

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

Episode #103

"Angels in Chains"

by

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"Angels in Chains"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY

A Gulfstream G-650 jet BLASTS through puffy white clouds... beauty-passing across the sky before descending toward:

EXT. SMALL REGIONAL AIRPORT - CUBA - DAY

A backwater airport near a small beach town. *La Estrella Solitaria* - the Cuban Flag - flutters over a heat-hazed tarmac dotted by quonset huts and exposed tanks of jet fuel.

The jet touches down - DUSTING UP before ROLLING TO A STOP.

Engines still WHIRRING, the G-650's door OPENS. A ramp DESCENDS with a sleek hydraulic WHOOSH.

A UNIFORMED CUBAN SECURITY GUARD slinging an AK-47 RUSHES toward the plane as ABBY, EVE, and KATE descend the ramp: dolled up in Emilio Pucci sundresses, carrying Hartmann luggage, sporting sun hats and chunky Prada shades: acting like ugly Americans.

ABBY'S VOICE

CUBA LIBRE!

CUBAN GUARD

ALTO! Un momento señoritas!

(off the looks)

Pasaportes y visas?

Abby fans out THREE CRISP HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS:

ABBY

Sorry about the passport photos.
Bad hair day.

CUBAN GUARD

(a satisfied grin)

Not at all. I think they are beautiful. *Bienvenidas a Cuba.*

The Guard waves the Angels past - and Eve's eyes WIDEN:

EVE

Is that our ride? Sweet.

REVEAL A BEAUTIFUL 1969 CADILLAC DEVILLE RAGTOP

ABBY

Courtesy of Ben Franklin. Let's ride ladies, we have mojitos and miles of beach to drink them in!

Abby TOSSES her bag in the back. Kate and Eve follow. Eve LEAPS into the driver's seat and HITS the ignition.

KATE

Woo-hoo!

Eve SLAMS the throttle. The DeVille PEELS away... and as the dust cloud DISSIPATES and the G-650 taxis away: REVEAL A DINGY JEEP creeping to where the DeVille stood.

Aboard: MEN IN THE BLUE UNIFORMS OF THE *POLICIA NACIONAL REVOLUCIONARIA*. Cuban National Police.

The BOSS PNR watches through mirrorshades, then:

BOSS PNR

Siganlas.

As the PNR Jeep moves past the tarmac... following...

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Angels PLOUGH THE ROAD and talk on cell speakerphone to CHARLIE:

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Are you on schedule, Angels?

ABBY

Retracing all of our client's steps.

KATE

Made a big splash at the airport. Threw money around. Now we're on our way to the hotel where Tess Walters checked into before she vanished.

EVE

And thanks for the sweet ride.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's important that you stay conspicuous.

ABBY

Yeah, we're not exactly blending in.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Tess' parents are counting on us to bring her out safe and sound. Follow the plan we laid out and trust no one, Angels. You're now illegal aliens now. You may only be ninety miles away from the States, but you couldn't be less welcome.

And off that foreboding remark:

EXT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - DAY

Art Deco circa 1958 - with a large front portico with outdoor cafe tables. The DeVille SQUEAL-STOPS before a shabby VALET.

KATE

This place is ah-dorable - right?

Eve steps out of the DeVille and hands over the keys:

EVE

Here you go, *caballero*.

ABBY

Come on, ladies. That rum isn't drinking itself!

Abby drags her roll-aboard to:

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

The Angels are a blur of designer color among Spanish- and Slavic-speakers. GABRIEL REYES - an obsequious clerk in a crisp guayabera - sizes up Abby as she stands at the desk.

ABBY

Three to check in and ready to party!

GABRIEL REYES

Very well. Why don't you and your friends leave your bags and enjoy a mojito while we prepare the rooms?

EXT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - PORTICO CAFE - DAY

Eve and Kate lift mojitos from a tray held by a WAITER as Abby steps up, taking hers and throwing a dollar on the tray:

ABBY
Fa-bu-lous!

He EXITS, the Angels drop the rich-bitch act:

KATE
Survey all the escape routes yet?

ABBY
Hotel's not the worry. It's
fleeing the totalitarian police
state after we rescue our client.

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Gabriel Reyes watches the Angels through the front entrance
as he DIALS UP A PHONE, then:

GABRIEL REYES
Perfectas. Tres. Ya estan aqui.

FOLLOW GABRIEL'S HAND under the desk, where he SLIPS a BAGGIE
FULL OF WHITE POWDER into one of the Angels' Hartmann bags.

EXT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - CAFE AREA - DAY

The Angels put down their still-full mojitos to see Gabriel -
at the entrance with a luggage cart, Hartmanns piled on top:

GABRIEL REYES
Señoritas!

ABBY
Time to see our suites! Come on!

The Angels turn to Gabriel, but before they can take a step:

The PNR Jeep ROARS onto the rotunda, DISGORGING MACHINE GUN-
TOTING PNRs!

PNR #1
Alto - señoras! Nadie se mueva!

Boss PNR watches as his men SURROUND the Angels. Do the
Angels kick their asses? Bust out guns? No:

ABBY
What's happening?

EVE
What are they saying?

PNR #2
Las maletas! Agarren las maletas!

KATE

Are they arresting us?

BOSS PNR steps up and KICKS one of the Hartmanns - the baggie SLIDES out of the pocket and SPILLS white everywhere.

BOSS PNR

Cocaina.

Machine-guns point up. PNRs MANHANDLE the Angels. Words like *EN EL PISO! MANOS ARRIBA! NADIE SE MUEVA!* Cafe tables and chairs OVERTURN. The cuffs come out:

EVE

What the hell? What the hell?

KATE

Let me go!

The Angels KICK AND FLAIL like socialites with absolutely no combat training. A crowd GATHERS.

A VAN appears, doors SLAM OPEN. The PNRs drag the SQUEALING Angels in - and who steps into this? A MAN IN A WHITE SUIT:

MAN IN A WHITE SUIT

'ta bien! 'ta bien! Soy un abogado!

REVEAL that the man is BOSLEY, looking every bit the Latino gentleman - picking a business card from his pocket:

BOSLEY

I'm a lawyer.

Bosley holds out his card - **JUAN BOSLEY - ABOGADO** - and gets it to Eve before the van doors SLAM shut.

BOSS PNR

Vamonos.

Off Bosley, ENGULFED IN DUST as his Angels get CARTED AWAY.

NEW ANGLE ON BOSLEY

Through a DSLR. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Bosley's image FREEZES IN THE CAMERA eye every time the shutter CLICKS.

The take-home? Someone is watching John Bosley... whatever they are up to, it's going to get even more complicated.

SHUTTER CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

EXT. CUBA - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Dust clouds BILLOW. The sun BEATS DOWN mercilessly. As the Jeep leads the van down a Cuban dirt road:

REVEAL THE FRONT GATE OF PRISION DE Val Verde:

OPENING to give a TERRIFYING GLIMPSE OF THE BUILDING inside: a Castro-era monolith in brutalist concrete.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

The orange sun creeps through the opening doors, REVEALING the Angels, PERP-WALKING TOWARD CAMERA and looking up to see:

WARDEN GLORIA GALVEZ.

Everyone's nightmare of vicious authority: the least desirable qualities of a Catholic school Mother Superior, DMV floor manager and SS *Sturmbannfuhrer* wrapped up in the tan uniform of a Cuban revolutionary military officer.

Warden Galvez LOOKS THE GIRLS UP AND DOWN. They look away like scared-shitless tourists.

WARDEN GALVEZ
Bienvenidas a Cuba.

RIP! The Guards TEAR OFF THE ANGELS' PRETTY DRESSES. And as Emilio Pucci hits cold concrete floor:

MONTAGE:

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SHOWERS - DAY

Abby - stripped down to her underwear - SMASHES against a tile wall.

A HIGH PRESSURE STREAM of water DRIVES Abby hard into the tiled corner.

FOLLOWED by KATE - SPLOOSH!

And then EVE.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - PROCESSING AREA - DAY

Three DENIM UNIFORMS thunk onto the now-dry Angels' arms, handed over by a VERY SURLY FEMALE QUARTERMASTER, then:

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The girls get mugged and tagged in: hair matted, faces bleary, expressions of despair.

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - YARD - DAY

TRACK ACROSS a vista of CHAINS, SHOVELS and PICKAXES - in the hands of HARDENED FEMALE INMATES forced to do construction and maintenance on the main building.

Among this group of stone-faced badasses, FIND THE ANGELS, in chains, walked across by ARMED GUARDS.

The overbearing heat warps everything as the inmates LOOK UP to see the Angels pass by in their too-tight denim uniforms.

Galvez steps in to FACE THEM - flanked by more ARMED GUARDS.

WARDEN GALVEZ

You are here because you are enemies of the Revolution. Foreigners. Illegal aliens. You will pay your debt in hard work and obedience. You have no rights. Obey and live, disobey and suffer.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - CELL BLOCK HALLWAY - DAY

Armed Guards follow the Warden, and Angels to a security CELL BLOCK GATE by a GUARD STATION. The Warden NODS.

The gate OPENS, but before the Angels enter the block:

BOSLEY'S VOICE

Son mis clientas!

EVERYONE SPINS to see Bosley behind an entrance gate:

WARDEN GALVEZ

Who the hell is this?

BOSLEY

Juan Bosley - attorney -

WARDEN GALVEZ

These women have no right to your services.

The Guards grab Bosley. He struggles back:

BOSLEY

Wait! I must be allowed to -

WARDEN GALVEZ

Remove him.

BOSLEY

I am in international law, in the
Bufete Colectivo in Santiago - I'm
a member of the party -

WARDEN GALVEZ

This is none of your business.

BOSLEY

- the committee will hear of this.

WARDEN GALVEZ

Maybe they'll hear about a *metiche*
from Santiago who's a little too
interested in foreigners.

Abby busts out a serious SORORITY GIRL FREAKOUT: breaking
free and THROWING herself at the gate holding Bosley back.

ABBY

GET ME OUT OF HERE! PLEASE! I DON'T
BELONG HERE! GET ME OUT!

BOSLEY

I can protect you.

CLOSE ON HER AND BOSLEY'S HANDS

Expertly exchanging something under a subterfuge of panic.

WARDEN GALVEZ

Enough.
(re: Bosley)
Throw him out.

Everyone not in uniform gets DRAGGED AWAY by Guards.

OFF the EXCHANGE OF LOOKS between Bosley and Abby - her fist
LOCKED around whatever he gave her.

SMASH CUT TO:

A LADLE-FUL OF BROWN SLOP - THROWN ONTO A TIN BOWL AT

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - MESS HALL - DAY

Cradling tray, bowl and spoon, Abby steps away from the
ladling station - and the portly COOK (SANTOS) serving from a
pair of massive stock pots and heads to the far end of this
large, decrepit room - outfitted with rows of wooden tables
and benches.

FOLLOW ABBY'S P.O.V.

The space is crowded with inmates. Armed Guards sneer from every corner.

The locals check Abby out with mean and hungry eyes: not a single sympathetic glance in the entire room.

ABBY FINDS EVE AND KATE: individually - making their way through the surly crowd to the empty corner of a table.

All three MAKE EYE CONTACT AND NOD.

They sit. Abby lays her hand on the rough surface - then withdraw to REVEAL four small electronic earbuds.

ABBY

From our Cuban lawyer.
(points to her ears)
Extras in case you encounter the client. 800 foot range. The signal travels through concrete.

Kate and Eve slip buds into their ears, looking around to make sure none of the guards catches their activity. The three talk quickly. In hushed tones:

EVE

Learn anything your first night?

ABBY

Only that the roaches here are only slightly smaller than Harvey.
(off the looks)
My multi-poo when I was twelve.

KATE

No one's put eyes on Tess Walters since we got here?

HEAD-SHAKES all around.

ABBY

Not good. Framed American girls framed should be as conspicuous around here -

EVE

- as we are?

KATE

And just as welcome. No one talks.

EVE

Tell me about it. Not a lot of *Radio Bemba* in this place.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
 (off the looks)
 Cuban for "gossip." I tried
 chatting up the girl in the next
 cell, she said shut up or I'd be
 thrown in the hole.

Abby tries a spoonful of slop, makes a face and digs
 something from her mouth: a twig.

ABBY
 Solitary.
 (off the twig)
 Ew.

KATE
 This place isn't big enough for
 more than the few hundred. If we
 can't spot her in gen-pop, they
 must have put her in the hole.

EVE
 Our recon found only one solitary
 block. Just a few cells.

ABBY
 But not a lot of time. Our inside
 man springs us at 11:45 tonight.

KATE
 Charlie gave Tess Walters' parents
 his word. We need to search.
 Abby, you're the breakout queen,
 you going to be ready?

ABBY
 Do Grey Goose and pomegranate taste
 like candy?

KATE
 (to Eve)
 It's up to us to find Tess.

EVE
 Guys. I've been to prison.

KATE
 Didn't want to rub it in.

EVE
 Prisons are all the same. I know
 what to do.
 (stands, shouts)
 WHORE! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

In one SEAMLESS MOVE, Eve SLAMS her tray into Abby's face!
Abby FALLS BACK, cradling her forehead.

ABBY
OW! MY FACE!

KATE
(getting it immediately)
BITCH! I NEVER WANTED TO SEE CUBA!

Kate THROWS her slop at Eve. She ducks. The slop SPLASHES on the LARGE WOMAN SITTING BEHIND HER along with her posse.

LARGE WOMAN
ESTUPIDA!

Large Woman's posse shouts INSULTS IN SPANISH - Large Woman STANDS, along with two of her own gang - and LUNGES AT KATE.

Kate PUNCHES the Large Woman in the face. Large Woman's gang POUNCES - GRABBING AT EVE AND KATE.

Abby - a cut on her forehead - RISES AND CONNECTS WITH A PUNCH TO ONE OF LARGE WOMAN'S GANG.

A vicious, nasty fight the sadistic guards ENJOY - until:

BANG! WARDEN GALVEZ FIRES HER GUN INTO THE AIR.

The other inmates SCRAM.

A SILENCE that could drive sane men to madness DESCENDS through a haze of gunsmoke on the Angels... as does Warden Galvez's dagger of a stare.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - INFIRMARY - DAY

From Abby's handcuffed wrist, TILT UP to FIND her under the care of the PRISON DOCTOR. Stubble-faced, sweaty and creepy, Prison Doctor swabs the small cut on Abby's forehead and applies an adhesive bandage.

As his hand moves, over her face, the vintage *Cuervo y Sobrinos* watch on his wrist occasionally catches the light.

PRISON DOCTOR
Pretty girl like you should be careful. A disfigurement to your face could land you in a work crew.

ABBY
What do you mean?
(off his silence)
I'm afraid. Please tell me.

The doctor lets out a creepy smile and turns to a sink - pulling off the *Cuervo y Sobrinos* washing his hands.

Abby reaches into her mouth and pulls out the twig, with which she goes to work on the cuffs lock.

PRISON DOCTOR

It's better to be beautiful here
than strong. If you want to live.

The cuffs SNAP open. Abby approaches, stealthily, summoning tears, doing her best impersonation of a frightened *ingenue*.

ABBY

Tell me how to survive. Please.
(broken Spanish)
Por favor. Digame. Ayudeme.

The doctor TURNS and starts at the sight of her. Abby YELPS and RECOILS into a nearby counter, WRACKING with sobs.

PRISON DOCTOR

Las esposas! How did you get out?

ABBY

Please!

Prison Doctor grabs Abby's arm and helps her to her feet.

PRISON DOCTOR

You need to return to your cell.
GUARD! *GUARDIA!*

An Armed Guard BURSTS in through the infirmary door and collects Abby - taking her away... failing to notice the tweezers, forceps and wristwatch she has lifted from the counter and is CONCEALING in her clothes.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SOLITARY WARD - DAY

Dank. Dark. Only a few cells. Kate and Eve are DRIVEN IN HARD by a pair of guards. Each THROWS an Angel into a cell.

SPLITSCREEN:

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SOLITARY - DAY

Both women recover quickly from the body-check - waiting for the CLUNK of the closing block gate. Kate scrambles to her knees, turning to the next cell, Eve does the same.

CLUNK! The block gate CLOSES. The Angels speak in whispers - only loud enough to be heard through the walls.

KATE

Tess Walters. Are you here?

EVE

Tess. If you're here, make a sound.

Nothing. Kate and Eve each take a beat, then.

KATE

Your parents asked us to deliver a message.

EVE

They want you to close your eyes and picture Lake Powell...

KATE

... blue water. The houseboat. Summers spent waterskiing behind the red wooden racing boat.

EVE

Jordan's face. All red in the sun.

KATE

You can have all of that back if you make a sound.

Another silent beat. Then... KNOCK.

Kate produces a spoon from the mess hall... and as she goes to work on the rotting wall between her and Tess' cell.

END SPLITSCREEN.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - TESS'S CELL - DAY

Kate's spoon BREAKS THROUGH - then retracts and returns with an earbud in the well.

KATE (V.O.)

Put this in your ear.

A hand reaches for the spoon and takes the earbud:

REVEAL TESS WALTERS - 20's and scared shitless in prison duds. She's sweaty and dirty, been here a while.

SPLITSCREEN:

The three women converse in very hushed tones - all FILTERED in the CRACKLING static of the earbuds.

TESS
Who are you?

KATE
We're here to help.

EVE
Private detectives hired by your
parents to get you out.

KATE
They love you, Tess. They want
their baby daughter back.

Tess shuts her eyes, hot tears welling, then streaming.

TESS
I want to go home.

KATE
Are you ready to do everything we
tell you to do?

TESS
You don't know what happens here...

KATE
You need to trust us - do what we
tell you to. Can you do that?

Tess is in her own place now: overcome by grief and shame.

TESS
... the things they make us do.

KATE
There's help waiting in the States.

TESS
This isn't the only prison... this
is just the place they put you when
you don't want to -

EVE
Don't want to what, Tess?

TESS
- they force us. They let them
have us. Make us do things.

KATE
With the guards. They make you
have sex with the guards.

TESS

No. It's worse. So much worse.

Tess clutches her legs, crying softly in the dark.

OFF Kate and Eve - taking in the dark implications of that statement.

END SPLITSCREEN.

EXT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

BOSLEY (V.O.)

My preparations don't concern you,
Mister Santos, just make sure
you're in position and on time.

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - BOSLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bosley sits in his sweltering Cuban hotel room, gun on the table next to his moustache and a vial of spirit gum, tapping away on his laptop. The overhead fan swings lazily, doing little to dispel the tropical heat.

ON THE MONITOR

A HIGH-TECH SCHEMATIC OF THE PRISON - and a Skype image of SANTOS: the heavy-set cook seen in the mess hall!

SANTOS

I hope these *Angeles* of yours are
as good as you say.

BOSLEY

They're better. They memorized the prison plans you provided, along with everything you said about the personnel and the hours they keep. They will be at the prison kitchen at 11:45PM - you will take them to the service entrance at midnight - and you'd better not let them down.

SANTOS

Dinner time ended two hours ago. I am cleaning up and preparing for tomorrow. The guards change shifts at midnight. I'll only have minutes to let you out - and if we're late? These guards are killers with uniforms.

BOSLEY

I will be there with the prison food van and that will be the last you ever hear of us. *Fantasma*s.

SANTOS

And my payment?

Bosley pushes a button on the laptop. A window opens on screen - MONEY TRANSFER COMPLETE.

BOSLEY

Half now, half on completion, *Señor Santos*. Don't fail me.

Bosley CLICKS OFF the Skype window... then puts his feet up, reaches for a cigar and a gold cutter - SNAP - but as he lights a long wooden match off the table surface...

FRITZ! The laptop SWITCHES OFF. The lazy fan STOPS.

Bosley puts the cigar in an ashtray and reaches for his gun:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't even.

Bosley lets the gun swing on his finger by the trigger guard and puts it down on the desk as he turns to see:

SAMANTHA "SAM" MASTERS - STANDING AT THE OPEN DOOR

Early 30's. Pretty. Wearing a Hemingway cap. Holding a GLOCK-22.

SAMANTHA

John Bosley. AKA Juan Bosley, AKA David Brankle, AKA Ronald Briggs...
(shuts the door with foot)
... AKA the slipperiest black hat hacker ever to take down a 58 million dollar score with laptop.

It's all Bosley can do to hold on to his cool.

BOSLEY

Samantha Masters. Formerly of the CIA.

SAMANTHA

Not formerly.

BOSLEY

I was afraid you were going to say that.

SAMANTHA

At least try to be surprised to see me.

BOSLEY

(cool but means it)

Oh. I'm shocked and horrified.

SAMANTHA

You should be. Whatever you're doing - I'm here to stop you.

And OFF Bosley... his face making it clear that this is not part of a con, part of the plan, or part of the deal...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON THE FACE OF BOSLEY'S WATCH - 11:00PM - AT

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - BOSLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bosley sits on the bed, trying to play cool as he looks to Samantha... on an easy chair, gun still trained on her prey:

SAMANTHA

Third time you've checked your watch. Where do you have to be?

BOSLEY

Sam. How many times must I remind you that we're illegal aliens in a country with no diplomatic ties or extradition to the United States?

SAMANTHA

As many as I'm going to remind you that I have the gun.

BOSLEY

There is that.

SAMANTHA

I could bust a slug in you and no one in Cuba's going to care. Or you could tell me why you're here.

BOSLEY

I like mojitos. And *timba* music.

Samantha points to his fake business cards.

SAMANTHA

With the junior secret agent cover? Nuh-uh. I know you paid a local mechanic five large to use his van.

BOSLEY

I overpaid. Crapmobile. Stripped for parts. Won't start reliably.

SAMANTHA

I know you've been using a satlink, monitoring police frequencies... and that you have accomplices.

Samantha reaches into her pocket and FLINGS a handful of photos at Bosley: IMAGES OF HIM AND THE ANGELS.

BOSLEY

You've gotten better since Prague.

SAMANTHA

You've gotten worse. There isn't a single bank account in this god-forsaken spit of land with the kind of cash you're used to stealing.

BOSLEY

I was redistributing wealth.

SAMANTHA

Wanna keep yammering? I got all night. Wanna come clean? I'm listening.

Bosley shifts. She's not letting go. This is not good.

CUT TO:

THE FACE OF A VINTAGE *CUERVO Y SOBRINOS* WATCH AT

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - ABBY'S CELL - NIGHT

11:05 PM. Abby STRAPS ON the watch, turns to the bed: she has PULLED APART the tools from the infirmary into LOCKPICKS tricked out with thread and cloth from her blankets.

Abby STASHES the tools into her clothes, save for two. She approaches the cell door and looks out into:

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - CELL BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Empty. Dead quiet. Retrofitted scaffolding to hold it up. Lamps on chains hang in a row over the hallway.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - ABBY'S CELL - NIGHT

She picks the lock from the outside - then closes her eyes, and quietly hums the Rihanna song *Disturbia* (or something by a Sony Music artist of equal stature and lesser expense).

ABBY

Dum-dum-dee-dumdumdum-de-dum-dum...

CLICK. The lock gives. She smiles and stashes the picks.

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - CELL BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abby opens her door only as far to slip out... then keeps her back against the bars as she QUIETLY lets it close... until:

THE SQUEEEEEEEEEAAAAAK! of the opening cell block gate.

SPLITSCREEN:

With a GUARD opening the cell block gate - he's around a corner from Abby's hallway JUST out of eyeshot.

Abby SCANS her options.

The Guard SLAMS the gate shut and glances at the DESK GUARD before making his way around the corner to the cell block.

END SPLITSCREEN.

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - CELL BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Guard SHINES HIS LIGHT into the cells - Abby is nowhere to be seen. He has no reason for suspicion. He makes his rounds, casually shining his flashlight into the cells...

... including Abby's, which features a reasonably human-like LUMP in the bed... the Guard moves on, no reason to worry.

TILT UP TO REVEAL ABBY - very quietly perched on a lamp - feet on the shade, hanging on to the chain.

The Guard makes an about-face at a second gate at the end of the cell block - this one unattended - and heads back.

And off Abby... a smile creeping onto her face:

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - KATE'S CELL - NIGHT

Kate sits back to the wall, eyes closed. Her earbug CRACKLES.

TESS (V.O.)

Kate. It's Tess. I'm scared.

SPLITSCREEN:

BETWEEN KATE AND TESS.

KATE

Don't be. Abby'll be here soon.

TESS

What if she isn't? What if they've already done something to her? The guards will come for us. They'll take us to the place.

INTERCUT EVE:

EVE

No one's taking us anywhere.

TESS
I don't want them to put their
hands on me again.

KATE
Not on my watch, Tess.

The door to the cell block opens.

TESS
It's them. It's them.

END SPLITSCREEN.

And INTERCUT between Kate, Eve and Tess... tension building
as FOOTFALLS fill the block...

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SOLITARY - KATE'S CELL - NIGHT

A GUARD opens the door and sticks his head in:

GUARD
*Buenas noches, trigueñita.
Necesitamos sus servicios.*

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SOLITARY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Three GUARDS walk Eve, Kate and Tess down the hallway.

GUARD
Alante. Apurense.

TESS
They're going to take us out of
here. They're going to take us to
that house.

EVE
It's going to be fine.

GUARD
Silencio.

TESS
It's over. We're just going to
have to cooperate.

GUARD
(drawing his billy club)
SILENCIO!

Eve and Kate exchange quick nods - and then:

KATE

We. Don't. Cooperate.

The Angels WHIRL and UNLEASH AN APOCALYPSE OF HAND TO HAND ULTRAVIOLENCE.

KATE

Palm-strikes Billy Club's face.

EVE

HAYMAKERS her guard, SPINNING the momentum into a jab with her other fist.

TESS' GUARD

Reaches for his gun only to be BACK-KICKED by Kate: he REELS against the wall.

TESS RECOILS

Taking the fetal in a corner.

ROUND TWO: Kate's guard CONNECTS with her side. She replies with a VICIOUS JAB and TRIP that puts him down decisively.

Eve wastes no time with a KNEE TO HER GUARD'S GROIN and a second hit to his face.

He's out... but the third guard... he's RECOVERED IN TIME TO DRAW HIS SIDEARM.

THIRD GUARD

NO SE MUEVAN!

Eve and Kate face the guard - well out of range:

ABBY STEPS UP FROM THE SHADOWS

SLAPS the gun from his hand, SIDESTEPS into his combat space and SLAMS! the back of his head into the brick wall.

So that's done with.

The Angels methodically STRIP the guards of their weapons and stuff them into the solitary block:

ABBY

Get tired of waiting?

KATE

Guards took us out for some playtime.

Eve takes the Guards' watches - TOSSES one over to Kate.

ABBY

Geez. What is it with prison?

Eve looks up to find that she's on the hook for that answer:

EVE

Why are you all looking at me?

ABBY

11:10. Mainlines are crawling with guards. It's going to be back roads and service corridors.

EVE

We make it there in thirty-five?

Kate steps up to Tess, gently helping her to her feet.

KATE

Inside man's going to be there.
So's Bosley. What's the alternative?

CUT TO:

BOSLEY'S WATCH - READING 11:15 PM - AT

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - BOSLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bosley hasn't moved. Neither has Samantha.

BOSLEY

Are you going to make me beg.

SAMANTHA

Not part of the plan but I'd be lying if I said I didn't like the sound of it.

Bosley needs to make the only move left. Time to come clean:

BOSLEY

What if I said lives are at stake?

Samantha SMILES - alluring, mischievous: this made more so by her walking to a credenza, uncorking a bottle with her teeth and pouring a drink while keeping Bosley in the crosshairs.

SAMANTHA

I'd say you're getting desperate and just gave away something you didn't want to. Tell me more.

BOSLEY

I don't owe you anything. You were hunting me. I got away.

SAMANTHA

(wolfing the drink)

That's not the play, Bos. I'm not some bird you met in a bar - and you're a wanted criminal.

BOSLEY

Criminals run.

SAMANTHA

I got demoted because you ran -

BOSLEY

- because you failed to catch me.

SAMANTHA

- to the worst duty station in the western hemisphere. No support. No infrastructure. Just sitting around swilling crappy rum waiting for not one, but two stinkin' Castro brothers to kick the bucket. That's my life since John Bosley.

Bosley stands: nothing to lose for telling the truth.

BOSLEY

I'm not a criminal anymore. I work for a private detective agency run by Charles Townsend. Say his name to your superiors - they'll recognize it. We came to exfiltrate an American citizen. A girl, Tess Walters, who's being held illegally at Val Verde prison. My team got themselves incarcerated to find her. If I'm not there - in my crappy rental van - in thirty minutes to get them - they're all going to become permanent residents.

Samantha wavers. Can she afford to trust John Bosley?

SAMANTHA

I don't believe you.

BOSLEY

Yes you do. And you want out of the CIA dog house.

(MORE)

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Turning me in might just do that -
 (leans forward)
 - but if you want into the honor
 roll, you can help rescue an
 American hostage from the last old-
 school commie dictatorship in the
 Americas and let her wealthy
 parents write a letter to your
 superiors about it.

Samantha regards Bosley's earnest expression, then:

SAMANTHA

You really think flashing me those
 big brown eyes makes us BFF's?

BOSLEY

Let. Me. Go.

SAMANTHA

No.

BOSLEY

Then make your play.

SAMANTHA

Fine. I drive the van.

And off Bosley, realizing he has a god-damn partner:

CUT TO:

KATE'S FIST - CONNECTING WITH A GUARD'S FACE AT

INT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - HALLWAY TO THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

THUNK! The Guard HITS THE DECK.

EVE

Angels four. Cuba zero.

And then the CLICK of an opening door. The Angels snap-look
 at one another - take fighting stances...

... and then the door OPENS to REVEAL Santos. The Angels
 stand their ground:

SANTOS

I was sent by Mister Bosley. I am
 here to help.

And off the collective SIGH OF RELIEF:

INT. CRAPMOBILE CUBAN VAN - NIGHT

Bosley rides shotgun. Samantha drives.

BOSLEY

Slow down and kill the lights.
We're getting close. We stash the
van in those trees and walk the
rest of the way.

SAMANTHA

This look like my first barbecue?

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A door on the outer wall of the building BURSTS open to
reveal Santos - leading the Angels into a DARKENED COURTYARD.

SANTOS

Por aqui - por aqui!

And as Santos leads out the Angels:

SPLITSCREEN:

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - FENCE-LINE - NIGHT

Bosley and Samantha approach, lifting night-vision binos.

BOSLEY

On their way. Come on. Come on.

OPEN SPLIT ON NIGHT VISION P.O.V.

To see the Angels SKULKING across the courtyard with Santos
at the head... and then BANG!

Santos' chest ERUPTS in a spray of blood. Tess SCREAMS.

BOSLEY'S NIGHT-VISION FLOODS WITH WHITE.

He WHIPS OFF the goggles.

THE ANGELS

Are SURROUNDED: first by a CASCADE OF PRISON SPOTLIGHTS, then
by GUARDS - a dozen - brandishing *Kalashnikovs*.

WARDEN GALVEZ STEPS INTO THE SPOTLIGHT.

WARDEN GALVEZ

You think we're third world? Think
we don't monitor radio frequencies?
(MORE)

WARDEN GALVEZ (CONT'D)
Internet traffic? Hand over the
earbuds.

Guards GRAB the Angels and bring them to their knees... and
as they comply with Galvez and hand over the earbuds.

BOSLEY

REACHES FOR HIS GUN - but Samantha grabs his wrist:

SAMANTHA
Dozen men with AK's versus two of
us. We can't win this one.

BOSLEY
We have to try.

SAMANTHA
Stand down.

Bosley knows she's right... and as he does what she orders:

WARDEN GALVEZ GETS IN THE ANGELS' FACES

WARDEN GALVEZ
You think you can come to my prison
- private detectives who took a
couple of karate classes in Miami?
Think you can break this house? We
break women like you every day, and
you're going to to find out how.

Galvez walks away from the Angels, then nods to the Guards
standing behind each of them:

THE TASERS COME OUT

And each of the Angels gets the BLUE BOLT TO THE NECK. Their
bodies WILT and FALL.

END SPLITSCREEN ON BOSLEY.

Barely containing his anger.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Bosley and Samantha PROWL THE FENCE, avoiding spotlights.

SAMANTHA

Bosley. We walked the fence. It's over. No play here tonight.

BOSLEY

We just haven't found it yet.

SAMANTHA

And then? Rush in with two handguns and 16 bullets against guards packing military ordnance? I get it, you care about your team, but you can't just -

BOSLEY

Were you this pig-headed at Tower?

SAMANTHA

How'd you know the name of my prep school?

Bosley looks at her, gives her an I-have-the-power look.

BOSLEY

You were chasing me. You think I wasn't going to do my homework?

SAMANTHA

How much more do you know about me?

BOSLEY

Don't worry. I'll never tell.

SAMANTHA

About what?

BOSLEY

The food truck sorority prank? Girl could get kicked off the service with a record like that.

SAMANTHA

OK. I'll never tell anyone about the fat farm when you were eleven.

BOSLEY
You know about the -

SAMANTHA
I was chasing you, you think I
wasn't going to do my homework?

But before the fight can further develop, he points toward:

BOSLEY
Wait a minute - look!

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - FRONT GATES - NIGHT

A sleek Mercedes Benz van APPROACHES.

SPLITSCREEN WITH BOSLEY AND SAMANTHA:

As they BEAT A RETREAT and DROP for cover.

The van goes through the OPENING PRISON GATES and clears the short distance to the entrance before coming to a stop.

BOSLEY AND SAMANTHA GO TO NIGHT VISION

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Warden Galvez ESCORTS a group of WOMEN in chains to the van. Tess and the Angels - obviously stunned - stand among them.

BOSLEY
It's them. Where are they taking a
half dozen women at this hour?

SAMANTHA
Holy crap.

BOSLEY
What are you holy-crapping about?

A DRIVER - thick-neck, black suit, shaved head - emerges from the van - carrying a slick Israeli submachine gun.

SAMANTHA
That man.

Several more dark-suited men follow - also carrying state-of-the-art firepower. They walk the inmates into the van.

RESUME ON SAMANTHA

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Vitaly Buran. Cuban-born.
Mercenary.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Parents were military advisors from the Brezhnev era. Works as muscle for Jon Cartwright.

BOSLEY

Who's Jon Cartwright?

The van PEELS out. Bosley and Samantha drop back for cover.

END SPLITSCREEN AS BOSLEY STANDS AND TEARS ASS TO:

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Have to follow them - c'mon!

EXT. CRAPMOBILE CUBAN VAN - NIGHT

Bosley LEAPS in the driver's seat. Samantha takes shotgun:

SAMANTHA

They're heading Southwest - go!

Bosley JAMS the key in the ignition - the van SQUEALS like a sow giving birth - then a DULL POP and a trickle of smoke.

BOSLEY

No! Dammit! No!

Bosley SLAMS his fist into the dash as the van dies in slow, agonizing throes. Then silence. Crickets.

SAMANTHA

At least you weren't lying about the rental.

CUT TO:

THE MERCEDES BENZ VAN - PASSING THROUGH THE OPENING GATES OF

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Eero Saarinen lines. Frank Gehry materials. This ain't Castro's Cuba, but a future in line with Putin's Oligarchy: money and power unhinged, unchecked and unchallenged.

The van doors OPEN: men with guns led by Buran and the Warden move the girls through a door guarded by MORE MEN WITH GUNS.

INT. MANSION - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The Angels, Tess, and the others - all young and beautiful - inmates enter through a pair of opening glass doors:

EVE

You gotta be kidding.

REVEAL The ultimate cross between Academy Award gifting suite and Grace Coddington's closet at *Vogue*, if *Vogue* employed Eastern European men with Uzis to guard the *Dolce & Gabbana*.

ABBY

This is bat-guano insane.

Warden Galvez sits a mewling Tess on a Barcelona couch by a pair of double doors, draws her sidearm, and sits by her.

WARDEN GALVEZ

You're going to get clean. Make yourselves pretty. Do everything that is required. Try anything? I put one behind her ear and send her home to mommy and daddy one piece at a time. Any questions, Angels?

One of the Eastern European men undoes the irons holding the Angels. Then as they turn to face the clothes racks:

KATE

I never thought I could be this pissed off in a room full of shoes.

INT. MANSION - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The Angels are dressed to the nines - Badgeley Mischka, Herve Leger and Narciso Rodriguez cocktail dresses. Louboutin, Cesare Paciotti and Manolo shoes. Superstars.

Warden Galvez motions to the Guards: one of them lifts his Uzi, and the other:

WARDEN GALVEZ

Open the door.

As the Guard does as he's told... REVEAL:

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Opulent. The lobby of the Copenhagen SAS Hotel rebooted by the owners of Sapphire Las Vegas Gentlemen's Club. A DJ SPINS.

FAT CATS in suits and uniforms smoke cigars, swill cocktails and feast while playing cards and talking shop.

MORE GUARDS glower from a mezzanine over a staircase - other Girls, all previously seen at the *Prision* - tarted-up in high-slut-factor *fashionismo* - get dragged up by their Johns.

A man in a slick suit steps up to the Angels. Buran stands beside him: this is JON CARTWRIGHT (50s).

All straight angles, from tailored Trusardi suit and titanium glasses to the sharply white goatee over his perfectly tanned and toned skin - Cartwright is a man unafraid to show his wealth to anyone perspicacious enough to see it.

CARTWRIGHT

Gentlemen, I have new arrivals.
Feel free to sample the
merchandise. On the house tonight.

A round of APPLAUSE rises from the room.

FAT CAT#1

Thank you Mister Cartwright!

CARTWRIGHT

Que disfruten, caballeros.

ABBY

A brothel. Really?

EVE

Men.

KATE

And "Mister Cartwright?"

EVE

Must be the pimp.

Several FAT CATS stand from their chairs and APPROACH - the Angels speak quickly, quietly, all the while SMILING.

KATE

Survey all the exits yet?

Abby nods toward a CONTROL PANEL on a wall.

ABBY

Step ahead of you. Lights are on a
Lutron system. Trump had one.

(off the looks)

I stole one of his LeRoy Neimans.
What?

(back on track)

Password-protected, but I know the
back-door. If I get close, I can
make this dump dumb and blind.

KATE

I'll find a way to alert the Bos.

EVE

We get the package. I boost the van. Done and Done.

Kate sees an approaching Fat Cat - and as she SMILES:

KATE

We're not just taking the one package. Let all the girls know, we're taking all of them.

(to Fat Cat, pours it on)

Buenas noches, papito.

Kate steps away with Fat Cat... all hips and lips.

More men approach to OGLE THE ANGELS... Eve steps up to one and strokes his hair. The man leads her to a chair...

... and as Eve LOOKS BACK TO LOCK EYES WITH WARDEN GALVEZ... watching from the doors, still holding Tess at gunpoint.

INT. LUXURY BALLROOM - EASY CHAIR AND TABLE - NIGHT

Kate sits on Fat Cat's lap... a slew of shot glasses on the table. Fat Cat looks glassy, she's stone-cold sober.

The take-away? Kate has a liver like Marion Ravenwood.

KATE

Ay - un poquitito mas, papi.

Kate DOWNS a shot. Fat cats takes his, only to drop it as his body goes slack. Wasting no time, Kate throws herself at him, pretending to kiss his neck... .

... but what she is really doing is reaching into his pocket, fishing for a cellphone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISION DE VAL VERDE - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Bosley and Samantha WORK over the open hood of the van: the vehicle is every bit the crapmobile he described, down to the faded logo on the side, for PASTELES DEL CIELO.

SAMANTHA

Jon Cartwright. American Businessman. Purchased a dual citizenship with St. Kitts and Nevis so he can come here freely.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

He's been working Cuba for ten years, helping the grand-kids of Batista's cronies buy back the place through shells in Eastern Europe. When the Castros buy the collective farm, Cartwright will own construction, resorts, telecom. His Cuba's going to make Putin's Russia look like Candy Land.

BOSLEY

Know where he lives?

SAMANTHA

All twelve of his homes.

BOSLEY

We're hitting all twelve.

SAMANTHA

Soon as you start the car. Bos.

Bosley shoots her a dirty look, then: BRRRRRIIIIIING!

BOSLEY

(to Samantha)

It's them.

(clicks on his cellphone)

This is Bosley.

OPEN SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Hand in Fat Cat's pocket - the glow of a cellphone visible through fabric. Kate speaks softly:

KATE

Aqui estoy, ven, the quiero.

BOSLEY

I hear you, Kate. I'll track your signal. I'll find you.

SAMANTHA

RUSHES to the driver's seat and hits the ignition - the van BELLOWS like an asthmatic calf.

SAMANTHA

Did I mention I have a car? Back at my place? No? Wish I had.

Bosley ignores the dig, EAR TO HIS PHONE, where he hears:

WARDEN GALVEZ

LIFTING Kate's head from Fat Cat's chest:

WARDEN GALVEZ

If he's too drunk, find another. I
want you on your back in fifteen or
I cut off the *gringa's* fingers.
(indicating another man)
Him - go - now.

Kate walks Toward Fat Cat #2 - LEAVING THE LINE OPEN.

OPEN SPLITSCREEN ON EVE:

Walking a UNIFORMED FAT CAT up the STAIRS TO THE MEZZANINE -
where a THICK NECK UZI lets another GIRL by with a CLIENT.

THE VAN

Continues to make death-like RATTLES.

EVE

PUSHES her client to the wall, GROPING while making eye-
contact with Kate... who makes a sign: five fingers twice
over.

That's how long they have.

OPEN SPLITSCREEN WITH ABBY:

Fawning over a STEAK-EATING FAT CAT. She looks aside and
sees Eve, doubling Kate's signal... and then...

OPEN SPLITSCREEN WITH TESS:

On a BANQUETTE WITH CARTWRIGHT and cronies. He holds court,
keeping an arm around her. Buran GLOWERS.

As Tess makes eye contact with Kate:

END ALL SPLITSCREENS ON A VROOM!

EXT. CRAPMOBILE CUBAN VAN - NIGHT

STARTS with a lurching CRY. Bosley LEAPS into the passenger
seat and grabs his laptop as she drives.

BOSLEY

I have an open phone line. You
drive. I track the signal.

SAMANTHA
We're going to have to make a stop.

BOSLEY
We have fifteen minutes.

SAMANTHA
And I have a car: it starts on cue.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve and UNIFORMED FAT CAT tumble in. She disengages and retreats. A THICK-NECK from the hallway SLAMS the door shut.

EVE
Ven aca, mi galan!

Eve UNDOES A DRESS STRAP, steps out of her shoes.

Uniformed Fat Cat smiles, unbuttons his tunic: taken unaware when her hand SMASHES his throat. He folds with a GAGGING HACK.

INT. SMANTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Somewhere dark. She and Bosley SCAN through night-vision.

SAMANTHA
Should have known. That's how
Cartwright's buying his favors.

SPLITSCREEN:

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Abby fawns as Steak-Eating Fat Cat WOLFS DOWN dessert.

BOSLEY
Pimping out women from the prison
to his business partners.

SAMANTHA
What's the play?

BOSLEY
Wait for the batter to connect.

An additional INSERT SPLIT OPENS TO SHOW THE STEAK KNIFE she palmed, blunt side against her wrist.

Steak-Eating stands. Motioning for Abby to follow.

OPEN SPLITSCREEN ON KATE:

Starting up the stairs with her new John. Passing another GIRL on the way down. Kate leans in, *whispers*.

KATE
Sesenta segundos.

And as the Girl NODS:

ABBY PUTS THE KNIFE ON STEAK-EATING'S SIDE, UNDER HIS JACKET

ABBY
Move to the wall or I gut you.

Steak-Eating complies. Abby walks him to the LUTRON CONTROL PANEL on the wall.

She pretends to kiss him - but in fact, she is hacking the control while holding the knife to him!

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eve opens the door and GRABS A HANDFUL OF THICKNECK, dragging him inside - THUNK! THUNK! CRACK!

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Eve STRIPS the fallen guard of his weapon.

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Abby hits a last stroke on the panel. THE LIGHTS GO DOWN. Shouting. Chaos. DJ music.

KATE

SHOVES her John INTO the THICKNECK ON TOP OF THE STAIRS, then maneuvers him into an arc that sends both TUMBLING down.

ABBY

BASHES Steak-Eating against the wall. He's out.

ABBY
Afuera! Mujeres afuera! Vamonos!

EVE

Steps out of the room and FIRES OVER THE THICKNECKS.

FEMALE SCREAMS. Other doors FLY OPEN. GIRLS rush out to ESCAPE!

EXT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Bosley puts down the night-vision binos.

BOSLEY

Play ball.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

And SAMANTHA's car - REVEALED TO BE a state-of-the art HUMMER - CRASHES through the front gates!

Before the Hummer stops, Bosley opens his door, LEAPS OUT and puts down suppressing pistol-fire on the guards!

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Kate spots Buran: HUSTLING both Cartwright and Tess away, so she RACES down the stairs...

... only to find a FACEFUL of WARDEN GALVEZ!

Kate UNLOADS. It's vicious. The women travel across the floor, TRADING BLOWS that would make *Ip Man* cry uncle.

EVE

DESCENDS THE STAIRS to see Jon Cartwright, getting away with:

EVE

Tess!

Buran levels his submachine-gun and OPENS FIRE on Eve - who runs for the entrance as Tess disappears through a door:

KATE

Finally delivers a KNOCKOUT BLOW to Galvez - and looks up to see Tess being taken away.

Eve catches up to Kate - along with a LINE OF GUNFIRE HITTING THE WALL BESIDE HER. And as both women run:

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Abby BURSTS out, squiring a half-dozen TRAFFICKED WOMEN:

ABBY

In the car! Go! Go!

Samantha JUMPS OUT of the Hummer, TOSSING BOSLEY A NEW CLIP - which he catches with practiced efficiency as she opens the rear gate of the Hummer to let the women in.

SAMANTHA

Entren! Entren!

Eve and Kate follow - but Eve's about to do an about face:

EVE

I'm getting Tess!

The door to the house opens to REVEAL a VERITABLE ARMY OF THICKNECKS, who lift their weapons and ALMOST open fire...

BUT FOR BOSLEY

EMPTYING HIS CLIP - causing them to retreat!

BOSLEY

GET IN THE TRUCK! NOW!

The Thicknecks rally and RETURN FIRE!

Having no other choice, Eve JUMPS into the Hummer.

Samantha HITS THE ACCELERATOR.

OFF THE ANGELS, the wrenching choice clear on their faces:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SAMANTHA'S CIA HUMVEE - DAWN

TEARING UP back-roads as the sun dawn over Castro's Cuba.

KATE (O.S.)

We need to go back. We need to get
our client.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CIA HUMVEE - NIGHT

Samantha DRIVES. Bosley checks his clip. Eve, Kate and Abby
sit closest to front. The rescued girls sit in the back.

BOSLEY

We're off-plan and schedule with
six more mouths to feed and half of
Eastern Europe coming after us with
AKs. We had to fall back.

Eve SHAKES HER HEAD - she knows it, doesn't make her happy -
and as she leans back.

ABBY

Who's our driver?

BOSLEY

Oh... yeah. Meet Samantha Masters,
currently of the CIA.

EVE

Nice car.

SAMANTHA

Your tax dollars at work.

(then)

I'm going to need a full debrief
from you three - who was at that
house, any further intel you
gathered on Cartwright.

KATE

That's nice. We're going to need
all the guns and ammo you can get.

ABBY

Our mission isn't done.

SAMANTHA

Are you kidding? You three are
lucky to be breathing.

EXT. FURTIVE AIRSTRIP - DAY

The Hummer pulls up to CHARLIE'S WAITING JET - lit up like a Christmas tree in this otherwise desolate spot.

Bosley jumps out of the Hummer and opens the rear gate.

BOSLEY
 (to the women)
*Este avion va a America. Es su
 salvacion. Si la quieren.*

It's not even a decision. The rescued women PILE OUT FOR THE PLANE... and as Bosley squires them in...

... Samantha ARGUES with Kate.

KATE
 We have a mission to complete, does that mean anything to you?

SAMANTHA
 You're in the system. Every *Policia* in the island has your mugshot by now. You have to get out of Cuba.

EVE
 Not without Tess.

ABBY
 Got guns? We need them.
 Resources? We want them.

KATE
 Want to put some skin in the game? Time's now.

SAMANTHA
 This isn't a damn Bond movie. You're looking at my entire infrastructure right here.

EVE
 You can't just take your humvee and go home.

Samantha looks back at Bosley, the plane - the women the Angels just rescued.

BOSLEY
 Pilot can hold the plane for an hour.

(MORE)

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Even if radar didn't spot them on the way in, a G-650's not exactly inconspicuous here in daylight.

ABBY

Great. We have an hour to rescue Tess.

EVE

Plenty.

SAMANTHA

Is every one of you certifiable?

KATE

Committed.

SAMANTHA

We have no way of even knowing where Tess is.

EVE

I have a plan.

BOSLEY

(off Samantha's silence)

Sam. Do you have any idea what Cartwright will do to that girl?

And off Samantha - facing the Angels - moment of truth:

EXT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Chaos. Bullet holes still smoking. Security everywhere - ESCORTING stunned bigwigs into their cars.

Buran holds a weeping Tess as Cartwright - holding a tablet - squares off against a very heavily bruised Warden Galvez.

CARTWRIGHT

See this? Driving getaway? She's CIA. Been on me for months. Samantha Masters is the reason I never sleep in the same bed or use the same cellphone twice.

ON THE TABLET:

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of Bosley and Samantha.

WARDEN GALVEZ

They said they were private detectives.

CARTWRIGHT
 (handing off the tablet)
 Private. Detectives. You knew
 this.

WARDEN GALVEZ
 (indicating Tess)
 Sent by her parents. I wanted to
 teach them a lesson.

CARTWRIGHT
 You brought three trained
 operatives to my house. Do you
 have any idea how much business
 just ran out the door?

WARDEN GALVEZ
 I didn't -

In a surprising moment of brutality, Cartwright reaches back
 and SLAMS AN OPEN HANDED BACKHAND TO WARDEN GALVEZ'S FACE!

As Warden Galvez recovers, Cartwright turns to Buran.

CARTWRIGHT
 (re: Tess)
 Put her in my car. She's our
 leverage... and find out everything
 there is to know about these
 private detectives.
 (then, to Warden Galvez)
 Get guns, get men. I want my
 merchandise back.

CUT TO:

A ROLL-ABOARD SUITCASE DRAGGED TO THE FRONT DESK OF

INT. PLAYA ROYAL HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Samantha steps up to the desk, where Gabriel - the previously
 seen slimy desk clerk SNAPS TO from his shallow slumber.

GABRIEL REYES
 Hello, madam.

SAMANTHA
 Hi. I got separated from my
 girlfriends. They came yesterday.
 Do you still have rooms available?
 (laying down Benjamins)
 I'm willing to pay for it.

GABRIEL REYES
 (gathering up the bills)
 It might take a moment to prepare
 your room.
 (an unctuous grin)
 Perhaps you will enjoy a *cafecito*
Cubano in the patio, while I watch
 your bag.

Samantha smiles and steps away, Gabriel watches her go, then
 picks up the phone and dials furtively.

GABRIEL REYES (CONT'D)
Tengo otro candidato aqui - creo
que vino con las de ayer -

A hand REACHES from behind and SLAMS Gabriel's head down on
 the desk with a solid THUNK! That was Eve's work.

EVE
 He's checked out.

Kate and Abby walk up with Samantha. Bosley grabs the phone.

BOSLEY
 Put Cartwright on.

A few seconds... tense looks with the Angels... and then:

SPLITSCREEN:

INT. SUGARCANE MILL - DAY

Where Cartwright stands, bathed in moonlight coming in from
 overhead windows.

CARTWRIGHT
 I'm going to guess you're John
 Bosley... since you don't sound
 like an Abby, Eve or Kate, and your
 boss, Mister Townsend seldom gets
 his hands dirty.

BOSLEY
 I'm not impressed.

CARTWRIGHT
 Nor am I. But I do have someone
 who would like to speak to you.

Cartwright holds the phone to Tess, tied to a chair under
 Buran's watch.

TESS

This is Tess Walters.

BOSLEY

Tess. Are you hurt? Are you OK?

TESS

Mister Cartwright knows he has something you want. He wants to make an exchange. He'll give me back to you. If you give him Samantha Masters.

Cartwright takes the phone and CLICKS OFF.

END SPLITSCREEN ON THE ANGELS.

And off the dire looks between them and Bosley.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. CUBAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The Angels - now dressed a little more sensibly than they were at the brothel - lock and load handguns at the open rear gate of Samantha's CIA Hummer.

Eve checks her weapon, then STEPS TO BOSLEY AND SAMANTHA, still in a sundress from the hotel. Eve listens to them.

SAMANTHA

The place used to be a sugarcane mill. Cartwright probably has his sniper in place already.

BOSLEY

You don't have to do this.

SAMANTHA

Please. Making the exchange is the only smart play.

BOSLEY

He will kill you.

SAMANTHA

Oh no, really - you think?

The Angels step up along Eve to square off against Samantha.

EVE

We didn't come this far to let you die.

SAMANTHA

I joined the service to save innocent lives. You three don't have the time or resources to rescue both me and Tess.

ABBY

Are you kidding? We cut down his private security in cocktail dresses. We can do it again.

SAMANTHA

His sniper will pick you off.

EVE

We'll do it to them first.

SAMANTHA

This isn't a negotiation. I'm going in.

Bosley looks to Samantha, not liking any of this:

BOSLEY

I respected you.

Samantha has no idea what to make of that, nor do the Angels.

SAMANTHA

Excuse me?

BOSLEY

I ran away from Prague like a scared kid because I respected you. If I hadn't, I would have stayed. Kept hacking. Rubbed your face in it. Wouldn't have been the first time I did that to law enforcement.

SAMANTHA

Is that your idea of a compliment?

BOSLEY

No one ever got as close as you.

Bosley puts a hand on her arm. Their eyes LOCK.

Eve clocks their attraction turns away, exchanging glances with the Angels. Samantha lets out a LAUGH.

SAMANTHA

John Bosley. It's not like you turned me down for the prom. This is what I trained to do. If it makes you misty that I'm willing to do it, then I'm sorry.

Bosley looks back at the Angels, then at Samantha.

BOSLEY

I'm sorry too.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUGARCANE MILL - DAY

A large pair of doors OPENS to reveal Cartwright, Buran and his team, and Tess, tied up, sitting on a chair.

A number of Black Mercedes Benzes sits parked beside the main building - Cartwright and his men's transportation.

OPEN SPLITSCREEN WITH SAMANTHA'S HUMMER

Slowly CRAWLING through the access road to the mill. Bosley DRIVES.

Cartwright WAITS. His men FINGER their weapons.

The Hummer STOPS thirty meters from the doors.

EXT. SUGARCANE MILL - ROOFTOP - DAY

CARTWRIGHT'S SNIPER WATCHES from his nest.

RESUME ON THE HUMMER

The passenger side door OPENS. Samantha STEPS out - face concealed by her Hemingway cap - but her distinctive, colorful sundress is very much in evidence.

CARTWRIGHT

You know the drill. Yours walks.
Mine walks. Understood?

Samantha WALKS... her sundress catching the morning light.

Kate and Abby STEP OUT of the Hummer and slowly make their way toward Bosley.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CIA HUMVEE - DAY

REVEAL Samantha. Hands tied. Mouth duct-taped.

RESUME TO REVEAL EVE - STANDING IN FOR SAMANTHA

Meeting Tess halfway. Tess nods, unsure of what comes next, but knowing that Angels have come to her rescue.

END SPLITSCREEN.

EXT. SUGARCANE MILL - DAY

Eve gets close enough to Cartwright for him to catch a glimpse of her face under the bill of her Hemingway cap.

CARTWRIGHT

It's a set-up -
(looking up to the sniper)
- kill Tess!

KATE AND ABBY

RUSH toward Tess as:

EVE

REACHES INTO THE FOLDS OF HER DRESS and produces two items - the first, a pair of handcuffs - which she uses to CUFF HERSELF to Cartwright and the second... a hand grenade!

THE SNIPER

SQUEEZES the trigger - TCHOOM! - reloads - TCHOOM!

ABBY

TACKLES Tess as sniper fire BLOSSOMS the dust around them.

KATE

ROLLS AWAY from the bullets - spots the source - like any eagle-eyed operative - lifts her handgun - DROPS TO ONE KNEE:

POP!

The SNIPER falls from the sugarcane mill roof-top, landing with a resounding THUNK.

BURAN AND THE REST OF CARTWRIGHT'S MEN

LIFT THEIR GUNS, ready for the slaughter - when:

EVE PULLS THE PIN ON THE GRENADE

And wraps her arm around Cartwright's neck!

EVE

Drop your weapons - now!

BURAN AND HIS MEN

Have no idea where to go from here.

CARTWRIGHT

Do as she says!

Buran and his men let their weapons fall.

EVE

(to Cartwright)

Start walking.

ANGLE TOWARD THE HUMMER

Eve makes a SLOW WALK toward the vehicle - keeping her hostage close. Kate and Abby HUSTLE Tess into the Hummer.

ANGLE ON EVE AND CARTWRIGHT - WALKING

CARTWRIGHT

You people have no idea the storm
you just let loose.

EVE

Shut up and move.

CARTWRIGHT

I have half of the former Soviet
Army on my payroll. You think you
hit one of my soft targets? Bull.
I will hunt you down one-by-one. I
will find Charles Townsend, I will -

EVE

Are you holding a live grenade?

Cartwright shoots her a filthy look before closing his
mouth... and as they reach the Hummer:

BOSLEY

(to Kate and Abby)

Shoot out their tires - we don't
want them following us to the -

But before Bosley can finish his admonition:

VROOM! A MILITARY JEEP full of prison guards SKIDS to a halt
before the Angels! On the passenger seat? Warden Galvez.

WARDEN GALVEZ

Drop all your weapons.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

A dozen Guards lift their AKs.

BOSLEY AND THE ANGELS

Exchange looks. Cartwright turns to Eve, a triumphant sneer.

CARTWRIGHT

Lower that grenade and find the
keys to those cuffs.

Bosley drops his gun... Kate and Abby do the same... and off
Cartwright and Warden Galvez - the winners in this round...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. SUGARCANE MILL - DAY

The Angels - their weapons on the ground - stand off against Warden Galvez and her Jeep full of Guards.

CARTWRIGHT

Thank you for your help, Warden.

Warden Galvez says nothing as Cartwright takes over.

BOSLEY

What now?

CARTWRIGHT

What now is my men bring me the pin to this explosive, then take you and the rest my prisoners to the cars.

(then)

We're going to keep our business outside of the Cuban penal system.

BURAN AND HIS MEN

Step toward the Hummer, picking up their weapons.

WARDEN GALVEZ

I don't think so, Mister Cartwright.

(to her Guards)

Maten los guardias!

RAATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT!

The Angels all drop to the ground as Warden Galvez's men cut down Buran and his team... and EVE... holds on to both a stunned Cartwright and her grenade for dear life!

When the smoke clears, the Angels are all on the ground - looking up to see Buran's men. Dead. Dead. Dead.

CARTWRIGHT

Galvez, what are you doing - why?

WARDEN GALVEZ

Your operation is about to be nationalized, Mister Cartwright.

BOSLEY

Looks over to Kate and Abby - REVEALING the weapon he just dropped - right underneath him. Kate and Abby both smile - then:

BOSLEY SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND OPENS FIRE!

Falling back behind the Hummer.

KATE AND ABBY DO THE SAME

Seeking cover alongside Bosley.

WARDEN GALVEZ

JUMPS BEHIND HER JEEP FOR COVER as several of her Guards FALL - opening fire into the air in their dying throes as Warden Galvez grabs an AK and joins the fray.

BEHIND THE HUMMER

Bosley and The Angels weather the METAL STORM - the Hummer's tires EXPLODE - sheet metal BUCKLES - glass SHATTERS!

BOSLEY

Abby - cut Samantha loose and give her a weapon!

Abby opens the Hummer door, PULLS Samantha out, RIPS the duct tape from her mouth and goes to work on her bonds:

SAMANTHA

I'm going to put you jackasses in a hurt locker for this!

BOSLEY

You may wanna shoot some bad guys first!

ABBY

(handing her a gun)
And you're welcome, Samantha.

Samantha pops over the hood of the Hummer and EMPTIES HER CLIP into the Cuban Jeep - then, as she returns:

KATE

Out of bullets.

ABBY

I'm two from the end of my clip.

BOSLEY
Got one left.

ANGLE ON WARDEN GALVEZ AND HER MEN
Their bullets DECIMATING the Hummer.

RESUME ON SAMANTHA

SAMANTHA
Anyone got a plan, now's the time!

EVE
Cover me, guys. I got this one.

SAMANTHA, BOSLEY AND KATE TURN - EMERGE AND FIRE
Giving Eve the cover to stand and LONG-BOMB THE GRENADE!

WARDEN GALVEZ
Sees what's coming - her eyes WIDEN - but before she can act.
KABOOM!

Yeah. Warden Galvez is not going to recur on this series.
Nor is her Jeep. Nor are her Guards.

The smoke clears. The debris falls. Samantha turns to Eve.

SAMANTHA
Thanks.

EVE
Don't mention it.

And that's when Cartwright spoils the moment:

CARTWRIGHT
Listen. I think there's a deal to
be made now that we've -

Abby RIPS a strip of duct tape and silences Cartwright.

BOSLEY
We have a plane to catch...
(looking at the Benzes)
... and it looks like we're
catching it in style.

EXT. FURTIVE AIRSTRIP - DAY

One of Cartwright's Benzes pulls up to the plane. As the Angels hustle toward the ramp, Eve turns to the scumbag whoremongering capitalist scumbag cuffed to her wrist.

EVE

There's some ladies in a plane
who'd like to have words with you.

Cartwright's eyes WIDEN. He PROTESTS under duct tape...

... and as she DRAGS him toward the boarding ramp, where Kate and Abby already stand, looking back at Bosley:

KATE

Time to go, Bos.

Bosley nods, then turns to Samantha.

Kate, Abby and Eve exchange glances... and then, as Eve enters the plane, and Kate and Abby follow:

SAMANTHA

Quite the team you've got looking
after you, John Bosley.

BOSLEY

They do answer my prayers.

SAMANTHA

Have a nice flight back.

BOSLEY

You're not getting on the plane?
We caught your guy... I mean... you
caught your guy.

SAMANTHA

"We" is fine.
(then)
But Cartwright's got dual
citizenship and more attorneys
than you have cybercrimes on your
rap sheet. No offense.

BOSLEY

None taken.

SAMANTHA

When you get in the air, you are
going to contact John Corey, my
section chief.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You'll be met at your airport by a team that'll take Cartwright into custody.

BOSLEY

What are you going to do?

SAMANTHA

I'm going back to his house while his guards are scattered: planting bugs, hacking his devices and getting intel on every shady deal he's done.

BOSLEY

Sounds dangerous.

SAMANTHA

This isn't the end of *Casablanca*, Bosley. Taking him down is the beginning - keeping a bunch of really bad people from owning an island 90 miles from the States? That's my job.

EVE

(from the plane door)

Let's go, Bosley!

BOSLEY

Guess that means you won't be stateside anytime soon.

Samantha SHAKES HER HEAD - a little sadness in her gesture.

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

Let me know when you do. We'll have a mojito.

Bosley and Samantha look at one another. What's the adequate thing to do at a time like this? Handshake? Hug? Kiss?

SAMANTHA

Get out of my country.

And off Bosley, simply exchanging nods with Samantha before rushing into the plane:

EXT. CHARLIE'S PLANE - DAY - MONTAGE

Turbines SPIN. The ramp jet ramp RETRACTS, obscuring Bosley. The wheels TURN. The plane TAXIES.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Samantha moves away from the tarmac as the plane speeds past her - buffeted by the jet wash. The jet quickly reaches escape velocity - and as it RISES into the air...

SAMANTHA

Louie, this could be the... nah.

And off Samantha, walking away...

INT. TOWNSEND DETECTIVE AGENCY - BOSLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Quiet. Bosley sits alone at his desk, working at his computer - his flatscreen tuned to a news broadcast.

ON SCREEN: footage of Cartwright, led to jail in an orange jumpsuit.

NEWSCASTER

An international scandal erupted with the arrest of businessman Jon Cartwright, who is accused of not only violating the American embargo of Cuba, but of running a prostitution ring preying on both local and American women...

Bosley hits PAUSE: the screen FREEZES.

EVE (O.S.)

He's rocking that orange jumpsuit.

Bosley turns to see Eve, standing at his door.

BOSLEY

Yes. Fetching. Isn't it?

(then)

I thought you'd be on Charlie's yacht with Abby and Kate.

EVE

I thought I'd check in on you.

(off his look)

And by "checking in" I mean ask why you were being hunted by the CIA.

BOSLEY

We all have our secrets, Eve.

EVE

I don't have fifty-eight million of them.

(off his look)

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Abby did some digging... so did
Kate... talked to some friends in
the FBI.

BOSLEY

That was a long time ago.

EVE

I was thinking you could have run
very far with that kind of a haul.

BOSLEY

That I could.

EVE

I want you to know... I'm glad you
didn't.

Bosley responds with a smile. She returns it, then:

BOSLEY

You have a boat to catch.

EVE

What about you?

Bosley indicates a group of files on the desk.

BOSLEY

Paperwork.

Eve nods and turns to go... and once she's safely out of
sight... Bosley looks the first of his files - the tab reads
"PRAGUE."

INSIDE: a dossier on Samantha Masters including a photograph.

OFF Bosley... and the hint of a smile...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

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