

* NAVY Haircut *
Required

Navy Petty Officer
First Class J. Finn

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First Class J. Finn

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 J. FINN, 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?

NCIS # 298
"Loose Cannons"

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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,
Finny. 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 ~~LEON~~ 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.

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 ~~OS~~ 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 in a repair...?

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

END

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...

FYI

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Navy Petty Officer First Class J. Finn

EXT. NAVAL OPERATIONAL SUPPORT CENTER - NIGHT

[CLICK-FLASH! - FINN'S BODY ON THE WET PAVEMENT]

CLICK-FLASH! - POOLS OF BLOOD SEPARATE FROM FINN'S BODY

CLICK-FLASH! - THE HOLE IN THE CHAIN-LINK FENCE

PROBATIONARY AGENT ELEANOR "ELLIE" BISHOP lowers her camera, as Gibbs pushes through BASE PERSONNEL and LOCAL LEOs to join her.

GIBBS
You the first here?

BISHOP
Guess I live the closest. Do I win anything?

Gibbs shoots her a look. Bishop shakes off the cobwebs.

BISHOP (cont'd)
Punchy. I'd just fallen asleep when you called. Tony and McGee are still en route. Ducky too.

[Which directs Gibbs' attention to Petty Officer Finn's body.]

GIBBS
Only victim?

BISHOP
So far.
(checking her notes)
Petty Officer Third Class Jack Finn. His patrol partner, Petty Officer Third Class Lisa Shor, was just rushed over to Walter Reed, along with one of the shooters. GSWs on both.

GIBBS
Witnesses?

Navy Petty Officer First Class J. Finn

As Gibbs now mulls an apology of sorts...

GIBBS
Look, Doc, about that...

DOCTOR TAFT
It's not you I came to see, Gibbs,
it's your good Doctor Mallard.

GIBBS
Ducky? What for?

DOCTOR TAFT
Again with the 'what for's.' Must
I really explain everything to you?

TONY
You do if you want to see Ducky.

Tony smiles from his desk. They don't. Tony clears his
throat and gets back to work, as Taft states his case...

DOCTOR TAFT
Something I noticed during surgery.
Could be nothing, but it was enough
to cost me a night's sleep, so...
(re: Beimler)
You think he's been autopsied yet?

Gibbs thinks a beat then heads for Autopsy. Taft looks
confused to Tony, who waves him to follow. As Taft goes...

INT. NCIS AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

DOCTOR DONALD "DUCKY" MALLARD closes the drawer on the just-
autopsied Petty Officer Finn, reporting to Gibbs as Taft
lingers near the table with Beimler's body awaiting its turn.

DUCKY
Petty Officer Finn never had a
chance. Poor lad absorbed a high-
caliber round at point-blank range.
Death was instantaneous.

GIBBS
Abby's got the bullet?

FYI

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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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