

"XANADU SHORES"

By

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LOGLINE: Four friends become enmeshed in a heist which escalates to kidnapping chased by a capricious Fed and his comely accomplice by land, air and sea, culminating explosively on Xanadu Shores.

OPENING SCENE #1

We see **SPENCER CAMBRIO [SPENCE]** walking onto a salesfloor. The opening shot of Miami confirms he's on the top floor of a highrise office building. A roar goes up from men standing on and near their cubicle desks, speaking loudly into their phones, in a circus-like atmosphere. **Jethro Tull's "Bungle in the Jungle"** is playing. Young attractive women energetically shuffle order tickets to their desks. Some executives sit behind glass walls on the phone as **SPENCER** walks by rubbing his fingers in a "money sign" before entering a larger office at the end of the floor, slowly opening the door.

SCENE 2 DOC's OFFICE

A flute plays as the door opens showing the office vista over the bay as his brother **HENRY CAMBRIO [DOC]** turns his chair about revealing stacks of cash, ingot bars and gold coins on the credenza, as **SPENCE** locks the door behind him. **DOC** finishes the count, turning his high oxblood chair around, greedily grinning.

SPENCER

Do you think we have enough, doc?

DOC

Enough for four or five lifetimes.

SPENCER

As long as we have enough for this one, dear brother.

DOC

We do.

They look towards the vault, confidently smiling.

SPENCER

Do you think anyone is on to us?

DOC

Not sure. That's why I reduced our headcount.

SPENCER

Yea, less mouths to feed with less eyeballs to see.

DOC

Exactly, but keep an eye on that nosey receptionist, she and her friend are always talking, talking except when I walk by, loose lips sink ships.

SPENCER

Well, she can sink her lips on my...

DOC

Now - now Spence, there will be plenty of time for that later. I don't think she'll get in the way but just in case make sure she works tonight. Remember brother, keep your friends close and your enemies closer, follow me?

SPENCER

Yes I do. In fact I offered her a promotion today.

DOC

Good, good, make her an offer she can't refuse. Turn on your charm. It's too bad the coin game is over. You know, if the government hadn't changed the rules, we'd still be swapping gold for worthless paper.

SPENCE

Is everything set with Ace? Does he suspect anything?

DOC

Not at all and he has a friend who's a pilot, so I told him to offer him a job with the firm.

SPENCE

Do we need another pilot?

DOC

We do, in case Ace bails on us, we'll need to provide the authorities with a suspect. Either way either pilot can get us long past Jamaica with this and more.

SPENCE

Have you spoken with them?

DOC

Not yet. I've been trying to reach him all morning. Maybe he's out of range. I'll try his pager.

**SCENE #3 [EXT][MORN] DAWN IS RISING BEHIND A 42' CIGARETTE BOAT.
AERIAL [EXT][MORN] TOM PETTY "Runnin' Down a Dream."**

In the distance we see a bouncing silhouette growing larger, getting closer. We are near the southernmost point of America off the coast of Key West, Florida at the interface of land and sea as forty-two feet of fiberglass, harnessing 2700 horses rumble closer, slicing through the ocean's surface. Its sunburst hull bounces against the iridescent sky.

ALOYSIUS COURTNEY EMERSON [ACE] a dark haired bare chested, handsome man wearing shorts and sunglasses is at the helm, occasionally smiling at a beautiful girl who's covering her chest with a floppy hat, in a gold linked french cut bikini.

The white bolster seats of the '*Xcellent Sea.*' appear brighter as they approach the inlet when the pager on the helm lights up.

SCENE #4 THE DOCK [EXT][10AM]

ACE

It's the office paging me. I'll call them after I drop you at the marina. Did you enjoy the ride?

[GIRL]

Hmmm yes, very much so. I'd never ridden anything this big. I hope we do this again, sometime.

ACE

We will. Be careful getting off. It can be slippery when wet. Have a great week, babe.

Helping her off with a big kiss, she looks over her shoulder, smiling, waving. He returns her smile, shutting off his pager when his phone rings.

DOC

Hello Ace.

ACE

Good morning, Doc.

DOC

Did you hire another pilot?

ACE

Working on that now. We'll be there for lunch.

DOC

Good, good, just make sure he's qualified and capable.

ACE

Oh, he's very capable, Doc.

SCENE #5 [EXT][AM] THE MARINA PARKING LOT.

Ending the call, stepping out of the cabin wearing a polo shirt, slacks and slip on loafers Ace gets into his black over tan Turbo Porsche Cabriolet as it growls onto the streets of Miami.

SCENE #6 [INT][AM] INSIDE A HOME

We're looking into a modest, bright, airy living room. There's a 50-something mother **MARY LANDERS [MOM]** wearing an apron, joyfully puttering around, dusting the mantle with pictures of her two sons and husband. Music is playing low.

Her head turns, hearing the sound of a car pulling up **[OFF CAMERA]** onto the driveway and muffled voices. The trunk slams, then a knock at her door. She checks herself in the full-length mirror, opening the door, tearfully smiling, embracing her son **SEAN LANDERS [SEAN]**, a blonde haired, blue eyed, mercurial former pilot returning home, anxious to marry.

SEAN

Hello Mother.

MOM

Hello sonny boy. You look very handsome in your uniform.

Relieved that he is home safe, shedding more tears of joy.

MOM[cont]

I'm so happy that you're home, Sean.

Reaching for her purse, an envelope slides out, with '**Sean**' written on it, handing it to him.

MOM

Cindy asked me to give you this. I need to pick up a few things at the store, including your favorite Ice-Cream whale cake.

SEAN

Sounds perfect.

Hugging her again as she leaves.

SEAN OPENS THE ENVELOPE:

Sean,

I couldn't wait any longer and moved to Vegas using our wedding money for a car. I wish you well. Goodbye.

Cin

The music is slightly louder. His countenance is altered, looking much older than his years, dazed, confused, tired and hurt, mumbling angrily, walking towards the front door.

SEAN

I'll track her down if it takes me...

Stopping before the mirror, the cheerful brightness of the room fades. His appearance [lighting] grows darker.

SEAN[cont.]

Hmmm, didn't see that coming.

The volume increases and the room shrinks with hard pounding psychedelic music playing '*In A Da Gadda da Vida*'.

His anger changes from anger to despair and depression opening a cabinet seeing a bottle of Scotch next to his fathers revolver. He reaches for the bottle, instead grabbing the gun, which hasn't been fired in years, appearing ready to kill himself.

SEAN

I wonder when was the last time it was cleaned. I don't want it to misfire and blow up in my face.

Cynically smirking looking around the room, gun in hand as he sits at the kitchen table, seeing a BIG BANNER in the mirror:

WELCOME HOME SEAN!

It's obvious he'll leave a bloody mess for his mother to clean.

[FLASHBACK] His mother is weeping at his father's funeral, stirring his emotions, his eyes water up.

Pushing the gun aside he seizes a clothesline and gazes out the window at the sturdy oak that he and his cousins used to climb.

[FLASHBACK] Standing and staring blankly at the tree, recalling his boyhood memories, lowering his head as he lays the rope down, opening a beer, looking at the label.

SEAN

What am I doing? Is my last drink, a beer? It's not even my brand.

Looking back at the open cupboard door, he returns the revolver, picking the bottle of Scotch, the good stuff, reserved for company, picking up a small glass, before deciding on a larger one filling it up, sitting in a recliner, taking a sip.

SEAN

Wow, this stuff'll kill ya.

Smirking, realizing the irony, he closes his eyes, his nose twitches, smelling his mothers cooking, eyeing her gas stove.

SEAN

It's easy, clean and won't leave a mess.

Grimacing, setting down the nearly full glass of whiskey, his eyes turn towards his mothers favorite painting of Jesus, above the family portrait of he and his brother with their parents.

SEAN

Lord, where are you, when I need you most?

Drinking the whole glass down as though it was water, preparing to die, quietly sighing, opening the oven door, carefully taking out the racks, kneeling down, placing his head in the oven, sighing again, resigned to eternal sleep.

Suddenly the home's stillness is interrupted by squealing tires pulling up the driveway, a car door slams **[OFF CAMERA]**.

SEAN

Probably the kid next door.

ACE

Hello, anybody home, hellooo.

The doorbell rings twice.

ACE[cont]

I see your lights on.

Sean, annoyingly shouts towards the door.

SEAN

Go away, I'm busy. Come back later.

ACE

When, later?

SEAN

Ten minutes, no better make it twenty.

ACE

Sean, it's me, Ace from the 33rd.

Rising from the stove, shaking off a leg cramp speaking through the door.

SEAN

Ace, what are you doing here?

ACE

Open up pal, we need to talk, it's important.

SEAN

Ok, give me a moment, I'll be right there.

SEAN[cont]

Hi Ace, come on in.

Ace enters, handsome, dashing, robust, taking off his aviator glasses, grabbing Sean's hand.

ACE

Welcome home, pal. Were you cooking something? I smell gas.

SEAN

Yea, something. Why the visit, Ace?

ACE

I knew you were coming home and had a job for you.

SEAN

As a pilot?

ACE

Of course, what else? After settling my family's estate, I was feeling lethargic, slowly getting depressed, thinking I needed something to get going again. So I took a job as a pilot for a precious metals company, reporting directly to the owners, on call 24/7, flying them to the islands to gamble and party. Initially everything was fine, but their personalities changed after the market selloff. They told me to hire another pilot and I was hoping you'd join me. The money is great, a lot more than we made with Uncle Sam.

SEAN

Thanks for the offer and thinking of me, but I'm not planning to stick around long.

ACE

No problem, but until you decide, let's have lunch then stop by the office so you can see the place for yourself, then decide, fair enough?

They turn towards the mirror standing side by side as the lighting increases with sunshine filtering through the curtains, reflecting off the mirror. Ace puts on his sunglasses, smiling.

ACE

Look Sean, your future's so bright I have to wear shades.

Sean's hands tremble, realizing Ace just saved his life, grasping with a firm handshake, accepting his card and offer as his mother returns, carrying groceries and a cake.

ACE

Let me help, ma'am.

MOM

Thank you. Hello.

SEAN

This is Mary, my mother. Ace was my commanding officer overseas and just stopped by to offer me a job.

ACE

Nice to meet you ma'am. Sean here is a great pilot and a fine man, Mary.

MOM

How wonderful, son! A job offer on your first day home. Thank you Ace for looking after him. Were you cooking something, Sean?

SEAN

Uh yea, I was about to heat up some beans.

Sean laughs nervously, leaving to change into business attire.