izzy just wears gloves.

DANIEL
This is *your* version of a fun date?

IZZY
What's more fun than kicking ass and taking names?

DANIEL
Could you put on some pads or something? I don't want to hurt you.

IZZY
That's cute. Now come at me.

DANIEL
Really. You don't want to go bowling or something?

Izzy pokes him in the face with a quick jab.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Okay... now you've done it.

Daniel gets into a fighting stance.

IZZY
You've been watching too many Rocky movies. Let's go. Give me a beat down.

Daniel runs at her, half-hearted. Izzy pivots and hits him four times in the padding before he can blink.

This just gives Daniel more fire in his eyes.

DANIEL

Oh, now you're in it. Oh yeah-

She kicks a roundhouse to his padded head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Is that the best you got?

She plants and hits him in the solar plexus with all her strength. He's laid on his back.

IZZY

I'm so sorry. Stressful day.

Izzy leans over to check on him, he pulls her down and straddles her. Still wincing.

DANIEL

I let you do that, you know.

IZZY

I know.

She flips him over and now she's straddling him.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Can I tell you something stupid?

(he nods)

When we first went out, I think I was running away from something. But the more time we spend together... I feel I'm running toward something.

(embarrassed)

Okay, that's the gayest thing ever said.

Even in San Francisco. I take it ba-

He takes advantage of her awkwardness to flip her. She play-struggles; now they're laying his front to her back.

DANIEL

Let's do something special. Spontaneous.

IZZY

I think I can get behind that.

He presses into her.

DANIEL

I think I can get behind your behind.

She cranes her neck around and they kiss... when IZZY EYES FLY OPEN.

IZZY
The key is behind the words! It's
literal! I could kiss you!

DANIEL
(unhappy)
You were kissing me.

SHE EFFORTLESSLY FLIPS FREE AND LANDS ON HER FEET.

IZZY
I'll call you later.
(she turns, then turns back)
And I think you are the most wonderful
man I've ever met.

And she's gone. Calling after her:

DANIEL
Not the "spontaneous" I was going for.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Izzy bursts in and beelines for the Cyrus Holt journal.
She flips through the book, nothing. She examines the
binding... Is that a bump?

She grabs a letter opener and slices the binding off.

IZZY
Sorry Cyrus.

Sure enough, she pulls out a LONG BRASS KEY (the kind
used for safety deposit boxes). Printed in the metal is
"BANCO CSL".

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - NIGHT

The gate reads "CABO SAN LUCAS" and the flight is
boarding. Distressed, Izzy peers down the terminal --
then she sees him, Daniel running with a small suitcase.

As they board the plane:

IZZY
What took you so long?

DANIEL
You called me 29 minutes ago! Honestly,
Mexico? Out of the blue?

IZZY
You wanted spontaneous.

INT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Albert paces around the room as Olivia works the phones.

OLIVIA (TO PHONE)
Thank you, Julie, if you hear from Rae,
have your parents call us immediately.

ALBERT
(shouting toward the phone)
And tie her up until we get there!

David walks in, taking in the chaos.

DAVID
Hey guys, everything okay?

OLIVIA
Your baby sister's picked a bad day to go
rogue on us.

David's cell phone rings. He sees caller I.D. and
answers. We see an ever-so-slight change in his demeanor
as he listens to the line.

DAVID
Um-hmmm... okay... sure thing, Liz. Call
me if you need anything... Bye.

He hangs up the phone as his parents stare him down.
David tries to avoid a confrontation.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So Rae is missing. What can I do?

OLIVIA
You can start by telling us what you're
hiding?

DAVID
Hmmm?

ALBERT
Increased pupil size. No eye contact.
Do I need to dust off the lie detector,
or are you going to fess up?

OLIVIA
Liz? Elizabeth is in the top five female
names in America.
(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Add to the fact that it has the "Iz" in it, which is why it came to you. I'd bet my first born son that was your sister Izzy. Spill.

DAVID

Just promise me that you won't go all insane control-freak parents on her and use your investigative powers for evil.

They don't answer, clearly not agreeing to the terms. David sighs -- what choice does he have?

DAVID (CONT'D)

She's on her way to Cabo San Lucas to follow a lead.

ALBERT

On the Holt case?

DAVID

On the Holt case.

OLIVIA

I'm going to kill her.

DAVID

Daniel's with her. She figures she can make a date of it.

ALBERT

DAD, GET DOWN HERE-!

Big Ray comes downstairs WEARING HEADPHONES.

BIG RAY

I heard everything.

ALBERT

You and David need to go to Mexico to look after Izzy. Olivia and I will stay here and find Rae.

BIG RAY

I put out an APB on her. Called in some favors. She's slippery, like an eel, that one.

OLIVIA

(to David and Big Ray)

Go. Go!!! What are you waiting for?

(to Albert; furious and scared)

When she comes home, we can't leave any marks on her. Don't need to give her any ammunition to put child services on us.

Albert gives his wife a comforting hug.

EXT. CABO SAN LUCAS, MEXICO - THE NEXT MORNING

Sun. Surf. Sand. Hotels line the beaches, cruise ships tower off shore, it's a magical escape.

IZZY (V.O.)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know what you're thinking, I'm nuts for bringing my boy. But come on! It's Mexico! I just need to fold him into the mission. And the secret to telling a believable lie? Make it 98% true.

INT. LA CUCARACHA BEACH HOTEL, CABO - CONTINUOUS

Daniel is sitting on the bed in swim trunks, head to toe in sunblock, staring at the closed bathroom door.

DANIEL
Come on, Iz. Get your bathing suit on!

She peeps her head out of the door.

IZZY (O.S.)
I have something better.

DANIEL
Birthday suit?

Izzy opens the door, she's fully dressed. Daniel frowns. She holds up Cyrus' BRASS KEY.

IZZY
We're going on a treasure hunt.

INT. CAB, CABO SAN LUCAS - DAY

David and Big Ray ride in a taxi toward town.

DAVID
How'd you know which hotel?

BIG RAY
I ran the dentist's credit.

David nods, looking out the window. He's in a thought.

DAVID

When Dad was younger, did you put him through this?

BIG RAY

Does a psychologist use his profession to be a better parent? How is that any different?

DAVID

Fewer felonies.

BIG RAY

A family not worth committing a felony or two for is a family not worth having.

EXT. LA CUCARACHA BEACH HOTEL, CABO - CONTINUOUS

Big Ray and David pull up to the hotel.

As they get out of the cab, Izzy and Daniel EXIT the hotel. Ray and David both quickly and expertly hide their identities, as...

DANIEL

Let me get this straight. Your mother's great uncle left her this key which she *thinks* is for a safety deposit box key in Cabo. From, like, 70 years ago.

IZZY

Treasure hunt!

DANIEL

That's why we're here?

She melts into Daniel and kisses him, sensuously.

IZZY

That's why we're here. But I promised my mom I'd look into it.

DANIEL

How many banks?

She pulls out a sheet of paper.

IZZY

(proud)

My research. There's only two old enough and one doesn't have deposit boxes.

DANIEL
Who's my little urban archeologist?!

IZZY
Wait 'till you see me do a root canal.
She playfully hipchecks him as they walk down the street.

DAVID
What's the plan?

BIG RAY
We stick to her like glue. Distant,
silent glue.

Daniel and Ray quickly tip the bellman to watch their bags and follow after the love-birds.

EXT. "DAY OF THE DEAD" STREET CELEBRATION - DAY

Izzy and Daniel walk through the festive street party. Celebrating lost relatives and friends, it's a giant memorial party. Kids and adults alike wear SKULL MASKS.

IZZY
What is this?

DANIEL
El Día de los Muertos, The Day of The Dead. Mardi Gras meets Memorial Day.

Izzy heads to one of the many vendors and plops a giant sombrero on Daniel's noggin.

IZZY
How much for the sombrero?

DANIEL
Oh, no. I'm getting it for you.

Just to her left, the hand of a man standing nearby with the FAKE PANERAI WATCH. He wears a SKULL MASK and seems to be watching her.

IZZY
(under her breath)
Fuuuudge.

DANIEL
What's wrong?

IZZY
 (covering)
 Fine -- I'll wear the sombrero. But I
 get 10 minutes to buy something for you.
 And you have to wear it.

Daniel plops the oversize hat on her with a grin.

DANIEL
 Deal.

EXT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Izzy leaves Daniel in the stand and pretends to peruse the market, peripheral vision trained on the gleam of the fake watch. She's so focused, she doesn't notice David and Ray following her as well.

David notices the Skull Mask guy tracking Izzy.

DAVID
 Is that guy-

BIG RAY
 Following your sister? She's made him,
 though, see how she's moving laterally?
 Get ready to move in.

Izzy disappears into a Spice Tent then slips out the back moments later. Her tail and tail's tail in hot pursuit.

Izzy goes into a T-Shirt stall and buys a t-shirt. As she pays, IZZY STEALTHILY REMOVES A PAPER BAG from her backpack.

She hides the bag underneath the pile of shirts, then moves on. As IZZY leaves, she WHISPERS something to a POLICEMAN. His eyes light with ALARM.

SKULL MASK moves toward the stall to intercept whatever she's hidden... BUT DAVID AND RAY GET THERE FIRST.

PANERAI GUY CURSES and fades into the crowd, as David removes the bag, opening it.

BIG RAY (CONT'D)
 What is it?

DAVID
 Smells like oregano, looks like mari--

SUDDENLY, they are SURROUNDED BY POLICE. GUNS DRAWN.

MEXICAN POLICE
¡Parada! ¡Ponga sus manos para arriba!

They raise their hands. The lead policeman looks at them with disgust.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN
 You think you can use our market to peddle your drugs? Not so smart, gringo.

DAVID
 I'm with you there.

Izzy looks back at the commotion and smiles, not seeing WHO was being arrested. Relaxing, she doesn't notice the Panerai Man still following her.

IZZY
 (smug)
 Sometimes the mouse catches the cat.

For the 1st time, she looks at the shirt she bought.

CUT TO:

Daniel now wears a very long tourist t-shirt with LARGE WOMAN'S BREASTS drawn on, with outlined bikini panties where it hangs past his waist.

DANIEL
 (very unhappy)
 This is *not* equal to the sombrero.

IZZY
 Deal's a deal.
 (jumping on him piggy back)
 To the bank, *Señor Juggs!*

She doesn't see FAKE PANERAI keeping further back now.

INT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - AFTERNOON

Olivia and Albert are both getting off the phone.

OLIVIA	ALBERT
Thank you Detective Stone,	No luck so far, Mrs.
I appreciate you sending	Patrozzi. Thank you for
out the bloodhounds-	looking.

They hang up, exhaustion on both their faces.

Little Rae strolls in, nonchalant. She starts foraging through the freezer for food.

LITTLE RAE
Hey guys? We have any fish sticks?

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE RAE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rae is inside as the door is closed and we hear locks being turned.

LITTLE RAE
I just went to a movie! You can't lock me in here! What if there's a fire?

A minute later we hear the locks open. Olivia cracks the door and tosses in a bottle of BBQ sauce.

OLIVIA
If there's a fire, make sure to season yourself properly. We like our truants medium-well.

They re-lock the door.

EXT. ALLEY, CABO - AFTERNOON

POV: From the shadows, someone is watching Izzy and Daniel look for an address.

MAN'S GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Change of plans. I actually think she's getting close. I'll put the bullet in her head *after* she finds the money.

The Panerai watch appears, hanging up the cell phone.

Across the street is a storefront:

BANCO DEL CABO

EST. 1903

Izzy dismounts from Daniel's piggyback.

IZZY
Honey, when I get the box, would you mind terribly if I opened it alone?
(kissing his ear)
Who knows what family skeletons are in there?

DANIEL
(sighing)
Women and their secrets.

She kisses him sweetly as he holds the door for her.

INT. BANCO DEL CABO - CONTINUOUS

Izzy and Daniel approach the TELLER.

IZZY
If you speak English, I will bear your
children.

TELLER
I speak English.

IZZY
I'm barren.

TELLER
How can I help you?

She puts the key on the counter.

IZZY
I'm here to open my safety deposit box.

TELLER
With... that?

IZZY
Is there a problem?

TELLER
That's not our key. We use fingerprint
scanners now, and before that it was a
double-titanium keyed *Vormundschaft* system
from Zurich.

IZZY
So this doesn't unlock anything?

TELLER
A dollhouse?

Izzy walks back to Daniel in shock.

DANIEL
Izzy, this isn't the Banco del Cabo.

IZZY
What are you talking about? The sign-

DANIEL

No, what I mean is, this isn't the original bank. Look at the floorboards? You see how they change color right there? That's aged walnut, it changes to an engineered wood here. That's a modern composite. And look at the base of the wall. You can see where it shifts from the original foundation.

IZZY

So where's the real Bank?

DANIEL

I'd say about 15 feet below us.

Daniel takes the brass key from Izzy and goes up to an ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD sitting in a chair. He looks like he hasn't moved in 30 years -- one can almost imagine a fine layer of dust on his gun.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(subtitled from Spanish)

Excuse me, have you seen one of these before?

The Guard studies the key.

IZZY

You speak Spanish?

DANIEL

(dry)

My last name is Castillo.

The guard answers in Spanish and Daniel translates:

DANIEL (CONT'D)

He says he hasn't seen one of these since the flood in '62. The waterline must have risen over the last century.

The guard continues in Spanish.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

They were building a new sewer line and it flooded the old deposit box room... they built the new bank on top of it.

IZZY

Ask if we can see the old room.

He does, and the Guard laughs. He explains...

DANIEL

The floor is four feet of concrete and
galvanized steel. Impossible.

(Izzy's face falls)

I'm sorry Iz. We gave it a shot.

IZZY

(staring down)

People are walking right on top of their
own history without realizing it.

They head out.

IZZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I have a midnight date with a sewer
line into the thick of it.

INT. JAIL, CABO SAN LUCAS - NIGHT

David and Big Ray sit at opposite ends of a jail cell,
clearly not talking. A chubby MEXICAN CRIMINAL is also
in the cell, with his two small children. A GOAT wanders
around the room. This is not your typical jail cell.

David tries to attract the attention of the guards.

DAVID

Por Favor. I'm a lawyer! Americano!!!
Where's my phone call!?

(to Big Ray)

I'm going to kill her.

Big Ray is more relaxed. Like he's been in this
situation a million times before. He makes faces at one
of the kids.

BIG RAY

(to the kids)

Knock knock.

They just stare at him. He tries again.

BIG RAY (CONT'D)

Knock knock.

(still nothing)

What did the Mexican fire-firefighter
name his two kids?

(blank faces)

Hose A and hose B.

The kids stare: *no comprende*. David shakes his head.

DAVID

Izzy's in trouble and I'm supposed to be in court in 48 hours.

BIG RAY

Izzy can take care of herself and... you'll be in court sooner than that.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, CABO - NIGHT

Izzy comes out of the bathroom after a shower, Daniel is in bed reading on his laptop.

IZZY

Whatcha reading?

DANIEL

Emails.

She climbs in next to him and he puts his laptop on the night stand facing away. Izzy draws on him with her finger, something is bothering her.

IZZY

Daniel, do you think you can love a person without really knowing who they are?

DANIEL

I think you can love someone instinctively and then fill in the details later.

IZZY

What if you don't love the details later?

DANIEL

Well, I think family is the only love that's unconditional. Even yours. But if you can't trust someone enough to share who you really are, then it was never love from the start.

Izzy is silent. A moment of truth, literally. Finally she breaks it.

IZZY

Tomorrow, we're going to cover each other with coconut tanning oil. And I don't plan on leaving the room.

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO SEE HIS LAPTOP SCREEN. He was reading a PROFESSIONAL LOOKING DOCUMENT LABELED "DOSSIER - ISABEL SPELLMAN".

Multiple hidden-camera photos of Izzy and a complete bio, professional and personal. There is more to Daniel, as well.

He pushes the laptop closed, and the room is dark.

INT. LITTLE RAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Little Rae is splayed out on her bed, locked in her room. She reads "Crime and Punishment" surrounded by her Teddy Bears.

One bear looks a little off... One of the EYES has been swapped out for a tiny security camera.

INT. BIG RAY'S SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert and Olivia observe Rae reading ON THE MONITOR.

ALBERT

Liv... Are we good parents?

OLIVIA

Don't be absurd.

ALBERT

Isn't part of being a parent letting your kids fall and pick themselves up?

OLIVIA

Maybe we go a *touch* over the line.

On the monitor: Little Rae finds a wire sticking out of the bear's butt which disappears into the wall.

She holds the bear up in front of her again.

LITTLE RAE (ON MONITOR)

What have you done to Teddy Ruxpin!?!
Have you no decency?

With that, she YANKS the wire out of the bear's butt and the screen goes BLACK.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM, CABO - MIDNIGHT

Izzy is laying in bed next to Daniel, who's snoring lightly.

IZZY

Daniel? Are you awake? Daniel?

(nothing)

I'll do that thing you were begging for earlier.

(nothing)

You're asleep.

Izzy gets up and silently dresses. She's going to WORK. Boots, jeans, jacket, flashlight, map of cabo... and with a shudder, she picks up Daniel's snorkeling mask.

She slips out the bathroom window, leaving it propped open.

EXT. DESERTED CABO STREET - CONTINUOUS

We are half a block from the bank. All the "Day of the Dead" decorations are still up, and they cast very creepy shadows in the moonlight. Izzy hurries along scouring the ground... then, she sees it --

A SEWER GRATE.

Izzy looks around her and finds a metal bar. THREE HITS AND THE LOCK IS BROKEN. Flashlight on, she crawls in.

IZZY

Oh my God. The smell.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

The sewer isn't in good shape. A half century of roots puncture the concrete, leaving it a crumbling mess. Izzy is standing waist deep in some inconceivably horrible liquid/solid. She puts on the snorkeling mask to block the smell; her pinched nose makes her nasal.

IZZY

It's mud. It's mud. It'd just mud.

(new mantra)

Free of my family. Free of my family.

She continues to trudge in the direction of the bank until she reaches a spot where the support system is made of metal instead of concrete.

Izzy looks up, surveying the spot where the state-of-the-art bank was constructed ON TOP of the sewer.

She takes the metal bar and starts tapping the crumbling wall beneath the metal structure. After a minute, a hollow THUNK. THUNK, THUNK.

Izzy starts whacking at the wall with the bar at its weakest point.

Slowly it cracks and clumps of stone fall into the muck. She drops the metal bar and begins pulling at the debris.

... SHINING HER FLASHLIGHT IN THE HOLE, SHE SEES THE ANCIENT FLOODED DEPOSIT BOX ROOM. She widens the hole.

INT. FLOODED DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy climbs through. It's incredible. Overturned, broken furniture, signs in Spanish on the walls... a broken staircase leading nowhere.

And on the far wall, the boxes. Half are above the muck line.

Izzy begins trying keys.

EXT. SEWER GRATE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, a hand with a Fake Panerai Watch opens the grate.

INT. FLOODED DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - LATER

Izzy is on the last row of boxes over the "water"-line. Finally she gets to #17, the third to last.

CLICK.

She smiles.

IZZY
Come to momma...

She opens it -- it's a lock-box. About a foot long. She shakes it: it's full of something. But she can't get it open.

Izzy takes THE LOCK-BOX and hurries out.

INT. SEWER - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy climbs out of the hole, legs first, back into the sewer. She's clutching a LOCK BOX under her arm.

When her head pops out, she finds a PANERAI WRIST holding a blade to her throat.

PANERAI MAN

Hand it over.

Izzy slowly turns to face her skull-masked nemesis.

Izzy moves to give it to him... but then KRAV MAGA roundhouse kicks the SWITCHBLADE OUT OF HIS HAND. She falls into a strike pose.

IZZY

That's called six years of Krav Maga training, asswipe.

(then)

And your watch is a fake.

He pulls out a handgun and aim it at her head.

PANERAI MAN

That's called a Glock 19. And it's very real.

He motions for the box. She slowly holds it out with one hand. As he reaches out, she quickly pulls a pen from her pocket. The same pen she threatened Rae's bully with.

Her assailant looks at her holding the pen and laughs.

PANERAI MAN (CONT'D)

A pen? Are you going to write on me?

She double-clicks it. A CLOUD OF INCAPACITATING NEUROTOXIN shoots out at his face.

He doubles over in pain, dropping everything. Baaaad things are happening in his stomach. Izzy lunges for the box as he staggers off into the sewer.

She considers chasing him, but looks back at the box. It's more important. Plus, he still carries his gun. Izzy lets him go.

INT. BATHROOM, LA CUCARACHA HOTEL - LATER

Izzy quietly opens the bathroom window and climbs inside the dark room.

IZZY (V.O.)
Twenty minutes to shower and detox, take
a look in the box, and then climb into
bed with-

She turns the light on -- Daniel is there watching her.
His demeanor is COLD.

IZZY (CONT'D)
-Daniel.

DANIEL
Welcome back.

IZZY
Thanks. I, uh, used the window, because-

DANIEL
-what? What lie are you about to tell?
Got a good one for why you're covered in
shit? I'd love to hear it.

His laptop sits on the vanity, open to her file. Izzy
sees it, she snatches the computer.

IZZY
Where did you get this?! Who are you
working for?

DANIEL
Your little sister sold it to me for a
duffel bag of Hostess products. She
thought knowing the truth might make me
like you more.

IZZY
(scrambling)
I can explain-

DANIEL
(angry)
No more explanations! I open my heart to
you and what do I get back? A character
designed to make me trust you. Bravo.
Take a bow! You should be very proud.

IZZY
(barely audible)
How long have you known?

DANIEL

A few days. I kept hoping you'd come clean with me-

IZZY

I wanted to! Daniel, I was afraid. I got in too deep.

DANIEL

Izzy, you are an amazing, bright, talented, beautiful girl.

IZZY

And you forgive me?

DANIEL

And I never want to see you again.

Her legs buckle and she sits on the toilet.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

There's a taxi outside waiting to take me to the airport. I'm going home. I don't want to be chased. I just want to go back to my "normal" life before I met you. Can you let me do that? Please?

The hardest word she's ever had to say:

IZZY

Yes.

DANIEL

The sad thing is, Rae was right. The truth would have made me like you more. If it only came from you.

We stay on Izzy as we hear Daniel get his suitcase from the other room and close the door. A minute later, the sound of a CAR pulling away.

For the first time, Izzy's poker face doesn't hold up.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Six hours later and the sun is streaming through the windows. Izzy is soaking in the tub, fully clothed, the water brackish.

She has been sitting in there for hours, in shock, just staring at the lock box.

Finally, with pruned fingers, she pulls out a hair pin and carefully picks the lock.

We hear a CLICK. As she opens it, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. 1906 SAN FRANCISCO, FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY

Establishing. Guards load Gold Certificates onto an ARMY BOAT. Seeing the devastation around them, they work double-time.

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus, Jasper, and Oswald break the surface of the water from below. We see the far side of the ARMY BOAT, a short swim away.

JASPER

This is insane.

EXT. ARMY BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

The three men scale the side of the boat. They reach the railing -- a lone Guard is aboard, loading certificates.

Cyrus silently hand-signals, as his brother slides over the rail, boarding.

INT. FURNACE ROOM, ARMY BOAT

One SOLDIER is shoveling coal into the furnace. His back is to Cyrus, who picks up a shovel and knocks him out.

EXT. DECK, ARMY BOAT

Cyrus and Oswald wait until the last of the certificates are loaded, then RUSH the remaining GUARD on board. He looks up in shock, just as the Holts knock him over the railing into the bay.

CYRUS HOLT

Oswald, hit the engine!

Cyrus grabs a MACHINE GUN TURRET, as the GUARDS on the dock realize something is wrong. He SPRAYS THE DOCK WITH BULLETS, forcing them to dive for cover.

CYRUS HOLT (CONT'D)

Oswald!!!

Oswald mashes the controls and starts the propeller. The boat slowly pulls away from the dock...

... but it's still TIED TO THE MOORING. The Guards begin to return fire.

Cyrus turns the machine gun to the ROPE, shredding it, BULLETS ARE WHIZZING AND RICOCHETTING EVERYWHERE.

Jasper emerges from the FURNACE ROOM.

JASPER

We're all clear below! Cy-

Cyrus turns. A GUNSHOT rings as he is clipped in the shoulder. He falls to the deck as the boat quickly breaks away from the docks.

Cyrus falls behind the Gold Certificates for cover, as the boat escapes into the bay.

The HUGE PILE OF MONEY is theirs.

OSWALD

That wasn't so hard, actually.

CYRUS

You didn't get shot.

CYRUS cringes in pain as he pulls out his JOURNAL.

JASPER

You're going to have a hell of a book there.

Cyrus RIPS the last four pages out. Then gets his pen.

CYRUS

If I don't make it, you get this to Maggie. You hear me? She has to know everything I did for us.

JASPER

Shut your Irish pie hole, and try not to bleed on the pages. Melodrama.

They all share a smile as Cyrus starts to write.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Izzy has been reading. The ripped up journal is next to her the four pages fit in perfectly.

IZZY
(reading)
"assault on the boat... robbery...
gunfire..." Here we go! Last page, of
course...

She reads the final page:

IZZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"My darling Mags, I have something to
give to you. But I regret that I may not
get the opportunity. As I float away,
bleeding...blah blah blah... love... blah
blah forever...?" That's it?

Izzy rummages through the lock box -- dried flowers, a
school ring, and other sentimental knick-knacks,
searching for any clue as to the where the treasure may
be hidden. Nothing.

IZZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It is at this point I realize I am
holding a love letter that tells me
nothing where the stolen gold
certificates are, if they even still
exist, who the bad guy is, what he wants,
why I'm going to die single and alone,
plus I have dried poo in my hair. Things
could not possibly get worse.

The phone rings. She perks up momentarily. Could it be
Daniel?

EXT. JAIL, CABO SAN LUCAS - DAY

Izzy, David, and Big Ray walk out of the jailhouse.

IZZY
The silver lining to a horrible day. My
perfect big brother in a Mexican jail for
drug smuggling?

DAVID
You're just lucky it was oregano.

IZZY
You're just lucky it was oregano.

BIG RAY
The minute we get back, we're calling
Laura Holt and dropping this case.

As they load their bags into a taxi:

IZZY
There is no case. And I quit.
Bankruptcy is better than this.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Albert is drinking coffee and reading the paper when he
hears a SCREAM from upstairs.

On the Monitor: Rae's room is empty.

He hurries out of the room as we see a SHAPE fall past
the kitchen window and land with a THUD.

INT. LITTLE RAE'S BEDROOM

Olivia is already at the door, unlocking it. They rush
into the empty room. A sheet tied to the bed, extending
out of the window. A make-shift escape rope. They rush
over to the window, looking down.

POV: On the ground, a lot of laundry.

Little Rae emerges from hiding behind the door and slips
out, pad-locking it behind her.

OLIVIA
Open this door right now!

LITTLE RAE (O.S.)
There's barbecue sauce next to the bed if
you're hungry!

Little Rae happily straps on her backpack and opens the
FRONT DOOR...

A SHADOW falls over her -- someone is standing there.
Upstairs, the Spellmans hear their daughter SCREAM.

ALBERT
Rae? Rae!? Open the door! Rae!!!

EXT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - AFTERNOON

A cab pulls up and the three of them get out.

IZZY
Tell 'em they'll have their garage back
as soon as I can pack.

THERE ARE THREE POLICE CARS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

INT. SPELLMAN INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Albert and Olivia look horrible, wracked with anguish.
Several officers take up space as DETECTIVE STONE (43)
writes in a notepad.

Big Ray, Izzy, and David burst in...

IZZY
What happened?

They see Little Rae's BACKPACK on the table. One of the
STRAPS IS RIPPED OPEN. Horror washes over their faces.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(calling to the empty house)
Rae? RAE!?!

INT. POLICE STATION - A SHORT TIME LATER

Izzy sits in the "interrogation" chair. Detective Stone
sits across from her. Under the short-cropped hair, he
wears a mask of cold professionalism.

DETECTIVE STONE
When was the last time you saw your
sister?

IZZY
Just before we left on our trip.

DETECTIVE STONE
Can you describe her mood for me?

IZZY
Do you have any leads?

DETECTIVE STONE
We don't even know if she's been taken.
Please answer my question, Isabel.

IZZY
What question?

DETECTIVE STONE

Do you think it was wise for your parents to allow an admitted gambling addicted alcoholic into the home of an impressionable adolescent girl.

IZZY

I'm not a full-fledged alcoholic.

DETECTIVE STONE

I was talking about your grandfather.

IZZY

He's been in Mexico!

DETECTIVE STONE

Yes, you said. In jail on drug charges. Do you know any of his associates?

IZZY

He's retired FBI-

DETECTIVE STONE

-Fired for illegal wire tapping.

IZZY

Damn it, the clock is running. Why are you wasting time on us?

He drops a heavy file in the desk, labelled "Spellman".

DETECTIVE STONE

I know from your mother how much your sister idolizes you. I also know you used to knock over trash cans with your car on garbage night. I know about the 14 misdemeanors in your file, and the 22 more sealed in your juvie records, I know about the drinking, I know that you can't keep a boyfriend, and I know about the Neighborhood Watch meetings in your honor. Shall I go on?

Izzy stares him down defiantly. Thinking of only one thing. Rae.

INT. DARK MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA FINDS Little Rae, tied to a chair. We see her little hands trying to work the knot in the rope. No luck.

The DOOR SLAMS. A figure approaches. In the dim room, a FAKE PANERAI WATCH reflects the hanging light-bulb.

LITTLE RAE

Who's there?

The man flips on the fluorescents. It's KARL MÜELLER, the curator of the Currency Museum. They're in a basement surrounded by huge machines. But the room has been transformed into a CYRUS HOLT HISTORY ground zero. It's the room we saw earlier:

Corkboards with flow charts tracing Holt genealogy, maps with yarn tracing the post-robbery locations of Cyrus and his family. The Gaelic translation, photos of Alcatraz, Cabo San Lucas, the Spellmans, etc.

KARL

It's a pleasure to meet you Ms. Spellman.
(motioning around the room)
I've spent the last year tracking every step of Cyrus Holt -- Six months stuck on that stupid line of Gaelic on Alcatraz. And your sister cracks it in a week.

LITTLE RAE

She's gonna rip out your gizzards.
(suddenly, a look of recognition)
Wait a minute, I know you... I saw you having lunch with--

She hears the clacking of high heels on concrete.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)

--Laura Holt?

LAURA HOLT strolls into the room, clapping her hands scornfully.

LAURA HOLT

Very good. It appears the apple doesn't fall from the tree. You're a regular Nancy Drew.

LITTLE RAE

Nancy Drew was a wuss. I'm Oprah.

Laura sits down next to her. Almost conspiratorial.

LAURA HOLT

You know, at first, I thought my idiot brother was going to ruin everything by hiring your family.

KARL

If you let me take care of him-

LAURA HOLT

(flashing anger at him)

Dammit Karl, he's still my *brother*. You
bludgeon when circumstances call for
finesse.

(to Rae)

Karl tried so hard to stop your sister
when it was so much wiser to let her find
the money for us. *Voilà*.

Laura stands and gently pats Karl on the back.

LAURA HOLT (CONT'D)

Of course, we didn't even know about the
journal until last month so your sister
had a little advantage.

Karl looks at his watch, anxious.

KARL

They've had the lock box for over a day.
They must have found the certificates by
now.

LITTLE RAE

Then you won't be needing me, which is
just as well, as I have the mother of all
book reports due. Tom Sawyer-

Laura SLAPS Rae's face. Not hard, but she's stunned.

LAURA HOLT

Shhhhhhhh. I have something else for you
to write.

Wearing gloves, Laura slides a pen and paper in front of
Little Rae, who sees a MENACING GUN in her purse.

INT. SPELLMAN KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The police have left.

The Spellmans sit around the breakfast table. Little
Rae's seat conspicuously empty. The mood in the room is
heated and frustrated.

Izzy is going through Little Rae's diary, taking notes.

DAVID

Did anyone think of padlocking Little
Rae's window?

OLIVIA

She figured out how to use bolt cutters
in 2nd grade.

IZZY

Rae has to be the only 10-year-old who
encrypts her diary with a CIA-level
algorithm.

DAVID

How could you fall for the "fake escape"?

OLIVIA

Izzy's the one who taught her to use
windows more than doors!

IZZY

(re: her notes)

Back off! I'm the only one who's making
a constructive effort to find her.

DANIEL (O.S.)

What the hell is wrong with you people?

The family looks up to find Daniel standing at the door.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You know, I've never seen a family care
so much about each other and express it
in such an unhealthy way.

Daniel pushes open the kitchen door a little more to
REVEAL an ENVELOPE taped to the outside of the door with
the handwritten name "Spellman" on it.

Every member of the family immediately stands.

ALBERT

(re: the envelope)

How long has that been there?

IZZY

That's her handwriting!

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Albert studies the note under a black light filter.

IZZY
(to Daniel)
What are you doing here?

DANIEL
I was interrogated in my office this morning by two detectives. Happy to give you an alibi.

Izzy brushes her hand against Daniels.

IZZY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry about a lot of things.

He pulls his hand away.

DANIEL
I'm only here for Rae.

Albert pulls the sign out from under the black light.

ALBERT
It's clean. No prints but Rae's.

Olivia holds it up next to Rae's diary.

OLIVIA
It's her handwriting. I don't see any anomalies in the style.

IZZY
(explains to Daniel)
By altering her handwriting, she could have sent a secret message.

BIG RAY
She must have been too panicked. Poor kid.

Everyone leans over to read the note:

**Midnight, center of the Golden Gate Bridge.
If you call the police, they'll kill me.
No FBI (Grandpa, that means you).
They'll trade me for the gold certificates.**

BIG RAY (CONT'D)
What gold certificates? No one has them!

DAVID
That's in 14 hours.

IZZY

They must think we have them. From Cabo.

ALBERT

Izzy, what was in the box. There had to be some clue where Cyrus hid the money.

IZZY

It was nothing. Crap. Love notes.

OLIVIA

Maybe you missed something.

IZZY

Mom, you taught me better than that.

DANIEL

I have that police detective's card here, somewhere.

EVERYONE

No.

IZZY

By the time the police get their heads extricated from their asses, this is going to be over.

Everyone is thinking. Suddenly, Olivia lights up.

OLIVIA

Who's in the mood for counterfeiting?

MUSIC UP as the family comes together. Everyone scatters leaving Daniel standing there.

IZZY (V.O.)

In addition to passports, visas and Starbucks' 10th-latte-free-cards, apparently my mom can also forge money.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - A LITTLE LATER

Big Ray and David walk through the "RARE BOOKS" stacks of the San Francisco Public Library, pulling specific editions off the shelves from a list.

IZZY (V.O.)

The paper from the supplier of the U.S. Mint in 1906 was also used in hundreds of turn-of-the-century books. All with blank liner pages.

We CUT TO Ray and David surreptitiously cutting the blank pages out of hundreds of books (we see the copyright pages all read 1906).

The LIBRARIAN eyes them suspiciously, but it looks like they're reading "TEEN PEOPLE".

INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE, BIG RAY'S WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Daniel stands in the workshop, surrounded by literally hundreds of bottles of dyes and chemicals. He mixes different combinations, trying to get an exact match to the shade of dye on the gold certificate.

IZZY (V.O.)

Daniel's eye for color was honed by ten years of matching veneers to teeth. The dye needs to be just right...

INT. OLIVIA'S "ARTS AND CRAFTS" ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Olivia works over a drafting table, studying the photocopy of Laura's Gold Certificate. She pushes away the fake passports and fake I.D.s on the desk and starts to draft up a duplicate copy of the bill.

IZZY (V.O.)

Suddenly, I question why they couldn't afford to send me on the class trip to Paris in seventh grade.

INT. SPELLMAN ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Izzy sits on the roof going through Cyrus' bank box.

IZZY (V.O.)

And me? I'm combing over Cyrus' bank box for the 20-umpth time, looking for any clue to the real money.

She doesn't look up as Daniel climbs out the window and wobbles over to her. He nearly falls off the roof -- saved by Izzy's quick hands.

DANIEL

Didn't mean to sneak up on you.

IZZY

I heard you coming last Thursday.

He warily sits next to her, holding the first counterfeit bill. Izzy scans it up and down.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Looks good.

DANIEL

She's going to be all right.

Izzy nods. Not really believing it.

IZZY

I treated you so horribly. If I could take it back--

DANIEL

What you did was treat our relationship like some case you were working. Love shouldn't involve aliases and DNA testing.

IZZY

It does in my family.

DANIEL

But it doesn't have to in *you*. Be who you are, who I know you can be. Look at your name. Izzy comes before Spellman.

Izzy nods. Understanding.

IZZY

Can you forgive me?

DANIEL

Can you grovel?

IZZY

Like a dog.

He laughs. She tentatively takes his hand.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You remember when you told me about finding your "this"? I think I found mine.

She nuzzles into him. Suddenly, Albert sticks his head out the window.

ALBERT

We have enough bills to make the drop.

INT. DANK MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura sits three feet from tied-up Little Rae.

LITTLE RAE

I gotta tell you, even including the Hungarian lady who screamed all the time, you are my *least* favorite client.

LAURA HOLT

And you are the most annoying little girl on the planet.

LITTLE RAE

Unless you've met every little girl, you can't say that.

LAURA HOLT

Karl will be back soon.

Rae knows what's going to happen when Karl comes back. She looks around at all the research scattered about, hoping to make a connection with Laura.

LITTLE RAE

Why are you doing this?

LAURA HOLT

Eleven months ago, Karl got a call from one of the wealthiest collectors in the world. A Russian. Karl was offered a fortune if he could deliver the lost 1906 haul. His research led him to me... and I love money just as much as he does. And so here we are...

LITTLE RAE

Not all of us by choice.

LAURA HOLT

Well, some things can't be helped. Like after we spend months trying to figure out what Cyrus' stupid gobbley-gook phrase meant, I asked my parents.

(beat)

That's when they told me about the journal. Of course they wouldn't let me see it. Family shame. Ridiculous.

LITTLE RAE

Did Karl-

LAURA HOLT

I told him to get it. He asked very nicely, they said over our dead bodies, he complied.

LITTLE RAE

He killed your parents.

Her look says it all.

LAURA HOLT

At least I've protected Peter. After the lawyer gave the journal to him, he became obsessed with the treasure. I tried to get him to drop it, but that's only made him distrust me more -- especially after he found Karl's number in my purse. Damn fool.

Karl enters, loading a revolver.

KARL

Kazakhstan is ready to wire the payment on receipt. I'm going to the drop point.

LAURA HOLT

I'll be here with our little insurance policy.

KARL

(to Little Rae)

You be good and you just might live to see double digits.

LITTLE RAE

I'm already ten, pinhead.

EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy, Olivia and David load the money into David's Prius.

DAVID

Izzy, they want me to make the exchange. Cooler heads-

She gets into the driver's seat and starts the car.

IZZY

Makes sense. Are you coming with me?

David sighs and gets into the other seat. Izzy peels out before David can even get the door closed.

INT. SPELLMAN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Albert, Olivia, Big Ray, and Daniel all hover over the note. Studying it.

ALBERT

I ran the note under black light and scanners. No secret watermarks.

OLIVIA

The handwriting is normal. No secret codes imbedding within the style.

BIG RAY

I checked it against her diary encryption. Nothing jumped out.

A beat as Daniel looks at it. He takes a blank piece of paper over the body of the note, covering everything except the first letter in each sentence.

It clearly reads: "MINT".

OLIVIA

Welcome to the family.

INT. DAVID'S PRIUS, GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - MIDNIGHT

Izzy and David drive toward the middle of the bridge.

IZZY

As soon as we make the swap, they're going to need a rocket-car to lose me.

They pull over at the middle of the bridge.

DAVID

There's no one here.

Izzy's phone rings.

KARL (O.S., CELL PHONE)

Twenty feet to the right. Attach the suitcase to the rope with the carabineer.

IZZY

I want to talk to her.

KARL (O.S., CELL PHONE)

The money.

IZZY

If anything happens to her, the Spellmans are going to have a competition to see who can kill you the slowest.

KARL

If you know what's good for you-

IZZY

-Mister, if there's one thing this family doesn't know, it's what's good for us.

KARL (O.S., CELL PHONE)

Slide the case down, and we'll release your sister.

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Izzy and David step out of the car and walk toward a rope tied snugly to the protective fence on the bridge. A lone carabineer is pinned to the rope.

Peering over, they can see a SMALL FISHING BOAT in the darkness below. Just under the rope. No car chase.

IZZY

Crap.

DAVID

Let's just get Rae back. We'll catch 'em soon enough.

David threads the rope through the suitcase handle.

INT. MINT MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura sits next to Little Rae. Her cell phone in one hand, a gun in the other. She waits for the call. It's a tense moment.

LITTLE RAE

I've put a lot a thought into it and I think I've come up with a solution for what to do with me.

LAURA HOLT

And what's that?

LITTLE RAE

I'm prepared to put my morals aside and become partners with you and Karl. Just like 5%, enough to make me an accessory.

Laura checks the gun barrel. Fully loaded.

LITTLE RAE (CONT'D)
(nervously)
I'm willing to negotiate.

INT. OLD MINT - CONTINUOUS

A LOCK IS PICKED. We watch as Albert, Olivia, Old Ray and Daniel all slip in through the front door of the Currency Museum.

They silently signal to one another to split up as they quickly and stealthily scour the building for Rae.

INT. MINT MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura is checking and re-checking her phone. Waiting for confirmation that Karl has the money.

LITTLE RAE
(tearing up)
C'mon Ms. Holt. I'm sorry I'm a bad kid
sometimes. I really want my Mom right
now.

SUDDENLY, THE OLD MINT PRESSES START-UP. Gears spinning, wheels whirring - it's deafening.

Laura GRABS RAE, looking around. No one.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Izzy nods to David, "lower the money". He lets the suitcase drop off the bridge. Attached to the rope by the carabineer, it zips toward the fishing boat.

IZZY
Give me your belt.

DAVID
What are you talking about?

IZZY
Your belt, damn it! Now!

Izzy looks over the edge to see a dark figure unlatching the suitcase below. She quickly loops his belt over the rope to use as a make-shift carabineer.

DAVID
That's a Gucci belt.

He quickly whips off his designer jacket and throws it around the rope (to help protect her hands).

DAVID (CONT'D)
You might as well have a Prada harness to go with it.

IZZY
Times like this, I feel bad that I wish you were never born.

DAVID
You're a horrible, horrible person.

IZZY
(sincere)
I love you, too.

She JUMPS OVER THE EDGE OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Izzy zips down the line toward the San Francisco Bay.

Below her, an unsuspecting Karl has just finished inspecting the bills. He nods at their authenticity, dialing his cell phone.

INT. MINT MACHINE ROOM

Laura is paranoid, looking around the room at the humming machines. She almost jumps out of his skin when her CELL PHONE RINGS.

The caller I.D. reads: KARL.

KARL (O.S., CELL PHONE)
They're good. The bills are goo-

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - WATER - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly Izzy comes CRASHING DOWN ON TOP OF HIM. The phone goes in the water.

They both pop up and face off.

KARL
Are you insane?

IZZY
Yeah, that's kind of my M.O.

She kicks him so hard, his Panerai watch flies off into the water. Izzy takes a few more menacing steps toward him when Karl pulls out a GUN.

KARL

Stand back!

Izzy stops. She backs away, suddenly kicking the open suitcase of bills over the edge and into the water.

Karl SCREAMS "NO", rushing to save his precious booty.

In 3.5 seconds, Izzy has Karl's face slammed against the bottom of the boat. She flips open her cell and dials.

IZZY (INTO CELL PHONE)

David, stop sightseeing and get down here!

Karl looks at a bill he's fished out of the water TO SEE THE INK RUNNING. He's shocked. What the...?

INT. OLD MINT - BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAURA SPRINTS DOWN A DILAPIDATED HALLWAY. Little Rae dragged behind like a sack of potatoes.

LAURA HOLT (CELL PHONE)

Karl? Hello? You have it? Hello?

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THE MACHINES STOP. SILENCE. Emergency lights come on, a haunted RED GLOW.

Laura hurries past row after row of deserted vaults.

She starts to turn down one hallway, but sees Daniel and Albert rushing toward her.

LITTLE RAE

DAD! DAD! Here!

Laura kicks off her heels and jumps down an ancient elevator shaft, clutching Rae. They drop half a floor onto debris.

It looks like Laura might make it to the exit. She passes a HUGE FURNACE, Big Ray jumps out in front of her.

BIG RAY

End of the road.

Laura hangs her head, defeated. Then suddenly SHOTS AT HIM. Big Ray DIVES OUT OF THE WAY, jumping half-in the glowing furnace. Little Rae SCREAMS.

When Big Ray pops out, his ASS IS ON FIRE. He starts to jump around in shock. Then pauses.

BIG RAY (CONT'D)
Hey! They work. The fire-pants work!
Doesn't hurt!

As Big Ray rips off his still-burning pants, Laura uses the distraction to drag Little Rae toward the EXIT. Big Ray announces into a walkie-talkie.

BIG RAY (CONT'D)
Livie, I bought you some time. She's
coming your way. Lock and load.

OLIVIA (V.O.; OVER TALKIE)
The safety is already off.

EXT. OLD MINT - CONTINUOUS

Laura, still dragging Little Rae, bursts through the doors of the back only to find Olivia standing there holding a shotgun. Laura stops short as Olivia pumps the weapon.

OLIVIA
Let my daughter go!

LAURA HOLT
Take it easy, lady.

Behind Laura, Daniel and Albert appear. The family starts to surround her, but Laura continues to hold her gun to Little Rae's gut.

ALBERT
(warning)
You don't wanna mess with momma bear.

LAURA HOLT
I'll let her go when I reach the car. If
you promise not to follow me.

OLIVIA
I won't even promise not to *kill* you.

Laura starts toward her SUV. As she moves, she keeps the gun poking into Little Rae, who is crying.

ALBERT

Be careful, Ms. Holt. My wife can shoot the fuzz off a peach from 200 yards.

Laura digs the gun into Little Rae's gut even more.

LAURA HOLT

And I can gut-shoot a 5th grader from three inches.

LITTLE RAE

I'm in 6th.

As she backs into her SUV, she sees Daniel's Lexus parked nearby.

LAURA HOLT

Is that your ride?

DANIEL

Technically, it's a lease.

Laura takes refuge in the driver's seat, then...

...she SHOOTs the Lexus' tires and the engine full of lead. As she does, Olivia fires at her, SHOOTING THE GUN OUT OF HER HAND. A perfect shot!

Laura yells in pain as Little Rae uses the distraction to squirm away... She sprints to her parents as Laura peels out of the parking lot, making a break for it.

Albert and Olivia sandwich Little Rae, on the verge of tears. Anger and relief coursing equally.

OLIVIA

Don't you ever sneak out of the house again! Do you hear me?!?

Albert and Olivia's car SUDDENLY CAREENS around the corner. Big Ray, in the driver's seat, opens the door...

As the pile in, Daniel looks at his bullet-ridden car...

DANIEL

My insurance isn't going to pay for that.

BIG RAY

Daniel, if you're going to be part of this family, you're going to need to get full coverage.

Olivia -- now driving -- slams the gas after Laura.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SEA-WALL - CONTINUOUS

David's Prius careens up to the ocean-front as Izzy pushes Karl (who she has tied up with the rope from the bridge) onto the pier. David swings the door open.

DAVID

Mom just called. Rae's safe and they're chasing Laura Holt down Mission.

IZZY

Laura Holt!?! When you can't even tell who the bad guy is, it's time for a refresher course.

DAVID

You up for a car chase?

IZZY

In your hybrid? *I love a challenge.*

Izzy shoves the trussed-up Karl into the backseat as David jumps back to control him.

They PEEL OUT and AWAY.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Olivia maneuvers adeptly through the busy traffic. Albert, Daniel, Big Ray and Little Rae all hold on tight. They try not to get thrown from the car as they approach Laura's SUV.

ALBERT

There she is! Take the outside-

BIG RAY

No, turn on Main. You can cut her off-

DANIEL

No, Main will be packed with the club crowds. Take Lexington.

LITTLE RAE

Step on the gas and ram her!

OLIVIA

(annoyed)

Anyone else? Any more suggestions?
Because this is my first car chase.

They speed up a hill, closer. Closer. CLOSER.

ON THE PHONE SPEAKER --

IZZY (ON PHONE)

Dad!!! I see you! What car is she in?

EVERYONE

White SUV!!!

Izzy swerves, expertly bumping Laura's car, causing it to weave and CRASH into a CABLE CAR -- forcing that vehicle to HOP off its tracks.

Bruised, Laura scrambles out the SUV and jumps onto the cable-car, which skids to the TOP OF A STEEP HILL.

SLOWER, SLOWER... The cable car gets past the top of the hill and starts speeding up again.

Izzy is the first out the Prius. She jumps, grabbing hold of the cable-car's back pole just as it starts speeding out of control. Izzy fights her way through the crowd jumping OFF the trolley.

We PULL OUT to REVEAL that the cable car is about to take a trip down the impossibly curvy LOMBARD STREET. And with no steering mechanism and no cable, it's STRAIGHT DOWN THE CENTER, rolling over curbs and bushes.

Meanwhile, the family's car screeches to a halt at the top of the hill.

Laura makes her way to the front of the cable car. Izzy follows. Both try not to get thrown off the trolley.

FROM ABOVE -- the family runs down the street, watching Izzy and Laura's cable-car fly down the hill.

DANIEL

I couldn't have met a nice librarian or something?

BIG RAY

Full coverage. I wasn't kidding.

Just as Izzy reaches Laura, the cable-car STRIKES a telephone pole at the bottom of the hill and our hero and villain FLY INTO thick bushes. Izzy lands beside Laura.

Laura tries to stagger away, then collapses. Izzy saunters over.

LAURA HOLT

I think my ankle is broken.

Izzy turns her back to Laura who picks up a piece of metal debris like a bat. She swings it at Izzy's head...

...who spins and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS her in the stomach, Laura flies back against a tree-trunk.

IZZY

We're keeping your retainer!

Spinning the opposite direction, she ROUNDHOUSE KICKS her in the face. Teeth go flying as she drops, unconscious.

Above, Daniel just shakes his head, amazed at his girlfriend's mad skills.

DANIEL

Your daughter is so HOT.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

We watch as Laura and Karl are loaded into a squad car and police ambulance.

Olivia, Albert, David, Izzy, Little Rae and Big Ray all watch from nearby. They stand together as a family for the first time in a long while.

EXT. LITTLE RAE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Rae is sitting on her bed writing in a journal. There is a knock on the door.

LITTLE RAE

Come in.

IZZY (O.S.)

It's locked.

Rae just keeps writing. CAMERA CLOSE on the 3 LOCKS on the door. Over the 15 seconds we TILT down as they are PICKED OPEN in succession.

The door opens and Izzy stands there with a hair pin.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Whatcha doing?

LITTLE RAE

Writing my memoirs. They're surprisingly action-packed for a 10-year-old.

IZZY

Come here. I want to show you something.

Off Little Rae's inquisitive look...

EXT. IZZY'S GARAGE ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy's oasis. Her safe place. She sits next to Little Rae, who steals glances at her sister.

LITTLE RAE

You never let me out here before.

IZZY

You're growing up.

After a long beat.

LITTLE RAE

You know, Mom says there's only one difference between you and me.

IZZY

Oh, really.

LITTLE RAE

Don't you want to hear what it is?

IZZY

Not especially.

LITTLE RAE

I don't hate myself. That's the difference.

IZZY

Give it time, kid, give it time.

(beat)

Listen, I just want you to know, I'm not the kind of person you should be looking up to. You shouldn't be copying me.

LITTLE RAE

Copy you? You're a case study in everything I want to avoid. You're a road map of bad decisions. And it's great. I mean, how many older sisters give such great examples of how not to grow up?

Izzy smiles wryly and kick-nudges Little Rae affectionately. We see she's wearing army boots...

the exact same kind as Little Rae. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

From below, we hear SCREAMING:

OLIVIA'S VOICE

Office everyone! Client meeting, five minutes!

INT. SPELLMAN OFFICE - 5 MINUTES, 5 SECONDS LATER

Olivia calls the meeting to order. PETER HOLT sits at the table, too. The safety deposit box in front of him.

Izzy and Little Rae slip in, Olivia glares at their tardiness. David smiles, pointing to his watch.

PETER

I want to thank all of you for everything. I'm so sorry about Laura, if I had any idea-

OLIVIA

Part of the job, Mr. Holt. Now, first order of business. The contents of the Cabo safety deposit box. No gold certificates.

PETER

What about the missing journal pages?

IZZY

In the box.

Peter opens the box and thumbs through the contents. Romantic knick-knacks. He picks up the slightly charred, bloodstained journal pages.

IZZY (CONT'D)

It's a letter from your grandfather to his fiancée, Maggie.

PETER

Does he tell her where he hid the treasure?

ALBERT

Not exactly the treasure you were expecting.

Izzy knows the note by heart. As Peter reads, on top of Izzy's voice we hear Cyrus speak the words with her:

IZZY & CYRUS (V.O.)

"My darling Mags, I have something to give to you. But I regret that I may not get the opportunity. As I float away, bleeding, sitting next to more material wealth than one man deserves, I realize that the greatest treasure I've ever known, or ever *will* know, is you."

As they continue, we FADE to see Cyrus, floating in the water, writing in the dark, the fire from the city illuminating his pages.

IZZY & CYRUS (CONT'D)

"And as I look up into the sky, I smile thinking that you may be looking up at that same night sky, the light from the stars making those beautiful eyes sparkle even brighter, if that's at all possible. And I pray, more than anything, that God gives me another chance to see you again. To hold you in my arms. You are my love, my soul... my family. I realize, hopefully not too late, family isn't just the most important thing on this Earth... it's the only thing."

We're back in the Spellman kitchen. A long beat as the family lets these words sink in. Big Ray's arm now on Little Rae's shoulder. Mom and Dad holding hands. David smiling over at Isabel.

The kitchen almost seems to have grown a little smaller, and our family, a little closer.

PETER HOLT

There's no money?

Big Ray shakes his head.

BIG RAY

Only the one bill, as far as we can tell.

Peter takes this in. His disappointment tempered by a genuine appreciation for the prize he holds in his hands.

INT. SPELLMAN LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

After dinner at the Spellmans'. The gang, including Daniel, is all here. Shockingly, there's no fighting.

Olivia enters with hot chocolate that she hands out.

OLIVIA

Izzy, we never got to the second order of business. The Holt case is closed...
You're free to leave the agency.

An uneasy mood comes over the room. Everyone sips their cocoa, except Big Ray who pours most of his in the plant and fills the cup with 90% schnapps.

LITTLE RAE

Izzy's not going anywhere.

IZZY

(amused)

Oh, I'm not?

LITTLE RAE

Think about it. You don't know how to do anything else.

For once, Izzy has no snappy comeback. Silence.

FREEZE FRAME.

IZZY (V.O.)

She's right, of course. At 28, I've lived here and worked for my parents my whole life. I try to picture a future without Spellman Investigations and it comes up blank. I'm damn good at it. So I only have one option: Bluff.

UNFREEZE.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Remember Mrs. Peterson, from the embezzlement case about six years ago? She agreed to front me the money to start my own agency.

OLIVIA

You wouldn't.

IZZY

I'd consider telling Mrs. Peterson "no"... if you gave me a new contract.

ALBERT

What kind of contract?

IZZY

No surveillance, no bugging, no GPS tracking.

ALBERT

You're taking all our parenting tools away.

Olivia smiles sweetly, holding up her hand to Albert.

OLIVIA

She's right, honey. We need to learn to trust our Izzy more.

BIG RAY

(snorting)

Did I just hear "Izzy" and "trust" used in the same sentence?

DAVID

I'll draw up the papers in the morning.

(whispering to Izzy)

Mrs. Peterson died last year.

Izzy mouths "Really?" and David just rolls his eyes (he was testing her).

A feeling of warmth spreads through the room again. After a beat. Until...

Olivia starts handing out new client dossiers.

OLIVIA

Grandpa, you've got the new Worker's Comp case at the Supermarket. Albert, I'm giving you the skip-trace. Izzy, witness location.

(off Little Rae's pleading eyes)

Rae... Missing person.

Rae nearly blows cocoa out her nose she's so excited.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's an internet assignment only. No surveillance.

The family starts perusing their new job files.

DANIEL

So what did happen to the real gold certificates? They had to go somewhere.

Albert just shrugs.

LITTLE RAE

You know what I think? It's buried somewhere in Mexico.

BIG RAY

Five gets you ten Cyrus stole the money,
then he blew it on a string of women and
cheap booze.

LITTLE RAE

That's *your* life.

BIG RAY

Someone shut her up? Please?

IZZY

Cyrus never lost his *real* treasure. Not
until he went to prison, and then he was
willing to die to get it back.

(raising her mug)

To family.

Everyone nods to the toast.

DANIEL

Wait a second. You're, like, incredible
detectives. Nobody has a clue? Nothing?
The money's just... "gone"!?

A group shrug.

IZZY

If you want to retain us, it's \$300 a
day, plus expenses. But I guess we could
give you a family discount.

We PULL OUT of the living room, as we CROSS DISSOLVE...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO WHARF -- 1906 -- NIGHT

Cyrus Holt stands on the deck of the captured money boat.
Folding his love note into the journal, he pockets it and
look out at the BURNING BAY.

They navigate past several schooners, on fire, floating
by.

Cyrus and his brothers look down on the deck of the boat,
where we see FOUR LARGE STACKS OF GOLD CERTIFICATES.
What must be worth millions of dollars.

Cyrus and his brother hug passionately. They've won.
They are rich. And alive.

Behind them, San Francisco glows in the distance.

Reaching freedom, they hit the open water. In celebration, Cyrus lights his cigar. He offers a toke to his brother. As they pass the cigar back and forth, we watch as a STRAY EMBER blows back onto the flammable gold certificates.

With the glowing city behind them, they don't notice the certificates going up in flames.

When it's too late, they turn and, horrified, watch ALL THE MONEY BURN IN A BONFIRE.

CYRUS HOLT

No. No. No. Nooo!!!!

To save themselves, the men jump from the ship and watch the flaming boat sink into the water.

JASPER

Well, Cy, got a new plan?

As they tread water, a gust of wind carries ONE GOLD CERTIFICATE through the air. Cyrus reaches up and snatches the bill out of the a air.

The three men struggle as they help each other swim toward the shore, Cyrus clinging to the last remaining bill of the haul.

The bill that has been passed down in his family through the generations.

And as the final flames of the loot sink into the water behind them, we...

FADE OUT