

Navy Petty Officer First Class L. Shor

Sc. #1

EXT. NAVAL OPERATIONAL SUPPORT CENTER - NIGHT

The HEADLIGHTS of a MILITARY SUV cruise beside an endless chain-less link fence, patrolling the outer perimeter of the Navy Reserve compound...

PETTY OFFICER FINN'S VOICE
Roger that, Command. Perimeter Two is clear. On to Three. Tango out.

← start

EXT./INT. MILITARY SUV - NIGHT

NAVY PETTY OFFICER THIRD CLASS JACK ~~FOOT~~ 20, hangs up the radio mic from the passenger seat, as PETTY OFFICER THIRD CLASS L. SHOR, 21, drives...

PETTY OFFICER FINN
And Tango tired. Nothing more exciting than guard duty.

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
You bored? Answer the question.

PETTY OFFICER FINN
What was it again? Only one food?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
One food you get to live on for the rest of your life. Only one.

PETTY OFFICER FINN
Easy. New England clam chowder.

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
Ugh. Really?

PETTY OFFICER FINN
You don't like chowder?

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NCIS # 2118
"Loose Cannons"

CONTINUED:

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
I do, but... Every meal, every day,
forever? Clam chowder?

PETTY OFFICER FINN
The creamy kind. No way I'd get
tired of it. You?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
Pizza.

PETTY OFFICER FINN
Oh. Right. Pizza. Damn. Is it
too late to change my answer?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
You can change it a hundred times,
Finn. We're just talking here.
No one's got a gun to your head.

PETTY OFFICER FINN
But I do have pizza in my head now,
thank you very much.

Shor chuckles, until she turns a corner and SLAMS THE BRAKES.

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
Whoa, what the hell...?

EXT. NAVAL OPERATIONAL SUPPORT CENTER - NIGHT

The SUV stops ten yards from a BLACK VAN idling beside a HOLE
in the fence. TWO WORKMEN IN BLUE COVERALLS squint into the
high beams, as FINN'S VOICE booms from the P.A...

PETTY OFFICER FINN'S VOICE
Halt! Hands where we can see them!

The Workmen hold out their hands as Finn and Shor emerge onto
the SUV's running boards, weapons trained, as a worker we'll
come to know as ~~LEWIS~~ SHEKIAN, 42, calls out with a smile...

SHEKIAN
All good! Just fixing the fence!

Finn and Shor exchange a wary glance.

PETTY OFFICER FINN
We heard nothing about that.

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CONTINUED:

SHEKIAN

Got the call from your HQ. Looks like some joker with a wire cutter was trying to ruin your night.

Shor eyes THREE CRATES on a HAND TRUCK behind the Workmen...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR

What's with the crates?

SHEKIAN

Equipment. Look, I can show you the work order. I got it here...

Shekian starts to reach into his coveralls, until...

PETTY OFFICER FINN

Stop. Hands. I'll come to you.

Finn hops down, as Shor lowers her weapon and leans into the SUV again to grab the radio mic...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR

(into radio mic)

Tango to Command, come back...

Shor awaits reply as Finn closes to Shekian...

PETTY OFFICER FINN

Let's see that work order.

Shekian's no longer smiling, exchanging a glance with his co-worker (whom we'll come to know as OSKAR HELGREN, 35)...

SHEKIAN

We're about done here anyway.

Finn looks to the large hole cut into the fence...

PETTY OFFICER FINN

You don't look done.

... then into the open van, stacked with the more crates, marked "MUNITIONS PROPERTY OF U.S. NAVY."

PETTY OFFICER FINN (cont'd)

And that's not equipment.

Finn looks back to Shor, who quickly calls again...

CONTINUED: (2)

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
(into radio mic)
Command, did you put in a repair...?

Suddenly, a third man (whom we'll come to know as FRITZ
BEIMLER, 37) leaps from the van and -- PFFT! -- shoots Finn
point-blank through a SILENCED HANDGUN. Finn drops hard.

Shor sees through the windshield, drops the radio mic, and
scrambles back onto the running board, her weapon raised...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR (cont'd)
Finn!

But the men beat her to the draw, each with a HANDGUN raised.

A nod from Shekian and Beimler and Helgren scramble to load a
few more crates. Shekian smiles again with forced calm.

SHEKIAN
We are almost done here.

Shor tries not to panic, as her RADIO now gets a response...

BASE COMMAND (V.O.)
(from radio)
Tango, repeat. Tango...?

Shor glances to the radio mic, wanting to respond...

SHEKIAN
Leave it. They can't help you now.

Shor looks again to her fallen partner, calling weakly...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
Finn?

SHEKIAN
Finn's gone, Missy. There's no
need for you to go with him.

Shekian's creepy smile is trumped by an actual wink. This
makes Shor's decision for her. She ducks behind her armored
door and OPENS FIRE. BAM-BAM-BAM! And mid-firefight, we...

END

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DUCKY

Over this metal plate screwed into the radius. Seems a bit large for the task, wouldn't you say?

Taft eyes the X-ray and squeezes Beimler's forearm...

DOCTOR TAFT

Yes, I would say. Hell, I can almost feel it under here.

GIBBS

Get it out, Duck.

DOCTOR TAFT

Why would you want it?

GIBBS

Take any lead we can get, including whatever hack put that in there.

DUCKY

Would you care to assist me in extricating it, Cyril?

DOCTOR TAFT

That would be just ducky, Ducky.
(off his look)
I've been dying to say that.

DUCKY

You're hardly the first. Jethro?

GIBBS

Just do it fast and get it to Abby.

Gibbs exits. And as Ducky hands Taft a SCALPEL...

INT. WALTER REED MEDICAL CENTER - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bishop and McGee find the IV'd and bandaged Petty Officer Shor weak but awake, and talking with a MALE VISITOR...

MCGEE

Excuse me, Petty Officer Shor? NCIS Special Agents McGee and Bishop. Is this a bad time?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR

Oh, no, we were just...

Sc. #2

← Start

CONTINUED:

ATF SPECIAL AGENT EARL KITT, 40, shows his CREDENTIALS as well...

ATF AGENT KITT
Just finishing up. Agent Earl
Kitt, ATF. If there's anything
else you think of, Lisa, give us a
call. Glad you're okay.

He hands her his CARD and heads out, pausing at the door for
a private word with McGee and Bishop...

ATF AGENT KITT (cont'd)
You guys getting anywhere?

MCGEE
Just getting started. You?

ATF AGENT KITT
Same. Stolen guns are our business
and a dead Navy kid is yours, so
let's keep each other in the loop?

Shor overhears the mention of her dead partner and shudders.
Bishop goes to her bedside, as Kitt and McGee exchange CARDS.

MCGEE
Nothing better than a little
interagency cooperation.

ATF AGENT KITT
Amen to that. I'll be in touch.

Kitt goes. McGee joins Bishop with the emotional Shor.

BISHOP
Sorry to have to barrage you with
more questions, Lisa...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
Just can't believe it. Me and
Finny were just goofing around like
always. And the last thing I said
to him... I never thought...

BISHOP
What did you say?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
That no one had a gun to his head.
One of those things you say without
thinking, and next thing I know...

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CONTINUED: (2)

Shor fights tears. Bishop takes her hand.

BISHOP
It's okay, Lisa...

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
'Finn's gone.' That's what he said
to me. With a smile on his face.

McGee shows her the mug shot of ~~Finn~~ Beimler.

MCGEE
Who said it? This man?

PETTY OFFICER SHOR
No. The one doing all the talking.
Called me 'Missy.' I can see his
face winking at me so clear.

BISHOP
Clear enough to describe him maybe?

McGee nods to Bishop: Worth a try. As Bishop pulls a pad and pencil from her bag...

END

INT. ABBY'S LAB - DAY

Her back to the door, FORENSIC SCIENTIST ABBY SCIUTO examines
the TITANIUM PLATE removed by Ducky and Taft as Gibbs enters.

GIBBS
Talk to me, Abbs.

ABBY
Gibbs! Don't burst in like that.

GIBBS
That's how I always burst in.

ABBY
I know, but that was before this
titanium plate went and freaked me
out. I'll get over it.

GIBBS
Freaked you out how?

ABBY
Well, our dueling doctors were
right. It was made to support a
larger bone. A femur, to be exact.

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NCIS: LOS ANGELES

MILITARY AUDITION HINTS

(FOR MILITARY ROLES ONLY!)

1. NO CROSSING ARMS OR LEGS, WHETHER SITTING OR STANDING.
2. NO TAPPING FEET, FIDGETING OR PACING.
3. NO HANDS IN POCKETS OR ON YOUR HIPS.
4. KEEP GESTURING TO A MINIMUM. MOST EMOTIONS SHOULD BE SEEN IN THE FACE AND NOT IN A LOT OF GESTURES.
5. WHEN STANDING, KEEP FEET PLANTED – NO SHIFTING WEIGHT FROM LEG TO LEG.
6. ABSOLUTELY NO RELAXED POSTURE (WHEN SITTING OR STANDING), SUCH AS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL OR SLOUCHING IN YOUR CHAIR.
7. **BASICALLY MOVEMENT SHOULD BE KEPT MINIMAL WITHOUT BEING ROBOTIC.**
8. **EVEN WITH THESE HINTS, PLEASE REMEMBER – WE STILL WANT HUMAN BEINGS!**

MILITARY APPEARANCE HINTS

MEN

HAIR: Must be clean-cut looking. If you have long hair, style and/or pull it back so it looks as clean-cut as possible.

WARDROBE: Button-down, pressed and tucked-in shirts, especially for Navy and officer roles. Slim-fitting t-shirts or tank tops might be appropriate for some Marine roles. Slacks, khakis or cargo pants – no shorts or baggy jeans.

WOMEN

HAIR: Pulled back, in a ponytail or in a bun.

MAKEUP: Minimal and natural looking

WARDROBE: Button-down, pressed and tucked-in shirts, especially for Navy and officer roles. Slim-fitting t-shirts or tank tops might be appropriate for some Marine roles. Dark skirts, slacks, khakis or cargo pants – no shorts or baggy jeans.

* Uniforms and fatigues may be distracting and are not recommended.

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