

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

by

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Based on the original television series created by  
Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts

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*In a homage to the original series and to add a dynamic storytelling element to the show, we utilize a cutting-edge, split-screen technique we call "MULTISCREEN".*

*This device will allow us to follow continuous action from multiple points of view. Unlike traditional split screens, "multiscreens" can be different shapes and sizes and will never be static.*

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

OVER PITCH BLACK, a MAN'S VOICE that's as smooth and comforting as a glass of 50-year-old Highland Malt...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Once upon a time, there were three little girls who got into very big trouble. The first was a Park Avenue princess turned thief...

ABBY SAMPSON drops THROUGH THE FRAME. She's 26, Caucasian, and her flawless body is squeezed into a black Lycra catsuit. Her blonde hair is tucked under a knit cap. She's hanging from a harness, in the middle of a jewelry heist.

DIVIDE INTO MULTISCREEN:

Manhattan glitters like a dream. A hand twists the dial of a safe. Diamonds cascade into a gloved hand. An alarm is triggered. Flashlight beams land on Abby, who puts up her hands, caught in the act.

Abby's mug shot. Right side. Left side. Front view.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The second was a Miami street racer turned gang member.

END MULTISCREEN.

GLORIA MORALES is behind the wheel of a tricked-out Corvette. A trio of police cruisers in hot pursuit. She's 28, Hispanic, in a wife-beater and blue Parkway Gangsta bandana, grinning in adrenaline-fueled ecstasy.

DIVIDE INTO MULTISCREEN:

The spinning rims of the crimson Corvette. A rose tattoo stretching up her arm. A speedometer brushing 140. Gloria peels around a corner and straight into a police roadblock. She is thrown against a chain-link fence and cuffed.

Gloria's mug shot. Right side. Left side. Front view.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

And the third was a decorated police detective turned dirty cop.

END MULTISCREEN.

KATE PRINCE strides through the doors of a beach-front Miami dive. She's 28, a regal African American. A SWEATY-FACED MAN in a booth nods her over. He reeks of gangster.

DIVIDE INTO MULTISCREEN:

A Miami PD badge sparkles with pride. A razor cuts a line of coke. The Gangster passes Kate a fat envelope. She heads for the door when THREE PATRONS leap up with badges and guns. She is thrown to the floor, caught in a sting.

Kate's mug shot. Right side. Left side. Front view.

GO TO TRISCREEN. The mug shots slot INTO VIEW. The lowest moments of their lives captured in washed-out digital color.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

They each made mistakes, but I gave  
them a second chance and now they  
work for me.

The mug shots FLIP and we get our first FULL-SCREEN GLIMPSE of our Angels. Beautiful. Confident. Glamorous. Dressed in white. Walking side by side, LAUGHING, in sun-kissed light. A crime-fighting trifecta of feminine cool.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

My name is Charlie.

As those iconic words are uttered...

SMASH CUT TO:

AN AERIAL SHOT FLYING FAST AND LOW OVER Ocean Drive, Miami's Art Deco, neon-drenched hub of cool, which ZEROES IN ON...

EXT. ROOFTOP CLUB - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

MODEL-HOT GUESTS throng the poolside tables and cabanas. CAMERA TRACKS an exquisite female form in a day-glo bikini swimming under the water. She breaks the surface and we see

IT'S ABBY.

She scans the crowd, clocks a slick 40-something in a linen suit. This is JAMES MACKAL. He crosses to the bar. Abby slides on a kimono silk robe and grabs an oversized Diane Von Furstenberg beach tote. As she weaves her way to...

EXT. BAR - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Mackal lifts a pomegranate martini to his lips -- WHAM! Abby's tote "accidentally" knocks him as she passes. His drink sloshes onto his linen suit. She is mortified.

ABBY

I'm so sorry.  
 (re: red stain)  
 I managed to kill your martini and  
 mortally wound your jacket.

MACKAL

I don't think it's fatal.

Abby takes a glass of soda water, dips some napkins and starts to dab the stain. Mackal enjoys the attention.

MACKAL

I'm impressed with your skills.

ABBY

Clothes and cocktails are my  
 specialty.

He's too busy flirting to notice Abby expertly pickpocket his cell phone.

GO TIGHT: She presses a wafer-thin, penny-sized bug onto the back of the device.

ABBY

You're good to go.

She dumps the napkins onto the illuminated counter and discreetly slips the cell phone back into Mackal's pocket.

MACKAL

Can I buy you a drink?

ABBY

I'm such a klutz, I'd probably  
 spill it. One fashion emergency is  
 enough for tonight.

She turns away. Her girly smile evaporates and is replaced with steel-edged determination. She pulls an earwig from her robe and slots it into place.

ABBY

(into earwig)  
 Okay, Angels, time to fly.

SCREEN DIVIDES TO INCLUDE:

INT. LOBBY - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

It's a statement in minimalist cool.

KATE

strides across the white marble in an awesome silver coat and envy-inducing Jimmy Choos.

KATE  
(into earwig)  
You bug Mackal's phone?

ABBY  
With one hand behind my back. You  
in position?

Kate arrives at the elevators. She looks around, then stabs the button of the service elevator.

KATE  
Almost.

The doors open, she steps in and hits "B". When the doors close, she pulls off the coat, revealing a maid's uniform underneath. A pair of sensible sneakers hang from the belt. As she quickly changes shoes...

KATE  
Gloria, has the buyer's rep touched  
down?

SCREEN DIVIDES AGAIN TO INCLUDE:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

GLORIA.

She's wearing a tailored three-piece pinstripe suit with an adorable matching cap and is hands down the sexiest chauffeur you've ever seen. A stretch limo gleams behind her.

GLORIA  
Walking off his G6 as we speak.

She steps forward to greet ROGER FISK as he descends the steps of a Gulfstream. He's 45, an unremarkable accountant type. She flashes a million-dollar smile.

GLORIA  
Welcome to Miami, Mr. Fisk.

TRISCREEN ENDS as she escorts him to the limo...

INT. SERVICE HALL - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Kate steps out of the elevator. She selects a service cart from a row lined up against the wall and nods to a YOUNG MAID who is clocking out. CAMERA FOLLOWS the Young Maid as she steps to the elevator. The doors open, revealing

THE JIMMY CHOOS.

They're sitting in the middle of the floor. Curious, the Young Maid plucks the note scrolled in the left shoe.

TIGHT ON NOTE: The paper is embossed with a pair of gold angel wings. The words "Handle With Love" are handwritten.

OFF the Maid's SCREAM of delight...

EXT. ROOFTOP - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Abby weaves through the crowd.

ABBY  
(into earwig)  
Bosley.

A jowly MIDDLE-AGED MAN in an ascot and blazer turns. She smiles politely, moves past but stops when she sees the real deal sitting in a hot tub with TWO NORWEGIAN SUPERMODELS.

JOHN BOSLEY

is 30, a perfect specimen of 21st-Century American manhood -- a chiseled, whip-smart, tech-savvy, preppy charmer.

ABBY (V.O.)  
(over earwig, annoyed)  
Bosley, adult swim is over.

He looks over and catches Abby's disapproving glare.

BOSLEY  
Sorry, ladies, duty calls.  
(Norwegian with subtitles)  
*Text me.*

Bosley climbs out, sees Abby head through a door marked "EMPLOYEES ONLY, SERVICE ROOF ACCESS", and crosses to...

INT. CABANA - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

He closes the flap, yanks an iPad from a Jack Spade gym bag.

EXT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Neon reflections ricochet off the hood.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Fisk is on a cell phone. The thick privacy barrier is up. Unknown to him, Gloria is eavesdropping via an earwig.

FISK  
 (into phone)  
 I'm meeting Pajaro's broker in 20  
 minutes to pick up the package.

When she hears the name Pajaro, Gloria's face hardens and she white-knuckles the wheel.

FISK  
 (into phone)  
 I'll email you a picture now.  
 (dirty smirk)  
 I think you'll approve.

TIGHT ON CELL PHONE: He pulls up an image of a fresh-faced girl in a T-shirt and jean shorts. Her name is SARAH DANIELS and she just turned 16. As Fisk hits "Send"...

INT. CABANA - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Bosley finger-slides a window open on his iPad. It's a high-tech GPS phone-tracking program.

BOSLEY  
 (into earwig)  
 Okay, Gloria, I'm wired in. Turn  
 on the spin cycle.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Gloria grins, hits a button, locking all the doors, then wildly turns the wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The limo SCREAM-PEELS across two lanes of traffic, sending cars SKIDDING, and CAREENS into a deserted, multilevel parking structure.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Fisk is violently slammed around the back.

FISK  
 ARE YOU INSANE! STOP!

Gloria goes even faster. Prada boot to the pedal.

INT. UPPER LEVEL - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The limo catches air as it ROARS INTO VIEW. It kicks up a cloud of sparks as it CRASHES down and begins slaloming around a line of concrete support columns.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Battered and terrified, Fisk is seriously losing it.

FISK  
I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE!

Gloria sweeps out of a turn and powers straight for the safety barrier that encircles the edge of the structure.

INT. UPPER LEVEL - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

It's a suicide run until Gloria BRAKE-SLIDES the limo to a dead stop an inch from the barrier. Before the smoke has cleared, she climbs out, clicks open the passenger door.

FISK

is on the floor, a confused mess. Gloria drags him out. He is hysterical with fear.

FISK  
Take whatever you want!

GLORIA  
I want a room number! Where's Pajaro's broker keeping the girl?

FISK  
I... I don't know. I swear.

Enraged, she gut-punches him. He buckles, winded.

FISK  
I'm meeting him at the bar. Guy named Mackal. Once he's confirmed my boss's wire transfer, he'll give me instructions how to get the package out of the hotel.

GLORIA  
*She's* not a package! Her name is Sarah. She's 16 years old.  
(leaning in)  
You know what they do to guys in prison that traffic underage girls?

FISK  
Please! I'll do anything. I'm just the middleman.

Gloria plucks his phone from the back seat. Holds it up.

GLORIA

You're going to make a phone call  
and you better be Oscar worthy.

He nods and with a shaky finger inputs a number.

MULTISCREEN WHEN NECESSARY:

INT. HALL - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Kate pushes her cart into an elevator, on alert.

EXT. SERVICE ROOF - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Abby zips up a black bodysuit, tightens the straps of a climbing harness, then grabs a sleek crossbow and a coil of cable from her tote.

EXT. BAR - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Mackal waits at the bar. Checks his watch, impatient, until his cell phone CHIMES. As he slides it to his ear, he doesn't notice the bug attached to the back of the handset.

FISK (V.O.)

(over phone)

It's Fisk. The limo never showed.  
I'm jumping in a cab.

MACKAL

(into phone)

I'll be here.

Mackal CLICKS off and speed-dials a number.

MACKAL

Sit tight. Buyer's rep is running  
late.

INT. CABANA - NIGHT

Bosley watches the iPad program track the call.

TIGHT ON iPad: It flashes with an address.

BOSLEY

He called room 2342.

Kate hits "23" on the elevator panel.

KATE

Get visual confirmation Sarah's in  
the room.

Bosley opens another program.

BOSLEY

I'm on it.

It looks like a game console. He hits the "POWER UP" button.

EXT. SERVICE ROOF - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

A REMOTE-CONTROLLED TOY HELICOPTER lifts off from between the hotel's air conditioning units. CAMERA FOLLOWS as it banks down the side of the building.

INT. CABANA - NIGHT

TIGHT ON iPad: The screen features a real-time helicopter COCKPIT VIEW and a schematic of the hotel.

EXT. FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

The chopper zeroes in on room 2342. It hovers 10 feet from the window. The curtains are drawn.

INT. CABANA - NIGHT

Bosley hits a button and the cockpit view goes THERMAL. The glowing red outlines of FIVE FIGURES BECOME VISIBLE. The smallest lies on the bed, gagged and bound -- THIS IS SARAH.

BOSLEY

Okay. I've got five heat signatures. Sarah's on the bed.

INT. HALL - 23RD FLOOR - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

The elevator doors split and Kate emerges with her cart. "2342" is at the end.

KATE

Abby, you ready to do some housekeeping?

EXT. SERVICE ROOF - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

ABBY

Dropping in now.

Abby turns, raises her crossbow. Fires straight at the LENS. PHHHHT! A bolt with a cable attached embeds in the fire escape door. She clamps the cable to her harness, sprints forward and basejumps off the building.

MULTISCREEN ENDS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FALCON HOTEL - NIGHT

Sarah's on the bed, numb with fear. The four GUARDS are built like linebackers. Two watch a Dolphins game on the wall-mounted flat-screen while the others sit at a table, eating room-service pizza.

DING DONG!

One of the Dolphins fans, Guard #1, steps to the door.

GUARD #1

Who is it?

DING DONG! Annoyed, he yanks a heavy-duty Glock .45 from his waistband and leans into the peephole.

WHAT HE SEES: A fish-eye view of Kate! She is in midair with her leg outstretched -- WHAAAM! She HAMMER-KICKS the door right off its hinges!

The door SLAMS on top of the Guard. He tumbles back and is knocked out when his head hits the floor. Kate charges over the fallen door and into the room. Taken by surprise,

THE OTHER GUARDS

pull their weapons. As they face her, the window behind them SHATTERS and Abby swings into the room in a shower of glass. She lands with cat-like ease and instantly goes on the attack. She spin-kicks Guard #2, sending him face first into the TV -- CRAACK! Then clotheslines #3.

GUARD #4

is the last man standing. Working in perfect synch, Kate and Abby take him out with a combo of kicks and body blows. The women step to the bed and gently untie Sarah.

KATE

It's okay, Sarah. You're safe now.

She regards them, confused and grateful.

SARAH

Who are you? You don't look like cops.

ABBY

We're Angels.

OFF her smile, the SCREEN DIVIDES INTO THREE and our title:

**"CHARLIE'S ANGELS"**

slides INTO VIEW. The SCREEN DISSECTS again, revealing...  
AN ART DECO SPEAKERPHONE BOX.

It's sitting on the coffee table in...

INT. DEN - TOWNSEND AGENCY - NIGHT

The open-plan space is on the second floor with views over Ocean Drive. It's vibrantly furnished and with a swoon-worthy mix of vintage and modern pieces. Bosley and the Angels are huddled around the speakerphone.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(on the Box)

I spoke to Sarah's parents. They were relieved to have their daughter back safe and sound. She won't be running away again soon.

KATE

Now that Mackal's hiding behind an army of lawyers, what are the chances he'll flip on his boss Pajaro?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's doubtful he's even met him.

ABBY

You realize the irony of that coming from you, Charlie.

KATE

Miami PD's been trying to nail Pajaro for years. He doesn't leave any footprints, electronic or otherwise. He's a ghost.

GLORIA

Ghosts aren't real -- this guy is and I want him to bleed.

The vehemence of her statement takes them by surprise.

KATE

Easy, girl.

GLORIA

(covering)

Sorry, creeps like that just piss me off.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 Don't lose sight of what you  
 accomplished tonight. Sarah's safe  
 because of you three.

Bosley CLEARS his throat, feeling left out.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 And of course you, Bosley.

He shrugs modestly.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 I'm proud of all of you.

ABBY  
 Hold onto that feeling, Charlie,  
 when you start hearing the  
 unexpected charges we racked up  
 tonight.

Bosley shakes his head and mouths the word "No".

ABBY  
*Especially* the bar tab for Bosley's  
 hot-tub buddies.

BOSLEY  
 Astrid and Inga were a completely  
 legitimate undercover expense.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 I look forward to the debrief --  
 tomorrow. Good night, Angels.

SMASH CUT TO:

MULTISCREEN MUSIC MONTAGE:

AERIAL SHOT of a candy-apple red Porsche speeding across the Causeway. The BUZZING lights of South Beach. The Porsche glides up to the valet of a club, Ripcord. Abby, Kate and Gloria step out, styled and ready to party. Abby winks to the BOUNCER guarding the rope and the trio strides into...

INT. RIPCORN - NIGHT

A Technicolor fantasy. YOUNG BODIES sway. The Angels CLINK cocktail glasses. On the dance floor the girls let loose. Free spirits. Gloria steps to the booth and texts somebody.

MULTISCREEN ENDS.

Gloria puts away her phone as Abby slides in next to her.

ABBY  
I'm enforcing a strict no-texting-  
while-clubbing rule.

Kate joins them.

KATE  
I need backup out there.

Abby playfully takes Gloria's hand.

ABBY  
Come on, potential ex-boyfriends  
await.

GLORIA  
Mind if we bail early?

They look at her, surprised.

ABBY  
I'm sorry, who are you and what  
have you done with our best friend?

Kate studies Gloria, concerned.

KATE  
Usually I'm the one who cuts out  
before midnight. You okay?

GLORIA  
Just not in the mood to party  
tonight.

Abby wags her finger.

ABBY  
I'm chalking your sacrilege up to a  
lack of sleep.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

Wind-down MUSIC PURRS. Abby drives. Gloria is in the back  
while Kate, in the front, raids the glove box.

ABBY  
Snoop much?

KATE  
On a gum hunt. Have to pass the  
human Breathalyzer when I get home.

ABBY

It's sweet your mom waits up for you.

KATE

It's weird and overbearing. I'm 28 and pay the mortgage. But if I come through that door past midnight, it's like a perp walk.

ABBY

(teasing)

You should have told me you have curfew.

Abby checks the rear view and sees Gloria, staring out the window, lost in thought. Kate pulls out a stack of letters. She notes the return address, "CLEARVIEW STATE PENITENTIARY".

KATE

When you said your dad was reaching out -- you didn't say it was a full-blown letter-writing campaign.

ABBY

He got tired of his mea culpas hitting my spam file and began a snail-mail assault. The Wolf of Wall Street can be relentless when he's focused.

KATE

You haven't opened any.  
(off Abby's silence)  
Aren't you even a little curious what he has to say?

ABBY

I used to steal Warhols to get that man's attention, now I couldn't care less.

EXT. STREET - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

The sleepy storefronts are shuttered. The Porsche sweeps around the corner. Its headlights momentarily illuminate

A HISPANIC WOMAN

sitting in a sage Jeep parked in the shadows. She's 28, with intense eyes and the taut body of a Marine. She ducks as the Porsche pulls up in front of the florist, "SENOR FLOWER".

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Unaware they are being watched, Abby swivels to Gloria.

ABBY  
Your stop, Miss Morales.

Kate studies Gloria's preoccupied face.

KATE  
You're way too quiet back there.  
You sure everything's okay?

Gloria's about to say something but changes her mind.

GLORIA  
Just beat. Catch you ladies  
tomorrow.

ABBY  
It is tomorrow.

They LAUGH.

EXT. SENOR FLOWER - NIGHT

Kate stands by the Porsche, watching Gloria head up the stairs to the apartment above the store. She sees Gloria's purse on the back seat. She grabs it, crosses to the stairs just as Gloria steps inside.

KATE  
Hey, G, you forgot your--

KAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOO! A DEAFENING EXPLOSION rips through the apartment. A torrent of fire, glass and splintered wood rains. The concussive force of the blast launches Kate off her feet. Abby leaps out, frantic.

ABBY  
GLORIA! GLORIA!

She races to help Kate, who is dazed but alive. The women stare at the apartment, angry flames lick the darkness. No way Gloria could have made it. OFF their utter despair...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

A Banyan tree stands guard in front of this Deco monolith.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL - ER - DAY

Numb with grief, Kate perches on the edge of the bed. Her face is cut and bruised. Abby appears at the door, drained.

ABBY

Doctor said you got the all clear.

Kate nods. Abby sits next to her, emotionally spent.

KATE

How are you holding up?

ABBY

I'm not. I keep calling her cell. When I hear her voicemail message, I totally lose it. You seem to be keeping it together.

KATE

(smiles sadly)

Had a lot of practice. After my dad passed, my mom fell apart. I had to step up and stay strong for my brothers.

ABBY

You don't have to stay strong for me.

She wraps her in a hug. Kate's Kevlar facade crumbles.

KATE

We're going to find out who did this.

ABBY

If it's the last thing we do.

OFF their emotional pact...

INT. HALL - MIAMI GENERAL - DAY

The Angels have almost reached the elevators when DETECTIVE RAY GOODSON steps out of one. He's 30 with handsome features and a driven face. Kate reacts in surprise.

KATE

Ray?

RAY

Glad to see you're okay.

He lifts his jacket, a detective's shield glints on his belt.

KATE

We already gave our statements to the lead detective.

RAY

Paperwork shuffle. The case landed on my desk.

Kate reads between the lines and puts her grief aside.

KATE

You pulled rank because I was involved. Didn't you?

RAY

Don't make this personal.

KATE

Our best friend was just murdered and now my ex-fiance is running the investigation -- how is it not personal?

They lock eyes. Neither blinks. Abby breaks the stalemate.

ABBY

I don't think the cop staring power works on other cops.

Kate relents.

KATE

Where are you on leads?

RAY

We think Gloria's murder is gang related.

ABBY

No way. Gloria hadn't been part of that world for years.

KATE

Cops like low-hanging fruit. It's an obvious angle.

RAY

Ignore the obvious at your peril.  
Isn't that what you used to tell  
me? The one time I did, it cost me  
my fiancée and the fast track.

KATE

I thought we weren't making this  
personal.

He looks at her, concerned.

RAY

Kate, please don't run around  
playing detective on this one.

KATE

I don't play at anything.

RAY

I'm trying to protect you. A lot  
of your ex-colleagues are looking  
for any reason to lock you up.

She shakes her head, disappointed.

KATE

Appreciate the concern, Detective,  
but we're never letting this go.

Abby follows as she steps into an elevator. OFF Ray,  
watching the doors close...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNSEND AGENCY - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

A hip breakfast CROWD packs the "Il Cielo" restaurant, which  
occupies the Art Deco gem's ground floor. Abby and Kate  
enter the Tiffany blue door on the side. "The Townsend  
Agency" is engraved on a polished brass plaque on the front.

INT. DEN - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS Abby and Kate as they step in and stop in their  
tracks when they see

AN ARMY OF PEOPLE

diligently checking the interior with a variety of gear,  
everything from metal detectors to sniffer dogs. Bosley  
waves the Angels over, leans into the Box.

BOSLEY  
 Charlie, they're here.  
 (to crew)  
 Can we have the room?

The sweeper unit files out as the girls cross to the Box.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 (over the Box)  
 Bosley updated me from the  
 hospital. Thank God you're okay.

KATE  
 We're fine. Who are all these  
 people?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 Just a precaution. They're  
 sweeping the Agency. I sent teams  
 to your homes as well.

KATE  
 You think we're being targeted?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 I can't confirm that you're not.  
 (beat)  
 Angels, tell me the truth. Gloria  
 was family. Her murder is our most  
 personal case. I need to know  
 you're up for the fight.

ABBY  
 Bring it on.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 Good to hear. I'll back you all  
 the way, pull any string, call in  
 any favor -- just remember you're  
 angels of justice, not angels of  
 vengeance.

INT. PLAYROOM - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

This is Bosley's parlor of high-tech cool. Soho House-chic, it's a grown boy's wonderland of monitors, hard drives and arcade games. Abby and Kate huddle around his workstation.

BOSLEY  
 I pulled this off a cigar store  
 security camera across the street  
 from Gloria's apartment.

The girls study a monitor featuring grainy time-coded surveillance footage.

KATE  
Does Miami PD have this?

BOSLEY  
Owner doesn't trust cops.

ABBY  
But he found the charm of the Bos  
irresistible?

BOSLEY  
I have an honest face and I bought  
50 boxes of hand-rolled  
Presidentes.

He nods to the stack of cigar boxes on the pool table.

BOSLEY  
(re: monitor)  
This is half an hour before you  
guys pulled up. Check out the  
woman knocking on Gloria's door.

MULTISCREEN: On the monitor, the Hispanic Woman who was parked in the Jeep heads down the stairs of Gloria's apartment. The Angels study the footage. Bosley's fingers toggle the image forward. The Angels react as the explosion replays and the Jeep speeds away.

BOSLEY  
She waits in her car and splits  
right after the explosion.

KATE  
Got a clean shot of her face?

Bosley rewinds, "boxes" the Woman's face and it pixelates INTO FOCUS. Kate's eyes narrow as she notices something.

KATE  
Enhance the shadow on her left  
shoulder.

Bosley highlights the area and expertly adjusts the contrast. A familiar rose tattoo sharpens INTO VIEW.

ABBY  
Parkway Gangsta ink just like  
Gloria's. Hate to think your ex  
picked up the right scent after  
all.

Something still doesn't sit right with Kate.

KATE

Bos, run her face against the Gang Task Force database. Log in under Detective Ray Goodson. Badge 4389.

BOSLEY

Guess I can take impersonating a police officer off my bucket list. Password?

KATE

Always uses his birthday: 12.4.80.

The Task Force login page opens. He types in the password. Hits enter. But the words "Access Denied" angrily pulse.

ABBY

Try 9.23.82.

KATE

That's my birthday.

Bosley's fingers fly. There's a friendly BEEP and the database's welcome page opens. Kate masks her surprise.

ABBY

Do I need to fill this awkward silence by stating the obvious?

KATE

Please don't.

Bosley pastes an image of the woman's face and initiates a search. A result PINGS. Fingerprints. Mug shots.

BOSLEY

Marisa Valdez. She put the Parkway crew in her rear view when she was 19. Let me widen the search.

He opens a search engine window. Types in her name. A list of results pops up. He hits one. A formal military photo of Marisa appears. She's in uniform, standing at attention.

BOSLEY

Sergeant Marisa Valdez. Served two tours in Afghanistan. Check out her speciality -- explosives and bomb disposal.

ABBY

She went from Street Fighter to Call of Duty. How long has she been back in Miami?

BOSLEY

She was dishonorably discharged three months ago.

KATE

No pension. No benefits. No future. Maybe her old gang came calling for a freelance hit.

(beat)

Bos, work your magic and get us an address.

Abby and Kate pull their guns, check their clips.

BOSLEY

Remember what Charlie said.

ABBY

(re: guns)

What? These are just conversation starters.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI MARINA - DAY

It's got a nosebleed view of Miami's skyline. CAMERA CRANES PAST the forest of boat masts TO FIND Abby and Kate.

KATE

Bosley said it's a houseboat. Slip 876.

ABBY

(charging forward)

Come on, let's teach this chick the meaning of shock and awe.

KATE

Whoa, tiger, slow down. There's a reason they don't let cops investigate a partner's death.

ABBY

Before you play amateur shrink, you should know I've dueled with the best Park Avenue has to offer.

KATE

You're too emotionally involved and so am I. We play this one by the book because I don't plan on losing another friend.

Abby nods. Slip 876 is coming up. It's a boxy houseboat in need of some TLC. They cautiously approach.

KATE

Take the front, I'll take the back.

ABBY

It's called the bow and stern.

KATE

Glad all those summers in the Hamptons finally paid off.

They share a smile, pull guns and stalk up the gangplank. Once onboard, they split in different directions.

INT. MAIN CABIN - HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Abby brushes open the door with her gun and heads into the interior, which is decorated in bright Caribbean hues. Kate steps in from the other side. They meet in the galley.

ON THE FRIDGE

Kate tugs a photo from under the wing of a magnetic flamingo. It features TEENAGE MARISA AND GLORIA. Arms around each other's shoulders.

KATE

Check it out. G and our suspect. They look like best friends.

A CREAK -- on instant alert, the Angels look up just as a figure CRASHES through the skylight in a shower of glass.

IT'S MARISA!

She lands between them, hammer-punches the gun out of Abby's hand and scissor-kicks Kate's. Marisa snatches the weapons out of the air and points them at their previous owners -- just as the Angels pull backup weapons and swing them up, creating a four-gun Mexican standoff.

MARISA

For detectives, your breaking-and-entering skills suck.

KATE  
Why did you kill Gloria?

MARISA  
I didn't.

A distant RUMBLE. Marisa looks at the plates drying on the counter and sees they're RATTLING. The SOUND grows LOUDER. PUSH IN as Marisa realizes what's about to happen...

MARISA  
Take cover!

She dive-tackles Abby and Kate to the floor a second before

MACHINE GUNFIRE

rips through the wooden ceiling and churns the interior to confetti! Broken plates and glasses avalanche. A bowl of fruit is pulped. Abby glances up and sees they're under assault from A GUNMAN standing on the skid of

A HELICOPTER.

Realizing it's a deathtrap, the women scramble for the stern. The aerial assault doesn't let up! BULLETS nip at their heels, decimate a sofa bed, spewing feathers into the air.

EXT. DECK - HOUSEBOAT - DAY

The trio charges out the door. GUNFIRE SPLINTERS across the deck. Bullet casings PING! Hanging baskets EXPLODE like pinatas. Desperate, the women dive off the stern.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

LOOKING UP as Abby, Kate and Marisa plunge INTO VIEW. BULLETS RAZOR the water, leaving twisting contrails. The chopper hovers overhead, backlit by the sun.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - MIAMI MARINA - DAY

The helicopter hangs 15 feet above the water. The Gunman doesn't let up until his UZI FINALLY RUNS DRY. He nods to the PILOT, who banks sharply and powers towards the horizon.

EXT. SLIPS - MIAMI MARINA - DAY

The THROB of the chopper FADES. Abby, Kate and Marisa break the surface, gulping for air. OFF their narrow escape...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI MARINA - DAY

Abby and Kate pull themselves onto the dock, shaken and stirred from their near-death ordeal. Abby reaches down, helps Marisa out of the water, then swings her against a mooring post and angrily gets in her face.

ABBY

Who were those shooters?

MARISA

How the hell should I know!?

KATE

Easy, Abbs, let's do this back at the Agency.

ABBY

No, GI Jane starts filling in the blanks right now! Like why she was in stalker-mode outside Gloria's apartment last night.

(off Marisa's surprise)

You were caught on tape fleeing the scene.

MARISA

And that makes me guilty?

KATE

Given your military background, it makes you an obvious suspect.

Marisa wrestles free of Abby, starts down the dock.

MARISA

Gloria was like a sister to me, I'm not playing this game.

KATE

Fine. Take your chances with the Miami PD. They get a look at the shoulder ink, connect you to Gloria and you'll be in a cell pleading your case to a public defender.

Marisa stops, turns to face them.

MARISA

I got a text from Gloria. Said it was urgent. Asked me to come over.  
 (off Abby's look)  
 Check her phone records if you don't believe me.

KATE

Did she say what she wanted?

MARISA

Personal case she was working on. Wanted to show me something.

Abby and Kate absorb that revelation. The sound of approaching SIRENS cuts the moment. Kate looks at Marisa.

KATE

Deal with them or come with us -- it's your call.

Marisa makes a silent decision and follows as the Angels hustle towards the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS Bosley down the stairs. He's holding a file.

BOSLEY

You two decent?

He finds Abby and Kate showered and changed.

BOSLEY

Charlie called. Wanted an update.

ABBY

Tell him unless fly-bys are the new drive-bys -- this case isn't gang related.

KATE

Where are we with the police?

BOSLEY

So far no eyewitnesses are reporting anyone fitting your descriptions leaving the marina.  
 (holding up file)  
 I've got Gloria's phone records. She texted Marisa at 12:35.

MARISA (O.S.)

Gloria told me you had mad hacking skills.

They turn as Marisa enters in fresh clothes.

BOSLEY

Okay, I'm not a big fan of the "h" word. It's like telling Picasso he's good at throwing paint onto a canvas. I'm director of technical operations and--

ABBY

(interrupting, to Marisa)  
Wait. Gloria talked to you about us?

MARISA

All the time. Said you were the best crew she ever had.

ABBY

She never mentioned you once.

Marisa shrugs, sits.

MARISA

Not surprised. After I enlisted, we kinda lost touch. I wanted her to sign up too, but she wasn't into people ordering her around -- got enough of that at St. T's.

KATE

Is that a halfway house?

MARISA

St. Theresa's Orphanage. El Salvador. We used to call it God's hellhole. Boot camp was a cakewalk compared to that place.

(to Abby)

Guess she didn't mention that either.

Kate takes the file from Bosley and paces as she scans it.

KATE

You two have been talking a lot recently.

MARISA

When I got dropkicked by Uncle Sam,  
I landed pretty hard. Gloria was  
helping me get back on my feet.

BOSLEY

I swept her hard drive. If she was  
working a case on her down time,  
she left no trace.

KATE

Do you have any idea what she  
wanted to show you?

Marisa shakes her head. Kate nods to Abby who stands.

KATE

We need to check out the scene of  
the crime.

ABBY

(to Marisa)  
Stay here with Bosley.

They grab their jackets. Marisa rises, pissed.

MARISA

I look like I need a baby-sitter?  
Gloria called me because she  
thought I could help.

ABBY

What we're doing is a little less  
than legal -- we don't need any  
more wild cards. Right, Kate?

Kate assesses Marisa.

KATE

I've got a spare jacket upstairs.  
Bos, you mind showing her?

He gets the hint and exits with Marisa. Abby waits until  
they're out of earshot, then vents...

ABBY

I'm sorry -- when did we go from  
guns in our face to sharing  
clothes?

KATE

I've interrogated hundreds of guilty people, it's always in their eyes and I don't see it in hers. Besides, Gloria trusted her.

ABBY

We don't even know if that story checks out. Why are you so willing to give her a free pass?

KATE

You mad at Marisa or Gloria?

The question hits home.

ABBY

Okay, I'll admit it. I hate that Gloria kept things from us. I mean, I'm the queen of trust issues, but when it comes to you guys, I'm an open book.

Kate looks at Abby, supportive.

KATE

I'm not suggesting we give her a gun and a key to the front door, but if she can help us find Gloria's killer, then we need to keep her close.

OFF Abby's nod of acceptance...

CUT TO:

10,000 BEES.

They're HUMMING on a frame oozing with honeycomb. A puff of smoke calms the horde. GO SUPER WIDE TO REVEAL a TALL FIGURE, dressed head to toe in white beekeeper's garb.

THIS IS CHARLIE TOWNSEND.

The hive is one of a trio that sits in the rose garden of...

EXT. TOWNSEND MANSION - DUSK

The magnificent Spanish Revival estate features ornate wrought-iron detailing and GURGLING fountains. It's nestled in an exotic oasis of green. A BUTLER in a sharp Paul Smith suit approaches. He's 40 and keeps a safe distance.

BUTLER

Telephone call. It's Mr. Bosley.

INT. LIBRARY - TOWNSEND MANSION - DUSK

The decor is sumptuous. Among the Warhols and Rothkos hangs a pre-Raphaelite painting of a trio of angels. Masked by a blinding shaft of light, Charlie steps to the desk (*note: we do not see Charlie's face*).

EXT. BALCONY - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DUSK

Bosley waits with a cell phone to his ear, staring out across the glittering sea. He's backlit by the dying sun.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Sorry to keep you waiting, John.

BOSLEY

No problem, Charlie. Hope you didn't get stung.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Not once. Bees are beautiful to behold, only aggressive when pushed.

(beat)

I assume my INS contact was helpful?

BOSLEY

It's amazing how the head of the Service can cut through the red tape.

(beat)

Marisa's records are sketchy, but her story checks out. She arrived here with Gloria on amnesty visas when they were eight. They lived with Gloria's uncle until he died.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I never thought I'd lose another angel.

BOSLEY

Blame me. I'm your eyes and ears. I should have been on top of it.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

We did this dance once before... when Elizabeth was killed. I wouldn't let you fall on your sword then either.

Bosley smiles sadly.

BOSLEY

I've been thinking about her a lot today.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

My daughter loved you very much. Never forget that. But right now, I need you to stay focused. We've had two attacks in less than 24 hours. Violent. Quick. Overwhelming.

BOSLEY

Who do you think we're dealing with?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Someone with a secret who needs to protect it at all costs. Trust me, John, they're going to regret the day they ever crossed my path.

(beat)

Keep me posted.

As Bosley hangs up, STAY WITH Charlie. A mysterious figure, sitting alone, waiting for day to slip into night.

EXT. SENOR FLOWER - NIGHT

A Crown Vic with TWO UNIFORMS is parked in front. The storefront is boarded up and the second-floor windows are blown out and blackened. Kate's SUV stops across the street.

INT. KATE'S SUV - NIGHT

Kate, Abby and Marisa are masked in shadow.

ABBY

Since when does Miami PD have extra uniforms to baby-sit a crime scene?

KATE

They don't. Ray's trying to make a statement.

MARISA

Who's Ray?

ABBY

Let's file that under don't ask, don't tell.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 (re: building)  
 Ladies, I got this.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT LOOKING DOWN as Abby assesses the narrow side passage between Gloria's apartment and the building next to it. She hands Kate her backpack.

ABBY  
 Hold the Prada.

She sprints forward and in an incredible Parkour move springboards off the ground, bounce-kicks between the opposing walls until she vaults through the second-floor window and into Gloria's apartment. It's over in three effortless seconds. Marisa is speechless.

KATE  
 Abby put the "cat" in cat burglar.

Kate pulls a cable ladder from the backpack. As she throws one end up to Abby...

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Even in the moonlight, the extent of the damage is depressingly clear. Marisa waits as Abby helps Kate climb through the window. The women survey the damage, numb.

KATE  
 Donut patrol probably loops around every 20 minutes. Keep the voices and flashlight beams down.

They CLICK on flashlights and begin to explore. Kate looks back and sees Abby hasn't moved.

KATE  
 Abbs?

ABBY  
 Gloria didn't deserve this.

Kate puts a hand of comfort on her shoulder. Abby takes a deep breath, more determined than ever. Water SQUELCHES underfoot as they step to Marisa who kneels by the shattered door. They watch as she runs her finger down the frame.

MARISA  
 Military grade C4. Mercury trigger.

(MORE)

MARISA (CONT'D)

The charges were positioned to kill and scorch the place. This was a stone-cold pro job.

KATE

So whatever she wanted to show you is probably destroyed.

MARISA

Give my girl a little credit. You grow up in an orphanage, you learn to hide things that are valuable.

They spread out. The beam of Abby's flashlight glances across a Charlie Brown DVD lying in the debris. Abby scoops it up. Its case is partially melted.

ABBY

I gave this to Gloria last Christmas. Office secret-Santa gift. She always had a weird thing for the Peanuts gang.

MARISA

We learned English watching Charlie Brown cartoons. I think my first words were "Good grief".

They share sad smiles, signalling a thaw in their relationship.

KATE

Over here.

Abby and Marisa join Kate. Her flashlight is aimed at a picture hanging on the wall. It features a South American folk art drawing of a peacock with its tail feathers fanned.

KATE

What's wrong with this picture?

Abby's eyes narrow as she realizes that the frame is perfectly angled while every other one has been blown right off the wall or is totally askew.

ABBY

Nothing.

She steps forward, feels around the frame and "hinges" the right side of the frame back, revealing a compact wall safe.

ABBY

Class-A wall safe. Blast resistant.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

Can withstand 2,000-degree heat.  
Biometric lock. Good deterrent  
against a common thief -- lucky for  
you I'm exceptional.

Abby flexes her fingers in anticipation.

KATE

How long will it take you?

ABBY

Last time I cracked one of these,  
it was under two minutes. But that  
was after two Cosmos and I was  
hanging upside down.

SAFE POV -- the door swings open, revealing Abby, Kate and  
Marisa. Abby's flashlight FLARES THE LENS as it washes  
across the interior's only occupant.

A CHILD'S JEWELRY BOX.

A delicate mosaic butterfly glitters on the lid.

MARISA

That was her mom's. At St. T's she  
never let it go. Even slept with  
the damn thing.

Kate places it onto a scorched tabletop. Abby and Marisa  
hold their flashlights steady as Kate removes

A BAGGIE WITH A SHOT GLASS.

A slip of paper is taped to its side. Kate peels it free and  
scans it.

KATE

It's a DNA analysis report, just  
came back yesterday. Gloria had  
two samples tested. A flake of  
blood from the box and saliva from  
this shot glass.

TIGHT ON THE BAGGIE: Spangles of light bloom as Abby points  
her flashlight through the plastic and reads the words etched  
onto the shot glass.

ABBY

Club Cypher. That's on 10th and  
Ocean. Little Eurotrash for me.

KATE  
Thanks for the review.  
(studying report)  
The DNA samples match.

ABBY  
I wonder who the big winner is?

Kate sees a photo lying face down at the bottom of the box. She lifts it and sneaks a peek.

KATE  
Must be this guy.

She holds it up for Marisa to see. It's a grainy surveillance closeup of a handsome HISPANIC MAN in his 40s.

KATE  
Ring any bells?

PUSH IN TO MARISA as she stares at the Man in stunned disbelief. It's like she's looking at a ghost.

MARISA  
Can't believe she found the son of  
a bitch.

KATE  
Found who?

MARISA  
Pajaro.

Before Abby and Kate can react to that revelation, they hear FOOTSTEPS and the CRACKLE OF A POLICE RADIO on the stairs.

KATE  
We're out of here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lightning flickers across the sky. A storm is rolling in. Abby, Kate and Marisa dart back to the SUV, still reeling from their discovery. Abby types a web address into her iPhone while Kate turns to Marisa.

KATE  
How do you know about Pajaro?

MARISA  
Long story. But I had no clue  
Gloria had tracked him down.

ABBY

Check this out. It's a real-time  
feed from inside Club Cypher.

She holds up her phone. It features random shots of the  
interior of the club.

ABBY

There's Pajaro. VIP table with a  
nuclear-hot blonde.

Kate and Marisa study the image. A STUNNING WOMAN in her  
late 20s sits at PAJARO'S side along with TWO BODYGUARDS.  
For the record, her name is NADIA IVANOV.

KATE

I'll call Bos, we need to loop in  
Charlie.

But as she pulls out her phone, Marisa reaches across and  
yanks Kate's gun from its holster. Abby turns in shock as  
Marisa levels the weapon at them.

MARISA

Toss your gun in the storm drain.  
(off Abby's hesitation)  
I know how to use this!

Abby reluctantly complies, looks at Kate.

ABBY

Told you we shouldn't trust her.

KATE

(to Marisa)  
This is insane. Don't do this.

MARISA

I'm keeping a promise I made to  
Gloria a long time ago.

Marisa yanks the keys from Kate's hand.

MARISA

She wanted me to kill Pajaro.

Marisa climbs into the SUV. OFF Kate and Abby watching,  
helpless, as she STARTS the ENGINE and ROARS into the night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

BEGIN MULTISCREEN:

EXT. MIAMI STREETS/INT. KATE'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Abby and Kate sprint down the street. THUNDER booms.

Marisa PEELS around a corner, forged with determination.

The Angels weave through the CROWD waiting to get into a garish Cuban bar. Abby "brushes" past A MAN in a purple suit and jacks his valet ticket. Kate pulls out her phone.

INT. PLAYROOM - TOWNSEND AGENCY - NIGHT

Bosley's shirtless, hanging upside down in gravity boots, doing crunches. He takes Kate's call when his Bluetooth earpiece flashes. INTERCUT WITH:

KATE  
(into phone, urgent)  
Bos, I need you to activate my  
LoJack.

BOSLEY  
Somebody stole your car?

KATE  
Yeah, Marisa. Tell Charlie it  
looks like Pajaro is behind  
Gloria's murder.

Bosley drops to the floor and crosses to his workstation.

BOSLEY  
Pajaro?

KATE  
I don't have a lot of details.  
Just find my car.

BOSLEY  
What are you doing for transpo?

KATE  
Abby's got it covered.

She turns as Abby pulls up in a seriously tricked-out Mazda RX-7. It's canary yellow and its sides are tattooed with flaming red skulls. Kate climbs in.

KATE  
Real subtle.

They SCREAM off as one of Bosley's monitors flashes with a LoJack map. Marisa's location pulses.

INT. MAZDA RX-7 - MOVING - NIGHT

ABBY  
A hundred guilty faces and she's  
not one of them, huh?

KATE  
Please don't go there right now.

BOSLEY  
Marisa's heading down Ocean. She  
just passed 7th.

ABBY  
She's going to Club Cypher!

END MULTISCREEN.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The RX-7 skids to a stop behind Kate's SUV that is parked next to a dumpster. The Angels race out and are drenched in seconds. They find the SUV is empty. Kate sees the ladder of a fire escape has been pulled down.

KATE  
She's on the roof!

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The neon sign tints the rain phosphorescent green. Marisa kneels, levels her gun at the entrance to the Club.

MARISA'S POV: A white Escalade stops curbside. A CHAUFFEUR steps out with a white umbrella and greets Pajaro and Nadia as they exit with the Bodyguards.

Marisa's eyes narrow with military certainty. She takes aim. Rain PINGS off the barrel as her finger tenses on the trigger. But a millisecond before she fires,

A BOOT

SLAM-KICKS the gun out of her hand. BOOOM! The deflected bullet glances the neon marquee. Marisa spins to find

KATE AND ABBY.

She launches herself at the Angels. Silhouetted against the neon and the rain, the trio trades an awesome variety of kicks and punches. Finally spent, Marisa drops to her knees and begins to cry. Exhausted, Kate and Abby regard her, unsure. Then Kate steps forward and offers Marisa her hand.

KATE

Let's get out of the storm.

Marisa nods, grateful. GO WIDE as Kate helps her up.

EXT. PATIO - IL CIELO - NIGHT

After closing. Abby, Kate and Marisa are wrapped up, basking in the glow of a fire pit. Bosley approaches.

BOSLEY

His name's Nicholas Rodrigo. The prints on that shot glass are his. He's a multimillionaire developer and one of the biggest philanthropists in the city.

He SLAPS down "Miami Magazine". Rodrigo's on the cover, standing in front of a cool Palm Island mega-mansion.

BOSLEY

His foundation builds orphanages in Central America.

Marisa stares at Rodrigo's face, haunted by memories.

MARISA

Whatever that SOB's name is, he's a mass murderer.

KATE

Okay, no more secrets. It's time to come clean.

Marisa touches the gold cross that hangs around her neck.

MARISA

Before Rodrigo was on magazine covers, he was the leader of a death squad in El Salvador. They always wore masks and only attacked at night. The locals called him Pajaro because he was like a bird that could never be caught.

ABBY

If Rodrigo wore a mask, how can you be sure he's Pajaro?

MARISA

I guess I have an angel to thank  
for that.

She nervously reaches for the cross again. GO TIGHT as it is  
clenched by a child's hand. REVEAL we have TRANSITIONED TO:

A SUPERSATURATED FLASHBACK.

The same necklace is worn by YOUNG MARISA. YOUNG GLORIA is  
at her side, clutching her butterfly box. They're 8, in  
nightdresses and bare feet. They creep up the aisle of...

INT. CHAPEL - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Thousands of candles of every size and shape flicker.

MARISA (V.O.)

Gloria and I snuck into the chapel  
on a dare. We were always doing  
stupid stuff like that. We were  
going to carve our initials on the  
back of this wooden angel.

Young Marisa climbs onto a chair, reaches for the wooden  
angel on tiptoes. It's an exquisitely carved folk art  
design. She climbs down clutching the winged prize.

MARISA (V.O.)

That's when the trucks came.

Headlights wash through the windows. The girls steal a peek.

WHAT THEY SEE: A SQUAD OF MEN with machine guns leap off the  
trucks. Their faces are masked with bandanas. A NUN races  
out and is mercilessly SHOT in cold blood.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

The leader (Pajaro) watches as his men round up the ORPHANS.  
The girls are loaded into the trucks while the BOYS and NUNS  
are lined up. Pajaro nods and his men level their machine  
guns at the cowering line of boys and women. As they FIRE...

INT. CHAPEL - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Young Marisa and Young Gloria witnessing the  
nightmarish execution with saucer-eyed disbelief.

INT. CHAPEL - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Pajaro strides in. There's no sign of the girls. He pulls  
down his bandana, leaving no doubt he's Rodrigo, crosses  
himself, then ransacks the chapel's valuable altar pieces.

PAN TO REVEAL the girls cowering under the altar table. Young Marisa clutches the wooden angel while Young Gloria holds her jewelry box. Hot tears streak their cheeks.

Rodrigo stuffs a chalice into his satchel, turns to go when he hears the FAINTEST WHIMPER. He swings back and in one move sweeps the altar table over, revealing the girls.

RODRIGO  
(Spanish with subtitles)  
*You know what happens to strays?*

He smirks, reaches for his gun when Young Marisa whips the wooden angel across Rodrigo's face, SHATTERING one wing.

TIGHT ON THE JEWELRY BOX as it is spritzed with blood.

Rodrigo staggers back, holding a cut. Using the distraction, Young Marisa and Young Gloria race out the side door.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Fingers of moonlight filter through the trees and illuminate the girls as they run for their lives, never looking back.

Young Marisa reaches for the cross that bounces against her neck. GO TIGHT as an adult hand grasps it. REVEAL that the FLASHBACK HAS ENDED and we have TRANSITIONED BACK TO:

EXT. PATIO - IL CIELO - NIGHT

Marisa touches the golden keepsake.

MARISA  
Gloria and I made a pact that if we saw Pajaro again, we'd kill him.

KATE  
My guess is she texted you the other night because she finally had the proof to make good on that promise.

ABBY  
Hold on! The Gloria I knew would never murder anyone.

MARISA  
That's why she didn't tell you, she knew you wouldn't approve.

KATE  
Damn right we don't approve.

MARISA

You don't know what this bastard did with the girls he took.

KATE

Actually, we've got a pretty good idea because he's still doing it -- he was behind a case we just broke with a 16-year-old runaway.

MARISA

Explains how Gloria got on his trail.

KATE

Rodrigo must have figured out who she was, tracked her and discovered you were still in the picture too.

BOSLEY

The hunter becomes the hunted.

Marisa nods, wrestling with the grim truth.

MARISA

He takes us out and his secret's safe.

KATE

Listen, we're going to get justice for Gloria and nail this guy -- but that doesn't involve blowing him away on Ocean Drive.

MARISA

I saw his face and freaked, okay? Won't happen again.

ABBY

You're right. It won't. We've been on the wrong end of your gun twice. It's not happening a third time. You're benched.

MARISA

(frustrated)

Rodrigo's been giving law enforcement the middle finger for years. How you gonna bust him?

KATE

We don't exactly play by the rules either.

ABBY

Yeah -- we're Angels, not saints.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

Morning light bisects the space. Abby and Kate are huddled around the Box holding iPads. Bosley hustles in, flustered.

BOSLEY

Sorry I'm late, Charlie. Had to cab it back from North Beach.

ABBY

I thought you only dated girls who were geographically convenient.

BOSLEY

(pointed)

I was returning a canary yellow RX-7 to its irate owner.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Any problems?

BOSLEY

Nothing floor seats to the Heat couldn't fix.

He grabs his iPad and sits. Charlie gets down to business.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I ran Nicholas Rodrigo past my intelligence sources.

KATE

Let me guess, he's squeaky clean.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Spotless. Abby, did you speak to Sarah?

ABBY

She said she was blindfolded and kept in some sort of cage. When they shoved her in a van to take her to the hotel, she heard other girls crying out in Spanish.

KATE

Rodrigo must be using his Foundation to funnel girls into the country for trafficking.

BOSLEY

I squeegeed his Foundation's database. Somehow he's kept all his illegal activity off the grid.

KATE

He runs a criminal enterprise in the 21st Century. The information has to be somewhere.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Actually, it's in someone.

A photo of Rodrigo's female companion from Club Cypher appears on their iPads.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Her name's Nadia Ivanov. She has a photographic memory.

BOSLEY

One of my MIT buddies told me about this chick. But I thought she was an urban legend. They call her the human hard drive.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

She absconded with four million dollars from the Russian mob. Rodrigo's bodyguards aren't for his protection, they're for her. They go with her everywhere except inside his Palm Island compound.

ABBY

(re: iPad)

According to his Twitter feed, Rodrigo's hosting a charity fundraiser at his mansion tomorrow night.

(wry)

The theme is heaven and hell. Sounds like we'll blend right in.

KATE

Big party. Lots of security distractions. We go undercover and grab Ivanov.

BOSLEY

Hate to buzz-kill the plan, but don't you think the police would consider that kidnapping?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 The police need evidence, I only  
 need certainty. Ivanov is the best  
 way to link Rodrigo to his crimes  
 and take him down.

MARISA (O.S.)  
 Excuse me.

All turn as Marisa steps in.

ABBY  
 Which part of "you're benched"  
 wasn't clear?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 Actually, I invited Miss Valdez.  
 Thought she could be useful.

Marisa reads Abby's irritation.

MARISA  
 I know I've given you no reason to  
 trust me, but Gloria was the only  
 family I had. I want to help.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 It's fortunate for you that I  
 believe in second chances.  
 However, my largess is finite --  
 don't let me down again.

MARISA  
 I won't.

Charlie CLICKS off. Marisa looks at the Angels.

MARISA  
 I hope you guys are cool with this?

ABBY  
 Charlie calls the shots.

KATE  
 And we're willing to go on a little  
 faith.

Marisa nods, grateful. OFF their tentative alliance...

CUT TO:

MULTISCREEN WHEN NECESSARY:

EXT. RODRIGO'S MANSION - PALM ISLAND - NIGHT

A FIRE EATER in a white top hat and tails spits a fireball right at the LENS. CAMERA BURSTS through the sparks TO REVEAL the fund-raiser in full swing. The theme is

HEAVEN AND HELL.

The GUESTS are dressed in white. Dry ice wafts across the grass like a cloud. STILT WALKERS roam, throwing silver confetti. It's a glamorous exercise in excess.

ABBY, KATE AND MARISA

emerge through a curtain of mist. They're undercover as servers and are carrying platters of hors d'oeuvres. Each is dressed in the coolest, reddest, sexiest devil outfit.

KATE  
(into earwig)  
Bos, are you set?

In a white Tom Ford suit, Bosley stands by the bar.

BOSLEY  
(into earwig)  
Truck's in position in the back by the bathrooms. Once the spray hits Ivanov's stomach, she'll start cramping in 30 seconds.

KATE  
Marisa, tell us when you've got a 20 on Rodrigo.

Marisa spots Rodrigo schmoozing in a special VIP area.

MARISA  
(into earwig)  
He's trading high-fives with LeBron James.

KATE  
Good. Stay on him. Let us know if he moves.

Kate spots Ivanov. She's standing in the shadow of a giant ice angel, sipping a flute of Veuve Clicquot.

KATE  
Abbs, you want to take the first shot at Ivanov? She's by the ice sculpture.

ABBY  
Can hardly tell the two apart.

Abby surreptitiously pulls a pump dispenser and sprays her platter of blinis and caviar. She approaches Ivanov.

ABBY  
Blini?

Ivanov doesn't even make eye contact, waves her off.

ABBY  
Caviar's the real deal, flown in from the Caspian Sea this morning.

Ivanov sniffs the black eggs on a blini, scoffs...

IVANOV  
More like a fish farm outside of Moscow. Shoo.

Her accent is muted. Shot down, Abby turns away.

ABBY  
(into earwig)  
Wow... if she were any colder, I'd get frost bite.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
Abby Sampson?

She is startled by BRIDGET and PRISCELLA WENTWORTH. They're her age and radiate Upper Eastside Bitch.

BRIDGET  
Bridget and Priscella?

PRISCELLA  
Dalton Prep?

Abby squirms, clearly rattled by this unforeseen reunion.

ABBY  
The Wentworth twins. Sure. Hi. It's been forever.

PRISCELLA  
Cute outfit. Are you one of the servers?

ABBY  
Yeah, recession's a bitch.

Bridget's facade of friendliness drops.

BRIDGET

Considering what your father did,  
I'd call it payback. Do you know  
how much money he screwed our uncle  
out of?

ABBY

No idea. I haven't spoken to my  
dad in years.

Priscella snaps a cell phone photo of Abby.

PRISCELLA

For my Facebook page. I'm sure all  
your old Dalton friends would love  
to know how you're doing.

Abby hides her humiliation with a forced smile.

ABBY

It's been a blast catching up. I  
need to get back to work.  
(offering tray)  
Blini?

Both take one and head away. Abby's shoulders sag, she dumps  
the rest of the tray in the trash. Marisa steps over.

MARISA

Nice friends. You okay?

ABBY

I will be in about 30 seconds.

They watch as Bridget and Priscella wince, hold their  
stomachs, obviously cramping, and hurry to the bathrooms.

ABBY

At least we know the gut juice  
works.

MARISA

No wonder Gloria liked you. She  
had a twisted sense of humor too.

Abby offers Marisa a smile, takes one of the bite-sized  
devil's food cakes from her tray and gobbles it in one.

Kate is about to move in with her tray of empanadas when she  
sees Ivanov spurn another SERVER.

KATE  
 (into earwig, frustrated)  
 Food is definitely not the way to  
 this chick's heart. It's time for  
 plan B.

CONTINUE MULTISCREEN:

ABBY  
 As in Plan Bosley.

BOSLEY  
 Whoa. We never talked about Plan  
 Bosley.

ABBY  
 She didn't take the Beluga; we need  
 to improvise with different bait.

KATE  
 We know her deal with Rodrigo's  
 strictly business. But Charlie's  
 intel suggests she's got a healthy  
 appetite for the opposite sex.

Bosley rolls his eyes.

ABBY  
 Come on, Bos, it'll be a challenge.  
 Don't you always say there isn't a  
 hard drive you can't hack into?

EXT. BALCONY - RODRIGO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Ivanov stands at the balustrade, looking down on the party.

BOSLEY  
 987. That's the number of guests.

He steps to her side.

BOSLEY  
 58 servers. 29 bus boys. 16  
 valets. 3 stilt walkers. One very  
 beautiful woman.

IVANOV  
 Cute party trick.

KATE  
 (over earwig)  
 Can't believe that pickup line  
 actually worked.

IVANOV

What are you; doctor, lawyer,  
internet billionaire?

BOSLEY

Starving grad student. My buddy's  
one of the caterers. I tagged  
along for the free food and to  
watch the rich and famous in their  
natural habitat.

IVANOV

What do you think of the wildlife  
so far?

BOSLEY

It just got more interesting.

IVANOV

(seductive)  
Let's take a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL HOUSE - RODRIGO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Bosley and Ivanov SLAM into the FRAME. Making out hot and  
very heavy. Her hands are all over him.

EXT. RODRIGO'S MANSION - PALM ISLAND - NIGHT

Marisa sees Rodrigo head out of the VIP pen.

MARISA

(into earwig)  
Rodrigo's on the move. Could be  
looking for Ivanov.

Kate reacts to the news with renewed urgency.

KATE

(into earwig)  
Bos, time to put your party on  
wheels. Get her to the catering  
truck. I'll meet you there.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - RODRIGO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Bosley breaks off. Brushes his hand down Ivanov's cheek.

BOSLEY

Why don't we find a place with a  
little more privacy?

IVANOV

The guesthouse is on the other side  
of the compound.

BOSLEY

My pal's catering truck is closer.

IVANOV

Down and dirty. Is that your  
style?

BOSLEY

Just a guy looking for a good time.

Without warning, she suddenly grabs his crotch and squeezes  
like a vice. She leans in and viciously hisses...

IVANOV

You've got five seconds to tell me  
who you really are?

BOSLEY

(groaning)  
Look... um...

IVANOV

Four. Three. Two.

WHHAAACK! Ivanov releases her grip of Bosley's nuts and  
sinks to the ground, unconscious, revealing Kate.

KATE

Nice job, Casanova.

Bosley winces, clearly in agony.

KATE

You can ice your jewels in the  
truck.

He helps her lift Ivanov. They put her arms around their  
shoulders, it looks like they're helping a drunk.

KATE

(into earwig)  
Abby, Marisa -- we've got Ivanov.  
Time to fly.

EXT. RODRIGO'S MANSION - PALM ISLAND - NIGHT

Still holding her tray of chocolate treats, Marisa turns to  
exit but knocks straight into Rodrigo. The mini-cakes  
cascade down his spotless white suit. The party stops and  
all eyes turn. Rodrigo looks at his ruined suit, grins.

RODRIGO

I knew the devil would get me eventually.

Everybody LAUGHS and gets back to it. Marisa bows her head.

RODRIGO

It was my fault. I ran into you.

She nods. He lifts her chin with his finger.

RODRIGO

You okay? I'm not going to bite.

She looks into his face, trying to contain her fury. Without a word, she finally heads away. He watches her, his face flickering with unease.

INT. CATERING TRUCK - NIGHT

KATE

(into earwig, concerned)  
Security's swarming. Marisa, where are you?

EXT. RODRIGO'S MANSION - PALM ISLAND - NIGHT

Marisa hustles around the side of the house. But as she passes the doors of Rodrigo's office, she sees something hanging on the wall that stops her in her tracks.

MARISA

(into earwig)  
Delayed. Don't wait.

INT. OFFICE - RODRIGO'S MANSION - PALM ISLAND - NIGHT

The French door opens and Marisa steps inside. She crosses to the wall by the desk and stares up. *Only now* do we REVEAL the wooden angel -- the one that hung above the altar at the orphanage. Marisa gently touches the broken wing.

RODRIGO (O.S.)

I kept that as a reminder of when I let two little girls get away.

Marisa spins and finds Rodrigo and a BODYGUARD.

MARISA

You killed my friend, you son of a bitch!

RODRIGO

I caught her checking me out in my club. But when she didn't want to party, I got suspicious and tracked her down. That's when I discovered the truth about both of you.

Her grabs her chin, forces her to look him in the eye.

RODRIGO

I guess fate gave me a second chance to correct my mistake.

The Bodyguard puts his finger to his earwig, listens. Then leans into Rodrigo.

BODYGUARD

(Spanish with subtitles)  
*Ivanov's missing. Her tracking chip's been jammed.*

Rodrigo spins back to Marisa, who smirks triumphantly.

MARISA

Pajaro is about to be unmasked.

Furious, he backhands her. As she hits the floor, her earwig is knocked free. He picks it up and holds it to his ear.

KATE (V.O.)

(over earwig)  
Marisa...

INT. CATERING TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Bosley wears catering overalls and is driving while Kate and Abby watch Ivanov, who is tied up in the back.

KATE

(into earwig)  
... are you out of there?

A PIERCING BLAST OF FEEDBACK greets her question. All yank their earwigs and look at each other. OFF their realization that something is very, very wrong...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

Clouds slipstream past the windows. Ivanov is slumped and buckled in a chair, her wrist handcuffed to the armrest.

KATE

Time to bring the ice princess out  
of sleep mode.

Abby SNAPS a vial of smelling salts under Ivanov's nose -- waking her with a start.

ABBY

Easy, the Captain hasn't turned off  
the fasten-seat-belt sign.

IVANOV

Who are you people? Where are you  
taking me?

KATE

You're 25,000 feet over the  
Atlantic en route to St.  
Petersburg.

Ivanov's eyes narrow.

KATE

Ripping off a Russian crime boss  
wasn't the smartest idea.

IVANOV

Yabloko sent you?  
(off Kate's nod)  
I can get you three times what  
Yabloko's promised you.

KATE

We want information. Rodrigo  
grabbed one of our team, where  
would he take her?

IVANOV

Turn the plane around. I'll tell  
you when we're back in Miami.

Kate reads her body language like a seasoned interrogator.

KATE

You're lying. She'll be dead by then.

(to Abby)

Call Yabloko, tell him to have our money ready. And he better not try and stiff us with counterfeit.

Ivanov reacts in surprise to the change of tack.

IVANOV

What about your friend?

KATE

She knew the risks.

Abby dials a satellite phone.

IVANOV

Wait. Please... you don't know what he'll do to me!

KATE

Actually, he described it in pretty vivid detail. You ready to talk?

Ivanov nods her agreement. Abby hangs up.

IVANOV

Rodrigo owns an abandoned wildlife park in the Everglades. That's where he keeps the girls he traffics. He would have taken your friend there.

KATE

We need an address.

IVANOV

13509 Turner River Highway. There's only one road in and the place is heavily guarded.

Abby crosses to the cockpit door and KNOCKS.

ABBY

Bos, time to bail.

Suddenly, the ENGINES DIE. Bosley exits the cockpit. Ivanov watches as Kate lifts the handle of the emergency exit.

IVANOV

ARE YOU INSANE!

Kate shrugs and yanks the door open, REVEALING the plane is actually stationary and sits in the middle of

A DARK HANGAR.

A Ritter fan and smoke machine work overtime. Ivanov realizes she's been conned and struggles with her cuff...

ABBY

Relax, at least you're not in coach.

Abby tosses her a bag of peanuts and exits with Kate and Bos.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - GATORLAND - DAY

A gator grins on the sign of this abandoned tourist attraction. A minivan ambles up. The GATE GUARD steps over and finds Bosley and Kate, dressed like Ohio tourists.

BOSLEY

Hiya, we're a little lost.

GATE GUARD

This is private property. Park's been closed for years.

Kate points to the sign, swats Bosley.

KATE

This is Gatorland! We're looking for GatorWorld. I told you it was a left off that highway.

As they talk, PAN DOWN TO REVEAL Abby clinging to the undercarriage of the minivan. She drops and rolls...

BOSLEY

Don't start with me, Charlene.

KATE

Wasn't my idea to get up at the butt-crack of dawn and look at a bunch of stinking alligators.

GATE GUARD

Folks, you need to leave right now!

Suddenly, he hears a WHISTLE. He looks down and finds Abby on the ground with a gun pointed straight at him.

ABBY

Actually, we're going to take a tour. Piggly wiggles where I can see them.

INT. OLD ALLIGATOR SHED - GATORLAND - DAY

Swampy shafts of light cut through the holes in the roof. Marisa dangles by her wrists on a thick chain above the empty circular pit. She's sweat-drenched, in bad shape. Rodrigo's Bodyguard watches as his boss viciously backhands her.

RODRIGO

Had enough?

MARISA

Just getting warmed up.

RODRIGO

(losing patience)

Tell me who took Ivanov!

He snatches a Taser from the Bodyguard and brutally jams it into Marisa's neck. OFF her AGONIZED SCREAM...

EXT. GATORLAND - DAY

The collection of rusty corrugated metal buildings and sad concrete enclosures sits waterside. A couple of airboats are moored at the end of a dilapidated jetty and the helicopter that attacked Marisa's boat bakes in the sun near

AN OLD SCHOOL BUS.

It's been painted puke-green, and the park's reptilian mascot is painted on its sides. CRANE DOWN TO Abby, Kate and Bosley peeking out a window.

INT. BUS - DAY

Abby spots TWO GUARDS patrolling in front of a barred cage that once housed a family of Florida panthers.

ABBY

Oh my God... look.

Kate and Bosley follow her gaze and see 10 GIRLS penned in the cage. Most are Hispanic, and they're huddled together in terror behind the bars.

BOSLEY

He's keeping them like animals.

Kate sees the Escalade parked in front of the alligator shed.

KATE

They must be holding Marisa in there -- we're going to need a distraction.

INT. OLD ALLIGATOR SHED - GATORLAND - DAY

Marisa hangs limply. Rodrigo realizes she's passed out.

RODRIGO

(to Bodyguard)

Ivanov isn't as strong as this one. She'll break. It's time to slash and burn.

Suddenly, CEE LO'S unmistakable anthem "FORGET YOU" BOOMS from outside. It GROWS LOUDER and is accompanied by the sound of a ROARING engine.

EXT. WILD CAT CAGE - GATORLAND - DAY

The two Guards watching the caged teens turn as

THE MINIVAN

careens INTO VIEW, its windows down and RADIO ON FULL BLAST. The vehicle passes the helicopter and SMASHES full force into a concrete picnic table. Its wheels spin uselessly.

RODRIGO (V.O.)

(over radio, in Spanish)

*What the hell's going on?*

CAGE GUARD #2

(into radio, in Spanish)

*Checking it out now.*

The Cage Guards cautiously approach with Uzis ready. They find the Gate Guard slumped in the driver's seat. His hands are zip-cuffed to the wheel and the gas pedal is anchored to the floor. When they pull his head up, the word

BOOM!

stares back from the tape that gags the Gate Guard's mouth. As the Cage Guards look at each other in horror...

INT. BUS - DAY

TIGHT ON Bosley's thumb as it presses a detonator trigger.

EXT. GATORLAND - DAY

The helicopter 15 feet *behind* the minivan EXPLODES.



KATE

Bos, stay with the girls. Call Ray  
at Miami PD.

She charges off to join Abby and Marisa.

END MULTISCREEN.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

EPIC HELICOPTER SHOT FINDS Abby, Kate and Marisa on an  
airboat powering down a sun-burnished waterway, wind whipping  
their hair. The boat shoots around a bend.

RODRIGO'S BOAT

is up ahead. Abby GUNS the ENGINE while Kate takes aim.

EXT. RODRIGO'S AIRBOAT - MOVING - DAY

THWAACK! A bullet hits the giant fan, causing it to SPUTTER,  
smoke and stop. Rodrigo sees the women speeding towards him.  
He pulls a semiautomatic, OPENS FIRE as they approach. With  
fearless disregard for her life,

MARISA

leaps across the water, roll-dives onto Rodrigo's deck and  
kicks the weapon out of his hand. She follows through with a  
stinging right hook and sweeps up her gun as he reels back.  
He dabs the blood that trickles from his cut lip, smirks.

RODRIGO

Go on. Pull the trigger. Get your  
revenge.

Abby and Kate jump onboard. Marisa's finger tenses on the  
trigger. She's torn with emotion. The Angels plead...

KATE

I know you and Gloria made a pact.  
But this isn't the way to honor her  
memory.

ABBY

Don't give this bastard the easy  
way out.

Tears sting Marisa's eyes. It's the hardest choice she's  
ever had to make. She drills him with a look.

MARISA

(Spanish with subtitles)  
*A bird in a cage dies slowly.*  
(MORE)

MARISA (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
That's what you deserve, Pajaro.

With swift certainty, she pivot-kicks him in the head. He flies back into the fan's metal cage and is knocked out. Abby and Kate step to Marisa and the three women embrace. CRANE UP and UP until only blue sky FILLS THE FRAME...

PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - MIAMI MARINA - DAY

SUPER WIDE SHOT. The sawtooth outline of downtown shimmers. The vessel is a bullet-pocked ruin. Marisa is sorting through the debris when Bosley climbs aboard.

BOSLEY  
Charlie told me he called you. I came by to see if you've considered his offer?

MARISA  
Not sure why he'd want me.

BOSLEY  
He keeps his criteria close to the vest. But it's usually a mix of skill sets, life experience, and the fact that your employment options are limited.

MARISA  
Is that how he got you?

BOSLEY  
I was staring at a 20-year sentence for tax fraud.  
(off her surprise)  
I planted a virus in the IRS mainframe, it skimmed a penny off everybody's tax return. It was my own personal stimulus package.

Marisa smiles, amused.

MARISA  
I'm not that desperate, and working for a voice on a phone isn't my style.

BOSLEY  
First rule of the Townsend Agency -- zero face time with the boss.

MARISA  
I'd settle for Skype.

BOSLEY  
Charlie's a very private person.  
But I promise he'll never order you  
to shoot a 14-year-old girl.

The remark catches her off-guard.

MARISA  
My military files are sealed.

BOSLEY  
I've got "mad hacking skills",  
remember?  
(beat)  
Court Martial Tribunal ruled that  
if you'd fired when ordered, three  
soldiers in your squad would still  
be alive.

Marisa hesitates, bitter memories swirling.

MARISA  
I studied suicide bombers -- that  
girl didn't fit the profile. With  
that one decision... my career was  
roadkill.

BOSLEY  
Look at this as your second chance.

She's still skeptical.

BOSLEY  
You know why Charlie calls the  
women who work for him Angels?  
(off her shrug)  
Because they show up when you least  
expect it but when you need them  
the most.

Bosley's cell phone suddenly RINGS.

BOSLEY  
(re: cell)  
It's Charlie. Take my advice --  
answer the call.

He offers her the phone. Marisa hesitates, then takes the  
phone. As she hits accept...

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TOWNSEND AGENCY - DAY

Abby, Kate, Marisa and Bosley huddle around the Box.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Ivanov has agreed to turn state's evidence. She's already given the FBI and INTERPOL a list of Rodrigo's clients past and present. They're making arrests as we speak.

KATE

What about the girls he trafficked?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I'm working to ensure they all find safe homes and that the runaways are reunited with their families.

ABBY

Gloria can finally rest in peace.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I've established a scholarship fund in her name to pay for their education -- every second chance deserves a helping hand.

MARISA

Somewhere out there she's smiling.

KATE

Those girls couldn't have picked a better patron.

They share a silent moment of remembrance.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

They have you three Angels to thank for their lives.

ABBY

Three?

All turn to Marisa.

MARISA

Charlie gave me the heavy-duty recruitment speech. I liked what I heard, but I told him no deal without your guys' blessing.

BOSLEY

You've got my vote.

KATE

Mine too.

Abby considers Marisa, cracks a smile and extends her hand.

ABBY

Just remember we earn our wings  
together.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Welcome to the Angels, Marisa.

ABBY

This calls for a celebration and I  
know the perfect place.

KATE

Why doesn't that surprise me.

ABBY

(teasing)  
Care to join us, Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Not today, Angels. But know I'm  
always a phone call away.

The CAMERA DIVES INTO the Box and begins a dazzling CG fiber-optic journey. It finally BULLETS OUT through the mouthpiece of Charlie's phone.

INT. LIBRARY - TOWNSEND MANSION - DAY

Masked in afternoon shadow, Charlie disconnects and crosses to admire the painting of the three pre-Raphaelite angels. This is the first time we GET A LOOK at Charlie's face. Enigmatic. Wise. Haunted. A story yet to be told.

SMASH CUT TO:

BEGIN MULTISCREEN:

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DUSK

HELICOPTER SHOT FINDS a '76 baby-blue Mercedes. The top's down and Abby, Kate and Marisa are dressed to party. They're rocking out to an insanely INFECTIOUS SONG -- new friends ready for a new beginning. One by one, the MULTISCREENS SLIDE AWAY, leaving A SIMPLE BLACK FRAME and we...

FADE OUT.

THE END