

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

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EARLY DRAFT

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CHARLIE'S ANGELS - 8/18/99

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BIG BLUE SKY - DAY

A VIRGIN AIR 747 bursts through the clouds and levels off.

INT. VIRGIN AIR 747 - DAY

We move through the FIRST CLASS CABIN. It's the regular mix of first class people: OLD MONEY in Gucci enjoying freshly baked cookies, a MILLIONAIRE in jeans and a T-shirt, BUSINESS PEOPLE relaxing after a tough day, and...

...a very nervous MAN.

Shifty-eyed. Alone in an aisle seat, the emergency row. We hold on him for a moment, but not for too long. Then we continue moving into --

THE COACH SECTION

Stopping at the lavatory, the "OCCUPIED" sign switches to "VACANT" and...

JAMES EARL JONES

(or actually, a James Earl Jones type, who for ease of description, we'll simply refer to as James Earl Jones) steps out of the restroom, in full African regalia: multi-colored dashiki, mufti (it's a kind of hat), the works. He heads up the aisle towards --

THE FIRST CLASS CABIN

Where he is stopped by a --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry, sir. This cabin is restricted to first cl...

Mr. Jones now removes a FIRST CLASS TICKET.

JAMES EARL JONES

Is this what you're looking for?

She looks at it -- a little confused as to why he's just handing it to her now -- but then she nods. As he passes:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, I'm sorry. Please. Is there anything I can get you?

JAMES EARL JONES

Scotch, blended. Straight.

He continues into the first class cabin and toward --

THE FIRST CLASS EMERGENCY ROOM

Where he slides in past the nervous, shifty-eyed man (his name is PASQUAL) and sits by the window.

After a moment, Pasqual quietly clears his throat and leans, slightly, towards Jones.

PASQUAL
(tentatively)
They say birds can't fly this high.

JAMES EARL JONES
They say only angels can.

Now Pasqual nods. Nervously begins to remove something from his pocket when they are interrupted by --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Shall I pour your scotch?

JAMES EARL JONES
No -- I'll take the bottle. Thank you.

She hands him the airplane-sized bottle -- he waves off the glass. She shrugs, leaving...

Pasqual to resume what he was doing. Slowly, he removes a roll of Certs. He looks to Jones -- "Well? What about your end of the bargain?"

From within his dashiki, Jones pulls out a black velvet pouch. He hands it to Pasqual, who opens it to find diamonds. A helluva lot of diamonds. Pasqual smiles.

He hands the roll of Certs to Jones. It's not breath candy at all, but a tiny roll of explosives, with a tiny, high-tech triggering mechanism.

JAMES EARL JONES
Ah, c-5. The most dangerous explosive material ever invented. Hard to believe that this little contraption could blow up ten city blocks.

PASQUAL
Be careful with it, huh?

Both men smile. Pasqual's very relieved that the deal is done.

Then suddenly, the lights blink out.

Pasqual looks around, nervous. But it's just the in-flight movie beginning. Clouds, and a woman holding a torch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Columbia Pictures presents... David Spade and Adam Sandler in "BOSOM BUDDIES: THE MOVIE."

James Earl Jones shakes his head, rolls his eyes.

JAMES EARL JONES
Another movie from an old TV show?

PASQUAL
Well, what're you gonna do?

JAMES EARL JONES
Walk out.

PASQUAL
That's very funny.

But James Earl Jones is dead serious.

JAMES EARL JONES
No. It isn't.

Jones grabs Pascal in a headlock and turns toward the back of the plane, shouting:

JAMES EARL JONES (CONT'D)
EVERYONE! FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS!

Now Jones does the unthinkable. Holding Pasqual tight, he yanks open the emergency door release.

With a RUSH, the cabin decompresses.

Panic erupts as air, paper and everything not belted in screams out of the open door, including --

EXT. THE BIG BLUE SKY - FALLING AWAY FROM THE 747 - DAY

-- James Earl Jones, still holding Pasqual in a bear hug. They plummet, wind violently tearing at them. Pasqual's frantic SCREAMS doppler quite nicely.

DROPPING WITH THEM

They continue to fall, gaining speed. Pasqual is terrified, but Jones doesn't seem worried. In fact, casually, he glances at his watch, and then looks --

FAR BELOW THEM - ACROSS THE SKY

At the tiny black speck gradually grows larger in the distance...

CLOSER - ON THAT BLACK SPECK

It's a jet helicopter. Its door opens, and now a SKYDIVER leaps out, helmet down, arms back, streaking across the sky in aerodynamic perfection, heading directly towards

JONES AND PASQUAL

who are still plummeting toward the earth at terminal velocity. Jones begins to let go of Pasqual, who SCREAMS and tries to clutch onto him, desperate.

JAMES EARL JONES
(over the rushing wind)
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. WE HAVE
COMPANY.

PASQUAL
WHAT?

Suddenly -- WHOMPPPH!! -- the skydiver spread-eagles, stopping the wild dive directly behind Pasqual, and immediately binds his arms and straps a parachute on him.

All three are still free-falling.

James Earl Jones nods at the Skydiver who, even under the helmet and goggles, is clearly a beautiful woman.

Meet ALEXANDRA "ALEX" MUNDAY, one of Charlie's Angels. She's a sultry bombshell -- a classic femme fatale -- only she's playing for the good guys.

She gives James Earl Jones a wink, then jerks Pasqual's rip cord and -- WHOOMPH. Pasqual's chute deploys. He flies upward, leaving --

Alex and James Earl Jones, both still falling. Below the ocean screams up at them. Not much time left.

James Earl Jones pulls his belt -- and his mufti flies up. It's actually a tiny drogue chute, deploying his entire dashiki. His outfit hides a parachute rig.

Alex pulls her own rip cord and -- WHOOMPH -- her chute unfurls, and now...

Alex and James Earl Jones gently float towards --

EXT. THE BIG BLUE SEA - DAY

A cigarette boat floats through the choppy water, a gorgeous young woman expertly throttling up the growling V-8.

Say hello to NATALIE THOMPSON, Charlie's second angel. At a glance, she's the brainy-shy girl next door.

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But put her behind the wheel of any vehicle, and she's unstoppable.

Natalie glances ahead, maneuvering the boat perfectly under Alex, who drops on deck. Alex gathers her chute, then whips off her helmet to give her cascading mane a wild shake.

Here comes James Earl Jones. Natalie guns the boat underneath...a perfect catch. Alex helps him with his dashiki-chute, and then all three look up...

Here comes Pasqual. Natalie whips the boat around, catching him as he helplessly drops into the seats, still bound, still scared out of his wits. He gapes wild-eyed at the two Angels, then whirls on James Earl Jones.

PASQUAL

You crazy bastard!

JAMES EARL JONES

I think you mean crazy bitch.

With that, James Earl Jones reaches up and pulls his face off. Latex rips free, and standing there (without his dashiki, James Earl Jones has a great figure) is...

... stunningly beautiful DYLAN SANDERS, angel number three. She's the wild one.

Pasqual's jaw drops as Dylan shakes her hair free, then reaches in her mouth --

DYLAN

(still with James Earl Jones' voice)

Don't need this anymore.

-- and extracts a voice-modifying chip.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(now in her real voice)

But I sure could use this.

And she pulls from her pocket the airplane-size bottle of Johnnie Walker Black. She twists it open and downs it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Damn I hate to fly.

EXT. BEACH DOCK - DAY

Now, MEN IN "FBI" WINDBREAKERS haul Pasqual away, two of them carefully handling the certs-explosive. A harmless fellow pushes his way past them and onto the dock.

It's JOHN BOSLEY, Charlie's lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches the boat, which Natalie ties off while Alex and Dylan neatly fold their parachutes.

BOSLEY

Well, Angels, the experimental explosives are back in the hands of the government, and the free world can breathe just a lit-tle bit easier tonight, thanks to you three.

Alex, Natalie and Dylan stroll from the dock onto the sand, each starting to unzip/unbutton/unsnap their action gear and hand it to Bosley as they continue walking.

NATALIE

And thanks to you, too, Bos.

ALEX

We couldn't have redirected the flight path without your help.

Bosley puffs, proud. He speaks over the ever-growing pile of chutes, body suits, goggles, the dashiki...

BOSLEY

Nothing a little teamwork can't do. At least, that's what Charlie's always telling us, right ladies?

DYLAN

Charlie will be joining us, won't he?

BOSLEY

He sends his regrets. But he wanted you to know that dinner is on him, so feel free to celebrate.

By now, the Angels have stripped off all of their equipment, revealing eye-popping evening gowns.

ALEX

If it's on Charlie, we will.

The Angels share a laugh as they arrive in their sassy duds at a private beach club, where a WAITER greets them with a tray of champagne flutes.

They each take a glass, turn to each other and raise them. Another Angels Mystery... Case Closed.

FREEZE FRAME. And the TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Once upon a time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THREE FOURTH GRADE SCHOOL PHOTOS FILL THE FRAME, side by side by side. These are three very different girls.

NATALIE, with a page-boy cut and wearing a Catholic schoolgirl's uniform, sports glasses and braces; a bit awkward and gangly, even shy.

ALEX, formally dressed with perfect pig-tails, is sophisticated and self-possessed; a class act, even at ten.

DYLAN, wild blond hair and faded T-shirt, has a jaded, street-wise smirk; even at this young age, her isolation and disillusionment are masked by seeming confidence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

... there were three very
different little girls.

The triptych remains on screen. Now it shifts into:

VIDEO TAPE - THE THREE GIRLS (STILL IN TRIPTYCH)

Now TEENAGERS, on HOME VIDEO.

NATALIE, working the A-V equipment at school, hides her face in embarrassment, uncomfortable with the camera. FREEZE.

ALEX, in riding gear, accepting her steeple-chase trophy. She knows where to look for the camera. FREEZE.

DYLAN, smoking with her tough-girl friends in the girls' room of her reform school, is caught on camera. She flips it off. FREEZE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Who grew up into three very
different women.

TRIPTYCH CONTINUES

They're all WOMEN now, in their early twenties.

NATALIE, a research fellow at MIT (and beautiful, but not flaunting it) demonstrates a chess-playing computer program to a room of impressed advisors.

ALEX, valedictorian at Oxford, passionately delivers her address to a crowd of rapt students, faculty and parents.

DYLAN, in leather and a helmet, steps off a Harley. She sees a punk with a mohawk slapping around his girlfriend. She decks him, then enters the back door of a seedy punk bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

With three things in common...

TRIPTYCH ENDS

With photographs again. The women, as they are now: Natalie, Alex, Dylan. All gorgeous, all self-assured.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
They're brilliant. They're
beautiful. And they work for me.

Now, FIREBALL EXPLOSIONS completely fill the screen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
My name is Charlie.

ANGEL SILHOUETTES appear, in flames. New MUSIC kicks in.

"CHARLIE'S ANGELS"

...And a new title sequence takes over:

VARIOUS SHOTS: MONTAGE (OVER MUSIC)

Credits continue as we watch the Angels in action (from, presumably, previous adventures...)

-- A microscope-peering Natalie cuts a ruby, drops it in a laser housing, shoots a red beam.

-- Dylan, wielding kendo sticks, spars with two Yakzuza.

-- Alex side-kicks two baddies, spins, drops a third.
ZOOM BACK: she is at the Parthenon.

-- A motocross race. Natalie digs in for the finish, attacking the last jump with gusto.

-- Dylan, in traditional Islamic robes, finds a secret switch. She pushes back a bookcase to reveal secret stairs.

-- At a ballroom dance competition, Alex wows the crowd while keeping her eye on a nefarious couple.

-- Bosley, as "Luka, the Bad Ass Pimp," bitch-slaps a couple of "ho's" -- actually Dylan and Alex -- then winks at them as unsuspecting drug dealers back off, scared.

-- Natalie bites into a messy hot-dog, has to just laugh.

-- The three angels elbow their way through a roller-derby match.

-- In orange prison jumpsuits, Alex and Dylan work in female chain-gang.

-- Window-washer Natalie peers into a skyscraper office, surreptitiously photographing the meeting inside.

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CONTINUED:

-- On an Italian street, the three Angels buy a paper, grin at the headline, "Mystery Women Save European Union." As they high-five, Dylan's cone of gelato drops to the sidewalk. The Angels look at it, look at each other...and just have to laugh.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS.

OVER BLACK we hear a DIGITAL RING...

INT. TINY HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON Dylan as she wakes up in a tangle of ugly sheets, disoriented and a bit hungover. She hears the RINGING -- where is it coming from? Why is it drilling into her head?

Checking the floor, she finds her jeans. Digs in the pocket to find her cell phone. Answering...

DYLAN

Hi.

(recognizing voice)

Hi. Okay. I'll be right in.

She clicks the phone off, then starts looking around. Where the fuck is she?

From the next room, we hear a male VOICE singing "My Sharona." She checks under the sheets. Oh God. She's naked. She pulls her shirt from the floor, puts it on. Closing her eyes, she prays...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Not him. Not him, not him, not him.

THE VOICE

'Morning starfish.

DYLAN

Oh God no.

At the door, skinny shirtless CHAD holds a skillet of eggs.

CHAD

Hungry?

EXT. CHAD'S CRAPPY BOAT - DAY

Blinded by the daylight, Dylan emerges from below, relieved to see the boat is docked. Chad follows her outside, pleading...

CHAD

C'mon Dylan. You + Me. It's magic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

It's a mistake. A horrible,
horrible mistake.

She jumps onto the dock.

CHAD

Then how come we keep getting back
together? It's fate.

Dylan just keeps walking.

CHAD

(yelling after)
Is it because I live on a boat?

WHIP TO:

CLOSEUP - MAN'S FACE

This is Jason Gibbons, handsome, action-movie stud. He's
concentrating fiercely.

ALEX (O.S.)

If you don't defuse this bomb,
Logan, L.A.'s going to be a new
underwater attraction.

A bead of sweat drops down Jason's face.

JASON

Get off my back, Sanchez. I know
what I'm doing.

REVEAL ALEX, her face right next to his.

ALEX

Which wire? The red one or the blue one?

JASON

Marix has a thing for red. Red
cars, red boats, red-headed hookers.

ALEX

So the red one.

JASON

That's why I'm gonna say blue.

He makes a "snip" motion. They both breathe a sigh of relief.

ALEX

You saved the world again, Logan.

She leans forward, closer and closer, right in his face.

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CONTINUED:

JASON

That's my job.

Alex kisses him. It's a damn good kiss. Jason's into it, but pulls away for a second.

JASON (CONT'D)

I don't think Sanchez would kiss me. He's a forty-year-old man.

Pull back to reveal...

ALEX and JASON are in a fully macked out Airstream, sitting on a bed, leaning over an open screenplay. We can tell from our surroundings that Jason is a big deal Hollywood action star, and this trailer is his home away from home.

She licks the bridge of his nose, then kisses him again.

ALEX

Let's have it rewritten.

As she smiles, a cell phone RINGS. Both Alex and Jason reach for their phones. It's hers.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. JASON'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

Jason stands in the doorway in his robe as Alex tosses her stuff in the back of a very excellent car.

JASON

So when you coming back?

ALEX

Not sure. Whenever I can. I'll call you.

JASON

Oh, great, that's helpful.

(watching her prepare to go)
I don't get it, what kind of executive assistant is on 24 hour call?

ALEX

A very good one.

JASON

You ask me, your boss is an asshole.

(beat)

When do I get to meet this Charlie guy, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Charlie's not very social.

JASON

Yeah, well I think you should quit.

ALEX

Charlie needs me.

JASON

I need you.

Alex looks back -- that was more personally revealing than she expected.

A P.A. comes up next to Jason.

P.A.

Mr. Gibbons? We're ready for you on the set.

Jason nods, then back to Alex.

JASON

I gotta go save the world.

Alex smiles at the irony of that.

ALEX

My hero.

She blows him a kiss and speeds off.

EXT. BEACH APARTMENT WALKWAY - DAY

Natalie KNOCKS on the door to 113. A beat later, the door swings open to reveal BOB.

Natalie SCREAMS in astonishment.

BOB

(freaked)

What! Natalie, what?

NATALIE

I thought you were dead.

She pushes past him.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Natalie makes a beeline for his keys on the table. Starts taking one key off the ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

I thought the police might be here.
Or your neighbors. Or your parents,
here to identify your remains.

He has no idea what she's talking about. She goes to

THE BATHROOM,

where she retrieves a toothbrush.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I saw your car was here, so I knew
you weren't carjacked and brutally
beaten, left to die on the highway.

Her cell phone RINGS.

BOB

I'm not...

She holds up a finger, just a sec.

NATALIE

(answering phone)

Hello. Absolutely. I'll be right in.

She hangs up.

BOB

I'm not dead.

NATALIE

But you can understand why I
thought so. You missed our date
last night. You didn't call or
anything. I was just sitting
there by myself.

ANGLE ON Bob. What can he say?

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I can tolerate a lot, but punctuality
and attendance, those rank very high
in my list of dating priorities.

BOB

I can explain.

Behind Natalie, a door opens. A topless BLONDE looks out.

BLONDE

Bobby?

BOB

(to Natalie)

I can explain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind the Blonde, ISAAC HAYES looks out. He's also topless.

ISAAC HAYES
Bobby?

BOB
Damn.

Beyond weirded out, Natalie just leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Passing cars reveal the one and only CHARLES TOWNSEND DETECTIVE AGENCY. That's what the sign says.

INT. CHARLES TOWNSEND DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

In foreground, a blender WHIRRS. Still hungover, Dylan cringes from the sound. Natalie pours out three fruit smoothies for the angels.

NATALIE
Just once, I want to date a normal man, without a wife, or a drug addiction, or bondage issues.

DYLAN
Here here.

She and Natalie toast. Alex is only half-in. Off their look...

ALEX
What? I've got a great relationship.

DYLAN
Your boyfriend thinks you're a secretary.

ALEX
That way, he doesn't ask about my work.

Bosley walks in with a folder. He eyes their drinks.

NATALIE
I'm sorry, Bosley. I only made enough for three.

BOSLEY
No, that's...That's okay.

It's not okay, but that's our Bosley. He takes his seat behind his desk. Now we see the biggest addition to the office, the Angels Wall of Fame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pictures of every angel, from the original cast members to some fictitious ones we've never seen before. The rest of the office is exactly as we remember it, right down to the

SPEAKERPHONE.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Good morning, Angels.

ANGELS

(sing-songy)

Good morning, Charlie.

The angels take a seat on couches and chairs.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

I'm sorry to call you back from vacation, but we've got a case that just can't wait.

As he's talking, the far blinds close themselves. A white screen lowers from the ceiling, ready to catch the projected VIDEO:

A handsome MAN IN HIS 20'S in a CNN profile. The sound is muted, but we see him attending a gala; in an office surrounded by computers; rock climbing; smiling in a sit-down interview.

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Meet Eric Knox.

NATALIE

He's cute.

BOSLEY

He is.

Oops, did Bosley say that out loud?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

He's 28-years old, and in three days he'll be a billionaire, when his company, Knox Technologies, goes public.

DYLAN

It's good to be him.

ALEX

So what's the catch?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Last night, Knox was kidnapped from his own office.

ON VIDEO: Surveillance camera footage of a parking garage. Two MEN IN HOODS shove Knox into black car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Any ransom?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

No one's heard a thing from the kidnapers.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

They don't want money. They just want to sink our company.

A striking WOMAN IN A SUIT stands in the doorway.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Angels, meet Vivian Wu, vice president of finance for Knox Technologies. She's hired us to find Knox.

VIVIAN WU

(entering)

The initial public offering is in three days. If we don't get Mr. Knox back, or if word gets out that he's missing, the company stands to lose a billion dollars.

She seems to direct this next sentence right to Natalie.

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)

We need your help.

ALEX

Charlie, where do we start?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Alex, I want you and Bosley to stake out Roger Corwin.

Bosley is excited to hear his name mentioned.

ON VIDEO: Roger Corwin. He's an unpleasant-looking man, who's even nastier when he tries to smile. We see logos for his company, Red Star Systems

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

For the past year, he's been trying to buy Knox's company and their new browser software. Knox refused to sell. His company, Red Start Systems, has the most to gain from Knox's disappearance.

ALEX

Kidnap the founder and you sink the company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Exactly, Alex. Let's keep our eyes on Mr. Corwin, Angels. If Knox is still alive, Corwin might lead us to him.

DYLAN

We're on it.

NATALIE

Any chance you can join us, Charlie?

CUT TO:

CHARLIE'S POV

We see his chalky fingers grabbing into a hand hold. We're halfway up the face of Yosemite's El Capitan -- the ground is hundreds of feet below.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I'd love to, angels, but I've got my hands full this morning.

Two beautiful and buxomly CLIMBING BUDDIES smile at him.

WIPE TO:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS SPA - DAY

Establishing...

EXT. SPA DECK / OUTSIDE WALKWAY - DAY

Built into the Palm Springs Hills, this very exclusive spa has a fantastic view of the desert.

Dressed in a crisp spa uniform, Alex has a sidebar with a white-robed Bosley. She shows him a tiny electronic device shaped like a bullet.

ALEX

This is a transmitter. I'll be able to hear everything you say.

BOSLEY

Where do I hide it?
(leaning close)
I'll be nude.

Alex takes a plastic cup, drops the transmitter into it. Covers it over with ice chips from a nearby bucket.

Bosley nods, clever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Try to get Corwin to talk about
the industry, Knox, anything.

BOSLEY

Understood.

She points him in the direction of the men's spa. But he's
frozen with excitement.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

I'm going undercover.

ALEX

I know. You'll do great.

INT. MEN'S STEAM ROOM - DAY

A burst of steam clears, revealing Bosley. He waddles forward
in his shower clogs, which SQUISH with every step. He's wearing
two towels: one around his waist, and a second around his
chest.

As more steam dissipates, we see there are SEVEN MEN sitting on
the risers. Six are gorgeous, ranging from Calvin Klein models
to Marlboro Men. Bosley looks around, taking a keen interest.
Maybe he's checking them out, maybe he isn't. We just don't
know.

The seventh man is ROGER CORWIN, who we recognize from
the videotape. He's leaning forward, a gold chain
dangling. It's beside him that Bosley takes a seat.

He sets the ice cup -- and the transmitter -- in a
strategic location.

Noticing that none of the other men have towels around
their bosoms, Bosley nervously undoes his, revealing skin
the color of cooked salmon. He fluffs up his sparse chest hair,
then decides to smush it back down.

He tries to make eye contact with Corwin, working way too
hard. Annoyed, Corwin finally looks over.

BOSLEY

Hot in here, isn't it?

Corwin shakes his head, idiot.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Just came here to unwind a little.
Business these days is go go go. My
company just held an initial public offering.

Yes, he said "pubic." He's about to correct himself when
a very hot guy across from him moves his towel to wipe off
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

some sweat. We don't see the promised land, but Bosley does. It flusters him.

He sees another guy eating ice chips. Good idea. Bosley does the same. He eats another. And another.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)
(re-composed)
So, what business are you in?

Corwin seems wary, but Bosley is clearly harmless.

CORWIN
Computers. Software.

BOSLEY
Computers, hunh? What do you know about this new browser from Knox Technologies?

Corwin bristles at the mention.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)
Word on the street is, once they raise capital, they'll rule the industry.

CORWIN
I don't see that happening.

BOSLEY
Really? Why not?

The door opens, a rush of steam. ADONIS HIMSELF enters. Picking a seat behind Bosley, he pulls off his towel as he passes. We just see a bit of ass, but Bosley is face-to-face with the baby maker.

One ice chip is not going to do it. He chugs the rest of his cup, including

THE TRANSMITTER

which Bleeps. Corwin and others look over. What the hell was that?

The device still in his mouth, Bosley has no choice but to smile and swallow. His eyes go wide as he chokes it down.

Corwin gets up to leave.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)
Nice talking with you.

Another Bleep. He shuts his mouth tight. Smiles. Rubs his chest a bit, trying to get the transmitter down.

INT. PRIVATE MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Corwin walks into a lushly-appointed private massage room. A masseuse dressed in a skimpy robe, her back to us, oils up her hands sensuously near the window.

MASSEUSE

(German accent)

Please to take off clothes, Mr. Corvin.

Corwin gets under the sheet, on his stomach. The masseuse turns around, and now we see that it's Alex.

Alex starts to work on his back. She is clearly an expert at this. This is a legit place, but there's something undeniably sensual about the whole experience.

ALEX

You're carrying a lot of tension
along ze fourth und fifth vertebrae.
Let me see if I can vork it out.

Under the table, we look up to see Corwin's face in the cradle. He's in a tortured rapture.

Alex works along Corwin's back and neck. She pulls his arms out to the side.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The human body is an amazing instrument.
Just by activating ze right energy
points, you can improve ze circulation,
alleviate pain, or...

Corwin goes limp.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(losing the accent)

... knock a man unconscious.

Confident Corwin is out cold, she slides the key strap off his wrist.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Making sure she's alone, Alex uses the key to open a locker. She carefully sorts through Corwin's things, finding his Palm Pilot organizer. She clicks it into a special device, which BLIPS as it downloads all his information.

Putting the Palm Pilot away, she shuts the locker.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON Corwin as he suddenly wakes up, disoriented.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just when we think Alex's plan has failed, we TILT UP to see Alex is right there. She's massaging him.

ALEX

You must have dozed off.

A beat. Yeah, he must have. A patented ANGELS FLIP leads us to...

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S EXCELLENT CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The Angels are all in the car together, cruising down Sunset Boulevard. Dylan drives, Alex in the passenger seat, Natalie in the back seat with her computer on her lap.

NATALIE

Can you not drive my car so fast, Dyl? I'm trying to type.

DYLAN

(to Alex, under her breath)
I drive too fast. Look who's talking.

She pulls into an In N' Out Burger, right up to the drive thru.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Three double doubles, animal style.
Fries. Three chocolate shakes.

While they wait for their order, Natalie punches something up on her computer.

NATALIE

Here's Corwin's itinerary.

ONSCREEN -- we see a list of all Corwin's plans for the next week. Two events in particular stand out:

TUESDAY NIGHT -- INVESTOR RECEPTION, BILTMORE HOTEL

THURSDAY -- SAN DIEGO RACEWAY

Dylan glances over the schedule.

DYLAN

Alright, we'll hit the reception tonight.
I only wish we had a clue to go on.

The food comes, Dylan takes it.

NATALIE

Hold that thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Natalie goes back to the computer again, slipping a CD into the drive. Dylan hands out the food, spilling a lot of it. A big glob of chocolate shake lands on the keyboard.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Uh, hello? Expensive equipment.

DYLAN

Sorry.

Natalie licks the shake off her fingers, tapes away at the keyboard.

NATALIE

Check this out. New program I just got from a friend in the Bureau. We take that footage from the kidnapping...

On screen, the footage downloads from the CD, into the program. Natalie fast forwards through it until she comes to a shot of one of the kidnappers where his mask is partly pulled away from his face.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

... isolate the part of the suspect's face that's revealed, then retriangulate his bone structure...

The program zooms in on the revealed part of his face, then runs a series of calculations. A new drawing starts to appear.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

... and voila! We've got a composite.

Natalie's portable printer spits out a simulated composite of one skinny, bad-looking dude. Dylan grabs it, looks it over.

DYLAN

Sweet. Now we've got someone to look for.

She hands it to Alex to inspect.

ALEX

Oh yeah. He'll be easy to spot with that open head wound.

She turns the composite around, revealing that Dylan has smudged his head with ketchup.

They all just have to laugh.

WIPE TO:

INT. BILTMORE BALLROOM - DAY

A sophisticated reception is in full swing, an ocean of smart suits and power ties.

Dressed as a catering waitress, Natalie carries a tray of hors d'oeuvres. MOVING WITH her, we pass ROGER CORWIN, who talks with another suit, and further on, a conservatively-dressed DYLAN who chats up a group of WALL STREET TYPES.

DYLAN

The average investor sees technology stocks as discrete entities, "This one is up 50 points, this one is down 10." It's only through derivative analysis that one sees the real power of that sector.

A few nods. She makes a good point.

BROKER GUY

Which analysis method do you prefer?

On Dylan. Shit. She tries to stall...

DYLAN

Well, there are so many options. I mean, who can say what the one best choice is?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Still walking, Natalie talks to no one...

NATALIE

Keppler-Wilson.

BACK WITH DYLAN

DYLAN

For my money, Keppler-Wilson is a strong choice.

More nods, ad-libbed agreement. The Broker Guy is impressed.

Excusing herself, Dylan turns and subtly touches her ear, where she's wearing a hidden radio.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

AT THE BAR

Natalie loads champagne flutes onto her tray.

NATALIE

Anytime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Anytime what?

She looks up to see a very cute bartender, PETE (26).
She didn't realize he was so close.

NATALIE

(covering)

Anytime, day or night, I am... excited
... to be handing out champagne.

Oh God. What did she just say? But he smiles anyway.

She heads back out into the crowd. You can almost see
the big L on her forehead.

BY THE FOUNTAIN

Dylan has been watching this. We INTERCUT between her
and Natalie.

DYLAN

He's cute.

NATALIE

I'm working.

DYLAN

Sixty-five percent of relationships
begin in the workplace.

NATALIE

He's a bartender. I need dependable.
I need reliable. I need a Volvo man.

Natalie walks past Dylan, not acknowledging her. Dylan
snaps her fingers.

NATALIE

Miss! Miss! I'd love some champagne.

Natalie comes back, a little annoyed. Dylan takes a
glass for herself, then foists the other glasses on
everyone around her, whether they wanted it or not.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(to Natalie)

Why don't you get some more?

She nudges Natalie in that direction.

AT THE BAR

We TILT UP from a Japanese comic book to Pete. He
suddenly realizes Natalie is waiting for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Sorry.

He starts filling more flutes.

NATALIE

What are you reading?

He holds it up.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

That's the new Michio Kazura.
That's not even out in America.

PETE

You know Michio Kazura?

NATALIE

Hello? Warriors of the Broken Earth? Classic.

PETE

I know. I just moved back from
Tokyo. It was the biggest thing
since Haikiri Nomura.

NATALIE

Tomuru nasgawa ishi Tokyo sen!

PETE

*Nagada quing-gong ni. Ni zeru.*Imagine that. Natalie takes her tray and reluctantly
heads off.

ON DYLAN

DYLAN

Ask him out. Ask him out.

ON NATALIE

She turns and heads back.

NATALIE

I'm Natalie.

PETE

Pete. Good to meet you.

NATALIE

Listen, there's an animation festival
at the Egyptian this week. I was
wondering if you might want to...

PETE

Tomorrow night? Eight o'clock?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
I'll meet you there.

ON DYLAN

She smiles, hearing the deal close. Pushing through a cluster of investors, she bumps into a THIN MAN.

DYLAN
Pardon me.

He doesn't respond, but something about this man raises her suspicions. Where has she seen him before? As he moves out of earshot...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Natalie. Nine o'clock. Thin man.

ON NATALIE

NATALIE
I'm on it.

Spotting the Thin Man, she heads his way.

NATALIE
(offering)
Vegetarian spring roll?

He waves her away, no. Oops, she drops a napkin in front of him. She kneels down to get it.

As we move in VERY CLOSE ON her tray, we see that there's a tiny Digital display. A metal detector is built into the rim.

It BLIPS as she moves past his ankle. And again as she rises up past his chest. The man just keeps walking.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(to earpiece)
Two guns. One ankle, one shoulder.

DYLAN
You call it.

NATALIE
You take point. I'll circle behind.

DYLAN
Copy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The Thin Man is headed down the hall. Looking back, we see Dylan enter from the ballroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

Excuse me?

He doesn't turn back.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, do you know which way
the ladies' room is?

The man takes a sudden right into a service hallway.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Why do they always run?

She slips off her heels to give chase.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

The Thin Man comes around the corner. We stay TIGHT on
him, until he suddenly stops.

NATALIE

has come around from the other side. His bad guy instincts
tell him these women are working together. He's boxed in.

And then, a DING!

Elevator doors open beside him. He looks in to see the clue-
less BELLBOY, who had a funky groove going on his headphones.
In a single motion, the Thin Man yanks the guy out into the
hallway and takes his place. Hits the button.From opposite directions, Natalie and Dylan run to the
elevator, but the doors have already shut. Checking the
panel.

DYLAN

He's going down.

They take the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

Natalie and Dylan emerge from the staircase to find the
elevator empty. To the left, exit doors swing tellingly.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Nat and Dylan smash through the exit doors and out into
the sun-drenched streets of beautiful, downtown Los
Angeles. Natalie immediately spots the Thin Man, booking
down the alley.

NATALIE

That way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And they take off after him.

What ensues is the fastest, wildest, two chicks and one guy foot chase you've ever seen. Here are some highlights:

-- Thin Man pulls himself, clumsily, over a chain link fence. Dylan and Natalie pull an old Jackie Chan trick and run up the side wall and hop over easily.

-- Thin Man, still on foot, waits for traffic to slow, then darts across the Harbor Freeway. By the time Dylan and Natalie get there, traffic is roaring again. Undeterred, they make their way through, tucking and rolling under the wheels of a moving semi.

-- Dylan is racing down an alley, when a car comes barrelling at her. She leaps up onto the hood of the car as it drives underneath her, a la one of those That's Incredible! stunts.

-- They chase the Thin Man into an industrial laundromat. The scene goes something like this:

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY ROOM

Thunderously LOUD, with industrial washers and dryers operating at full tilt. Natalie and Dylan are just entering when

THREE SHOTS

ring out. They dive for cover behind a massive washer assembly.

NATALIE

There are times I wish we carried guns.

DYLAN

Where's the challenge in that?

ANGLE ON the Thin Man, planning his next move. With no good shot at the angels, he aims high, both guns BLAZING. He shoots out the pipes over their heads, sending down a cascade of hot water.

Dylan and Natalie scramble back to avoid getting scalded.

Other pipes SHATTER from the change in pressure, leading to an interior thunderstorm. Steam fills the room as an inch of water grows on the floor.

Natalie and Dylan push rolling laundry carts in the Thin Man's direction. He shoots at them, but quickly realizes they're just trying to waste his bullets.

Holstering one of his guns, he dials his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the far wall, Natalie switches on the overhead hooks, which circle on a wire like a ski lift. The Thin Man looks up, distracted, not noticing --

DYLAN

As she creeps up behind the cover of the rolling laundry carts. She's succeeded in circling behind the Thin Man as he talks on the phone.

She clears her throat. The Thin Man turns. She kicks him in the jaw.

Knocked back, he drops the phone, which CRACKS and slips under a washing machine.

He crab-walks back, then suddenly springs back to his feet. We weren't expecting that kind of ninja move out of this guy.

HE TURNS TO SEE

NATALIE

right behind him. With a coiled towel, she grabs his gun arm and expertly flips him. But he reacts smoothly, rolling over to charge at Natalie, picking her up like a sack of potatoes. As he does, he grabs her right in the tit.

NATALIE

Hey! Hands off, ass....

Before she can finish her sentence, the Thin Man throws Natalie at Dylan, knocking them both down. He jumps up, and with a single motion grabs an overhead pipe and kicks another, releasing a wall of steam -- we can't see a thing.

By the time the fog clears, the Thin Man is long gone.

NATALIE

Okay, to summarize? Damn.

Lying down in the water, Dylan reaches under the washer to fish out the Thin Man's busted cell phone.

INT. TOWNSEND AGENCY BACK ROOM - DAY

Natalie sits at a glowing computer monitor, the Thin Man's cell phone connected by a data cable to the Townsend Agency computers. Rapidly touching the screen, she calls up a list of the last thirty-five phone calls he received. They're all from the same location.

BOSLEY

Well. That was easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

No, it wasn't.

She points to some code next to the numbers.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I've seen this before, he's scrambling his calls through a secondary location.

BOSLEY

In English?

NATALIE

We need to tap this phone line at the source, THEN we'll know where his calls were coming from.

DYLAN

(checking out the numbers)
503? That's not local, where is it?

NATALIE

Bos, can we check a directory?

ALEX

Don't bother. I know where it is.
I used to spend every winter there.

As she says it...

CUT TO:

EXT. ASPEN - NIGHT

The sign says it: Welcome to Aspen.

VARIOUS ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the gorgeous mountain town, still somehow quaint despite its astonishing wealth.

EXT. COWBOY BAR -- NIGHT

A rowdy establishment just outside of town.

INT. COWBOY BAR -- CONTINUOUS

The kind of place that rich weekend skiers don't come. Lots of over-aggressive, cowboy-biker types, drinking more than they should. There are only a few women in the place, and they are either waitresses or biker chicks. Suddenly, everyone stops what they're doing and turns to the door.

CHARLIE'S ANGELS have entered the room. Dressed in their stylish ensembles, they couldn't possibly look more out of place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Hey look! Mechanical bull.

DYLAN

Eyes on the prize, Nat. We gotta tap the phones.

ALEX

That looks like our target.

She points to a door at the back of the bar that leads into a glassed-in office. Two, beefy bouncer types are guarding the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need a distraction.

Dylan and Natalie smile at each other.

DYLAN

I think that can be arranged.

The Three Angels split up, Bosley tagging along with Dylan.

DYLAN

sidles up to the bar. A group of three rednecks are downing shots, one after another.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Three shots of tequila, please.

(Bosley whispers in her ear)

And one Tom Collins.

The rednecks stare at Dylan, drooling. Dylan turns to the first one.

REDNECK

Hey baby, why don't you ditch that stiff and come sit on ma lap?

Bosley tries to make himself small.

DYLAN

Ooh, that is an enticing offer. But I got a better idea. How about a shot contest? My treat?

The three rednecks hoot and holler.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll take that as a yes. Bartender? Bring ten shots of tequila over to my table. And keep em coming.

BY THE MECHANICAL BULL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of wanna bes are waiting their turn at the mechanical bull. Natalie wanders over behind them.

NATALIE

Mind if I try?

The crowd parts for her, and Natalie hops up on the bull. She cranks it up, and lets

BY THE BAR --

Dylan downs a shot, slams it on the table. Countless other glasses surround her.

REVEAL that two of the rednecks are down for the count, one falling out of his chair, the other passed out on the table.

The third redneck is slurring badly, trying to keep up with Dylan.

DYLAN

Hey, I've got an idea. Now let's have a chair throwing contest.

REDNECK

Hunh?

DYLAN

Chair throwing? Never heard of it? You just pick up your chair and throw it as far as you can.

The redneck nods, lifts up his chair and heaves it across the bar.

OKAY, HERE'S AN OUTLINE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE REST OF THIS SCENE:

Dylan and Natalie create a distraction, while Alex sneaks into the back office with Bosley to get the phone number of the chalet.

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A VW van climbs the winding road. As we get closer, we see the side reads, "Chalet Grams."

A DING-DONG DING-DING-DONG doorbell rings.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

TWO THUGS with shoulder holsters look up, hearing the bell. One was tending to the fire.

THUG ONE

We expecting somebody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thug Two shakes his head.

Checking his gun, Thug One grabs for his windbreaker.
Puts it on over.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Thug One opens the door to find Dylan and Natalie dressed
in Swiss Miss outfits, complete with blonde braids.

DYLAN

Guten Tag!

NATALIE

(correcting Dylan)

Guten Morgen!

DYLAN

(correcting Natalie)

Guten Nacht!

DYLAN AND NATALIE

(to each other)

Guten Freund!

The girls lean in and hug each other, butts sticking out.
To the left, Bosley starts playing oommpa OOMMPA oommpa
OOMMPA on a wrap-around tuba. He's wearing lederhosen,
with a feather in his hat.

Natalie begins to YODEL.

Dylan hands a fancy envelope to the bewildered thug. Thug
Two is approaching from behind, curious what the hell is
going on.

Dylan begins to TALK-SING a song in German about a too-
curious goat and his worried mistress. Even with the pantomime,
we have no idea what's happening. It seems
wholesome, but occasionally one of the girls touches the
other in a weirdly coquettish, oddly sexual way.

Thug Two looks at the address on the envelope.

THUG TWO

(low)

They got the wrong address.

THUG ONE

Shut up.

As the angels continue their routine, the CAMERA RISES,
three quick cuts to take us to...

EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT

... where a black cat-suited Alex stands at the chimney... A ribbon of smoke curls from the stack.

Pulling the pin from a canister, she drops it down the chimney.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

A cheerful fire burns in the over-sized fireplace. The canister drops into the flames from above, suddenly venting a HISSING cloud of halon gas. The fire dies immediately, the logs covered with a violent frost.

INT. THE CHIMNEY - NIGHT

Alex doesn't even need a rope. Her feet pressed to the sooty walls, she expertly slides to the bottom.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Alex backs out of the fireplace to find a WAITING BAD GUY swinging

A FIREPLACE POKER

at her head. She ducks just in time. The poker CHINGS against the stone, making a spark.

Rolling, jumping and diving, Alex scurries as Pokerman slashes and stabs. She ducks behind a chair, which Pokerman catches with the hook, winging it across the room.

Backed against the wall, Alex yanks on the heavy curtains, pulling them down, along with the wooden curtain rod. A spin, a flourish of velvet and the curtain rings drop off to leave her with a trusty quarterstaff.

She goes on the offensive. Thrust, parry, spin.

But he's a worthy adversary. One good karate kick breaks her staff in two. She uses both pieces to club him in the knees, then rolls back to the fireplace.

She grabs the remaining tool: the fireplace tongs. Pokerman swings. Alex catches his weapon in the tong scissors, yanking it free with such force the point sticks in the wall.

A quick kick knocks Pokerman to the floor, where Alex rolls on top of him. She catches his head in the tongs, squeezing his temples. His eyes bulge.

ALEX

Where's Knox?

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - NIGHT

Young billionaire ERIC KNOX paces. He's grungy, with two days of stubble, but still a darn attractive guy.

Hearing a KICK at the door, he turns.

A second KICK blows the door open. It's Alex.

KNOX

Who are you?

ALEX

The calvary. Giddy up.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bosley is about to hyper-ventilate on the tuba, sweaty and a little blue.

Dylan and Natalie's new song has them sharing the saddle of an imaginary horse. When Dylan reaches back to slap the "horse," she hits Natalie in the rump. Both women tee-hee.

The thugs think it's pretty hot.

Dylan whispers a secret to Natalie. Natalie WHISPERS back.

Turning to the thugs, they each lean in to WHISPER into a different thug's ear. As the men smile, the angels suddenly BONK the two men's heads together. Both men fall, knocked out.

Stepping over the bodies, Dylan heads inside.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Looking for the way out, Alex leads Knox to a closed door. She opens it to find...

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

... TWO MORE THUGS sitting in front the big-screen TV, watching a college basketball game (Duke vs. Maryland, in case you care.) The guards look back, spotting Alex with Knox.

That wouldn't be so bad, if it weren't for the

FIFTEEN OTHER THUGS

watching the game with them.

ANGLE ON Alex. It's an oh-shit moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
Sorry. Wrong room.
(to Knox)
Back! Run!

The thugs are out of their seats a moment later, each of them pulling out a firearm.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Holding down three keys on the tuba, Bosley talks into the mouthpiece. It has a secret radio.

BOSLEY
Alex, what's your status?

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Running, Alex pushes Knox ahead of her, checking their backs. She talks into a wrist-mic.

ALEX
Good news: I found Knox.

Another THUG steps out in front of her. She kicks him down the steps.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Bad news: I found company.

Reaching the bottom of the steps, Knox is surprised to be grabbed by Dylan.

DYLAN
This way.

At this point, he'll do whatever they say.

EXT. FRONT OF MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dylan rushes Knox across the driveway to the waiting van -- Natalie is pulling it around. Overhead, bright security lights switch on.

Back at the front door, Alex pulls it shut. She attaches a carabiner clip to the handle, running a thin steel cord from it around the porch column.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The first of the thugs reaches the door, tries to pull it open but can't. The next few guards try to help him, while the rest start smashing through the windows.

EXT. FRONT OF MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Running with the tuba, Bosley stops for a moment to catch his breath, hands on his knees. Okay, ready to run again.

He's the last to be pulled into the van. A spray of gravel and they're off.

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Everyone is piled on top of each other. Dylan and Knox have a few awkward moments as they get untangled. Bosley keeps making inappropriate TUBA NOISES.

At the wheel, Natalie is fierce and focused, in total control.

Looking out the back windows, Alex sees the kidnappers piling into jeeps to give chase. From the side of the house, more thugs appear on motorbikes.

ALEX

They're coming after us.

DYLAN

(to Knox, confident)

We were expecting that.

NATALIE

Okay, new problem.

Everyone's attention WHIPS FORWARD to see the headlights of

GIANT LOGGING TRUCK

coming up the high mountain road. It straddles the center line, blocking both directions. There's no way around it.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Thoughts, suggestions, points to consider?

BOSLEY

I don't suppose giving up would be a...

No, it wouldn't. Then --

DYLAN

Right!

NATALIE

There is no right.

DYLAN

There!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points to a faded "CLOSED" sign that hangs from a chain. In the darkness, who knows what it's blocking. But as we hear the THUNDEROUS HORN from the oncoming truck, we know there's no choice.

Natalie cuts a hard right, SMASHING through the sign.

The van THUMPS AND BUMPS its way across the low grass, its headlights only showing ten feet ahead. At any moment, the ground could stop in a cliff.

Like now.

The van leaps into empty space. Tires spin, helpless. The van falls.

Everyone SCREAMS. Bosley is the loudest.

And then, touchdown. The van hits the ground, hard but not catastrophically. Natalie hits the brakes, cuts the wheel hard to avoid hitting

A CONCRETE WALL

in front of them. Everyone takes a beat to acknowledge they're alive.

DYLAN

Where are we?

Suddenly, a BRIGHT LIGHT goes on overhead.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

One by one, a series of arc lights switches on, forming a snake all the way to the bottom of the mountain.

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Looking out the back windows...

ALEX

It's a bobsled run.

They're facing backwards.

Up ahead, the kidnappers are charging down the access roads. The first of two jeeps makes the jump into the bobsled chute.

NATALIE

If it goes down the mountain,
that's all I need.

Throwing it into reverse, Natalie peels out.

The jeeps follow.

EXT. BOBSLED RUN - NIGHT

The VW Van leads the way down the mountain, tail-first. As it builds speed, it starts to climb the wall, each turn getting steeper and steeper.

The two jeeps are following. Facing the right direction, they have a much easier time of it.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Everything is shaking so violently, it looks like a NASA launch.

ALEX
(looking out the back)
Hard left! HARD LEFT!

Natalie makes the turn. The van rises up, nearly tilting over. But they make it through the turn.

KNOX
(to Dylan)
Is this part of the plan?

DYLAN
Yes. Except for the bobsled run,
and the backwards part, it's
going exactly according to plan.

A beat. He smiles at her. He has a nice smile.

EXT. BOBSLED RUN - NIGHT

One of the jeeps makes a move, closing the distance to the van. A RIFLEMAN leans out the passenger window, lining up a shot. He FIRES.

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

The shot blasts cleanly through the top of the windshield, through the horn of Bosley's tuba, then out the back window. It missed hitting somebody by millimeters.

Natalie is still focused, making each turn as Alex calls it.

EXT. BOBSLED RUN - NIGHT`

The front jeep gets even more aggressive, building speed.

It hits the next turn too fast, rising up too high along the wall. It tips further, and further, finally rolling over onto its back. It SCRAPES across the concrete, a shower of sparks as it slows down.

With nowhere to go, the second jeep brakes hard, but can't stop. It SMASHES into the first jeep, a tangle of steel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The combined mass continues sliding down the run, like a jagged pinball in the chute.

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Dylan looks out through the windshield as the jeep combo recedes farther and farther away.

DYLAN

I think we're in the clear.

Just then, two MOTORBIKES race up along the chute walls, passing the crippled jeeps. Two more MOTORBIKES jump in from above.

DYLAN

Or maybe not.

Suddenly, Natalie GASPS, remembering something.

NATALIE

Oh God, no.

DYLAN

What is it?

WHIP CUT TO:

EXT. EGYPTIAN THEATRE - NIGHT

A dejected Pete stands in front of the sign for the anime festival, two tickets in hand.

WHIP BACK TO:

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

NATALIE

I have a date with Pete. Right now.

DYLAN

Ouch.

ALEX

HARD RIGHT!

Natalie makes the hard right. The motorcycles are gaining on them, but Natalie and Dylan have to talk through this first.

DYLAN

Call him, he'll totally understand.

NATALIE

"Gee, sorry Pete. I had to rescue a billionaire."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Hard left!

She makes the left.

NATALIE

I'll sound like a flake. I can't stand flakes.

DYLAN

He will so give you the second chance.

NATALIE

You think?

DYLAN

Hello, I saw the way he looked at you.

One motorcycle charges, coming up just feet from the windshield. Natalie taps on the brakes. The freaked out guy can't slow down in time. He SMACKS into the windshield, then goes flying.

ALEX

We're at the bottom!

Indeed, we are. The concrete walls end, leaving open ground. Slamming on the brakes, Natalie turns the van around. Everyone goes flying. Bosley is still on the phone with Charlie.

EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Back facing the right direction, the van charges onward. The motorcycles race up to the passenger side, grabbing for the door.

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Dylan SLAMS open the door, knocking one RIDER off.

The sliding door opens, another RIDER outside trying to get in. Thinking fast, Knox grabs Bosley's tuba and shoves it at the motorcyclist, who tumbles, taking out the fourth rider in the process.

DYLAN

(genuinely impressed)

Well done.

KNOX

Thanks.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER

thunders over. We are...

INT. THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Natalie is at the controls, Bosley beside her. Alex leans forward from the second row.

BOSLEY

I think that went very well. Charlie should send me on more missions.

ALEX

We couldn't have done it without you, Bos.

Natalie pats him on the arm. She and Alex exchange a quick glance. They have to just laugh.

In the back row, Knox is looking out over the gorgeous lights of Aspen.

DYLAN

Cocktail?

She offers him an airplane-sized bottle of Johnnie Walker black. He takes it and toasts. They both down their drinks in a single shot. A smile, and then...

MUSIC rises.

THE ANGELS TRIPTYCH descends.

The act is over. After a beat, we

WIPE TO REVEAL:

EXT. CHARLES TOWNSEND DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Re-establishing.

INT. CHARLES TOWNSEND DETECTIVE AGENCY - (THE NEXT) DAY

Charlie is on the speakerphone. The angels are in their usual lounging positions.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Good work, Angels. Not only did you save Knox, you saved his company as well.

DYLAN

I think that earns us a vacation.

NATALIE

Say, Fiji?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
(to Natalie)
Any special guy you were thinking
of inviting?

Natalie grins a guilty smile.

CHARLIE'S VOICE
Sorry, Angels. Our work is only
half-done.

Knox enters. Clean-shaven and neatly pressed, he's still a darn good-looking man. Vivian Wu follows him.

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Meet your new client, Eric Knox.

KNOX
First off, thank you. You rescued
me, for which I am eternally grateful.

He's talking to all the angels, but his gaze seems to fall most upon Dylan. She notices it.

KNOX (CONT'D)
But there's still a problem. Whoever
kidnapped me wasn't just trying to
screw up our IPO. They also stole
the proprietary software for our new
web browser. I'm sure it was Roger
Corwin, but I need proof.

CHARLIE'S VOICE
That's where you come in, Angels.

CIRCLING AROUND, we see the video images of Corwin and the Red Star Systems logo on the big screen.

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
We need to break into Red Star's computer
systems to see if Mr. Knox's software is
indeed being converted for Red Star's use.

NATALIE
Sounds like a plan.

CHARLIE'S VOICE
Not as easy as that, Natalie. Red
Star's headquarters are as tightly
guarded as a military facility.
We're going to need reconnaissance
on their mainframe computer system,
and the best way to get that is
through Mr. Corwin himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A video image of Corwin's Palm Pilot Schedule comes up the bigscreen. The shot pulls in close on "SAN DIEGO SPEEDWAY."

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

We need to pin a camera on him to get footage of the inside of the building. Thanks to Alex's work at the health spa, we know that Corwin will be at the San Diego Speedway on Thursday. Get close to him Angels, but don't tip your hand.

ALEX

Consider it done.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Dylan, I need you to arrange for Mr. Knox's security. I'd hate to have him kidnapped again.

DYLAN

Absolutely. But we'd all feel safer if you could join us, Charlie.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

From Charlie's P.O.V., looking up at the sunlight. Three manta-rays swim above us.

We can hear the BUBBLES from Charlie's regulator.

CHARLIE

I'd love to Angels. But I'm in a bit over my head at the moment.

A manta-ray swims past, super-close, letting us...

WIPE TO:

EXT. KNOX HOUSE - DUSK

A majestic craftsman in the hills, Frank Lloyd Wright meets conspicuous consumption.

INT. KNOX HOUSE ATTIC - DUSK

A flashlight beam sweeps past, revealing Dylan. With just her shoulders above the rafters, she's checking a dusty crawl space. She finds nothing suspicious.

INT. KNOX'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DUSK

Knox stands below, Dylan's boots on his shoulders. The heels dig in a bit, but he's not complaining.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

We're good.

He moves to help her down, but she does a reverse-pullup to handle it by herself. She leads the way...

INT. KNOX'S BEDROOM - DUSK

The room is huge. Through the floor-to-ceiling windows, we see that we're up in the hills.

Knox follows her as she walks.

DYLAN

I've got surveillance on all the windows.
Don't answer the door, don't answer the phone.

We continue...

INT. KNOX LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Just as big, just as beautiful. Knox, or his decorator, has great taste. Everything is top quality, but unpretentious.

DYLAN

Also, stay away from the windows.

KNOX

They're bullet-proof. The last owner was paranoid.

DYLAN

(a smile)
Lucky for us.

She takes a marker-sized device off the table.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

This is a panic button.
(tosses it to him)
Press it and one of us can be here in ten minutes.

KNOX

Which one of you?

DYLAN

Whoever's closest.

She takes her jacket off the couch, ready to go.

KNOX

I have a better idea.

DYLAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses her the panic button.

KNOX

Stay for dinner.
(preempting objections)
I'm a pretty good cook.

DYLAN

I can't Mr. Knox. I'm sorry. If you...

KNOX

(quickly)
I'm scared.

Dylan is surprised by this.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Look, I didn't want to admit it, but I am. I was kidnapped once, and it wasn't fun. I know, you probably have other plans, but it would be very reassuring.

Dylan looks him over. Normally, she'd be suspicious, but the guy WAS just kidnapped, and he seems sincere.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Come on, don't make me beg. I'm embarrassed already.

She smiles.

DYLAN

Don't be.

She throws her coat back on the sofa.

INT. KNOX LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We PAN OFF a half-played Scrabble game to find Dylan and Knox at the windows. Dylan picks up a family photo, Knox as a little boy with a father in a military uniform.

DYLAN

That's you, hunh? Cute kid. Cute family.

KNOX

Thanks.
(taking the photo)
It's the only picture I have of me with my parents. They died a week later.

DYLAN

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I had no idea...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOX

Please, don't apologize. I was too young to understand.

(looking at the photo)

I never knew how they died. When I was a kid, when I got shuffled from one foster home to another, I always thought they just disappeared.

DYLAN

But...?

KNOX

I only found out later, my father was in the military. He and my mother were killed while he was on assignment, somewhere in Eastern Europe.

(mostly to himself)

The files were classified, but I read enough to know that he was a good man. Apparently, he was betrayed by one of his own team.

DYLAN

Wow. That's a lot for a kid to live with.

KNOX

Yeah, but it motivated me, losing my family. It still does. I don't take anything for granted.

Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Boy did I have you pegged wrong.

KNOX

(intrigued)

How do you mean?

DYLAN

Well, to be honest, I thought you were a rich kid who inherited everything. But that's pretty typical. I've got instincts for the job, but when it comes to men? Well...

KNOX

I'm glad you don't see me as just a client.

He brushes his hand against hers. She brushes back, fingers against fingers. A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

Oh. Well, you ARE, so...

KNOX

Is there someone you need to be going home to?

DYLAN

No.

(beat)

But I...

He kisses her. After a moment, she breaks off. It's not that it was a bad kiss. It was a damn good kiss. It's just...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I shouldn't.

Knox moves towards her.

KNOX

Shouldn't you?

Dylan holds him back.

DYLAN

(firmly)

No. I shouldn't.

She stands up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for dinner, Mr. Knox. And lock the door behind me.

She gets up and leaves.

CUT TO:

FORMULA-ONE RACE CARS

ROARING past on the track. It's all thunder, smoke and asphalt. We are...

EXT. SAN DIEGO SPEEDWAY - DAY

With a ROAR, another blur of racers whips past, with heat and noise and speed. The lead car bears the familiar markings of RED STAR INDUSTRIES. Roger Corwin is at the wheel, steering calmly to a comfortable lead, when he is suddenly BUMPED.

CORWIN

What the...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER BUMP sends him screeching to the left. He almost crashes, then gets back on course, just as he's passed by...

A SLEEK, BLACK CAR, sponsored by the SONY CORPORATION, and manned by a mysterious driver with TEXAS TORNADO inscripted on the helmet. We follow the black car as it pulls into the pit.

EXT. FREEWAY PIT - DAY

The racer pulls off her helmet as the pit crew surrounds her. Of course, the racer is Natalie, aka BETTY LOU HOBERT, the Texas Tornado.

PIT BOSS
(yelling over the
engine noise)
NICE RACING!
(beat)
CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE NEVER RACED
THIS TRACK BEFORE!

NATALIE
(Texas accent)
BACK WHERE AH'M FROM, WE RACE IN SWAMPS
AND BACK ROADS! THIS ALL'S A PIECE A CAKE!

Natalie shakes out her hair, winks at the pit boss.

The Pit Crew races in to make repairs. DYLAN, dressed in a pit suit, kneels by Natalie's front tire. Natalie crouches down next to her so they can talk.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I nicked him. Should give you
enough time to do the deed.

DYLAN
I'm on it.

Dylan steals away, heading for...

CORWIN'S PIT CREW --

Corwin is seething mad as he pulls into his pit.

CORWIN
LET'S GO! WE'RE LOSING TIME HERE!

The pit repairs his car as Corwin is approached by another racer, also wearing a Red Star racing suit. He leans into Corwin's car and now we see that's it's... THE THIN MAN.

THIN MAN
You okay, Boss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORWIN

No thanks to you! You're supposed to be my head of security! Who is that bitch?!

The Thin Man peers over at Natalie, but she's got her back to him.

THIN MAN

Don't know. I'll keep an eye out.

CORWIN

Yeah. You do that.

Corwin peels out onto the track again, almost crushing the Thin Man in the process.

AS CORWIN PULLS OUT

Dylan sneaks in. In all the cacophony, no one notices as she grabs CORWIN'S SUITCASE out of the back seat of his regular car, a bitching Mercedes. She checks both ways to see if she's being watched.

BOSLEY (O.S.)

Coast is clear, Dylan.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WINNER'S CIRCLE

Where Alex, dressed as a trophy girl, watches the race through binoculars and keeps an eye on her pals. She nods to BOSLEY, who is dressed as the Flag Waver. He speaks into a walkie talkie.

BOSLEY

Let's make the switch.

BACK IN THE PIT --

Dylan pulls a briefcase out of her jumpsuit, and swaps it with one in Corwin's car. She carefully switches all his files from the old briefcase to the new one, then gives Alex a thumbs up.

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE RACE --

NATALIE roars back onto the track, keeping Corwin in her sights. Then she spots another Red Star car, coming up right next to her. She locks eyes with the Thin Man.

The two of them recognize each other at the exact same instant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Thin Man, realizing he's been made, jams on the brakes and skids off to the right, which leads to a ramp that heads out of the stadium.

Natalie, not wanting to lose him, does something crazy. Even though she's at the front of the pack, she brakes hard, swerves into a full 180 degree U-turn, and starts heading the WRONG WAY on the race track.

Startled drivers pull off to the left and right as she follows the Thin Man out of the racetrack.

EXT. SPEEDWAY ACCESS ROAD - DAY

To a chorus of CAR HORNS, the Thin Man's blue racer weaves through the spectator traffic entering the speedway.

Looking back, we see Natalie is gaining on him.

Finally clear of the traffic, both cars let it rip.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER VIDEO FOOTAGE

Looking down on a freeway, where a ubiquitous police pursuit is in progress.

TV ANCHOR VOICE

If you're just joining us, we're approaching hour five of a pursuit that has lead us all across the Southland, at speeds up to 80 miles an hour.

A beat-up gray Chrysler leads a phalanx of police cars down the empty freeway. It's oddly calm and hypnotizing.

FEMALE ANCHOR VOICE

Chuck, time and again we hear the question, "Why don't the police just ram the other car, or shoot out the tires?" The LAPD has a policy of hanging back and following unless...

Suddenly, the blue Formula One car comes screeching past the cops and the suspect, over 200 miles per hour.

TV ANCHOR VOICE

What was that?

INT. NATALIE'S RED CAR / ON THE FREEWAY - DAY

Still hot on the Thin Man's tail, Natalie has the engine ROARING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she passes the police cars, we see several OFFICERS look over -- what the hell?

Natalie catches up to the gray Chrysler. Looks over to see the WILD-EYED SUSPECT, hunched over the wheel.

He looks back at her. A beat later, she's passed him, just taillights on the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

With the lanes cleared for the other chase, there is nothing preventing the Formula One cars from hitting top speed -- which they do.

Natalie is catching up to the Thin Man.

As they head under an overpass, we see KIDS CHEERING.

INT. BLUE CAR - DAY

The Thin Man checks his gauges. The gas dial is perilously close to empty -- these cars are meant to be refilled often.

Up ahead, he sees an exit. He starts to slow down...

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

... but when you're going 200 miles per hour, that can take a while. He misses the exit.

Natalie is trying to match his speed.

The Thin Man pulls over to the side, stops fully. Braking as hard as she can, Natalie still passes him.

The Thin Man throws a U-turn, heading up the freeway on-ramp.

Natalie follows.

EXT. SAN DIEGO SHIPYARD - DAY

We catch glimpses behind fences and between train cars -- the two racers gliding slowly down the narrow roads, like lions pacing.

INT. NATALIE'S RED CAR - DAY

Pulling off her helmet, Natalie scans right and left for the blue car -- she's lost sight of him. The narrow windshields of these racers doesn't make it any easier.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

We LOOK DOWN on Natalie's car as she rounds a corner, still searching.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Natalie spots the blue racer reaching the end of the long pier. It pulls a U-turn to face her, then stops, engine idling. There's only way off the pier, and it's past Natalie.

The Thin Man REVS his engine.

Natalie REVS hers.

ANGLE ON a white seagull, pecking at something on the pier, halfway between the two racers. The bird looks up, hearing the engines.

ANGLE ON the Thin Man. He pulls his harness tighter. REVS his engine higher.

ANGLE ON Natalie. If it's a game of chicken he wants, she'll give it to him. She REVS her engine higher still.

The noise scares the bird, who suddenly flies off. Like a flag being dropped, that's the signal for both racers to peel out.

A cloud of SMOKE. Rubber on asphalt.

Already reaching a tremendous speed, the racers are on a collision course. The Thin Man isn't going to turn away. Neither is Natalie.

Racing faster, and faster still, there's only one way this can turn out. But then, at the very last moment, the Thin Man wusses out. He cuts the wheel right, missing Natalie and careening off the edge of the pier.

In SLOW MOTION, we watch as his racer hangs in mid-air, wheels still spinning. Back-heavy, the tail hits the water first.

Natalie brakes hard, cuts the wheel to avoid going off the far end of the pier. She finally stops, the rear tire just 1/4 inch from the edge.

CRANING UP along the side of the pier, we find Natalie looking into the water where the blue racer went in. There's just a slick of oil and a steady stream of bubbles.

CUT TO:

VIDEO / CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We see lots of hallways, doorways and security locks, all from the POV of a man's hip.

The footage is from the camera in the switched briefcase that Corwin is now carrying with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We PULL BACK from the video to see we are actually watching it...

INT. CHARLES TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

... on the big screen. The angels and Bosley watch the footage, along with Knox and Vivian Wu. Vivian has seated herself close to Natalie. So close, in fact, that Natalie keeps having to shift a few inches.

Dylan, meanwhile, sits across the room from Knox, deliberately avoiding eye contact.

ON THE BIG SCREEN: As the videocamera passes a room marked with an intimidating warning sign...

KNOX

There!

VIDEO FREEZES.

KNOX (CONT'D)

That's the room with the mainframe. Everything at Red Star goes through that system.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

So if we want to find proof that Red Star stole Knox's technology, that's the computer to tap.

KNOX

Exactly. But they have heavy firewalls and encryption. You can't jack in from outside. You'll have to physically be in that room to get at the data.

ALEX

Even if we do get inside, there won't be time to search for it. There's got to be a hundred terabytes of information there. It could take days.

NATALIE

So you install a transmitter.

All eyes go over to Natalie.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Patch in directly to the relay, broadcast on a high frequency. That way, you can have access to the mainframe from the comfort of your own home. And they have no idea that you can peek inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Knox is impressed. The other angels nod. It's a good idea.

VIVIAN WU

That's all fine in theory. But you still have to get inside that room to install it. What about security?

ALEX

Red Star has a lot of Government contracts, so security is tight. Key-card badges throughout. Redundant security at all red-line areas with biometric scanners and weekly keycodes. Pervasive video surveillance, lasers, air-displacement sensors. Plus a hard-wired fail-safe at the relay to prevent exactly this kind of tapping.

VIVIAN WU

It sounds impossible.

Alex checks with her fellow angels. They're in agreement.

DYLAN

It sounds like fun.

With a subtle RUSH, we move into a stylized MONTAGE that shows How They Do It. It features WHIP PANS, FREEZE FRAMES and ZOOMS to show us only the highlights.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Only the two directors can disengage the fail-safe. We have to get their keys.

WHIP CUT TO:

INT. NUDE NUDE NUDE GIRLS - DAY

ANGLE ON DIRECTOR #1, 40's, part of the lunchtime crowd. Alex and Natalie are on the catwalk, in the middle of a grinding routine. Paying for his drink, he fumbles with his wallet. His waitress helps him find the right bill.

As she walks away, we see the waitress is Dylan. FREEZE FRAME. We ZOOM IN on the orange key-card she's grabbed from him.

EXT. BACK YARD BIRTHDAY PART - DAY

ANGLE ON Bosley, done up in full clown makeup. He tries to twist a balloon animal, but no luck. Finally it POPS. The CHILDREN CRY.

Entertaining the ADULTS, magician Alex whips open her silk handkerchief to reveal that the "item" has disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON DIRECTOR #2, who looks very worried. Magician's assistant Dylan takes off her giant hat to reveal the director's billfold is underneath. Getting it back, he's relieved.

Passing behind Dylan, Natalie takes the orange keycard Dylan hands off. FREEZE FRAME. ZOOM IN.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then we have to get back into Red Star. Problem is, their biometric sensors are too good.

DYLAN (V.O.)

We need someone's help.

WHIP TO:

EXT. STREET OFF MULHOLLAND - DAY

ANGLE ON Roger Corwin, driving his Mercedes. He slows, a road crew working ahead.

ANGLE ON Dylan, dressed in an orange vest, manning the slow/stop sign. She makes Corwin stop, leans in to apologize for the delay.

Behind the Mercedes, Natalie sneaks up. She quickly picks the trunk lock, then quietly climbs in. She hoists in a large duffel bag, then shuts herself inside.

INT. TRUNK OF CORWIN'S MERCEDES - DAY

We HEAR the car moving again.

Stripped down to a bra, Natalie attaches an illuminated mirror to the underside of the trunk lid. Starts to pull more items from her duffel bag: black shoes, a dress shirt, a tie.

EXT. RED STAR - DAY

Establishing. We see Corwin's Mercedes pull into the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE / RED STAR - DAY

Walking away from the car, Corwin hits the remote. The Mercedes BWOOPS.

A beat later, a hand comes out from under the trunk lid. Natalie climbs out, only she's not Natalie anymore.

She's become Corwin -- identical to the last detail.

She tucks the last of the latex mask under her collar as she walks. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SECURITY STATION - DAY

Corwin puts his right hand on the sensor grid. A laser scans it. Approved.

The Security Guard hits the button, releasing the gate. He goes back to his magazine as Corwin passes through. A beat, then...

A VOICE

Tommy? You gonna let me through
or what?

Tommy the Guard looks up, sees Corwin is still at the counter.

TOMMY THE GUARD

(confused)

Oh. Yeah, sorry Mr. Corwin.

He hits the button again, letting Corwin through. Tommy goes back to his magazine, still a little perplexed.

INT. SECURE HALLWAY - DAY

The same places we saw on the videotape. Natalie-as-Corwin swipes the two stolen failsafe cards in a reader, sending the lights from red to green. FREEZE FRAME.

She splices in a transmitter the size of a cigarette pack. Pulls up a tiny antenna. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SECURE HALLWAY - DAY

Corwin walks down the hall, still talking with his colleague. Natalie-as-Corwin is walking right towards them. She turns away as she passes. He didn't even spot her.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Establishing...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

As a group, the angels move through the upscale lunch crowd to find Knox and Vivian Wu at a booth.

Alex opens a slim Sony laptop, sets it on the table.

ALEX

It's done. Red Star's mainframe
is open for business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Astonished, Vivian Wu hits some keys, checking that what they say is true.

DYLAN
(to a passing waiter)
Champagne, please. Your best.

Smiling, Knox motions for them to take a seat.

KNOX
Now I know why I hired you. You're
the best.

A look between the angels. They know it's true.

VIVIAN WU
(to Knox, re: laptop)
I'll have Systems get to work on
this right away.

She reaches for the laptop. Bosley snatches it away.

BOSLEY
Uh, actually Miss Wu, WE will get to
work on this right away. Any evidence
we find will be turned over to you AND
the proper authorities.

VIVIAN WU
I don't think you understand how
important that data is, Mr...

BOSLEY
Oh, indeed I do. And that's why I'll
take very good care of it when I find it.

VIVIAN WU
(reaching for the laptop)
But...

KNOX
Vivian, please. Do as the man says.

Reluctantly, Vivian Wu pulls her hand away. Bosley tucks
the laptop into a steel briefcase, then stands.

DYLAN
Where you off to, Bos?

BOSLEY
Vacation.

NATALIE
Uh oh, lemme guess. You're off to
chase bikinis at some tropical resort?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOSLEY

Exactly! Fire Island, here I come!

Dylan does a spit take, the other two Angels roll their eyes.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Angels. Mr. Knox.

(coldly)

Ms. Wu.

As Bosley exits the restaurant, Vivian Wu eyes him carefully. Knox raises a glass to toast the Angels.

KNOX

More champagne?

NATALIE

Have to go. Plans tonight.

ALEX

Me too.

As they get up...

KNOX

(to Dylan)

And you?

She notices the other Angels staring at her. She doesn't answer at first.

DYLAN

Um... well...

Natalie quickly picks up what's going on. She glances at Alex, then clears her throat.

NATALIE

Hey Dylan, can we talk to you for a second?

THE LADIES ROOM

Natalie, Alex, and Dylan kibbitz near the sinks.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

There's something going on between you and Knox. Isn't there?

DYLAN

So what, so I like him. Is that so wrong?

NATALIE

Uh, yeah Dylan, it IS. He's a client.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

WAS a client. We finished the job.

ALEX

She's got a point.

NATALIE

What? She doesn't have ANY point, Alex, I can't believe you're siding with her.

ALEX

I'm not siding with anyone, but technically, he is no longer...

NATALIE

You know Charlie would NEVER approve of this.

ALEX

Oh come on, Charlie wouldn't care. I think you're just being overly cautious.

DYLAN

Uh, guys? GUYS!

They turn to look at her.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm a big girl. I make my own decisions. I'm going out with him.

She walks out of the ladies' room.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE / BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Bosley hums "In the Navy" to himself as he walks through a parking garage. He's alone in the echo-y garage, and everything we know about movies tells us This Means Trouble.

BWEEP BWEEP as his alarm shuts off. Just as he's about to lift the handle, he stops. Looks back over his shoulder.

Did he hear something? He scans the empty garage. No one in sight. Must've been his imagination.

INT. BOSLEY'S MERCEDES - DAY

Bosley climbs in, shutting the door behind him. He's putting the keys in the ignition, when...

A HAND clamps a chloroformed rag over his mouth. It's the Thin Man. Bosley struggles, but in moments, he's unconscious.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

THE THIN MAN stuffs Bosley in the trunk, slams it shut, revealing...

VIVIAN WU (O.S.)

Sweet dreams.

Vivian Wu, standing beside the Thin Man. She's holding the case Bosley refused to give her before.

THE THIN MAN

So, now we have the transmitter, what do we do with fat boy? Dirt nap time?

VIVIAN WU

NO! Not until I've got the information I need. We'll take him to the compound, hold him there.

(beat)

In the meantime, we've got to tie up some loose ends.

THIN MAN

Whenever you say something like that, it means more work for me.

VIVIAN WU

(ignoring him)

The Angels will figure out they were duped. We can't afford them jeopardizing our plans.

THE THIN MAN

Here it comes...

VIVIAN WU

(coldly)

We have to Kill Charlie's Angels.

The Thin Man sighs, whips out his cell phone.

THE THIN MAN

Guess I'll cancel my weekend plans.

And speaking of weekend plans...

CUT TO:

EXT. ITALIAN STREET - NIGHT

Jason and Alex are walking down a beautiful, tree-lined cobblestone street, holding hands. The buildings and outdoor cafes are reminiscent of a quaint, vaguely European town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Alex, I can't tell you how happy I am you came.

ALEX

Me too.

JASON

No, I mean, it's weird. It's weirding me out how happy I am when you're around. Am I sick or something?

ALEX

(smiling)

Got me.

JASON

The only bummer is, I start to jones when you're not around. What the hell am I gonna do this weekend, if you're not with me?

ALEX

We'll get you some sedatives. You'll be fine.

He stops, takes her in his arms. With the moonlight shining down, it's very romantic. They kiss. Then...

JASON

Hey. Wait a second. Come with me!

ALEX

Come with you?

JASON

Miami, on the Sony Jet. I've got two tickets to the Final Four.

ALEX

Jason, I don't...

JASON

Wait, before you say no, let me just say something, okay? I'm sick of how little we see each other. I'm sick of stealing a day here, or a week there.

ALEX

It's my job, Jason. I can't explain it, but I have to be on call, all the time, and...

JASON

What if I changed all that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (CONT'D)

What if I told you to quit your job, and come live with me. What I'm saying, Alex, is that I want you to...

BLAM! BLAM! Gunshots ring out!

ALEX

Gunfire! Get down!

Alex, in Angels mode, immediately throws him to the ground and covers him. She feels something wet, looks down to see Jason's chest, covered in blood.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My God, you're hit. You're...

JASON

Fine. I'm fine.
(he laughs)
They're squibs, it's fake. See?

He wipes off a little, puts it on her tongue. Finally convinced, she almost lets herself laugh.

REVEAL

that we are in a soundstage, the cobblestones street is just a set. The gunfire was coming from some effects guys, who are test firing guns for the upcoming action scene just outside the soundstage, visible through the open loading door.

JASON (CONT'D)

Fake guns, too. They're just setting up for the next scene.

He helps her up.

ALEX

Sorry about that, I...

JASON

(smiling)
God, I loved that. The way you yelled and everything? Baby, you been watching too many movies.
(he kisses her on the nose)
Alright, I gotta go reset these.
DON'T GO ANYWHERE. I want to finish this conversation.

As he walks out of the soundstage, Alex is left behind, alone. She cleans herself off, shaking her head at her own paranoia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
Nice, Alex. Real nice.

THIPP!

A wall next to her sprays a cloud of plaster. Alex looks at the hole. That's strange.

THIP, THIP!

Two more little explosions, these barely missing her face.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey, is someone firing more squibs
or...

Suddenly, without warning, the wall is plastered with SILENCED GUNFIRE. It's only Alex's instincts that let her duck in time to avoid being turned into Swiss cheese.

She tucks and rolls behind a Styrofoam set as...

TWO GUNMEN with silenced SNIPER rifles fan out on the fake city street.

ON ALEX --

crouched behind a wall.

She looks both ways. If she tries to break for the open loading door, she'll lead the gunmen right back to Jason. Only way out of here is to head for the far wall, all the way across the building, where there's a fire exit.

Taking a deep breath, she darts across the fake street.

THE GUNMEN

fire at her, one of them pulling off his silencer and going to machine gun mode. The sound of the gunshots are covered by the sound of the effects guy, test firing guns outside.

ALEX --

Sees that the sets are held up by wooden support beams. She lifts her leg and delivers a solid blow, cracking the two-by-fours in half.

THE GUNMEN

move slowly through the fake street set. Suddenly, they hear a creaking sound. They look up to see the whole, fake building set collapsing!

They dive out of the way, just in time to see Alex race through the fire doors.

EXT. BACKLOT - NIGHT

Alex races out of the soundstage and jumps into her car, parked nearby. The Gunmen emerge from the stage and spot her, just as she gets the car started. She peels out as a hail of gunfire just misses her windshield.

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SOUNDSTAGE

Jason has just gotten his squibs refitted. He's facing the opposite direction, so he doesn't see Alex's car whizz away in the background.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

Jason walks into the Soundstage, followed by the effects crew.

JASON

Alex? ALEX?

Of course, she's nowhere to be found. While he looks around, one of the effects guys fingers a bullet hole in the set wall. He presses against it and a FLATTENED BULLET FALLS OUT.

He thinks for a moment, then shakes his head. Couldn't be.

CUT TO:

INT. EGYPTIAN THEATRE - NIGHT

A passing FILMGOER reveals Natalie and Pete. Seated near the aisle, they share a giant tub of popcorn. The movie hasn't started yet, but there's a slide show of various anime heroes and villains.

NATALIE

Thanks for the second chance. I swear, I'm really not a flake.

He shrugs it off.

PETE

How can I deny any woman who's seen all 23 "Lords of Wind and Power"?

NATALIE

I bet there's a dozen women here who fit that description.

She's right.

PETE

Honestly -- there's a looks component as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Really.

PETE

You're the most beautiful woman
I've ever seen this close up.

How can she not be flattered by that? She would say something back, but the moment has gotten so electrified that each little glance just brings on more goofy-in-loveness.

The only solution is to leave...

NATALIE

Ladies room. I'll be back in two minutes.

PETE

I'll be here.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

A wee bit smitten, Natalie enters as the last WOMAN leaves.

We hear just the DRIP DRIP DRIP of a faucet and the Muzak version of Power Station's "Some Like It Hot."

NATALIE

IN A STALL

Natalie shuts the door behind herself, then sets to work putting down a tissue-paper seat cover.

SWEEPING ACROSS THE FLOOR

We look under stall doors to find a pair of black men's boots stepping down from inside. Natalie is not alone.

IN HER STALL

Natalie is about to hoist her skirt when she stops. Her Spider Sense is tingling.

A DOOR LATCH

CLICKS open. We TILT UP to see a WELL-DRESSED MAN. He's at least 6'3".

He stops at Natalie's stall door, drawing his gun. A beat, then he KICKS the door open, revealing...

AN EMPTY STALL.

The automatic toilet FLUSHES itself. The Man takes a half-step in, confused. Suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door swings back, SMASHING into his right hand. He drops the gun, looking up to see

NATALIE,

Who is perched atop the stall walls. She pushed the door with her foot.

Grabbing an overhead pipe, she performs an acrobatic swing, landing both feet on the guy's head. He falls into the next row of stalls.

Natalie reaches for the gun, but the Man grabs her ankles. He pulls her back across the tile floor, flipping her over. That just makes it easier for her to kick him where it counts.

With a scissors lock around his neck, Natalie is pulled up while the Man falls. She lands a knee on his windpipe.

NATALIE

Who do you work for?

He tries to pull her off. She leans in harder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Speak now or never again.

THE MAN

(motioning with eyes)

Jacket pocket.

Suspicious, she digs inside his coat to pull out a leather billfold. Flips it open to reveal an I.D. that reads...

NATALIE

National Security Agency? You're with the NSA?

THE MAN

I've been following you. I didn't know which side you were on.

(beat)

This is bigger than you think.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The anime classic is playing. Pete keeps looking back towards the door. He's been ditched again. Just when he's about to give up hope, Natalie is there.

NATALIE

I'm so sorry, but I have to go. I can't explain.

(hands card)

This is my cell phone number. Please call me tomorrow. Please. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With that, she goes. A beat, then she comes back. Kisses him once, hard. Then goes for real.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Dylan and Knox walk hand in hand up a quaint, woodsy path behind Knox's home. We can hear music drifting up from the hill in front of them.

DYLAN

Where's that music coming from?

KNOX

You'll see. Just a little farther.

He helps her up a steep part of the path. As she comes over the crest of a hill.

DYLAN

Oh...

(taking in the view)

Oh wow.

DYLAN'S POV --

The hill behind Knox's house has a magnificent view right into the Hollywood Bowl. The music is the symphony playing something very romantic.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

That's amazing.

They stand there, together, just listening to the music, Knox watching her reaction closely.

KNOX

Can I ask you a personal question?

DYLAN

Maybe.

KNOX

How much do you know about Charlie?

Dylan seems surprised by this question.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I just find it strange that you work for a man you've never met.

DYLAN

Well, I don't know what he looks like, but I feel like I know him. We all do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOX

And none of you have any clue who he actually is?

DYLAN

Nope.

KNOX

And you're never curious to find out?

DYLAN

Of course, but believe me, it's impossible. I've tried.

(beat)

Let's not talk about Charlie, okay? Or work.

She smiles t him, motioning for them to go back up to Knox's house.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

In fact, let's not talk at all.

WIPE TO:

INT. KNOX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dylan and Knox are asleep in his bed, when the doorbell CHIMES. Dylan bolts upright. She slips out of bed, peers out the window. Vivian Wu is waiting by the front door.

DYLAN

Eric, it's Vivian.

KNOX

Hmmm. I wonder what she's here for?

DYLAN

Want me to tell her to come back, or...

KNOX

No, no. I'd better deal.

(he kisses her)

You go back to bed.

Knox pulls on a robe, goes downstairs.

STAY ON DYLAN --

as she pulls on her clothes, her CELL PHONE rings. She grabs it.

DYLAN

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Dylan, we were set up. Vivian Wu is not who she says she is. She's a former assassin and an all around bitch.

DYLAN

Oh no. OH SHIT. Natalie, she's HERE!

NATALIE

What?!

DYLAN

I'm at Knox's, she just showed up!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Driving her own highly excellent car, Natalie has it floored.

INTERCUT

NATALIE

I'm ten minutes away. Wait until I get there.

DYLAN

I can't do that. Call Alex and meet me here.

NATALIE

Dylan...

But Dylan's already hung up. Cursing her partner, Natalie races the car even harder.

INT. KNOX'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Knox is sitting at the coffee table, signing papers. Vivian, sitting across from him, has her cell phone open. They are both surprised to see Dylan walk into the room.

VIVIAN WU

I see you take your bodyguarding services seriously. Still, I worry that no one is watching the door.

DYLAN

(covering)

Oh, I'm watching it. In fact, I just called for back up.

From her bag, Vivian pulls a silver 9MM.

VIVIAN WU

All the same, I'm concerned about Mr. Knox's safety.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Although Knox is clueless, it's clear the message Vivian is sending to Dylan. She's in control here.

Vivian sets the gun on the table, in easy reach.

KNOX
(explaining)
Vivian just came over to run through
some numbers for the IPO.

VIVIAN WU
Please, take a seat. I'm almost
finished.

With a knowing glance at Dylan, she goes back to her
phone call.

No alternative, Dylan takes a seat beside Knox. Both face
Vivian, whose hand is very near the gun.

Dylan looks at Knox as he reads through his papers. He has no
idea there's anything wrong.

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Really. How disappointing.

Vivian gestures to the abandoned Scrabble game on the table.
Why not play?

DYLAN
I'm not much for games.

VIVIAN WU
Pity.

As Knox flips pages in the report, Dylan casually begins
pushing Scrabble letters around, nothing serious. But she's
managed to spell...

E N E M Y

She gets Knox's attention, looks to the word, up to Vivian.
Knox follows her intention, but doesn't seem to believe it.

While Vivian continues to talk on the phone, Knox sets his
report down. Pushes around some letters of his own. The
words finally come out as...

I K N O W

CLOSE ON Dylan. What does that mean?

Vivian snaps her phone shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)

(to Knox)

Bad news: The other angels are still alive. Good news: Everything else proceeding apace.

Dylan stands up. What the hell is going on?

Vivian draws the gun on her. Knox moves over toward Vivian's side.

KNOX

Sorry Dylan. I knew this moment would come sooner or later. I was just hoping for later.

A long beat, Dylan trying to wrap her head around this.

DYLAN

All this time, we thought Red Star was behind this, but it was you.

(realizing)

You faked your kidnapping.

Knox taps his nose. She's got it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Why?

KNOX

To gain your trust. And get your help.

(beat)

I want you to know, my personal attraction to you was a sincere and unrelated complication.

DYLAN

Oh, well, in that case I feel a lot better about you being a lying pole smoker.

Dylan looks like she's about to leap forward and tear Knox's throat out. Vivian gestures for Dylan to keep stepping back.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I can't believe I trusted you.

KNOX

Why not? You trust Charlie and you've never even met him.

Dylan crosses the sill, out onto the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOX (CONT'D)

And believe me, there's a lot about him that you don't know. Anyway, I'm not going to be an idiot and stand here talking when we could do something useful, like KILL YOU. Goodbye, Dylan, I'll miss you...

How right he is, because as soon as Vivian squeezes the trigger...

Dylan drops to the floor, then rolls.

BLAM!

the bullet misses Dylan and slams into the bulletproof window causing a spider-web crack to spread. Dylan sees her opportunity and heads right for the window while Vivian pumps off shots.

As she comes to the window, Dylan jumps up in the air and does a flying kick, hitting right at the spot where the bullet impacted.

SMASH!

The bulletproof glass shatters outward, and Dylan flies out the window, onto the ledge.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Wow.

(to Vivian)

I've never seen YOU do something like that.

VIVIAN WU

Oh, shut up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Dylan looks over the edge of the balcony. The drop-off is incredibly steep -- the house is built on stilts -- and the fall looks like it would kill her. But she doesn't have much choice.

KNOX AND VIVIAN

come running out onto the balcony, just in time to see Dylan jump. They rush to the edge, look down into a forbidding thicket of trees.

VIVIAN WU

She can't have survived. It's too far.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)

(beat)

Still, I should probably check...

Knox shakes his head.

KNOX

We've got more important things to do.

The two of them head back inside. As they do...

We hold on the railing, then slowly start to drift down, to the underside of the balcony. Dylan has attached her belt to the bottom of the railing, and is hanging in the rafters. As she pulls herself back up...

WIPE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

A black sedan pulls onto the tarmac. Knox and Vivian Wu emerge, then hustle into a waiting private plane.

INT. ANGELS DETECTIVE AGENCY

Natalie, Dylan and Alex nurse their wounds and compare notes.

DYLAN

I can't believe Knox tried to kill me. I mean, I've been lied to, I've been cheated on, but no guy has ever tried to SHOOT me before.

(coldly)

I'm gonna get him for that.

ALEX

He played us from the very start. It was all just so he could get us to tap into Red Star. He couldn't figure out a way to do it himself.

NATALIE

Who knew that we are actually tapping into the main servers for The National Security Agency?

DYLAN

And now, thanks to us, he's had hours to download whatever top secret information he wants, for God knows what reason.

The angels take a beat to let their indignation grow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Wait a minute. We installed the transmitter, yes, but we never gave him the receiver.

ALEX

What?

NATALIE

That laptop was the only way to access the transmitter. And we gave the laptop to...

They look at each other...

ANGELS

Bosley!

And on that note...

EXT. BEACHFRONT COMPOUND - FLORIDA COASTLINE - DAY

We PUSH IN over the water to reveal the massive complex -- half-villa, half-castle. Built into the green hills, it's flanked by oversized windmills.

EXT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Armed guards, as if they were necessary, make sure no one goes up or down a staircase that leans up into the tower, where their dangerous prisoner is being held.

INT. COMPOUND TOWER - DAY

Bosley's cell, as such, is a round room.

Bosley flits about in a panic. He's hardly touched the gourmet food on his tray. Except for the pudding. He loves pudding.

JUMP CUT TO:

Still a-twitter, Bosley flips through the 500 channels on his big-screen TV. He watches a few moments of E!

JUMP CUT TO:

As the Thin Man takes the tray away, Bosley suddenly attacks him with the silverware. With a single hand to Bosley's forehead, the Thin Man holds him at arm's length, harmless. He takes the weapons away.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bosley WHISTLES to a bright red songbird who has landed on the windowsill. The bird WHISTLES back. Bosley thinks they're having a conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bosley is going a little insane.

JUMP CUT TO:

In his spacious bathroom, Bosley is sitting on the toilet, rocking as he makes spaceman noises.

We hear a PLOP in the water, and then a BLEEP BLEEP.

Curious, he stands up and looks in the bowl. He's surprised by what he sees.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

Alex is on the phone, frantically dialing numbers.

ALEX

Come on, Bosley, answer.
(she hangs up, then,
to the Angels)
I've tried all his numbers and paged
him five times. No answer.

NATALIE

I don't even want to think about
what I'm thinking right now.

DYLAN

Don't! He's alive, he's gotta be. If...
(she pauses)
What IS that?

There's a very faint voice coming from Bosley's desk drawer. Dylan walks around the desk, yanks it open...

BOSLEY (O.S.)

Angels! Angels, can you hear me!

Dylan grabs the radio receiver from the drawer, holds him up. Bosley's voice gets louder.

BOSLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't know if you can hear me. I don't
know if this thing is even working.

The Angels crowd around Dylan and the receiver. It seems impossible.

EXT. COMPOUND TOWER - DAY

CLOSE ON a satellite mini-dish mounted to the roof. We CRANE DOWN to look in a tower window, where Bosley is hunched over the TV.

INT. COMPOUND TOWER - DAY

On the top of the TV, a wire runs from the satellite feed to --

THE TINY RADIO

that Bosley swallowed at the spa. It's worked its way through his system.

BOSLEY

I know you can't answer, but... I really hope you can hear this.

EXT. RUINS OF TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

The angels still can't believe they're hearing his voice.

DYLAN

Can we trace him?

NATALIE

Not off a boosted signal. We'd have to be within 20 miles.

ALEX

Come on, Bosley. Tell us where you are.

INT. COMPOUND TOWER - DAY

BOSLEY

I don't know where I am, really. I'm in a round room. The walls are white. Well. Not white-white. More of a cream, or an eggshell. Vanilla. Yes, I'm going to say vanilla.

INTERCUT

This isn't helping.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

I can see the ocean.

ALEX

Bingo.

Dylan finds a globe amid the wreckage. Wipes off the soot.

BOSLEY

I don't know which ocean. I was blindfolded the whole time. We were flying. It must've been three or four hours. Maybe more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With her fingers, Dylan figures out how far he could have flown. Estimates the circumference.

DYLAN
(frustrated)
He could be anywhere in North America.

The bird Bosley was whistling to lands on the TV, looks at the transmitter, curious. SINGS its song.

BOSLEY
Wherever it is, they have really good pudding.

Natalie holds up a finger -- stop.

DYLAN
(incredulous)
What, pudding?

The bird SINGS its song again. Natalie smiles.

NATALIE
Hear that? That's a blue spotted egret. They only live in one place.

ALEX
Florida.

The MUSIC revs up, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA COURTYARD

A HELICOPTER touches down inside the villa gates. Knox and Vivian emerge.

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

Knox and Vivian walk into a fully macked computer room, where the Thin Man is supervising a techie as he taps away at Bosley's laptop.

KNOX
Well?

THIN MAN
Our access was cut off at the source.

KNOX
GODDAMNIT!

THIN MAN
But not before we retrieved the information you wanted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Thin Man pulls a piece of paper out of a printer, hands them to Knox.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

The National Security Agency's secret file on the man known as Charles Townsend.

Knox smiles. Takes the print-out.

KNOX

Finally.

(beat)

How about Bosley? Did we get the information we wanted?

THIN MAN

Once we we drugged him, he sang like a bird.

The Thin Man hands Knox another print-out.

KNOX

Hmmm. Miami Arena. Preparations have been made?

THIN MAN

Yes. We move out tonight.

KNOX

Excellent.

(beat)

Where IS Bosley?

THIN MAN

In the tower. We were waiting till you gave the word.

KNOX

Well? No time like the present.

The Thin Man nods.

INT. KNOX COMPOUND - DAY

The Thin Man cocks his gun as he heads to the tower to do away with Bosley. Then...

HENCHMAN

Sir? You should take a look at this.

The Henchman leads Thin Man into...

SECURITY ROOM

A room lined with monitors that survey the courtyard. Henchman points to one in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENCHMAN (CONT'D)

See here? Look at the timer on the camera.

THIN MAN

It's not moving.

(beat)

Oh, this is the oldest one in the book. Punch up camera three.

Another camera angle comes up, this also a view of the empty courtyard.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

Now pan left.

The Henchman does what he's told and, on the monitor...

WE SEE DYLAN, dressed in a black cat suit, as she rewires a security camera. She glances around, making sure no one sees her.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

The old re-loop the video camera trick. And look, she's not even carrying a gun.

(beat)

What is this, amateur hour?

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Dylan sneaks her way through the courtyard, doing an admirable job of trying to stick to the walls. As she comes around the corner.

THIN MAN (O.S.)

Um, excuse me? I think you're trespassing.

She whips around to see the Thin Man, standing right behind her. She instantly swings at him, he blocks it. She's about to swing again when five guns get cocked against her temple. She's surrounded by guards.

NOW --

The thin man and his boys lead Dylan into the house.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

No offense, but as "storming the castle" plans go, this one sucked.

DYLAN

Oh yeah? And I suppose you could do better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIN MAN

Yeah, I sure as hell could.

DYLAN

Oh, right.

THIN MAN

How about an underwater entry? Or hang gliding over the main tower? There's a million good ways in, if you just do your homework.

Dylan glares at him, and as she does...

We move in CLOSE ON Dylan's funky belt buckle. There's a tiny camera concealed there.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND - DAY

Natalie and Alex huddle around a three-inch monitor, getting live video from Dylan's camera.

ALEX

You heard the man.

NATALIE

Nice work, Dyl.

They move into action.

EXT. SECOND STORY VERANDAH - DAY

Dylan is led inside by the Thin Man. Knox is waiting for her.

THIN MAN

Present for you, sir.

KNOX

Dylan, how nice. Welcome to my Florida home. Not as tasteful as the one in LA, but much more private.

She shrugs off the goons -- enough already.

DYLAN

So tell me, Knox, what's the brilliant plan? You gonna sell a list of our foreign spies to the highest bidder? Blackmail the President?

KNOX

The first plan is too complicated, and the second is virtually impossible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOX (CONT'D)

Besides, I already have all the money I need and my motivation is much simpler...

(leaning in close to her)

... revenge.

DYLAN

Revenge? Against who?

KNOX

You know what? I'm not in a gabby mood right now. I've got a score to settle.

He flips shut a suitcase filled with C-5 explosive, the same stuff we saw Pascal selling in the opening scene.

DYLAN

Seems like you're going a bit overboard.

KNOX

No, just leaving myself plenty of margin for error. Goodbye, Dylan.

With that, he walks out of the room.

The Thin Man signals to the Henchmen. Two of them force Dylan to sit in one of the wooden deck chairs.

Then, with the thick packing tape, they begin binding her arms to the arms of the chair. As they do:

DYLAN

I don't know why you bother. I've already won.

THIN MAN

Is that so?

DYLAN

Every moment I sit here is a moment I'm using to figure out how to take you down. In fact, this statement -- this one I'm making right here-- is just me stalling for time while I decide which of your goons I'm going to flatten first.

(whispering)

It's gonna be the guy behind me.

The Thin Man can't help but be amused. After all, there are six guards and one blonde -- who is now taped to a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE THIN MAN

Really?

DYLAN

By the time your guys are firing, I'll be at about 180 on my reverse inverted 360, which will land me on Fat Boy there, as promised.

(nods to the second guard)

He'll take the chair seat in the chin.

(re: two others; very slowly)

Now... I'm warning both of you: I'm going to get you to shoot each other. I know. Cliche as that sounds.

(then to the last two)

Last, you guys -- hell, I'll make something up. We'll have fun.

The Thin Man smirks oh-so-confidently.

THE THIN MAN

And what will you do to me?

DYLAN

You won't even be here. I mean, I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but you should've killed me by now. Because I already know that your people are onto my people, which means any moment now you're going to be called out to go and deal --

Suddenly the door flies open and --

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ah! See?

HENCHMAN AT THE DOOR

We have intruders.

With a glare to Dylan, the Thin Man follows him out.

INT. UNDERWATER GROTTA

Alex, dressed in a sexy bikini, emerges from the water and instantly takes out two guards.

EXT. SMALL GARDEN - DAY

NATALIE hang-glides into a courtyard, knocking out two henchmen as she does. Alex catches up with her, as Natalie pulls out a small scanner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Bosley's close.

ALEX

You find him. I'll get Dylan.

Natalie heads left. Alex goes right.

INT. TOWER OFFICE - DAY

Racing up the stairs, Natalie enters a round room with open windows on all sides. A gentle breeze stirs the curtains. There's an amazing 360 degree view, from hills to ocean.

According to her scanner, Bosley should be here, but there's no one.

NATALIE

(yelling)

BOSLEY! Bosley, can you hear me?

INT. BOSLEY'S ROUND ROOM DAY

Hearing her voice, the feral Bosley looks up.

BOSLEY

Natalie! Is that you?

INT. TOWER OFFICE - DAY

She hears him. She keeps yelling -- so does he -- until they both realize that his room is above hers.

NATALIE

How do I get up to you?

BOSLEY

There's a staircase. Look for a switch.

She begins frantically checking the desk, the shelves, everything.

Her cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

NATALIE

Hello?... Pete, hi! How are you?

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - DAY

On break, Pete is talking on a pay phone.

PETE

I'm good. I just -- you said you wanted me to call.

INT. TOWER OFFICE - DAY

Natalie keeps checking the shelves, looking for a secret switch.

NATALIE

I did. I do. I mean, thank you
for calling.

INTERCUT

PETE

I'm not an insecure person or anything,
and I've really enjoyed the very brief
time we have spent together.

Two GOONS race up the stairs into the office. Natalie turns to face them.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm just wondering if it's
something I said or did that's
making this whole thing so weird
between us.

The Goons approach.

NATALIE

(into phone)

Can you hold on a sec?

Hitting MUTE, Natalie kicks the chair behind her and dives under the desk. She comes up on the other side with a

SURGE SUPPRESSOR,

electric cords attached. She backhands it into the goons, who jerk and twitch as electricity shoots through their bodies.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(un-muting)

One more sec.

She re-mutes.

With a roundhouse kick, she flattens one of the goons, WHACKS the other with the cell phone.

The first goon charges at her, but she sidesteps at the last moment, leaving Goon One to hit Goon Two. Both men topple through the open window, falling. Yikes.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(un-muting)

Sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Listen, is this a bad time?

NATALIE

No. Not at all.

She starts searching again for the switch.

PETE

You just sound distracted.

NATALIE

You know, work this week has been really busy. It's been hard to focus.

BEHIND NATALIE, Vivian Wu reaches the top of the stairs. She moves stealthily. Natalie has no idea she's there.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

See, the thing is, I'm not a full-time waitress. I should have been more up-front about that, it's just...

At the last moment, Natalie catches a moving reflection in a shiny trophy. Turns to find Vivian Wu swinging an antique chair at her head.

She ducks. The chair SHATTERS the display case.

Scrambling to get away, Natalie drops the phone.

PETE

Natalie, what was that?

NATALIE

(yelling to phone)
Everything's fine!

VIVIAN WU

Hate to disagree.

Vivian upends the desk, nearly crushing Natalie. Vivian jumps on top, ready to kick the shit out of our angel.

As we probably suspected, Vivian Wu is one hell of a martial artist. Fortunately, so is Natalie.

In their first series of blows, Vivian seems to have the upper hand, but Natalie rallies hard. Vivian surprises her with a floor-sweeping kick, knocking her down.

Vivian grabs the phone off the floor.

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)

Is this the famous Charlie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

(confused)

No, it's Pete.

Vivian looks at the phone. Who the fuck cares? She
throws the phone out the open window.

Getting up, Natalie stares her down, incredulity building
to rage.

NATALIE

You bitch! I like that guy.

Mocking, Vivian wipes away a tear.

Natalie lets forth a typhoon of fury, a full-out Mortal
Kombat. Vivian is thrown back against the bookcase,
where she knocks over a candlestick.

That's the trigger for the bookcases to begin sinking
into the floor. Circling around the room, each set of
shelves drops to a different level, forming steps that
lead to the upstairs room.

As Natalie and Vivian continue to fight, Bosley sticks
his head down from above, watching the brawl. Natalie is
kicking ass.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(to Vivian)

Do you have any idea how difficult it
is to find a quality man in Los Angeles?

She slams Vivian into the wall. Grabs her again, hands
around her head.

VIVIAN WU

To be honest?

Vivian suddenly leans forward and KISSES her, right on
the lips.

VIVIAN WU (CONT'D)

I don't care.

Natalie is surprised for a moment, which gives Vivian the
chance to swing at her. She misses.

NATALIE

I can handle villainy. I can even
handle super-villainy.

(Vivian swings and
misses again)

But what you did is just wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She head-butts Vivian, knocking her out cold. She throws the limp body on the floor.

A beat, then Natalie looks up to see Bosley.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(suddenly chipper)
Hi, Bos!

He waves.

EXT. VERANDAH - DAY

From below, we hear SECURITY WHISTLES. The compound has been breached. Dylan looks at the six armed guards surrounding her.

DYLAN
Here we go.

And now she does exactly what she told the Thin Man she'd do:

She pitches forward, ducking her head so the chair's back crashes into the railing, tearing it off. She stands.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Okay, that part worked.

The Guards FIRE -- but Dylan has already launched herself from the railing into that backflip, which lands her on the head of --

Fat Boy, flattening him bad, and smashing the rest of the chair into kindling. She grabs the wooden seat and whips it up, catching bullets from Guard #3 before flinging it like a Frisbee at Guard #2, nailing him right on the chin.

Quickly she stands again, between Guards #3 and 4.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Now, guys, I warned you. This is where you shoot each other.

The two men scoff, disbelieving. Then Dylan does a head fake, both Guards panic, and fire, but Dylan drops, leaving each man a clear shot at the other. Both gape. Both fall.

Just Guards #5 and 6 left. Dylan's chair arms are still taped to her forearms.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Okay, here's where we improvise.

In a whirl, she overhead-chops Guard #5. Drives her right arm into his shoulder while swinging her left arm into the back of the Guard #6's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few more blows, then both men fall.

Now Dylan drops into a second chair, half-exhausted, half-amused with herself. Has one brief beat to take it all in, then --

Bosley steps onto the veranda, sees Dylan sitting in the chair.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW: It looks like Dylan -- whose arms are still strapped to the arms of the first chair -- is taped to the chair she now sits in.

BOSLEY

Oh my God, let me help you.

Bosley hurries over, "freeing her." Amused, Dylan lets him. Natalie steps out from inside, pausing to KICK one guard who was starting to revive.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNOX COMPOUND - DAY

Knox, carrying the briefcase bomb, gets into his waiting helicopter, followed closely by the Thin Man.

KNOX

Let's GO!

The helicopter quick ascends, just as...

DYLAN (O.S.)

Damn!

THE THREE ANGELS

run into the courtyard.

NATALIE

Don't worry, we'll get him.

DYLAN

You don't understand. He's got a pound of C-5 in that briefcase.

ALEX

The question is, where's he headed?

BOSLEY (O.S.)

Miami.

The three angels turn to see Bosley, huffing and puffing his way into the courtyard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

The man Knox is trying to kill has two general admission tickets to the Duke-Maryland game at Miami Arena. He's going to blow up the arena and kill his target.

DYLAN

Not that I don't believe you, but how exactly do you know all this?

BOSLEY

Because Angels, I was the one who purchased those tickets.

NATALIE

But Bosley, you HATE sports, why would you...

(suddenly getting it)

You didn't buy them for yourself.

ALEX

You bought them for...

Bosley lowers his head. Suddenly all the angels understand.

ANGELS

CHARLIE!

They race out the courtyard, in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI - DAY

Racing across the water, we find thong-clad BEACH BABES moving to a Latin beat. Art Deco buildings flank sun-kissed streets. The people are sexy, the daiquiris strong, and every night's a fiesta -- Welcome to MIAMI.

Running down the street, towards Miami Arena, the three angels pass THREE OTHER WOMEN rollerblading by: JILL MONROE, SABRINA DUNCAN and KELLY GARRETT.

Nothing is said, but a cool moment just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG, LONG, HALLWAY -- LATER

The three Angels are running down a very long hallway. Their voices are the only sound that echoes off these walls, although there is a faint humming that grows louder as they approach two, metal fire doors.

DYLAN

What do you think he looks like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Sixty, tall, well-built.

NATALIE

I always saw him as younger.

DYLAN

Definitely. With black hair.

NATALIE

No, silver hair. And tan.

ALEX

He's not George Hamilton.

NATALIE

He's outside a lot.

DYLAN

We'll know him when we see him,
that's for sure.

ALEX

IF we see him.

NATALIE

How hard can it be to spot Charlie?

They slam into the doors, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI ARENA - NIGHT

We reverse angle to reveal the inside of Miami Arena. The first thing that hits us is the WALL OF SOUND, the noise made by twenty thousand people in a basketball induced frenzy.

The next thing that hits us is the sheer magnitude of the job facing the Angels. Hard to spot? The crowd is one, enormous, teeming mass of brightly colored humanity.

DYLAN

Aw, shit.

The game is in progress, Duke vs. North Carolina, and it's a barn burner. A one point game with six minutes to go. BALL PLAYER pulls up and swishes a three pointer, Duke by two. The crowd goes apeshit.

BY THE MEZZANINE

The Angels huddle, yelling over the deafening noise of the crowd...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We have to split up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I'll take the luxury boxes.

DYLAN

I'll take the mezzanine.

NATALIE

I got the floor.

They split up. Dylan leads the charge down the loge section, blowing past the SECURITY WOMAN, who yells after her.

INT. ARENA FLOOR - NIGHT

BEHIND THE RIM, COLLEGE PLAYER #2 pulls down a brick, slams home the rebound. The crowd ROARS.

INT. LUXURY BOXES --

JASON GIBBONS, famous movie star and North Carolina alumnus, pumps his fists in the air. His luxury box is loaded with fellow Tar Heels and nameless studio executives. He repeatedly high fives a Hollywood type in sunglasses and Armani.

JASON

Yes, yes!

When suddenly, the door to the luxury box is flung open.

ALEX

(yelling)

Charlie!? Charles Townsend!

Jason whips around and locks eyes with Alex.

JASON

Alex?

ALEX

Jason?

(beat)

Shit.

Realizing she has no time to explain, and that Charlie isn't in here, she turns and leaves.

JASON

ALEX! Hey...

While everyone watches, confused, Jason pushes his way through the box and follows Alex into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA -- MEZZANINE

Dylan races past rows of seats, pissing off plenty of fans in the process.

DYLAN
(looking everywhere)
Charlie! Charlie!

FLASHES FIRE

in the stands.

STATISTICIANS

scribble at their monitors. Natalie runs behind them, scanning the crowd. WHIP PANS, from ONE MAN to ANOTHER to ANOTHER. Stopping on a likely candidate...

NATALIE
Charlie?

LIKELY CANDIDATE
Who?

THE SCOREBOARD CLOCK

counts down. :60. :59. :58.

INT. LUXURY BOXES - NIGHT

Alex bursts in. It's a crowd of fifteen cocktail-drinking BUSINESS MEN.

ALEX
Charles Townsend? Anybody, Charles
Townsend?

She ducks back into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Alex walks out into the hallway, frustrated. Then, miraculously, she spots him...

KNOX.

He walks out of one of the luxury boxes, holding a large, metal briefcase. He heads for the elevator.

ALEX

immediately goes to intercept him, but...

THIN MAN (O.S.)
Don't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's the Thin Man, standing behind her, with a gun in her back.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

You move, you say anything, I perforate you. Got it?

Knox glances back at the Thin Man, nods to him. Then he gets in the elevator.

The Thin Man starts edging Alex towards some emergency exit doors, gun still in her back. Alex is trying to think of an escape, quickly. She knows that the second he gets her out of this public space, he's gonna shoot her. The door gets closer and closer...

JASON (O.S.)

Alex?! Jesus, what is going on?

The Thin Man and Alex turn around to face Jason, who is sweaty and exasperated from chasing her.

ALEX

Jason, hi, I...

The Thin Man digs the gun deeper into her back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you later?

JASON

No you can talk to me NOW. I want to know what the hell is going on. First, you disappear with no explanation, not even a goodbye.

ALEX

I'm sorry, I...

JASON

Now, I see you here, but you're with some other guy.

THIN MAN

Hey, movie star, do yourself a favor and get lost.

Jason double takes. He's not used to someone talking to him like that.

JASON

Lemme guess. You must be Charlie?

ALEX

Jason, please...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

No, no I'm sick of this shit. I'm sick of this asshole telling you what you can and can't do.

And then, with no warning, he hauls off and punches the Thin Man.

Now, Jason's just an actor, not an ass-kicking super detective, so his punch isn't all that great. In fact, it leaves Jason shaking his hand in pain.

The Thin Man, a trickle of blood running from his lip, smiles.

THIN MAN

That was stupid.

First, he pops Jason right in the jaw. Jason stumbles backward, dazed. Then he reaches for his gun, in the process, loosening his grip on Alex...

ALEX

Jason, get down!

Alex spins out of the Thin Man's grasp and does a full roundhouse kick, knocking the gun out of the Thin Man's hands. The Thin Man immediately responds, throwing two quick punches, which Alex expertly blocks and then follows with a hitch-kick to the chin.

Jason, dazed and confused, thinks he must be hallucinating.

JASON

What the hell is going on?

What's going on is a world class ass-kicking, courtesy of his girlfriend. While the action star watches in amazement, Alex unloads an arsenal of bad ass kung fu moves that would make Jet Li green with envy.

The Thin Man doesn't stand a chance. A flying side kick sends him stumbling backwards into the stairwell. We follow the fight...

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

... to the first landing. The Thin Man, battered and bruised, reaches down to his ankle holster to get his spare gun, but Alex is too fast for him. She stamps on his hand, then drops a knee to his throat.

ALEX

Right now, just by leaning forward, I could crush your windpipe. You'd die a slow and painful death. You don't want that, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Thin Man shakes his head "no."

ALEX (CONT'D)

Where is the bomb, when's it going off?

She presses harder.

INT. HALLWAY

Jason slams out into the stairwell, looking for Alex. He finds her on her walkie talkie, the Thin Man handcuffed to the staircase.

ALEX

Hi, Jason. Gimme one second?

Jason nods, sure.

We go to another triptych, all three Angels on their cell phones in different parts of arena.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Angels! Knox planted the bomb in the basement, and it's timed to go off when the game clock hits zero!

NATALIE (O.S.)

Roger that, Alex, I'll stop the clock!

DYLAN (O.S.)

I'll look for the bomb!

Alex turns back to Jason. He's clearly having a difficult time processing everything he's just seen.

ALEX

I lied to you Jason. I'm not a secretary.

JASON

Yeah, I can see that.

ALEX

(referring to the
Thin Man)

And that wasn't Charlie.

JASON

Right.

ALEX

I'm actually here to stop a madman from killing everyone in this building. Would it be okay if we talked later?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Go save the world, honey.

(beat)

I'll be waiting for you.

Alex smiles. Runs off.

INT. ARENA

Natalie stares up at the clock... :30. :29.

The WHISTLE BLOWS.

REFEREE

Time out!

Whew, that was close. But it'll start up any second. She has to keep it stopped. But how? She glances to the sidelines and gets an idea.

ON THE COURT --

MUSIC starts from overhead, the respective teams' cheerleaders coming out for one last routine.

As they kick into gear, Natalie comes out with them, dressed as a Duke cheerleader. She follows along with the dancers, a bit timid at first, then more confident as she gets into it.

INT. ARENA BASEMENT -- BENEATH THE COURT

Dylan races through the basement, looking for the briefcase. Then she spots it, hooked into some wires that snake up into ceiling above.

Dylan approaches it cautiously. She slowly opens the top...

DYLAN

(to herself)

Alright, Dylan, all we have to do is figure out which wire to cut.

REVEAL THE BOMB --

there are about fifty different wires, in every color in the Crayola box.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

INT. COURTSIDE

Alex, still searching for Charlie, notices something strange.

ALEX

You're kidding me.

NATALIE

is fully transformed on the court, from wallflower to full-out cheerleader. It's not that she's as good as the other cheerleaders. She's better.

ON THE COURT

The SONG ends. The Cheerleaders vacate the court, but Natalie keeps dancing her heart out. She has 18,000 fans watching her, and she's totally in the moment. But there's another agenda as well...

COURTSIDE RADIO ANNOUNCER

The time out is over, but one cheerleader doesn't seem to notice. Officials can't start the clock again while she's on the court.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI ARENA -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan has picked two wires.

DYLAN

Chartreuse and magenta. This has gotta be it.

She prepares to snip them with her wire cutters, when...

KNOX (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that, if I were you.

She spins to see Knox, standing behind her.

KNOX (CONT'D)

See, if you snip ANY of those wires, the bomb WILL blow up.

DYLAN

It's gonna blow anyway, once the clock gets to zero.

KNOX

Who told you that, my idiotic henchman? Do you think I tell him ANYTHING that's confidential?

He holds up a small TRIGGERING DEVICE. It's the same one we saw Pascal try to sell in the opening scene.

KNOX (CONT'D)

THIS is what triggers that bomb. So if you'll kindly step away, I'll refrain from killing both of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Realizing she has no choice, Dylan stands up and backs away.

KNOX (CONT'D)

In different circumstances, Dylan, I think you and I could have worked out. We have a lot in common.

DYLAN

Yeah, I fall for assholes, and you ARE one.

Knox laughs.

KNOX

Good one.

(beat, as he backs up)

Well, I must be going. If you like your body parts attached to your torso, I suggest you do the same.

Knox turns to go, but the other Angels are blocking his way.

ALEX

Give it up, Knox. You're surrounded.

NATALIE

Give us the detonator.

KNOX

NO!

Stumbling backwards, Knox holds it up high.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I'll blow this building sky high, I swear!

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Don't do it, Eric. It's me you want, not all these innocent people.

Everyone turns, as one, to a figure emerging from the shadows.

KNOX

Charlie?

That's right, it's Charlie. Finally, after all these years, we get a look at him, and boy is it... disappointing.

He's not what we expected. Short, portly, dressed in a "We're #1" t-shirt; the Angels are absolutely floored by Charlie's appearance.

ANGELS

Charlie?

Charlie ignores their stares and addresses Knox directly.
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Your father was a double agent, Eric.
Yes, I revealed him, but he was killed
by his own people before we could
throw him in jail.

(beat)

He was my friend.

KNOX

It's still your fault, you arrogant
prick! You still killed my father!

CHARLIE

Maybe. Maybe I did. But why should
YOU kill all these people? If you
hate me so much, just shoot ME.
Just shoot me, Eric.

Charlie spreads his arms, leaving Knox a plenty wide target.

It's a horribly tense moment. The Angels are frozen, watching
Knox decide Charlie's fate.

Knox is sweating, debating his choices. Can he really do
this? Charlie's not the glamorous, smug asshole he imagined.
He starts lowering his gun.

KNOX

Okay. You're right.
(quickly)
I'll just kill you.

BLAM!

It all happens in the blink of an eye. Knox fires, hitting
Charlie in the chest. Natalie leaps out and tackles Knox.
Alex dives and grabs the detonator, before it has a chance
to go off.

Dylan runs to Charlie's side.

DYLAN

Charlie, no. NO!

She hold shim in her arms as the other Angels gather round
their fallen leader. He gasps for air.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

He's trying to say something.

Then Dylan notices something weird. He's not gasping for
air, there's something stuck in his mouth.

With a great, hacking cough, he spits it out. It's a voice
chip, like the one Dylan used in the opening scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Uchh, that tasted terrible!

The voice isn't Charlie's. Dylan reaches down and rips off Charlie's mask, revealing...

NATALIE

Bosley! Are you okay?

BOSLEY

Think so.

He pulls back the padding from the suit, revealing a small wound where the bullet grazed his side.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Hurts, but it looks like it'll heal.

Dylan laughs, Alex ruffles his hair.

DYLAN

Hey, wait a second. If Bosley's here... then where's Charlie?

The Angels all look at each other. No one knows.

EXT. CENTER PASSAGE - DAY

In gorgeous SLOW MOTION, the three angels walk side-by-side with a calm assurance, fireballs exploding behind them.

They won.

As MUSIC rises, the ANGELS TRIPTYCH descends, then peels away to reveal...

EXT. GORGEOUS BEACH - DAY

The angels kick back on the white sands, tropical drinks in-hand. Bosley is there as well, with a grass hat and zinc on his sniffer.

Charlie is on the cellular speakerphone.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Great work, angels. You'll be happy to know you received another presidential commendation.

The Angels, and Bosley, clink glasses.

CHARLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Enjoy your vacation, angels.

THE ANGELS

Thank you Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They toast the speakerphone.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Alex, Natalie -- I know you've been putting in some long hours on this case, so I thought you might enjoy a chance to catch up with some old friends.

NATALIE AND ALEX TURN TO SEE

PETER AND JASON

walking across the beach towards them. Each is carrying a drink of his own. They wave. Damn those men look good.

Alex and Natalie share a smile.

DYLAN

Any chance you'll be joining us, Charlie?

CUT TO:

A SUNNY DECK

We're in Charlie's point-of-view. We can see part of his reflection in the window -- not enough to see his face, but we get some sense of the man.

He turns away, begins walking. Steps down onto the sand.

CHARLIE

(to cell phone)

I'd love to, Angels. But I have some precious treasures to watch over.

With that, he hangs up. We stay in his P.O.V., walking across the beach. And it's not just any beach.

TO THE LEFT, WE NOTICE

PETE AND JASON

approaching. We're on the same beach.

Looking right, we see the backs of the Angels and Bosley. They have no idea that Charlie is walking right behind them.

A beat, then Dylan looks back.

She looks directly at us -- at Charlie -- tracking as we move past. Does she somehow recognize it's Charlie? From her reaction, it's not clear.

A beat, then we...

REVERSE ANGLE/NOT P.O.V.

Dylan looks back forward again. Did she just see Charlie?
Her smile tells us she thinks she did.

She raises a toast.

DYLAN

To Charlie.

THE ANGELS AND BOSLEY

To Charlie.

They knock glasses.

Right at the moment we should probably fade out, Bosley
spills his icy drink in his lap. His eyes go wide.

The Angels just have to laugh.

We FREEZE FRAME, then...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END