

THE BAKER TOUCH

by
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The only way to catch the bank robbers...
Is to become one.

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"THE BAKER TOUCH"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Hot Time. Summer in the city.
Sidewalks filled with kids, roller-bladers, attractive women
seeing how much of their bodies they can tan.

INT. POST'S DODGE -- DAY

RONNY POST, a tired businessman in his thirties, loosens his
tie, waits for the light. Impatiently looks at his watch.
Time - 2:53.

POST

Come on, Come on. Bank's gonna close.

The light changes.
Post hits the gas; shooting across the intersection.

IN FRONT OF THE BANK

Post slows to find a parking place.
Sees an open spot right in front of the Bank.
There's even time left on the parking meter.

POST

Luck has found me.

As he prepares to pull in, a blue station wagon with "Sonova
Beach Club" painted on the side steals the space.

IN THE STATION WAGON

Four men with blow-dried hair and \$1,000 suits; probably Maxim
Magazine subscribers with expense accounts.

Post flips off the driver as he passes the station wagon.

The MAXIM MEN ignore him. This makes Post angrier.

Post turns the corner, finds a parking place two blocks away.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Post fumbles through his pockets for meter change, can only
find pennies. Looks at his watch: 2:59.

POST

Shit.

Post runs to the bank, without putting anything in the meter.

Passing the CUSHMAN METER-MAID SCOOTER on his way.

POST

Double shit.

Post steps in something slippery on the sidewalk. Without slowing, he examines the mess on his shoe:

POST

Dog shit!

Running with one foot, scraping the other on the sidewalk, Post runs to the bank.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

With a final foot wipe, Post enters the bank just as the SECURITY GUARD moves to lock the doors.

SECURITY

Just under the wire.

Post stands in line behind a blue haired OLD WOMAN.

The Old Woman sniffs, wrinkles her nose, frowns at him. Post smiles her down.

Before the Security Guard gets the doors locked, three of the MAXIM MEN from the blue stationwagon enter.

SECURITY

Last customers of the day.

MCBAIN is in his thirties, dressed in an Armani suit and Raybans. In his hands, he carries a 'Life' board game.

THOMAS is the oldest of the group, almost forty. He reminds you of an ex-football player settled down to sell insurance.

WOLFE is the best dressed. A cheerful smile, a smooth walk. Very sexy, eyes that sparkle behind his dark glasses. He passes the Security Guard, accidentally stepping on his toe.

WOLFE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to step on your toe like that...

(pulls his arm back)

I meant to punch you in the face, like this!

SLAMS a fist into Security Guard's face, knocking him down.

Thomas quick draws a laser gun right out of Buck Rogers. Fires a red laser beam into all three video security cameras.

Then aims the gun at a teller and holds it steady.

McBain rips open the game, pulls out a sawed off 12 gauge.

Wolfe pulls a .45 Automatic and a stop watch from his pockets.

Panic among the customers, but Wolfe brings it to a finish.

WOLFE

Everybody on the floor! Face down! Now!

CUSTOMERS AND TELLERS follow the orders.

POST

(sotto)

This just isn't my day.

WOLFE

Okay. It takes four minutes, thirty six seconds for the police to respond to the silent alarm one of the tellers just set off. That's almost 5 minutes we have together.

(smiles)

If everyone stays calm, doesn't try anything stupid, you can tell your neighbors all about this, tonight.

Wolfe turns back of the bank and smiles.

WOLFE

I need some manager assistance. Olley-olley-oxen free!

The Bank MANAGER gets to his feet, hands up, moves to Wolfe.

MANAGER

Please don't hurt me...

WOLFE

I'm going to be making a rather sizable withdrawal from your bank, and I'll need your assistance. The bags!

Thomas hands Wolfe a stack of folded plastic bags.

THOMAS

Here, Sarge.

Wolfe hands the bags to the Manager.

Thomas goes back covering with the laser gun.

The entire robbery seems very military: McBain and Thomas as point men, covering right and left side, Wolfe as sergeant.

WOLFE

Now we go behind the counter and you load the bags.

MANAGER

With money?

WOLFE

Is this your first time? I promise I'll be gentle.

The Manager opens a cash drawer, pulls out a bundle of money.

WOLFE

No, partner. Open the bundles. I want LOOSE cash in the bags.

The Manager hesitates. Wolfe laughs.

WOLFE

Let's delegate some authority.

Wolfe picks a prissy looking man, nudging him with his toe.

WOLFE

Give us a hand.

Prissy gets up, his name badge reads HEAD TELLER.

WOLFE

Head teller? How'd you get to be HEAD teller? You blow someone?

HEAD

Please. I'll do whatever you want.

Head Teller is scared to death. Wolfe nods to the bundle.

WOLFE

Okay, Blow Job, take that bundle to the corner and open it.

Head Teller takes the bundle to the corner of the bank. When he opens the bundle, there is an EXPLOSION of blue paint. Head Teller and money are COVERED in blue. Wolfe laughs.

WOLFE

Get back on the floor like a good boy.

Wolfe turns to the Manager.

WOLFE

Fill the bags, fuckface. What are you waiting for?

The Manager goes from teller station to station, unlocking drawers, opening bundles of money, filling the plastic bags.

Wolfe checks his stop watch.

WOLFE

What a coincidence! The time lock on
your vault opens at this very minute!

Wolfe prods the Manager to the vault.
Out of cover range of Thomas and McBain.

The Security Guard comes to.
Scans the situation at the bank.
Two armed men.
One on the left, one on the right.
His gun on the carpet about five feet from his hand.

WOLFE (O.S.)

Open the vault, fuckface.

The Guard scrambles for his gun, takes aim at Thomas.

GUARD

Drop it!

Thomas blasts the laser at the Guard's eyes.

ZAP! Bullseye.

The Guard screams, drops his gun, reaches for his eyes.

GUARD

My eyes! My eyes!

THOMAS

Okay, old man. You did the hero act.
Now get back on the floor.

Wolfe and the Manager come out of the vault; all of the plastic bags now filled. Wolfe is whistling a happy tune.

MC BAIN

How's time, Sarge?

WOLFE

Ten seconds to spare.

Thomas takes half the bags from the Bank Manager.
Wolfe takes the other half.
The Wolfe Pack backs to the door, leaving.

WOLFE

Thank the man.

McBain blasts the Manager off his feet with the shotgun. His body slams backwards into the vault with a Splat! Everyone begins screaming.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Wolfe, Thomas, McBain bolt out of the bank, into their car. The car zooms away.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Every customer in the bank is screaming. Except Ronny Post. Post jumps over the Security Guard, grabbing the fallen gun.

POST
I'll have to borrow this.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Post hits the sidewalk, spots the blue Ford station wagon. Starts running. One good stop light, and he can catch it.

The station wagon turns right at the next intersection.

Post runs like a mad man, gun in hand.

POST
Out of the way! Out of the way!

Pedestrians scream and clear him a path. Some hit the dirt.

Post turns the corner after the stationwagon.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY

A wide alley runs for several hundred yards before dead ending at a cyclone fence.

The blue station wagon with "Sonova Beach Club" is nowhere.

Post passes a couple of junker cars, a big white moving van. At the end of the alley, he stops.

The station wagon has disappeared.

POST
Weird. Maybe it's the Bermuda Alley?

Post walks back to the street. Tracing the car to this alley is a big clue. He'll might still be a hero.

POST

I'll probably get on the news for this.
Be a hero. Babes will want me.

Passes the Moving Van and glances in the window.
Right into the face of Wolfe!

Before he can lift his gun, Wolfe fires point blank at him.
BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

Post slams all the way across the street, hitting a corrugated
delivery door with a cymbals crash.

WOLFE

And the hits just keep on coming.

Wolfe starts the truck, heading out of the alley into traffic.

EXT. THE BEACH -- NIGHT

Seagulls arc lazily though the purple sky, looking for an
evening snack. An aging black MAN blows a sax solo, using the
crashing surf for rhythm.

The only other person on the beach is the bicycle rider, sitting
in the sand, a glowing ember in her right hand.

PENNY BAKER takes a drag on the joint, illuminating a face
which has seen the worst life has to offer and survived.
Beautiful, confident, with a trace of sadness in her eyes.
An old plastic ring dangles on a gold chain around her neck.

A man in a conservative suit approaches her. With his stiff
manner and short grey hair, LARKIN is the cliché FBI Agent.

LARKIN

Ready to come back?

BAKER

I have another week of vacation left.

LARKIN

Something's come up.

BAKER

Give it to somebody else.

LARKIN

Really screwed you up, didn't he?

She turns to Larkin; letting her defenses down.

BAKER
 He put his life in my hands, Lark... And
 I let him down. I got him killed.
 (turns away)
 Hell, go away. Leave me alone.

Larkin puts his hands on her shoulders.

LARKIN
 Wish I could, but we need you, Penny.
 A slew of bank robberies.

BAKER
 Get somebody else...

LARKIN
 You know what they say: When it comes
 to banks, Baker's the best.

BAKER
 Yeah.

LARKIN
 Come by the office. This thing needs
 the Baker brain working on it.

BAKER
 Sure.

Larkin nods to the joint in her hand.

LARKIN
 You smoke too much of that stuff.

BAKER
 It's medicinal.

LARKIN
 You expect me to believe that? Tomorrow
 morning.

She looks at the ocean as Larkin walks back across the sand.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Morning sun pierces the smog over the Federal Building.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Baker enters the INVESTIGATION room. Two FBI AGENTS nod a
 greeting.

F.B.I. #1
 Baker, you're back!

F.B.I. #2
How was the vacation?

BAKER
Too short. Heard you had some bank
robberies?

F.B.I. #1
The robbery capitol of the world, man.

Baker checks her in basket (it's full), looks at the desk next to hers. It is EMPTY. No name plate, nothing. She touches her dead partner's desk, crosses to the Muster Room.

OUTSIDE THE MUSTER ROOM

Larkin holds a manila folder, smiles.

LARKIN
Glad you could make it.

Baker looks through the window.

IN THE MUSTER ROOM

A dozen chairs facing a chalk board and podium.
All of the chairs empty except for one.

Looking prim and proper, PHIL GRANT is dressed in a narrow lapel suit and incredibly conservative tie. Shoes polished, his hands delicately folded over each other, wire rim glasses perched on the end of his nose. Next to him is a briefcase.

OUTSIDE THE MUSTER ROOM

BAKER
Who's the wimp lawyer?

LARKIN
Your new partner.
(Baker isn't sold)
Graduated in the top ten at Harvard.
Smartest guy ever to --

BAKER
Will he do all of my paper work? I'd take
a chimpanzee if he can write up reports.

LARKIN
Take good care of him. He's a newbie.

BAKER
Long as he does the paperwork...

INT. MUSTER ROOM -- DAY

Larkin moves to the podium.

LARKIN
Penny Baker, Phil Grant.

BAKER
Partner.

Grant gives a limp shake, lets go as if her hand is diseased.

LARKIN
As you know, Los Angeles averages eight to twelve robberies a day. At least one is a full armed takeover.

BAKER
What else is new?

LARKIN
Yesterday we had three takeovers. One in Santa Monica, one in Westwood, one in Highland Park.

Using a pointer, he locates each spot on the wall map.

LARKIN
Each robbery began the same way: three suspects entered the bank. The fourth remained in the getaway car. One man disabled the guard. A second man produced what witnesses have described as a "ray gun" and destroyed the video security cameras, while a third...

BAKER
A ray gun?

LARKIN
We checked it out. It's a laser pistol made by a toy company in Benicia. Called Star Tag. After the second robbery, we went to Toys R Us and bought one.

He pulls out a boxed toy.

LARKIN
Kind of fun. Comes with a helmet, mirrored glasses, a vest that buzzes when you hit the target.

Grant takes careful notes. Filling legal pad pages.

LARKIN

It's just a low grade laser, but hot enough to damage a video camera. In Santa Monica, a guard gave them some trouble and they shot him. Hit his eyes. He was blind for two hours.

GRANT

They disabled the cameras...

LARKIN

From then on it's almost a text book robbery except for a couple of things. One: They have the bank manager open the bundles. That way they avoid the dye packs in the bait money.

BAKER

Smart.

LARKIN

Two: All three robberies were timed so the vault lock would go off while they were in the bank. They got everything.

BAKER

Smooth.

GRANT

Sounds like the robbers did their home work. Former employees?

LARKIN

One carried a stop watch. They knew how much time it would take the police to respond to the alarm. To the second.

BAKER

They're good. Really good.

(beat)

What do they look like?

LARKIN

In Highland Park they were caucasians driving a bright colored Ford Bronco.

(smiles)

In Westwood they were African American males driving a white Cadillac.

(smiles at Baker)

In Santa Monica they were white and drove a blue Ford stationwagon.

GRANT

Wait a minute...

BAKER

Copycats?

LARKIN

We never mentioned the laser to the press. And the timing, the technique, even some of the words they used with the tellers, were exactly the same.

BAKER

Could it be disguises?

LARKIN

They were described as BLACKS in Westwood, not whites in blackface. And all three robberies occurred at the exact same time: Three 0'clock.

BAKER

That's impossible. They can't be three places at the same time.

LARKIN

That's why we called you. When it comes to banks, Baker's the best.

GRANT

Bilocation? Astral projection?

LARKIN

Maybe I should give this to the X Files guys? What do you think, Penny?

Baker starts out of the Muster Room.

BAKER

I want to question the employees and customers. Maybe they missed something.

At the door she gestures to Grant.

BAKER

You coming, or what?

Grant adjusts his glasses, gathers his notepad and briefcase.

INT. UNDERGROUND FBI PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Baker gestures to the briefcase.

BAKER

What's that?

GRANT
Briefcase.

BAKER
What's inside? Spare pair of underwear?

GRANT
Standard requisition forms, paperwork,
my equipment, a sandwich...

Baker leads Grant to a red Porsche Turbo with a whip ariel.

GRANT
This isn't a regulation vehicle.

BAKER
Grant, there's a lot of things I do which
aren't regulation. I know how hard it
is to get a merit badge these days, and
I sincerely hope this doesn't end your
Scouting career.

Baker opens the door of the Porsche and slides in.
Grant reluctantly climbs in moments before she peels out.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

A police radio is slung under the dash, magnetic flasher clipped
next to it, shotgun padlocked to a rack in back.

EXT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Baker spins through traffic like an Indy driver.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Grant makes sure his seat belt is secure.

GRANT
What happened to your last partner?
Larkin wouldn't tell me.

BAKER
He got killed. So did the three partners
before him.
(shrugs)
I have really bad luck with partners.

GRANT
I've never had a female partner before.

BAKER
You telling me you're gay?

GRANT

I mean at work.

(nervous)

I've had female sex partners. In fact, they've all been females.

BAKER

How many partners you had? At work.

GRANT

Actually, you're my first.

BAKER

(laughs)

It's all down hill after me, baby.

EXT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Zips through an intersection as the light changes, almost hit by a truck. Angry horns sound around them.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Grant hangs on for dear life.

GRANT

How long have you been with the agency?

BAKER

Ten years. Started as a counterfeit decoy. It was easier to get in, then. You didn't have to have a degree.

(studies him)

You're a college boy, right?

GRANT

Harvard Law.

Baker is unimpressed.

BAKER

So, a couple of years on the front lines then you move up the ladder to prosecutor?

GRANT

If I live that long.

Baker parks in front of a Wells Fargo Bank.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK -- DAY

Similar to First National Bank, but with a western theme. Baker flips her ID at bank manager PRESCOTT, fat and fifty.

BAKER
 Penelope Baker, FBI. I'm investigating
 yesterday's hold up. I'd like to question
 your staff again.

PRESCOTT
 Please, be my guest.

QUESTIONING MONTAGE

Baker talks to a BUSTY teller with glasses, Grant takes notes.

BUSTY
 The tall one pulls a ray gun out of his
 coat...

BAKER
 Describe the gun.

BUSTY
 Like something out of Buck Rogers. About
 this big, really futuristic.

GRANT
 Then what happened?

BUSTY
 He shot the cameras with death rays.
 Red beams, you could see them. Like in
 "War Of The Worlds".

INT. BANK OF AMERICA -- DAY

Baker and Grant question a pretty black TELLER.

GRANT
 But did he LOOK like Luke Skywalker, or
 just shoot like him?

TELLER
 He was skinny, blond, kind of pretty.

BAKER
 (to Grant)
 Suspect resembles Luke Skywalker.

Grant gives her a look, writes in his notebook.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

They question the Head Teller.

HEAD

He made me stand in the corner to open the bundle. Like he knew what was going to happen and wanted to ridicule me.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

Grant and Baker question a grey haired old GRANNY.

GRANT

You're sure?

GRANNY

Yup. They was big black mothers. Mean as could be. The way they was looking at me, they had one thing on their mind.

BAKER

What would that be?

GRANNY

Sex.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

A PRETTY brunette teller.

BAKER

Describe them for us.

PRETTY

They were typical Hypies.

GRANT

"Hypies"?

PRETTY

You know, Hippies turned yuppie who've fallen for that bullshit media hype.

GRANT

Right. Hypies.

Baker looks as if she knew what it meant all along.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA -- DAY

Questioning a SERIOUS looking black man.

SERIOUS

How do I put this politely? They had a West Hollywood accent.

BAKER

The leader?

SERIOUS

All of them did. I figured them for some militant Gay rights group.

GRANT

Interesting.

BAKER

What about the getaway car?

SERIOUS

A jeep type of thing. The color was strange. Pink and Lavender camouflage.

GRANT

You're serious?

Serious looks completely serious, so Grant writes it down.

GRANT

Pink and lavender camouflage.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK -- DAY

PRESCOTT

It was a white Cadillac with a red interior and a TV aerial.

Grant writes it down.

PRESCOTT

One of the guards chased out after them, but the car was gone.

BAKER

What do you mean: Gone?

PRESCOTT

Disappeared completely. That's NOT a run of the mill car in Westwood. Should have been easy to spot.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

A pretty CHICANO teller describes the getaway car.

CHICANO

A blue Ford stationwagon with "Sonova Beach Club" painted on the sides.

GRANT
Sonova Beach?

CHICANO
Sonova Beach Club.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA -- DAY

The head teller, in a BLUE three piece suit looks at Baker.

BLUE
I think they were space aliens.

GRANT
Why do you say that?

BLUE
That would explain the ray gun, wouldn't it? And the way the car disappeared. I think it was some sort of space craft.

BAKER
Interesting theory. Do you remember anything else?

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK -- DAY

A pretty BLONDE teller describes one of the robbers.

BLONDE
His sleeve scrunched up and I saw his tattoo.

BAKER
What kind of tattoo?

BLONDE
A dancing frog. It was kind of cute.

GRANT
A top hat in one hand and a cane in the other, right?

BLONDE
Right. Like in an old movie.

BAKER
(to Grant)
You know this guy?

GRANT
I know the frog. It's a famous Chuck Jones cartoon, "One Froggy Evening". About a guy who finds a singing frog.

BAKER
A singing frog.

Baker doesn't seem impressed by this.

GRANT
I can get a picture of the tattoo. We
can use it to trace the guy.

BAKER
(to Blonde)
Anything else?

INT. BANK OF AMERICA -- DAY

TELLER
They were really well organized. Had it
all planned out.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

The Pretty brunette teller who knows what a Hype is.

PRETTY
I think they might be in the Army.

BAKER
Why do you say that?

PRETTY
Because of what the guy with the ray gun
called the leader.

GRANT
What did he call him?

INT. BMW FOUR DOOR SEDAN -- NIGHT

THOMAS
Sarge? We're here.

Wolfe, the leader of the pack, meditates in the back seat.

PARKER, driver of the 'Sonova Beach Club' station wagon, pulls
into the parking lot of a run down motel. A hooker hangout.

THOMAS
Sarge?

Wolfe's eyes pop open.

WOLFE
Parker, McBain; wait here.
(MORE)

WOLFE (Con't)

(they nod)

Come running if you see Thomas signal.

Parker and McBain check their guns. Click-clack!

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Thomas pops the trunk, extracts a pair of big suitcases.

WOLFE

Let's go.

They cross the parking lot to room 217.

INT. CINEMA SPA MOTEL -- NIGHT

Thomas leans on the railing, gun ready.

Wolfe knocks on the door to 217.

INT. ROOM 217 -- NIGHT

CARDINAL, a huge weight lifter with a cigar opens the door.

CARDINAL

Mr. Wolfe, so good of you to come.

Wolfe drops the suitcases on the bed, Cardinal closes the door. Locks it. Bolts it. Chains it.

WOLFE

So? Are you the boss?

CARDINAL

I'm Mr. Cardinal.

WOLFE

Not of the St. Louis Cardinals?

CARDINAL

I hope you don't mind the formalities.

Cardinal administers a thorough search, Wolfe is unarmed.

CARDINAL

Take a seat.

Wolfe sits, the two suitcases in front of him on the bed. Cardinal stands on the other side of the bed.

CARDINAL

The newspapers say you did quite well.
Almost three hundred Gs.

WOLFE

Closer to two hundred after expenses...

CARDINAL

A toy gun? A rented moving van? A second hand car and some paint?

WOLFE

The newspapers also said we had to kill two people. Bang bang, they're dead,

CARDINAL

That wasn't part of the plan.

WOLFE

Plans change. Gotta go with the flow.

CARDINAL

You don't change the plans, we do.

Cardinal puffs on his cigar, gestures to the suitcases.

CARDINAL

I hope you brought the full amount. It would be an error to do otherwise... A fatal error.

WOLFE

It's all there.

Wolfe opens one of the suitcases.

IN THE SUITCASE: bundles of twenties, fifties, and hundreds. On top of the money is a Browning 9mm automatic.

Wolfe carefully lifts the suitcase lid to hide the gun.

WOLFE

You ever seen that much money before? Oh, I guess you do this for a living.

Wolfe tosses a bundle of hundreds onto the bed.

WOLFE

Gotta tell you: I was amazed at how easy it was. Everything you said in the tape was true...

Tosses another bundle of hundreds onto the bed.

WOLFE

But I want to re-negotiate. Forty percent is too much to pay for an idea.

Tosses another bundle onto the bed, hand near the gun.

WOLFE

I think ten percent's fair.

CARDINAL

(puffs on his cigar)

Last year we had 138,240 robberies in the United States, 87% ended in arrest.

WOLFE

Idiots. Druggies. Dopes like those guys in North Hollywood.

CARDINAL

Had you used any plan other than "The Road To Riches", you'd be in jail... Or dead.

WOLFE

The corporation never went into the bank. They were never at risk.

CARDINAL

You may have taken the risk, but without the plan, you would have failed.

(Cardinal points cigar)

You agreed to the terms: Ten thousand up front, forty percent of the take.

WOLFE

You have to admit that forty percent is a prime cut.

CARDINAL

"The Road To Riches" is worth it.

WOLFE

Cardinal, we need a larger percentage of the door. I mean, you wouldn't want to see a Wolfe in cheap clothing?

(smiles)

We're businessmen. We want BMWs, beach front condos, Lean Cuisine, the latest fashions, and all the coke we can snort.

Wolfe scoops the gun from the suitcase, aims it at Cardinal.

WOLFE

I'm afraid I must insist on ninety percent.

Cardinal's right hand slams the gun, knocks it from Wolfe's grip, catches it before it drops.

CARDINAL

The instructions said no guns.

Grabs Wolfe by the lapels and slams him against the wall.
Cardinal shoves the gun barrel into Wolfe's left nostril.

CARDINAL

Snort on this.

Cardinal's finger tightens on the trigger.

WOLFE

Okay, man.... okay. I had to try.

Cardinal pulls the gun from Wolfe's nostril, wipes the barrel
on his lapel, lets go of him.

CARDINAL

The test said you were ambitious.

Wolfe straightens his coat, frowns at the boogers on his lapel.

CARDINAL

Forty percent is reasonable, compared to
the value of a human life, don't you
agree?

WOLFE

Sure.

Cardinal smiles. The man is tamed.

CARDINAL

I must catch a plane to Boston in half
an hour, so if you would be so kind as
to open the other case, we can count the
money, and you can be on your way.

Wolfe snaps open the second case, exposing more money.

INT. BMW FOUR DOOR SEDAN -- NIGHT

Wolfe and Thomas climb into the car.

MC BAIN

They took the whole cut, right?

WOLFE

He's the man with the plan. He even
knew I'd try to renegotiate.

THOMAS

So what do we do, Sarge? Hang around
and cap him on his way out?

WOLFE

No. We go with the flow. Knock over some more banks, try to move up the ladder. Someday, we'll be making forty percent of some other scumbag's take.

INT. LAX AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Cardinal deposits change in a pay phone, dials a number.

CARDINAL

Cardinal reporting.

STEPHENS (V.O.)

The Los Angeles pick ups went well?

CARDINAL

I have a few fears about the Wolfe Pack. He was interested in larger percentage.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY -- NIGHT

The luxurious library of a gentleman's apartment. Money.

STEPHENS sits in a wingbacked chair, wearing a smoking jacket, pets his Labrador Puppy with a manicured hand. Classically handsome. Hugh Hefner wishes he had this much refined cool. A balcony overlooking the New York City skyline behind him.

STEPHENS

Wolfe's application was impressive. I'd hate to think you had to terminate his employment so early in his career.

CARDINAL (V.O.)

I managed to dissuade him. But he's VERY ambitious. Perhaps too ambitious.

STEPHENS

There's no such thing.

He plays with the puppy, teasing him with his hand.

STEPHENS

Maybe we can use his ambition? Harness it? Call him in for an interview.

CARDINAL (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

STEPHENS

He'll either get a promotion, or you'll have to fire him.

INT. LAX AIRPORT -- NIGHT

CARDINAL

My pleasure, sir.

(beat)

I'll set something up after I collect from our Boston, New York, and Chicago regional managers. Early next week?

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY -- NIGHT

STEPHENS

Splendid.

Stephens hangs up.

For a moment he plays with his puppy, looking at the New York City skyline, then rings for his butler.

INT. FBI COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

A shadow falls over Baker.

She looks up, sees Grant with a color photocopy in his hand.

THE PHOTOCOPY is the Chuck Jones cartoon of a dancing frog wearing a top hat and holding a cane.

Grant notices a hundred pages of printout on the floor.

BAKER

Have you any idea how many vets in the Los Angeles area were sergeants?

GRANT

Let's try the frog man. HITS should have something on him.

BAKER

What should I search for?

GRANT

Try dancing frogs.

Baker punches it in. The computer searches the HITS database.

ON THE MONITOR

"Sixty seven Dancing Frogs in Los Angeles Area. Print?"

GRANT

Didn't know he was that popular.

BAKER

That's a lot of legwork.

GRANT
How many are Black?

Baker punches in a race qualifier.

"One Black Dancing Frog in Los Angeles Area. Print?"

Baker gives Grant a slap on the shoulder.
Almost knocking him down.

BAKER
Good work.

GRANT
I'll grant you that.

Baker hits print. The printer shoots out the information.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Grant looks from the address on the printout, to the street numbers, nods to a beat up old house on 92 Avenue.

GRANT
This is it.

It is a BAD neighborhood. Trashed houses with stripped cars sitting in front of them. Gang graffiti everywhere.

Baker parks in front of the old house. It looks like trouble.

BAKER
Where do you hide your gun? In your
briefcase?

GRANT
I'm an investigator, not a cop. What
would I want with a gun?

BAKER
We are investigating an armed robbery.

GRANT
Investigating. When the time comes for
an arrest, I'll bring my gun.
(beat)
We're only asking questions, right?

Baker pulls a Colt 380 Combat automatic, hands it to Grant.

BAKER
Just in case they aren't interested in
answering questions in a civil tone.

GRANT
I don't want this.

BAKER
Take it. That's an order.

Grant examines the gun as if it's a foreign object.

GRANT
This isn't regulation.

BAKER
Stop working on your merit badge.
Cock it and lock it.

Baker unlocks the pump action twelve gauge, checks the action.

GRANT
What are we doing? Going duck hunting?

Baker rolls out of the Porsche.

EXT. SLUM HOUSE -- DAY

Grant pushes buttons on the Colt 380 Combat, accidentally ejects the clip. Opps. Tries to put the clip back in, fails.

BAKER
You coming?

Grant puts the clip in one pocket, Colt 380 in the other. Baker stops halfway to the porch and waits for Grant.

Music drifts from the house: "Just A Lonely Frog".

BAKER
Keep your cool, don't fire unless I do.
Follow my lead, okay?

Grant nods.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Standing on opposite sides of the door, Baker rings the bell.

The music stops abruptly, but nobody answers the door.

BAKER
Avon calling, Mr. Jeremiah.

Bullets BLAST through the front door, splintering it.

Grant hits the dirt, covering his head.
Baker doesn't flinch.

BAKER
We'll just leave a catalogue, then.

GRANT
(sotto)
What do we do now?

BAKER
Break it down.

Grant steps back and plows his shoulder into the door.
Nothing happens.
Tries again, succeeds only in hurting himself.

BAKER
Let me show you how it's done.

When she has Grant's full attention, she twists the door knob.
The door opens.

GRANT
After you.

Baker spins inside, shotgun ready.
Grant waits a beat, when she isn't killed, follows her inside.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Furnished in early Goodwill. Frog posters cover the walls,
and plaster frogs are scattered around the house. A vinyl
record turns on the stereo, tone arm hovering above it.

Baker, shotgun ready, inches through the living room.
When she passes one of the ceramic frogs, it croaks.

BAKER
(whispers to Grant)
Motion sensors.

Grant carefully steps past the ceramic frog, it still croaks.

GRANT
Baker? Can we do this tomorrow?

IN THE DINING ROOM

Four poker hands and a pile of chips on the kitchen table.
Cans of Old English 800 drip condensation. Cigar smoke catches
shafts of sunlight from the venetian blinds.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

BAKER
Hey? Anybody home?

Shadows stretch into corners.
Dark places where Jeremiah might be hiding.

GRANT

We should have a warrant.

BAKER

FBI, Jeremiah. Come out where I can see
you. Hands up.

The room is incredibly quiet.
Baker continues forward.
Triggers another croaking ceramic frog.

Grant is in semi-panic, holding the Colt 380 in shaking hands.

Baker walks through the archway leading into the dining room.

Grant scurries from behind the sofa to the next bit of cover.
A ceramic frog croaks behind him.
He spins, aiming the Colt 380.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Baker looks through cafe doors at the kitchen. On the other
side of the room an archway leads into a hall and bedrooms.

BAKER

We don't want any trouble, Jeremiah.

She moves to the archway, shotgun ready.
Reee-deeep.

SUDDENLY a huge Black man with a chrome 45 automatic slams
through the cafe doors and fires at her. This is FROG 4.

Baker spins, aims the shotgun, and blasts Frog 4.
BLAAAAAAM!
Hitting him in the chest, slamming him through the cafe doors
into the kitchen sink. Setting off another ceramic frog.
Reee-deeep.

The cafe doors squeak back and forth from the momentum.

Grant passes a ceramic frog near the dining room.
Reee-deeep!
Spins, aims, fires. Click. Click. Click. Click.

He fumbles for the clip, trying to load the gun.

GRANT

Baker...

She ignores him, moving into the hallway.

IN THE HALLWAY

Three bedroom doors. A Goldylocks choice.

She creeps to the first door, kicks it open.

IN THE FIRST BEDROOM

Baker drops low, shotgun ready.
Her eyes scan the bedroom.
It's empty.

Reee-deeep!
A ceramic frog inside notes her presence.

Baker backs slowly out of the room.

IN THE HALLWAY

A noise behind Baker.
She swings the shotgun, ready to fire.

At Grant, Colt 380 Combat in one hand, clip in the other.
He almost pisses his pants.

GRANT
How do you load this thing?

BAKER
Get down, dammit.

GRANT
Okay, okay, okay!

IN THE DINING ROOM

Grant tries to figure out how to load the gun.

IN THE HALLWAY

Baker creeps to the second bedroom, shotgun ready.

Kicks down the door, springs inside.

IN THE SECOND BEDROOM

FROG 3 opens fire at Baker with two 45 Autos.
Blam!
Blam!

Baker fires, missing Frog 3, smashing a mirror to pieces.

Frog 3 sweeps his .45s at her.
Blam! Blam!-

Baker rolls into the hallway, gunfire chasing her.

IN THE HALLWAY

Baker rolls out of the line of fire.

FROG 2 spins from the first bedroom with double barrel shotgun. Aims it at Baker. Pulls the triggers.

Baker spins and fires.
Hits Frog 2 in the shoulder, spinning him in a graceful pirouette. His shotgun discharges into the ceiling.

Frog 3 rolls out behind her, fires off both 45s.
Blam! Blam! Blam!

Wall plaster explodes next to Baker's head.

Baker spins, fires at Frog 3, hitting him in the chest

Frog 3 flies back to the end of the hall.
SLAM!
Crashing and crumbling. Dead.
Reee-deeep!

JEREMIAH (Frog 1), rolls into the hall from the third bedroom. Springs to his feet.
Fires his 44 magnum at Baker.
BLAAAAM!

The bullet whizzes past her.
She reaims the shotgun and fires.
Knocking a hole in the wall.

Pellets hit Jeremiah in the shoulder, dots of red on his shirt.

Jeremiah rolls into the third bedroom to escape.

Baker bolts down the hallway after him, shotgun ready.
Triggering a half dozen frog motion sensors.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Grant studies the Colt 380 Combat, trying to figure it out.
Finds the catch, slides the clip in.
Smiles.

GRANT

Easy.

Moves into the hallway to cover his partner.

IN THE THIRD BEDROOM

The door frame splinters as Baker moves through it.
Reee-deeep!

Jeremiah runs at high speed to a mullioned window overlooking the street.

Baker aims the shotgun at him.

Jeremiah grabs a gym bag on the dresser as he runs.

Baker fires at him.
Click.
Out of shells.

Jeremiah hits the window, still holding onto the gym bag.

EXT. SLUM HOUSE -- DAY

Glass and wood follow Jeremiah outside as he crashes through.

He rolls, somersaulting on dead grass as glass shards rain around him.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Baker runs to the window, sees Jeremiah roll to his feet.

BAKER

Jeremiah!

He spins and fires at her, crashing an unbroken glass pane to the left of her head, then bolts to his parked car.

Grant runs to Baker's side, aiming his gun at Jeremiah.

GRANT

Stop! This is the FBI!

Baker drops the shotgun, yanks the Colt 380 from Grant's hand, aims out the window at the running man.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. SLUM HOUSE -- DAY

Jeremiah flips over, hit in the back. Lets go of the gym bag, which opens, raining money over him like fresh snow.

He lands in the center of the lawn, dead, surrounded by money.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Grant is cradling his gun hand.

BAKER

You okay?

GRANT

You almost pulled off my finger.

BAKER

And you almost got me killed. Why the hell did you unload the gun? You're supposed to be my backup, right?

(Grant nods)

I don't have time to baby sit you. You may be some Harvard hotshot, but this is the real world.

She hands him back the Colt 380 Combat.

BAKER

Now: cover me.

EXT. SLUM HOUSE -- DAY

Baker reloads the shotgun, jumps out the window, advances to Jeremiah's corpse.

BAKER

You have the right to remain silent.

Steps on his wrist and kicks the gun from his dead hand with the other foot.

In the distance: police sirens.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Grant looks at the gun in his hand, then to Baker as she pulls up Jeremiah's sleeve to expose the dancing frog tattoo.

INT. LARKIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Larkin paces.

LARKIN

The report I got said no survivors.

BAKER

We were greeted with gunfire, Lark. What did you want me to do?

LARKIN

Did you call for assistance?

BAKER

I have an assistant. He just stood there, shaking in his shoes.

LARKIN

You're familiar with section 384.8 of the operations manual?

BAKER

"In the event an Agent has reason to believe he or she is in fear for his life, or the lives of others, he is authorized to fire his weapon for the purpose of stopping the suspect from committing a dangerous or life threatening act."

LARKIN

Exactly.

BAKER

What are you trying to say?

LARKIN

You had four possible leads. You shot them all. Now you have no leads.

BAKER

I only did what was necessary.

LARKIN

Penny, next time, call for back-up.

BAKER

Sir, I do have one lead.

INT. FBI COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Baker sits at a terminal, Larkin over her shoulder.

BAKER

Three robberies in L.A., all the same. All three used lasers.

Baker types in the word "Laser".

ON THE MONITOR

The screen says "Searching".

"7,539 in U.S. Print?"

Larkin's jaw almost touches the ground.

Baker smiles at his expression, hits the print button.
The printer spews robbery reports from all over the USA.

LARKIN

My God.

Grant enters, smiles at Larkin's expression.

GRANT

Amazing, isn't it? Over seven thousand
of them. All exactly the same.

LARKIN

How do you explain it?

BAKER

Robbery franchises.
(smiles)
What we're dealing with, here, is the
Kentucky Fried Chicken of Crime. These
people buy the secret recipe from Colonel
Sanders and open shop.

Larkin shakes his head in amazement.

LARKIN

The Baker touch.

BAKER

I have the lab boys cataloguing everything
from Jeremiah's. Trying to find a
national connection.

LARKIN

I don't know what it is, Penny. But
you've got a feel for bank robberies.

INT. SZECHUAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Baker eats with chopsticks, Grant has to use a fork and spoon.

GRANT

Tell me about the 'Baker touch'. How do
you do it?

BAKER

I imagine myself in the robbers' place.
Think the way they think. Feel the way
they feel.

GRANT

How do you feel about these guys?

BAKER

(smiles)

I admire them. They're real pros. The laser lets them knock out the security cams without having to run all over the bank.

(points with a chopstick)

They control the crowd well, too. Having the manager assist them is pure genius. It assures cooperation from the bank staff and ties authority to the robbers.

(takes a bite)

Opening the bundles in the bank is great. It's so simple...

GRANT

They have everything planned.

BAKER

The get away cars are the best. Garish, stand out monstrosities you can spot from miles away. I can't figure out whether they change their appearance or hide them.

(takes a bite)

While the police look for the Sonova Beach Club car, the robbers get away.

GRANT

Sonova Beach Club. I looked in the phone directory. Couldn't find it.

BAKER

The Sonova Beach Club?

GRANT

Could be a lead.

BAKER

(long beat)

There's better leads.

GRANT

Really?

BAKER

Found this at Jeremiah's.

Baker pulls out a brochure, slides it across to Grant.

THE BROCHURE

A photo shows a man leaning against a Rolls Royce, smiling.

The headline: "THE ROAD TO RICHES!" underneath is a quote from a guy who was flat broke, living on his brother-in-law's sofa, begging for food. But now, he owns four houses, three BMWs, and has a million dollar line of credit.

All because of a secret he's willing to share with you.

Just take the enclosed aptitude test and send it to the PO Box. You could be a millionaire tomorrow!

GRANT

So?

BAKER

Look at the aptitude test.

THE QUESTIONS

Begin innocently, but somewhere in the middle, take a strange turn. "Would you be willing to hurt other people to achieve your goals?"

It's like the test in "The Parallax View" to find assassins.

BAKER

Slick, isn't it?

GRANT

You wish you were one of them, don't you? A bank robber? That's the Baker Touch: It's a touch of larceny.

He's hit the nail on the head.

GRANT

You get your jollies second hand. You get to be part of the robbery without the risk of arrest.

BAKER

Maybe.

GRANT

Why don't you just fill this thing out? Do it for real?

BAKER

Rob banks to supplement my income? Sooner or later I'd be chasing myself.

Grant laughs.

But Baker looks down at the brochure and thinks about it.

BAKER
Maybe I should.

INT. BAKER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ringling wakes Baker. She reaches for the night stand. Finds the alarm clock, but that's not where the ringing comes from.

She drags herself out of bed in search of the telephone. Answers it.

BAKER
Penny Baker.

GRANT (V.O.)
There were no alarm bells.

BAKER
What time is it?

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Grant is wide awake, fully dressed.

GRANT
During the robberies. Not one witness mentioned exterior alarm bells. They SHOULD have gone off.

BAKER (V.O.)
Okay. I'll grant you that.

GRANT
Baker, don't you see it? They rigged the alarm ahead of time. That means we can spot their next bank. Be there when it goes down.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Everyone is on the phone talking to bank personnel.

GRANT
Yes sir. This nonsense IS your tax dollars at work. Can you go outside the bank and check the alarm bell? See if someone has tampered with it.
(beat)
Well, you might need a ladder.
(beat)
Maybe you can get a teller to do it, then. Okay. I'll hold.

He looks across to Baker.

GRANT

Any luck?

BAKER

(shakes her head)

It was an idea, I'll grant you that.

A tinny voice comes through Grant's phone.

GRANT

Yes, I'm still here.

(beat)

You did? Cotton?

Grant covers the mouth piece of his phone.

GRANT

He found cotton stuffed in his alarm.

BAKER

Grant...

GRANT

I know. I'm like athletes foot: at first I'm a pain, then I grow on you.

Grant uncovers the mouth piece, continues talking.

GRANT

Just hold on. We'll be down there in a few minutes.

INT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

The MANAGER hangs up, looks at the pile of cotton balls on his desk.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Three Gay men enter, just as the GUARD is closing the doors.

INT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

SYDNEY swishes into the bank, posing by the door. Thirties, dressed in a garish suit, carrying a box of flowers.

RODNEY is the oldest of the group, fifty. Ascot around his neck, he is the cliché aging queen.

Mr. COX is the best dressed of the lot. A big, cheerful smile and a smooth walk. Very sexy, with eyes that sparkle.

Mr. Cox moves to the Security Guard, touching his shoulder, making him nervous.

MR.COX

I just adore men in uniforms. I bet you have a foot between your legs!

GUARD

No...

MR.COX

Well you do now!

He kicks the Guard in the groin, knocking him down.

Rodney quick draws a laser gun, shoots a red beam into the video security cameras. Then aims at a TELLER.

Sydney pulls a pair of .38 revolvers from the flower box.

Mr. Cox pulls out a .25 automatic and a stop watch.

MR.COX

Everybody on the floor, please. Face down, just like sex.

CUSTOMERS AND TELLERS do as they are told.

MR.COX

Okay, now. It takes about five minutes for the police to show up after the silent alarm goes off. So, even if you're a big hero, that's five minutes of quiet time to think about Gay Rights.

(smiles)

I want everyone to think about doing something nice for a Gay Person, okay?

Mr.Cox turns to the desks at the back of the bank.

MR.COX

I need some manager assistance.

The Manager walks, hands over his head, to Mr.Cox.

MR.COX

Rodney, dear, the bags.

Rodney hands Mr.Cox a stack of folded plastic bags.

RODNEY

Right here, Mr. Cox.

Mr.Cox hands the bags over to the Manager.

Rodney covers the left side of the bank with his laser gun.

MR.COX

Now we go behind the counter and you load up the bags.

The Manager opens a cash drawer with his key, pulls out a bundle of money, ready to drop it in the sack.

MR.COX

No, honey, open the bundles. I want LOOSE cash.

The Manager looks at the bundle hesitantly...

And that's when the alarm goes off. Instead of being silent, the alarm bells outside the bank clang loudly, startling the three robbers.

MR.COX

Oh my God. It's the alarm!

Rodney fires the laser at the front doors, hitting nothing. Mr. Cox screams and throws a fit.

MR.COX

Rodney! You said you stuffed the alarm!

RODNEY

I did! They must have unstuffed it!

MR. COX

This isn't in the plan!

(confused)

What do we do?

From the floor, the Guard scans the situation at the bank. Three panicked robbers. Customers in the middle of the bank, except for him, near the front door. His gun on the carpet five feet from his hand.

MR.COX

It's so piercing! Shut it off!

The Guard looks from Cox to Sydney to Rodney.

Then scrambles for his gun, taking quick aim at Sydney.

Sydney is faster.

Swings his pair of .38s around, blasting both at the Guard. BANG! BANG!

The Guard slams into the door, shatters it, flies onto the sidewalk outside. The screaming begins.

Mr.Cox, Rodney, and Sydney charge to the doors.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Grant sees the lavender and pink camouflage Bronco parked across the street from the bank.

GRANT
That's their car.

BAKER
You have the eyes of an eagle, and your nose looks similar, too.

SUDDENLY the Guard comes crashing through the bank window.

Baker stops the car, tosses her Colt 380 Combat to Grant.

BAKER
Cover me.

They roll out of the car, Grant aiming the Colt 380, Baker drawing a .45 automatic.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Rodney runs out, spots Baker, aims his laser at her eyes.
ZAP!

THE LASER BEAM hits Baker's mirrored glasses and deflects, bouncing off the window of a store across the street.

Baker returns fire.
BLAM!

Rodney is hit in the chest, knocked off his feet by the impact.

INT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Absolute panic erupts in the Bank. Customers screaming.

Sydney and Mr. Cox see Rodney's corpse fly into the bank, followed by the pair of FBI Agents.

GRANT
FBI! Freeze!

Sydney jogs to the end of the lobby, plastic bags swinging. People are screaming all around him.

Grant targets the Colt 380 Combat at the bank robber's back.

GRANT
Drop it!

Sydney doesn't drop his gun. Grant's hand is shaking.

GRANT
Drop it, asshole! Now!

Sydney fires.
The shot misses Grant by an inch, killing a woman behind him.

Grant realizes he has to shoot.
Takes aim.
But a panicked WOMAN runs in front of him, spoils his shot.
Grant lowers his gun.

GUARD
Out of the way! Get down!

Baker fires at Mr. Cox.
BANG!

Mr. Cox dives out of the way, popping to his feet, running.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Baker chases Mr. Cox out of the Bank.

INT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Grant aims at Sydney again, but somebody gets in his way.

GRANT
Drop it! Last chance!

Grant goes into what looks like a trance state.
Concentrates on Sydney through the screaming crowd in the Bank.

Sydney sees Grant just standing there, pointing his gun.
Laughs and fires at him.
BANG!

The bullet splinters the counter a few inches behind Grant.
Grant doesn't even flinch.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Mr. Cox ducks into a doorway, slams in a fresh clip.

Hears running feet moving towards him, dives out and fires.
BLAM! BLAM!

Baker hits the dirt.
Shots blast overhead.
People on the street scream.

INT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Sydney reaims, correcting for his last mistake.

Grant sights down his gun barrel at Sydney's chest.

Both fire simultaneously.

BANG! BLAM!

Sydney's shot rips fabric from Grant's shoulder, misses flesh.

Grant's shot kicks the robber backwards.

Plastic bags tear open, spilling money over the Bank lobby.

GRANT

I told you to drop it. Why didn't you
listen? Why didn't you drop it?

Sydney says nothing. He's dead.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Mr. Cox bolts to the parked Ford Bronco.

Baker rolls to her feet and gives chase.

BAKER

Stop or I'll shoot! Stop!

An OLD WOMAN gets in Mr. Cox's way, he slams her in the face
with his gun. Climbs over her on his way to the Bronco.

A PEDESTRIAN stops to help the Old Woman.

Baker continues the chase.

Grant runs out of the bank, behind Baker.

Mr. Cox climbs into Bronco and the Driver peels out.

BAKER

The car!

They run to the parked Porsche.

INT. PINK BRONCO

The DRIVER, in a satin outfit, shoots across an intersection,
tires squealing. Behind them, the Porsche gives chase.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Grant grabs the radio microphone.

GRANT

This is T-24. We are in pursuit of a
vehicle. Traveling South on Penmar.

(MORE)

GRANT (Con't)

A Pink and Lavender Ford Bronco license number... Shit. Who cares what the numbers are? Two male caucasians. Armed and dangerous. Request back up!

RADIO (V.O.)

Will notify L.A.P.D. Over.

Grant replaces the mike, grabs the dashboard, hangs on for dear life.

Baker spins around a slow moving car, while she pulls the seat belt and shoulder harness down.

BAKER

Buckle up!

Grant fastens his seat belt.

INT. PINK BRONCO

The Driver skids around another corner.

Mr. Cox hangs onto the rollbar and unholsters his gun.

The Porsche slides around the corner after them.

The Driver skids the Bronco to the left against the light.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

TWO CARS have to hit the brakes to avoid hitting them.

A TAXI SLAMS into a row of parked cars, turning them to rubble.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Baker spins the corner in hot pursuit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY

The Bronco twists around a corner, running into...

A BIG RIG truck backing into a loading dock.

The side of the Bronco skims along the truck, shooting sparks. Squeezing between the truck and the dock!

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Swinging the wheel right, then left, Baker worms the between the truck and the loading dock SECONDS before the gap closes.

Grant closes his eyes, anticipating death.

SPARKS spray on both sides of the Porsche, treating them to a fireworks display.

INT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY

The Porsche pops out, the gap closes.
The truck's back bumper hits the loading dock bumpers.

The Bronco slams a garbage can, bouncing it over the roof.

THE CAN slams into the front of the Porsche, providing sparks from the front of the car, before Baker spins around it.

INT. PINK BRONCO

Mr. Cox fires at the Porsche.

BANG!

Nicks the frond fender of the Porsche, shredding steel.

MR.COX

Don't bounce so much! I'm trying to
shoot them!

Driver hits the gas, speeds away from the Porsche.
At the end of the alley, he spins onto the street.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

She spins the corner, shoots down the street after the Bronco.

Baker twists around a slow moving Oldsmobile, flies down the asphalt after the Bronco.

Speedometer creeping up to a hundred miles per hour.

INT. PINK BRONCO

The speedometer is at seventy five.

Mr. Cox looks at the Porsche closing in on them.

MR.COX

Go faster! Go faster!

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

At the next intersection, a pair of GLASSERS carry a wall sized pane of glass across the street to a construction sight.

INT. PINK BRONCO

Driver slams through the glass, sending broken shards raining over the street.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Glassers jump out of the way of the shards, one holds his cut hand, cursing the skidding Bronco.

GLASSER
You son of a bitch!

Stepping right in front of the Porsche.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Baker spins right, then left, missing the Glasser by inches.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

GLASSER
Shit!

INT. PINK BRONCO

Driver presses the gas pedal all the way to the floor. The speedometer moves up to 100 mph.

The Porsche still behind them, increasing speed.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

At the intersection the light turns from yellow to red.

INT. PINK BRONCO

Mr. Cox takes another shot at the Porsche.
BANG!

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

CRASH!
The windshield stars, the back window explodes into the street.

Grant looks at the bullet hole, an inch from his head.

GRANT
He almost killed me!

BAKER
Shoot back at them.

GRANT
I don't want to get them angry.

He unholsters his gun anyway.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Bronco speeds across the street against the light.

A Volkswagen has to slam on the brakes to avoid hitting them.
A Minivan nicks the Bronco's tail, spinning it out of control.

A Ford skids to avoid the Bronco, slams into a parked car,
explodes, sending doors and hood into the stratosphere.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Baker calmly spins around the burning wreckage.
Grant hangs white knuckled onto the dashboard.

BAKER

Aren't you going to shoot at them?

Grant rolls down the window, aims the Colt 380 Combat.

INT. PINK BRONCO

Mr. Cox sees 24th Avenue ahead, a neighborhood street that
turns from asphalt to aqueduct in Venice.

MR. COX

Faster! We'll lose them in the canals.

Directly behind them and closing fast: the Porsche.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Grant squints, fires at the Bronco.
Misses.

GRANT

Damn.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

The place where Hippies go to die is slowly being taken over
by Young Urban Professionals. Volkswagens replaced by Beemers.

Residents scatter when the Bronco blasts into the neighborhood.
Ducks waddle away, diving into the canal.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Grant aims.
Fires again.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

THE LEFT REAR TIRE of the Bronco shreds to a twist of rubber.

The Bronco spins out of control... toward the water canal!

A PEDESTRIAN dives to the sidewalk to escape the Bronco.

INT. PINK BRONCO

Driver hangs onto the wheel, tries controlling the car.
Can't.

MR. COX

Oh no!

Then Mr. Cox is upside down.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

The Bronco rolls a few times before it flips over the curb,
smashes through the fence, splashes into shallow water.

INT. BAKER'S PORSCHE

Baker calmly finds a parking space.

BAKER

That was fun. Wasn't it?

Grant gives her a look and pries his fingers off the dash.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

Baker and Grant exit the car, jog to the broken fence.

The Bronco in five feet of water, ducks quacking around it.

GRANT

We don't have to go in there, do we?

Baker pops off her shoes, steps into the slimy water.

GRANT

I'll just wait here.

BAKER

Grab the shotgun. We'll have duck for
dinner.

Grant keeps his gun on the Bronco.

EXT. THE CANAL -- DAY

Driver is dead, hands floating on the surface over his head.
Mr. Cox unbuckles his seat belt, swimming away, gun in hand.

Baker swims after him.

Ducks quack around her. One nibbles on her sleeve.

BAKER

Quack off.

Mr. Cox swims faster, but icky debris gets in his way.

MR. COX

Eeeew!

Baker grabs his leg, pulls him towards her.
He fights, kicking at her like Esther Williams.
Baker gives him a good yank, pulling his head under.

Mr. Cox comes up sputtering, covered in slime.

Baker grabs his wrist, knocks the gun from his hand.

The gun sinks down to the concrete.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

A small CROWD has gathered around the crash. Home owners,
artists, beach bunnies, and aging hippies watch Baker pull Mr.
Cox out of the water and drop him onto the sidewalk.

BAKER

Stay put.

An OLD HIPPIY videotapes the proceedings.
SIRENS in the distance.

Grant pulls out his ID, shows it to the crowd.

GRANT

FBI. Everybody back, please. Give us
some room to work, okay?

He smells sewage, realizes it's Baker.

GRANT

What's that perfume you're wearing?

BAKER

Aue De Merde.
(to Cox)
Let's see what we've got...

Baker search Mr. Cox's pockets.

SUDDENLY, Mr. Cox snatches the pistol from Baker's holster.
Aiming the gun right at her face.
Finger on the trigger.
Smiles.

MR.COX

Back off, bitch. I'm out of here.

Baker slams Mr. Cox in the face with one hand, grabs the gun with the other. Cox grabs his broken nose, screams.

She presses the gun barrel into Mr.Cox's forehead.

BAKER

Let's chat, okay? Who's the planner?

MR.COX

I don't know what you're talking about.

BAKER

He's the Betty Crocker of crime.
What's his name?

Mr. Cox squirms away from the gun.
Crab crawls on his back.

Baker follows, keeps the gun on his forehead.

BAKER

Tell me. TELL ME!

MR.COX

I can't tell you. I can't...

BAKER

I think you can.

Mr. Cox grabs his belt as he squirms away, touching the handle of a hidden stiletto.

MR.COX

Don't know his name. Nobody does.

BAKER

So how does he get his cut? He DOES get a percentage doesn't he?

MR.COX

The regional marketing director takes the cut. He's only silver level, though.

BAKER

What?

GRANT

Multi-level marketing. Each level takes a cut, passes it up. Silver, Gold, Platinum, Diamond... Then to the boss.

BAKER

Cut outs.

Mr. Cox has squirmed away a few feet, Baker strolls over and puts the gun back to his forehead.

BAKER

Where do you meet this regional guy?

MR.COX

Different motels. I don't know...

BAKER

Where'd you meet him the last time?

MR.COX

The Cinema Spa on Sepulveda. Room three twelve... but it's never the same.

BAKER

Thanks for your cooperation.

Baker pulls the gun from Mr. Cox's head.

MR.COX

You're welcome, bitch.

Mr. Cox pulls the stiletto, swings it at Baker.

Baker blocks with her gun barrel.
Clang!

Mr. Cox swings again and again.
Clang! Clang!

Baker misses a block.
The knife cuts through her shirt.

THROUGH THE OLD HIPPY'S VIDEO CAMERA:

Baker and Mr. Cox fight, gun to knife.
Cox swinging the glittering stiletto.
Baker blocking with her gun barrel.

BAKER

Grant! Get the shotgun! Now!

But Grant is trying to hold back the CROWD.

CROWD

Brutality! Brutality! Someone get Johnny Cochran! Brutality!

The knife flies again, cutting Baker's arm.

Mr. Cox swings the knife again.
Right at her face!

She can't block with the gun.
Has no choice.
Grabs the knife blade with her free hand.

Mr. Cox presses the knife with both hands at Baker's face.

She screams as the blade cuts into her palm, her fingers.
Baker pushes the blade away, lets go.

Blood spurts from her hand.
Baker's clothing is turning red with blood.

MR. COX

Time to go.

Mr. Cox swings the knife at her face.

Baker pulls the trigger.
BANG!

Mr. Cox is hit in the chest, flips backwards into the water.

EXT. THE CANAL -- DAY

Blood bubbles from Mr. Cox's mouth.
He looks up at Baker with glassy eyes.
The knife weighs his arm down, and it begins to sink.

Dead in the water.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

Baker holsters her gun, steps away from the railing.

CROWD

Brutality! Brutality! Brutality!

Someone jostles Grant, but he keeps his cool.

POLICE CARS pull up.
Policemen control the crowd, trying to disperse them.

POLICEMEN

Hey! Let's break it up! Back off, now!
You want to find out if the riot gear
works? Get a face full of mace? Okay,
back up. Back up.

The Old Hippy lowers his video camera, clicks it off.
Smiles.

OLD HIPPY
Harvey Levin, have I gotta one for you.

He scoots off.

The Policemen get the crowd under control.

Baker sits against the railing, looking down at the sidewalk.

GRANT
You okay?

Grant touches her shoulder, wraps his handkerchief around her wounded hand. She looks at him, tries to smile.

A DETECTIVE in a blue suit crosses to her.

DETECTIVE
Will somebody bag this lady's gun?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

An FBI AGENT in a blue suit walks past a bandaged Baker, sitting outside Larkin's office.

Larkin sticks his head out.

LARKIN
Baker.

INT. LARKIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Baker sits across from Larkin.

LARKIN
You're riding a desk for thirty days
pending investigation.

Larkin clicks the remote, plays a videotape of the news.

ON THE SCREEN

Baker presses her gun into Mr. Cox's forehead.

BAKER (V.O.)
Tell me. TELL ME!

MR. COX (V.O.)
I can't tell you. I can't...

The image cuts to Baker shooting Mr. Cox.
He flies through the railing into the canal.

Larkin clicks off the videotape.

BAKER

They killed two people in the bank,
injured a dozen others. What did you
expect me to do? Just let them go?

LARKIN

You should have let LAPD have the chase.

BAKER

And have the car disappear?

LARKIN

Right. Let LAPD get their picture on the
cover of Time Magazine for a change. We
don't need the bad press.

BAKER

I didn't know I was being taped...

Larkin shoots her an angry look.
She switches gears, pleading.

BAKER

This is my case. We're getting close --

LARKIN

Van Tassell and Allred are on it now.

BAKER

What about Grant? It's his case, too.

LARKIN

Grant can't handle this himself. I'll
triple him with Van Tassell and Allred.

BAKER

They don't know anything about it. This
is MY case, Lark. We broke it...

LARKIN

You're off it, Penny.

BAKER

Please. I'll do the paperwork. Fill out
all of the reports. Just keep me on it.

LARKIN

Can't do it. Just can't do it.

Baker leaves, closing the door behind her.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY -- DAY

The door closes behind Cardinal.

Stephens takes his manicured hand away from the Labrador Puppy.

STEPHENS

We have a problem.

CARDINAL

Yes?

STEPHENS

A pair of Federal Agents. Investigating in our own back yard. Yesterday they killed the Frogs, today they killed the Gays. I want them stopped. Permanently.

CARDINAL

Yes, sir.

STEPHENS

This might be a good job for Mr. Wolfe.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Baker passes a man in dark glasses sitting on the stairs.

GRANT

Baker!

Baker turns, sees the man is Grant.

Dark glasses, no neck tie, suit unbuttoned. Very casual. Not at all like Phil Grant.

GRANT

What happened?

BAKER

I'm off it. Completely.

GRANT

You're kidding.

BAKER

Too much bad press.

GRANT

So what happens now?

BAKER

I go on "vacation" for thirty days. Pending investigation.

GRANT

What about the bank robbers?

BAKER

They aren't pending investigation. We get investigated, the robbers go free.

For a minute Grant just looks at her.

GRANT

They haven't pulled me.

BAKER

What are you going to do?

GRANT

Be your inside man.

BAKER

What are you talking about?

GRANT

When it comes to banks, Baker's the best. Right?

She shrugs, sits next to him on the steps.

GRANT

I'm the greenhorn. I don't know what I'm doing. So why don't we keep the investigation going. I'm the front man, you're the brains.

BAKER

Maybe.

GRANT

We can crack it, Baker. I know we can.

He points from himself to Baker.

GRANT

Mister inside. Mister outside.

BAKER

Okay. I'm going to get fired for this.

GRANT

Hell, you were going to get fired anyway.

BAKER

(smiles)

You want to check out that motel?

Grant pulls out his notebook, reads the name.

GRANT
The Cinema Spa on Sepulveda, room 217.
(beat)
What are you going to do?

BAKER
(smiles)
I'll think of something.

INT. BAKER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Baker sits at her kitchen table, smoking a joint, looking at:
THE "APTITUDE TEST".

She taps her pen a couple of times, fills in a name: Helen
Bedd, c/o the Huntley Hotel.

Finally, she begins marking answers.

BAKER
Would I be willing to hurt others if job
advancement depended on it?
(beat)
That's what an FBI agent does.

She marks the 'yes' bubble, goes to the next question.

EXT. URBAN STREET -- NIGHT

Baker walks up to a CHICANO in a beat up army jacket.

INT. PRINTING SHOP -- NIGHT

Baker fills out a DMV drivers license form.
The name on the form is Helen Bedd.
The address is the Huntley Hotel in Santa Monica.

The Chicano gestures to a grey wall with foot prints a few
inches away from it. Baker stands in the foot prints.

The Chicano inserts the form into the camera.
Flash!

The Chicano pulls Poloroid film from the camera, waits thirty
seconds, peels off the paper...

A California Drivers License for Helen Bedd with Baker's face.

BAKER
What about extra credit?

An ancient Mattel Vacuum Form. Using metal letters, he creates
credit cards for Helen Bedd. Visa, MasterCard, Amex, Discover.

He lets the cards cool, attaches the hologram stickers.

EXT. CINEMA SPA MOTEL -- NIGHT

Grant sits in his car, watching people come and go.

GRANT

Hooker. Hooker. Transvestite. Tourists
with a bad travel agent. Hooker. Hooker.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- DAY

Baker leaves her Porsche for repairs.

The REPAIR MAN looks at the bullet holes, gives Baker a look.

BAKER

I hate jealous wives, don't you?

INT. FBI GARAGE -- DAY

A crew of FBI MECHANICS takes the Bronco apart.

Grant touches the camouflage paint on a fender panel.
It's real paint. Not a peel off.

GRANT

How do they make the cars disappeared?

MECHANIC

Got me. You're the investigator.

GRANT

It's not some sort of high-tech Stealth
thing, is it?

MECHANIC

On a Ford? You gotta be kidding.

Grant watches them turn the car to piles of nuts and bolts,
vacuuming each area and marking the clear plastic vacuum bags.

INT. HUNTLEY HOTEL -- DAY

Baker stands at the front desk.
Behind her, a BELLMAN sets her luggage in a neat row.

DESK CLERK

We'll need a drivers license and a major
credit card.

Baker pulls out her false IDs.
A moment of suspense as he studies them.
Will he know they're fake?

DESK CLERK

How long will you be staying with us,
Ms. Bedd?

BAKER

A couple of weeks. Maybe more.

The DESK CLERK fills out the registration card.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Baker and Grant cross a bridge over PCH to the beach.

BAKER

What'd you find out at the motel?

GRANT

Room 217 was rented for a week by some
guy with a cigar.

BAKER

Could the manager describe the guy?

GRANT

No chance. That place rents by the hour.
It's all hands and money to them.

Walking past them is a MAN in a Sonova Beach Club T shirt.

GRANT

This is probably Sonova Beach.

Baker laughs.

The MAN in T shirt moves into the light.

It's Wolfe.

He watches Baker and Grant walk onto the beach.

EXT. THE BEACH -- NIGHT

Baker and Grant walk to the edge of the surf.

GRANT

All I can do is sit there and watch that
motel room.

BAKER

Cox said they switched motels.

GRANT

Yeah, but how many sleazy motels are
there in this city?

BAKER

How about getting a list of motels from LAPD Vice, call around. Ask about guys with cigars who rent by the week.

GRANT

Good thought.

BAKER

No sense in watching the wrong motel.

GRANT

I hate stakeouts. Want to trade shifts? Eight-on, eight-off?

BAKER

(long beat)

I'm gonna be away for a while.

GRANT

Where?

BAKER

Deep cover.

GRANT

Shit.

BAKER

The less you know about it, the better.

GRANT

You going to wear a wire?

BAKER

Yeah.

GRANT

That's entrapment.

BAKER

To be entrapment, I'd have to be working for the FBI. I'm suspended, remember?

(beat)

So, I applied for another job.

GRANT

Don't do anything illegal. I don't want to have to arrest you.

BAKER

(teasing)

You'd have to catch me, first.

EXT. PROMENADE OVERLOOKING BEACH -- NIGHT

Wolfe, McBain, Parker, and Thomas watch them with infrared goggles. Looking like something out of Giant Bug Movie.

WOLFE
Second time they've come here.

PARKER
Always at night.

THOMAS
You think they're doing it?

MCBAIN
Get real, Thomas.

WOLFE
What? You think Feds don't screw?

MCBAIN
They don't screw each other.

THOMAS
So?

Wolfe takes off his night vision goggles.

WOLFE
Next time they come here...

THOMAS
They're gonna do it?

WOLFE
We kill them.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Grant is on the phone talking to motels.

GRANT
No, I don't want to rent a room. I want to know if you have any guest staying for an entire week.
(beat)
Really? Was he smoking a cigar?
(beat)
No. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

EXT. HUNTLEY HOTEL -- DAY

Baker rides the glass elevator up to her room holding a box.

INT. BAKER'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Baker opens the UPS box. Inside is a booklet: "THE ROAD TO RICHES", a video cassette, a cover letter.

BAKER

Congratulations on being accepted...

She pops the cassette into her VCR, clicks on the TV, fast forwards past the introduction...

ON THE TV SCREEN

Various shots of Bank's exterior alarm bells.

VOICE (V.O.)

These are the bank's alarm bells. They can be circumvented by stuffing them with cotton balls or styrofoam pellets. Do this the day before the robbery.

Baker fast forwards, the image blurs...

VOICE (V.O.)

Bank vaults are on a time lock. In order to place teller receipts in the vault, time locks are usually set to open ten minutes after a bank has closed.

The image blurs...

A lime green and orange Ford Taurus zooms down the street.

VOICE (V.O.)

Your getaway car should be conspicuous and easy to describe.

The Taurus drives into the back of a moving van.

VOICE (V.O.)

While police look for the car described by witnesses, they ignore all other vehicles, like this moving van.

The image blurs again...

VOICE (V.O.)

Remember, once you've taken control of the bank, be polite to your hostages.

INT. PACIFIC BANK -- DAY

REDHEAD

Thank you for your donation.

A REDHEAD woman in sun glasses and a scarf takes a pair of full money bags from the MANAGER.

REDHEAD
How we doing on time?

A BLONDE in dark glasses and a scarf, with a Crackerjack ring on a necklace; lowers her laser gun, looks at her stopwatch.

BLONDE
Half minute to spare.

REDHEAD
We did it!

The BRUNETTE with the shotgun laughs.

BRUNETTE
We are women hear us ROAR!

The Brunette fires her shotgun into the ceiling.
The three women exit the bank.

EXT. PACIFIC BANK -- DAY

The three pile into a pink Cadillac convertible.
It roars off.

EXT. THE BEACH -- NIGHT

Grant paces in the sand, as Baker approaches.

GRANT
What the hell do you think you're doing?

BAKER
Hi, how are you?

GRANT
Four women robbed a bank in the Valley
today. Got away with three hundred Gs.

BAKER
So?

GRANT
They sent ME to interview the witnesses.
A Blonde, Brunette and a Redhead.
(accusing)
The Blonde was wearing a Cracker Jack
ring around her neck.

Baker holds up her Cracker Jack ring.

BAKER

Like this?

Grant's anger prevents him from answering.

BAKER

Got it when I was six years old. At the old BeeDee's Five and Dime on Main.

(smiles)

First thing I ever stole. Gave me one hell of a rush... But nothing like yesterday. That was primo, baby.

GRANT

Baker... You're WAY over the line.

BAKER

There's no other way to get to the top.

GRANT

Is that where you're going?

BAKER

This guy's got it ALL figured out. The robbers only come in contact with district managers - Gold level. Gold level only comes in contact with regional managers - Platinum level. None of the robbers ever come in contact with the top guy. You've got to work your way up to Diamond level before you even know who he is.

GRANT

That's your plan? Make commissions off other teams? Rob your way to the top?

BAKER

There's no other way. This guy's too smart. He uses limited view video tapes: They fade after two weeks. No evidence.

(beat)

On the inside, I've got a chance.

GRANT

A chance to do time.

EXT. PROMENADE OVERLOOKING BEACH -- NIGHT

The Wolfe Pack watches them through infra-red goggles. All have radio control sets on their laps.

WOLFE

Okay. Let the games begin!

EXT. THE BEACH -- NIGHT

GRANT

I've got a lead on the next motel...

BAKER

The Old TraveLodge on Wilshire?

Grant stops.
Hears a strange sound.
An electronic whirring.

GRANT

What's that?

Baker listens. The sound is getting closer.

Grant and Baker scan the moonlight beach.

Nothing to the north but sand. No people, no machines.
Nothing to the south. Nothing to the east. Only crashing
surf to the west.

The WHIRRING gets louder.

GRANT

There!

From the darkness comes a green toy dune buggy with a huge
whip antenna. It whirrs at high speed, kicking up sand.

GRANT

What the...?

Then he notes the grey modeling clay wrapped around the toy.

GRANT

Plastique! Down! Down!

Grant tackles Baker, slamming her to the sand, just as the
remote control dune buggy explodes.

BLAAAAAAAAAMM!

Night turns to instant daylight. Sand rains around them.

Baker and Grant uncover their heads, move to their feet.

BAKER

What was that?

Another whirring from their left.
Another from their right. A third from the east.

GRANT
We're surrounded!

Baker pulls her gun, aiming at the whirring noises.

The three R/C dune buggies circle Baker and Grant.
A blue one, a red one, and a yellow one.
All three filled with C-4 explosives and remote detonators.

Baker and Grant are trapped like pioneers by circling indians.

EXT. PROMENADE OVERLOOKING BEACH -- NIGHT

Thomas lowers his R/C unit.

THOMAS
Shit!

WOLFE
A little premature detonation problem?

PARKER
Twenty bucks says I get 'em.

MCBAIN
Make it fifty?

PARKER
You're on!

EXT. THE BEACH -- NIGHT

The circling dune buggies are fifty feet away...
Getting closer and closer.

Baker follows the yellow buggy with her gun.

BAKER
Where's your gun?

The buggies circle has closed to thirty feet.

GRANT
At home. In my briefcase.

Baker fires, missing the dune buggy by an inch.

BAKER
First rule of Scouting: Always be prepared.

Reaiming, she fires again.
BANG!
BLAAAAAAM!

The yellow buggy explodes into a ball of flame, knocking Baker and Grant on their butts. Turning night to day for a minute.

Baker wobbles to her feet, sees the blue buggy break formation, ROAR right at her. Spraying sand.

BAKER

Come to momma.

Baker raises her gun.
The blue buggy picks up speed.

BAKER

That's right, baby.

Baker fires.
Misses.

GRANT

Fire! Fire, dammit!

The buggy speeds at her.
Closer.
Closer.

Baker fires, hitting the buggy head on.

BLAAAAM!

The blue buggy explodes, shooting a fireball into the heavens.
Spraying them with sand, knocking them onto the beach.

The red buggy speeds at them.

Baker has lost her gun in the sand.

GRANT

Baker?

BAKER

Lost my gun. It's here somewhere...

Baker sifts the sand for her gun.

The red buggy gets closer.

GRANT

No time...

Baker finds the gun, lifts it, and fires.

The bullet hits the red buggy's front tire, flips it onto its side, but not exploding it. The wheels whirr without traction.

Baker keeps the gun aimed at the injured buggy.

GRANT

You going to read it its rights?
Let's get out of here.

BAKER

Who controls it?

GRANT

Gotta be Diamond level to find out.

Grant scans the beach for some sign of the 'drivers'.
Looks up the rugged cliff at the Promenade.
Four people sitting on a park bench?

GRANT

Up there. Four of them.

BAKER

You have the nose of a bloodhound. Don't
worry, the rest of your face looks fine.

GRANT

We've got to get out of here.

Keeping her gun aimed at the buggy, they move to the ocean.

The buggy engine roars from forward to reverse, rocking it.
Trying to flip it over.

Grant and Baker get to the edge of the surf.

The buggy rocks onto its wheels and speeds after them.

Grant hears the whirring. Sees the buggy speeding at them.

GRANT

Shit.

The buggy ROARS at them.

Baker raises her gun and fires.
BANG!

Misses the buggy, kicking up sand.

Baker re-aims, fires again.
BANG!

Misses...

The buggy speeds closer!
Baker takes dead aim and fires.
Click. Out of shells.

The buggy closes on them.

GRANT

Come on!

Grant grabs Baker, drags her into the ocean.
She stumbles and falls into the surf.

The dune buggy speeds to the water's edge.

Grant pulls Baker deeper into the water.

The dune buggy hits the surf.
The electric motor short circuits.
Sparks shower...

BLAAAAM!

The dune buggy explodes, sends a geyser into the sky. Night
turns to day, then back.

GRANT

That's what happens when toys go bad.

They slosh back to the sand, passing the explosion crater.

BAKER

Watch your back, Grant. Looks like they
know about you. Followed you here.

GRANT

Unless they followed you.

Baker nods, concerned.

EXT. HUNTLEY HOTEL -- DAY

The Huntley towers over Santa Monica.

INT. BAKER'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

The phone rings.
Baker picks up the handset.

BAKER

Hello?

Dead air on the phone.

BAKER

Hello? Is anyone there?

She hangs up, worried. Are they on to her?

EXT. OLD TRAVELODGE MOTEL -- DAY

A run down three storey motel on Wilshire with an elevator.

INT. GRANT'S UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Grant watches the motel, bored. Every once in a while he brings binoculars to his eyes, studies the door to room 312.

GRANT

Hooker. Hooker with a wooden leg. Drug addict. Guy smoking a stogie.

Lifts the binoculars, sees Cardinal heading towards room 312.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Cardinal puffs his cigar, pulls out his key, enters room 312.

GRANT

Bingo.

Lights come on in room 312. Shades close.

Grant lowers the binoculars, checks his watch, records the time in his notebook.

When he looks up, a blonde WOMAN steps into the motel elevator.

GRANT

Hooker...

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Not a hooker.

Baker in a skin tight black jumpsuit saunters to room 312. A suitcase in her hand.

GRANT

Baker?

Baker waves at him behind her back, knocks on the door.

GRANT

Shit.

The door opens and Baker enters.

INT. ROOM 312 -- DAY

Cardinal locks, bolts, and chains the door behind her.

CARDINAL

Miss Bedd, so good of you to come.

BAKER

It's MS. Bedd. Not Miss, not Mrs.

CARDINAL

My mistake.

(smiles)

You ARE unarmed?

BAKER

Want to pat me down? I have nothing to hide.

Cardinal looks her over. The jumpsuit looks painted on.

CARDINAL

I can see that.

(gestures to a chair)

You did quite well on our quiz. Second only to one other applicant.

BAKER

I have a natural talent for some things.

CARDINAL

Are you interested in moving up?

BAKER

All the way to Diamond level, baby.

CARDINAL

Excellent.

EXT. GRANT'S UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Grant lowers his binoculars, looks at his watch.

GRANT

What the hell are they doing in there?

Lifts the binoculars, looks at the closed shades of room 312.

INT. ROOM 312 -- DAY

Cardinal counts the money from Baker's suitcase.

CARDINAL

The "Road To Riches" system was easy for your team to follow?

BAKER

You should call it "The Joy Of Crooking".

CARDINAL

You destroyed the booklet and cassette?

BAKER

As instructed. No evidence against either one of us.

CARDINAL

Good. There's one other thing....

Cardinal reaches under his lapel... For his gun?

EXT. GRANT'S UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Grant looks at his watch again.

GRANT

He knows.

Pops open his briefcase, pulls out his gun.

EXT. OLD TRAVELODGE MOTEL -- DAY

Grant gets out of his car, looks up at room 312. Crosses the parking lot to the elevator.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Grant pushes the button, waits for the car.

Waits.

Looks at his watch.

Waits.

GRANT

Should have taken the stairs...

The elevator doors open, and Baker steps out.

GRANT

What took you so long?

From behind her steps Mr. Cardinal. Busted!

BAKER

Out of my way, doglips.

GRANT

Hey! I've been waiting for almost an hour. The massage place said twenty minutes or it's free.

BAKER

What we have here is a failure to communicate. I don't fuck geeks.

GRANT

Hey! I got money!

Baker walks away. Grant looks at Cardinal.

GRANT
Frigging whores! Whatever happened to
the customer comes first?

Grant steps into the elevator, pushes number 3.

ON THE THIRD FLOOR

Grant steps out of the elevator, moves to the balcony.
Looks down at the parking lot.

Cardinal gets into a bronze Mercedes and drives away.

Baker gets into her Porsche and follows.

GRANT
I'm losing them.

Grant dashes to the elevator, hits the down button and waits.

GRANT
Come on! Come on!

Hits the down button a few more times.

Finally the elevator doors open. Grant jumps inside.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Baker's Porsche follows a couple of cars behind Cardinal.

BAKER
Follow the money.

EXT. ELEGANT BAR AND RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Cardinal's Mercedes pulls into line for valet parking.

Baker's Porsche pulls across the street and parks.

INT. ELEGANT BAR AND RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Stephens sits at bar, sipping a martini. Cardinal takes the
stool next to him, gestures to the bartender.

CARDINAL
I'll take Manhattan.

STEPHENS
How'd it go?

CARDINAL

She's smarter than Wolfe, but not as ruthless.

STEPHENS

Her test told me that much.

CARDINAL

She's already got her eye on my job. Wants to know how many heists she has to pull before she gets to Diamond level.

Stephens his martini and smiles at a REDHEAD.

STEPHENS

What's her team like?

CARDINAL

Three other women. Militant Feminists. They're using the money to "further the political causes of women worldwide".

STEPHENS

Another bake sale.
(beat)
What does she look like?

CARDINAL

Like Hugh Hefner's wet dream. She could have turned Mr. Cox straight.

STEPHENS

Really?

Stephens sips his martini, thinking about Ms. Bedd...

STEPHENS

Wolfe is supposed to drop by with a progress report tonight.

CARDINAL

I thought you were trying to stay as far away from teams as possible. Isn't that what the different levels are for?

STEPHENS

He's Diamond level, now.

CARDINAL

You promoted him? He's crazy...

STEPHENS

Mister Cardinal, I think you've become confused in regard to your place in this organization. I make the decisions. I make the policy. I am in charge.

CARDINAL

Yes, sir.

STEPHENS

If you could wait for Wolfe at my apartment while I pick up a little...
(smiles at the Redhead)
...dessert?

CARDINAL

Something sweet to eat?

STEPHENS

I'd prefer something a little spicy.

Cardinal finishes his Manhattan, leaves the bar.

AT THE RESTAURANT ENTRANCE

Cardinal passes a Blonde Woman on his way out.

As Cardinal leaves, the Blonde turns so we can see her face: Baker, still dressed in the Spandex jumpsuit.

AT THE BAR

Stephens hails the bartender.

STEPHENS

Martini.

BAKER

Make that two.

Baker takes the stool next to Stephens. He looks her over. Skintight jump suit, displays every curve, bump and cranny.

STEPHENS

I was thinking about something spicy for dessert.

BAKER

Spice is the variety of life.

They touch glasses, drink. Stephens smiles at her.

BAKER

What great big teeth you have.

STEPHENS

I can't respond to that without sounding like The Big Bad Wolf.

Baker extends her hand, they shake. Hands lingering together.

BAKER

I'm Helen Bedd.

STEPHENS

I'll bet you are.

BAKER

That's my name.

STEPHENS

Like Pussy Galore? Tiffany Case? Anagram
Le Galion?

Baker sensually pulls the olive off the toothpick.

BAKER

Those women are fiction. I'm here in
the flesh.

STEPHENS

I can see that.

(beat)

Strange coincidence: My firm just hired
a woman who shares your unusual name.

BAKER

No coincidence at all.

STEPHENS

Cardinal told me you were ambitious.

BAKER

Whenever possible, I prefer dealing with
the man on top.

STEPHENS

Really? It will be a pleasure having
you working under me.

BAKER

When can I start?

STEPHENS

Would you like to join me for dinner?

BAKER

My pleasure.

STEPHENS

We can see to that afterwards.

Stephens hooks her arm, they cross to the restaurant.

EXT. ELEGANT BAR AND RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Grant looks in the window of Baker's Porsche.

ON THE PASSENGER SEAT

A pocket cassette recorder, reels spinning as it records transmissions from Baker's bug.

Grant tries opening the door.
It's locked.

GRANT

Shit.

Grant strolls back to his car, pops the trunk, pulls out a 'slim jim' burglar tool. Ambles back to the Porsche.

He's about to insert the slim jim, when some theatre PATRONS walk toward him on the sidewalk. Pulling away from the Porsche, Grant nods at the Patrons, tries to look innocent.

GRANT

Nice night.

The Patrons smile, nod, continue down the street.

Grant slides the slim jim between the weather stripping, hooks the lock, twists, and unlocks the car door.

Another group of theatre Patrons walk towards him.

Grant reaches into the car, grabs the recorder, relocks the door. Smiles at the Patrons, hiding the slim jim.

INT. GRANT'S UNMARKED CAR -- EVENING

Grant puts an earphone into the recorder, listening.

STEPHENS (V.O.)

How did you find me?

BAKER (V.O.)

I followed Cardinal.

STEPHENS (V.O.)

He's supposed to take precautions. I'll have to punish him.

INT. ELEGANT BAR AND RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Dinner plates are being taken away by a BUSBOY.

BAKER

Can that wait until morning?

STEPHENS

Of course. Ladies first.

Sparks of passion fly between them.

INT. GRANT'S UNMARKED CAR -- EVENING

Grant listens.

STEPHENS (V.O.)

Where's your car?

BAKER (V.O.)

Let's take yours. I can find my way back in the morning.

Grant looks up from the recorder. Sees Baker and Stephens climbing into his chauffeured limo. The CHAUFFEUR closes the door behind them, drives the limo out of the parking lot.

Grant starts up his car and follows. Listening.

BAKER (V.O.)

Mmmmm. Right there...

STEPHENS (V.O.)

How does this...?

BAKER (V.O.)

A zipper. Mmmmm... Right there.

STEPHENS (V.O.)

Oh, yes. I like that.

Grant pays more attention to the sounds than his driving. Runs a light and almost gets hit.

GRANT

Shit.

He waves and the driver (who is flipping him off) concentrates on the road. Following Stephen's limo uptown.

FROM THE BUG: nothing but moaning, now.

GRANT

Geeze, Baker. How far you going to go?

EXT. STEPHENS' LUXURY BUILDING -- EVENING

The limo pulls up in front of a luxury building on Wilshire.

INT. STEPHENS' LUXURY BUILDING -- EVENING

Elevator doors open on a small lobby on the penthouse floor. One set of doors, an armed GUARD stationed in front of them.

Stephens and Baker cross from elevator to penthouse doors.

GUARD

Good evening, Mr. Stephens.

Stephens ignores him, punches in his alarm code, unlocks the door, enters the penthouse after Baker. Checks out her butt.

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE -- EVENING

Stephens closes the door, pulls Baker into his arms. Kissing. His hands all over her body.

STEPHENS

I'll have to check you for listening devices.

BAKER

Will you search with your tongue?

STEPHENS

You are spicy, aren't you?

Baker kisses him.

HER HAND pulls a tiny transmitter from her jumpsuit pocket and drops it into Stephens' coat pocket.

Stephens pulls away, grabs a Sentry V from the hall tree.

STEPHENS

Sorry. I believe in safe sex. No guns, no knives, no listening devices.

The Labrador Puppy tramps up and Stephens pets him. The puppy scampers away.

Stephens moves the detector over her body, touching her with the wand. When he runs it between her legs, she moans.

STEPHENS

Clean.

BAKER

I'm not trying to bug you...

Stephens returns the Sentry V, takes her back into his arms.

BAKER

But I would like to know a little more
about you... Perhaps even your name.

Stephens' hands move over her body, between her legs.
She opens them a little to grant him access.

That's when they realize they aren't alone.

MAN

Don't stop on my account...

The silhouette of a MAN in the kitchen doorway.

It's Cardinal, sipping a cocktail.

STEPHENS

Mr. Cardinal.
(cold)
Why don't you wait up in the library.
We'll discuss business when I'm finished.

CARDINAL

Yes... sir.

Cardinal climbs the spiral staircase to the library.

INT. STEPHENS' LIVING ROOM

A wide spiral staircase leads up to the bedroom.
Stephens guides Baker to a leather sofa.

BAKER

Your name? Just for the record.

STEPHENS

Raymond Bertrum Stephens III.

Stephens moves to the wet bar, mixes martinis.

BAKER

How does a man of your breeding become
'The Betty Crocker Of Crime'?

STEPHENS

I'm a business man. An entrepreneur.

BAKER

Bank robbery is a business?

STEPHENS

ANYTHING that makes money is a business.

Stephens hands Baker her martini.

STEPHENS

Man has climbed Mt. Everest, raised the Titanic from the ocean's depths, walked on the moon. Made profits in every field of human endeavor, except crime.

BAKER

Why is that?

STEPHENS

Because those of us intelligent enough to plan a perfect robbery, are too intelligent to walk into a bank with a gun.

Baker laughs, finishes her Martini.

STEPHENS

Hamburgers, businesses, dental care, even the postal service: have all been franchised. Why not crime?

BAKER

Why not?

He takes the glass from her, gives her a passionate kiss. Hands caressing over her body.

Baker's really getting into it.

The kiss is EXPLOSIVE.

Passion ignites. This is Baker's ultimate dangerous fantasy.

BAKER

Ummmm. Yes.

Stephens peels her out of the spandex.

Baker realizes she's out of control, pulls away.

BAKER

Before we go any further... Is there a place where I can freshen up?

STEPHENS

The bedroom is just up those stairs.

BAKER

Why don't you join me in a few minutes?

(re-zips her jumpsuit)

When I'm ready, I'll whistle.

Stephens watches her rear as she climbs the spiral staircase.

The Labrador Puppy scampers down the stairs past Baker. Stephens plays with the puppy.

STEPHENS

There's some lingerie and toys in the closet if you're interested.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Is right out of Playboy. Mirrored walls and ceiling. A hundred Bakers walk into the room.

BAKER

I'll take a look.

Baker does a quick search of the room. A mirrored wall panel opens into a closet.

Two dozen teddys on hangers. A dozen slinky night gowns, some made of nothing but lace. Some latex, some leather and rubber. A cabinet with handcuffs, whips, leather bindings.

INT. STEPHENS' LIVING ROOM

Stephens plays with the puppy. The doorbell rings.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Baker hears the bell.

Steps out of the bedroom to the balcony over the living room.

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE

Stephens opens the door. Wolfe grins, the security Guard behind him, holding him.

WOLFE

Tell him I have an appointment.

STEPHENS

Let him go.

The Guard gives Wolfe a little push into the penthouse. Wolfe stumbles in, takes a look at the apartment and whistles.

WOLFE

So this is why you've been trying to keep the Wolfe from your door.

(amazed)

Look at this place!

STEPHENS

Progress report Mr. Wolfe.

ON THE BALCONY

Baker looks down at the entry hall.
Past Stephens, at the man in the Sonova Beach Club shirt...
Recognizes him.

ENTRY HALL

STEPHENS

Are they dead?

WOLFE

The plan failed. But we're gonna try
again. That lady Fed is something else.
You should see her.

STEPHENS

Just make sure she's dead. There's a
new team, here in Los Angeles. I don't
want the Feds arresting them. I have a
personal investment in their leader.

Wolfe sees the woman on the balcony.
Something familiar about her.

Stephens notices Baker on the balcony.

STEPHENS

Helen? I have someone for you to meet.

ON THE BALCONY

Baker steps back, trying to avoid Wolfe's sight line.

BAKER

I'm not dressed for company.

STEPHENS

Nonsense! We're all family, here. Mr.
Wolfe was just promoted to Diamond level.

He gestures for her to step forward.
Baker has no choice.
She steps out of the shadows.

ENTRY HALL

STEPHENS

Mr. Wolfe, this is Miss...

WOLFE

That's the fucking Fed!

Everything goes terribly wrong... Baker is trapped!

Grant pulls Baker's hand gun out of the glove box.

GRANT

Why not go duck hunting?

Uses the slim jim to pop open the shotgun rack, takes it.

Cradling the guns in his arms, he kicks the car door closed, jogs back to his unmarked car...

Passing a well dressed theater COUPLE.

GRANT

Beautiful evening, isn't it?

The Couple looks from the damaged Porsche, to the lunatic with the weaponry... gives him plenty of space.

Grant jumps into the unmarked car, peels out.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stephens uses the handcuffs, some silk bondage ties, and a leather mask/red ball to tie Baker to the bed and gag her.

STEPHENS

That should hold you. You've been a very naughty girl. A pity I'll never find out if you live up to your name.

He leaves the bedroom.

EXT. STEPHENS' LUXURY BUILDING -- NIGHT

Grant parks his car half on the curb, races into the building with his guns and shotgun.

INT. LUXURY ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Musak plays a bland tune.

Grant checks the action on the shotgun, the clips on the pistols, and adjusts his glasses.

The floor indicator counts down to the Penthouse.

Both pistol clips are low. He pulls a box of ammunition from his pocket, spills them all over the floor.

GRANT

It's always something.

12 floors until the Penthouse. Eleven. Ten. Nine.

Grant scoops up a handful of shells, reloads the pistols, shoves another handful into his pocket.

Eight. Seven. Six.

The remaining shells roll over the elevator floor.

Grant looks up at the indicator.

Five. Four. Three.

INT. STEPHENS' LUXURY BUILDING -- NIGHT

The Guard reads Penthouse Magazine, bored.
He notices the elevator light: a car is coming up.

GUARD

Who the hell is that?

The Guard pulls his gun, aims at the elevator doors.

INT. LUXURY ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Two. One...

INT. STEPHENS' LUXURY BUILDING -- NIGHT

Bing!

The elevator doors open.

The Guard almost fires, but the car is EMPTY.

INT. LUXURY ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

The Guard moves inside, gun ready.

Empty.

He checks the control panel...

His foot kicks something.

A 380 shell.

GUARD

What the???

The Guard lowers his gun, picks up the shell.

WHAM!

Grant drops through the trap door onto the Guard's back. BANG!

BANG! BANG!

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Wolfe is in the kitchen, making a sandwich, when the shots are fired. Knife in hand, Wolfe goes the investigate.

ENTRY HALL

Grant creeps through the front door, shotgun strapped over his back, a 380 Colt Combat in each hand.

Wolfe sees him: attack with the mustard covered butter knife?

WOLFE

(sotto)

I'm gonna need a bigger knife.

He creeps back into the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Wolfe examines his selection of cutlery.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Cardinal whispers his accusation.

CARDINAL

You lead them right to us.

STEPHENS

I wanted them dead, didn't I?

(smiles)

Take care of him.

Cardinal checks the action on his 44 Magnum.

CARDINAL

Yes, sir.

Grabs the Uzi from Stephens' desk, heads to the door.

STEPHENS

Mr. Cardinal... Mind the carpets.

Cardinal nods, creeps out the door.

AT THE BASE OF THE STAIRS

Grant hears the Library door close above him.

Stops.

Adjusts his glasses, takes the first step up.

Another sound from above.

Grant stops, listening.

Takes a few more steps.

He scans the top of the stairs.

Shadows. Nothing moving.

A glitter of light on a gun barrel?

Cardinal spins from the shadows, firing the Uzi.

Bullets spark of the hand rail near Grant's hand.
Grant fires at Cardinal, as he backs down the steps.

Cardinal hits the dirt, bullets spattering overhead.
He sprays machine gun fire at Grant.

CARDINAL

The walls here are sound proofed. no
one will call the police to help you.

Grant dives to the floor, retreating under the stairs.

Cardinal climbs down to attack.

CARDINAL

It's just you and me.

Grant pops up, blasting with both guns.
Forcing Cardinal to retreat to the top of the stairs.

It's like those Errol Flynn/Basil Rathbone stairway duels.

Grant gets five steps up when Cardinal sends a stream of bullets
at him. Grant dives, rolls under the stairway.

Cardinal sprays cover fire, charges down the stairs.

Grant shoots between the steps, hitting Cardinal in the groin.

The impact lifts Cardinal off his feet and over the railing.
He falls twenty feet, lands with a sickening crunch.

Grant kicks the gun from Cardinal's hand, runs up the stairs.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Stephens opens a false section of bookcase to expose a small
arsenal. Uzis, AK-47s, handguns of every type, a few shotguns,
and hand held rocket launcher.

STEPHENS

What should I wear.

Stephens grabs a MAC-10 painted like wallpaper. Makes sure
the clip is full, closes the bookcase and steps to the door.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Baker struggles against her bonds.
Hears a noise. The bedroom doorknob begins slowly turning.
Someone coming into the room... to kill her?

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE

Wolfe fills his pockets with knives, almost leaves the kitchen, when he spots it...

A Star Tag Laser gun on the counter.

WOLFE

Most excellent.

He grabs the laser, leaves the kitchen.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Baker watches, helpless, as the door slowly inches open.

A gun barrel enters the room before the killer does.

Baker struggles against the bindings.
Tries to escape her execution.
Can't.

The door opens: the silhouette of a man holding a gun.

The MAN moves to her, gun raised.
Aimed at her face.

Baker struggles, can't get away.
Can't scream because of the damned red ball in her mouth.

The Man only inches away.
Lowers his gun.
Reaches for her throat!

MAN

You never told me you were into bondage.

She recognizes his voice.
Grant pulls the ball out of her mouth, studies the handcuffs.

GRANT

Know where the keys are?

BAKER

He has them.

GRANT

What are you going to do?

Baker jumps up, swings her cuffed hands from behind her like a jump rope: has her cuffed hands in front of her.

BAKER

Get them back, baby. Gimme.

Grant hands her a pistol.
Baker returns the pistol and takes the shotgun.

GRANT
See you later.

Grant speeds out of the room while Baker is checks the shotgun.

BAKER
Hey! Wait a minute.

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE

Grant grabs the Library door knob, it's jerked from his hand.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY

Stephens opens the door, machine gun at his side.

Grant's face is only inches away.

GRANT
Woah!

Both men jump back in shock.

Grant slams his gun butt into Stephens' face.

Stephens drops his gun.

Grant swings down to scoop up the fallen gun.

Stephens kicks Grant in the groin.
Slamming him against the door, closing it.

Grant falls on the carpet, losing his glasses.

GRANT
Shit.

Everything is a blur.
He gropes around until he finds his Colt 380 Combat.

Stephens picks up his MAC-10, aiming it at Grant.

STEPHENS
Have you any last words, Mr. Fed?

Grant springs up, slams the pistol blindly at Stephens.
Bullseye.
Stephens' nose sprays blood over a bookshelf.

Grant runs blindly through the library.
Stepping on his glasses and breaking them.

Stephens touches his nose gingerly. Flips open his cell phone.

STEPHENS

Yes... Dr. Ordway? Ray Stephens. Yes.
I've just broken my nose. It may require
some reconstructive surgery.

Grant runs to the skyline and balcony, hands searching for the glass door. Nothing. No way out.

His hands move over a wall mural of the New York City skyline. No escape.

STEPHENS

In a couple of hours? Thank you.

Stephens hangs up, fires the MAC-10 at Grant.

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE

Wolfe passes Cardinal's body, climbs the stairs.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Wolfe from the bedroom door to the library door.

WOLFE

Ennie, meenie, minee, moe. Catch a Feddy
by the toe.

Points the laser at the bedroom door.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Baker closes the shotgun, when Wolfe pounces into the room.

She sees the laser aiming at her eyes.
Drops the shotgun, covers her face.

THE LASER BEAM turns her hands red.

WOLFE

Peek-a-boo. I shoot you!

Baker, back to Wolfe, searches for the fallen shotgun.

Wolfe sees her reflection and fires at it.

THE LASER BEAM hits Baker's reflection, ricochets off the mirror, red beam slicing at her eyes.

Baker moves quickly, blocking the beam before it blinds her.

Trapped in a hall of mirrors like Welles in "Lady From Shanghai".

A DOZEN WOLFE'S aim their lasers.

Baker searches for the shogun.

LASER BEAMS ricochet off the mirrored walls of the bedroom. A dozen red beams cut the darkness, hitting one mirrored wall and bouncing to the next. Zap! Zap! Zap!

Baker is surrounded by criss-crossing laser beams. They form a cage around her, immobilizing her.

WOLFE

I have you now.

Wolfe continues the laser fire, pulls a knife from his pocket.

Baker covers her eyes, protecting them from the red light.

LASER BEAMS bounce from wall to wall to wall to wall.

WOLFE

Take my knife... please!

Wolfe throws the knife left handed at Baker.

His aim is terrible.

The knife hits a Baker reflection, clatters to the floor.

Baker dives for the knife.

WOLFE

It's my knife. I think I'll keep it!

Wolfe sends laser fire at her, ricocheting off a wall.

Zap!

Baker hides behind the bed.

A barrage of red beams bounce back and forth through the room. Missing her.

Wolfe allows the beams to dissipate in the room.

Looks from mirrored wall to mirrored wall.

No sign of Baker in the shadowed room.

Darkness.

WOLFE

Come on out! Don't you want to play anymore? You're here somewhere...

Baker hugs the side of the bed, trying to remain still.

ON THE MIRRORED WALL TO HER LEFT

A third generation reflection of Wolfe searches the bedroom.

Baker sees the shotgun a dozen feet away.

Wolfe searches the multiple reflections, trying to spot Baker.

Baker inches to the fallen shotgun, staying close to the bed.

MIRRORS reflect a dozen Wolfe's aiming the laser gun.

WOLFE

The only way out is past me.

He looks from mirror to mirror, sees nothing but darkness.

Baker is halfway to the fallen shotgun.

Keeping low.

Trying not to reflect.

Wolfe looks from mirror to mirror.

Then looks straight up.

Spots Baker's reflection as she creeps around the bed.

WOLFE

I'm Ralph Edwards, and Penny Baker, this
is your death!

Wolfe jumps on the bed, bounces to Baker's side, aims at her.

INT. STEPHENS' LIBRARY

A stream of bullets hits the mural next to Grant.

STEPHENS

Shit. I'll have to call the decorator.

GRANT

Call the undertaker while you're at it.

Grant aims at the blur and fires both Colt 380 Combats.

Blasting away. Hoping to hit SOMETHING.

A bullet hits Stephens in the shoulder.

Stephens grabs his bleeding shoulder, lowers his gun, looks at the frayed fabric around the bullet hole.

STEPHENS

Do you know how much this suit cost?

Sees Grant aiming the Colt 380 Combat again.

The gun is aimed between his eyes.

Stephens bolts up the stairs to the rooftop garden.

Grant aims at the fleeing figure and fires.

Click. Click. Click.
Out of shells.

Grant reaches into his pocket, pulls out his last clip.
Has to load the gun entirely by feel.
Slides it in smooth.
He's come a long way since Mr. Jeremiah's.

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM

Baker grips the sheets, looks up at Wolfe towering over her.

WOLFE
Ready to die, Goldylocks?

He points the laser at her face, pulls out his largest knife.

Baker pulls out the sheets...

Wolfe loses his balance and she yanks the sheets out from under him... falls on the bed.

Baker falls on her butt as the sheets pull free.

Wolfe bounces on his butt, laughing like a kid on a trampoline.

WOLFE
Boing! Boing! Boing!

Then he lets go of the laser, springs for Baker with the knife.
Blade slicing at her face.

Baker rolls left.
The knife whizzes an inch from her face.

Wolfe swings again.

Baker rolls right, and the knife cuts off some hair.

The glittering knife blade flashes up to plunge again.

She rolls out of the way, losing more hair.

Wolfe flips to his knees, straddling her, jabbing at her face.

Wolfe slashes right, then left.
Baker jerks her head out of the blade's path.
Losing big hanks of hair.

Baker is starting to look like Lori Petty or Sinead O'Conner.

She touches something on the floor. The knife Wolfe threw.

Wolfe swings the blade at her face.

Baker pulls her knife up to block her face.
CLANG!

His big butcher knife against her little steak knife.
CLANG!
She blocks his slice.

Wolfe swings the knife to the right.
CLANG!
She blocks it.

Wolfe's butcher knife fakes right and swings left.
CLANG!

Wolfe changes tactics, swinging the knife from side to side.
Slicing an inch from Baker's nose.

Baker blocks it.
CLANG!
Then attacks.
Swings her knife up cutting Wolfe's nose.

WOLFE
Son of a bitch!

Wolfe swings his blade at her face.
CLANG!
Baker blocks the knife.

Wolfe pulls the butcher knife up for another lunge.
Baker stabs straight up... into his throat.

BAKER
Go to hell.

Wolfe pulls the knife from his throat, warm blood spurting.
Now he's angry.

Takes the butcher knife in both hands, stabs at Baker's face.

Baker swings at the knife, knocks it off aim.
It plunges into the carpet next to her head.

Wolfe struggles to pull the knife out of the floor.
Baker plunges her knife into Wolfe's side and twists.

WOLFE
Argghh!

Wolfe twitches in a spasm, and dies, falling on top of Baker.

BAKER
Get off me, asshole.

Baker pushes his corpse off her, moves to her feet.
Grabs her shotgun, pumps it, heads out the door.

Wolfe's body is reflected a dozen times in the mirrored walls.

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN -- NIGHT

The real skyline. Not New York, but Los Angeles.

Grant climbs the stairs, gun ready. Everything is a blur.

GRANT

FBI. Just put the gun down.

A summer breeze shakes the palm trees on the roof.
Noises surround him.

Grant carefully weaves through the garden, between palm trees
and flowers, searching for some sign of Stephens. All a blur.

A shaking palm tree has a vaguely human shape.
Grant aims the Colt 380 Combat.

GRANT

Drop it! Drop it!

Wham!

Stephens pops out from behind the tree behind Grant and knocks
the gun out of his hands.

The Colt 380 Combat clatters on the roof.

Stephens squeezes an arm around Grant's neck, chokes him.
Grant struggles.

STEPHENS

I could strangle you or throw you off
the roof. Which would you prefer?

Stephens drags Grant to the edge of the roof.

BAKER

Stephens!

Baker stands at the top of the stairs, shotgun in hand.
Face streaked with blood, light from the library haloes her.

BAKER

Let him go.

Baker and Grant lock eyes.
If she fires at Stephens, she could kill Grant by mistake.

Baker keeps the shotgun on the two men. Takes a step closer.

BAKER
Drop the gun.
(steps closer)
You're under arrest.

Stephens fires.
The bullet slams into a palm tree behind her.

Baker keeps coming.

BAKER
Just put him down, and walk away.

STEPHENS
I'd rather kill him.

GRANT
Fuck him, Baker! Just kill him!

Baker continues forward, shotgun ready.

GRANT
Baker, just shoot this fucker!

Baker doesn't shoot.
But she keeps moving forward.

Stephens steps back... hits the ridge at the edge of the roof.
Stops.

BAKER
No place to go. Just give up.

STEPHENS
I never went in to those banks. I'm not
a robber. Not a thief. I'm just a
businessman. Trying to make a profit...

BAKER
Let my partner go and call your lawyer.
I'm sure you can post bond...

Stephens lets go of Grant.
The tension is over.
Baker lowers the shotgun.

STEPHENS
I'm not taking the fall.

Stephens raises his MAC-10 and fires at Baker.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets whizz past Baker's shoulder.
Stephens turns the MAC-10 to correct his aim.

Baker flips up the shotgun and fires.
BLAM!

The blast hits Stephens in the chest, flips him over the edge.

STEPHENS SCREAMS
Five hundred feet down to the pavement below.
SPLAT!
He screams no more.

Baker looks over the edge at Stephens' splattered body.

BAKER
Took the fall after all.

She turns to Grant.

BAKER
You okay, partner?

GRANT
Can't see worth shit. My glasses...

BAKER
We'll get you a new pair.

Sirens in the distance.

Baker puts an arm around Grant.

BAKER
Let's get out of here.

She picks up Grant's fallen Colt 380 Combat, hands it to him.

BAKER
Don't want to lose this.

She guides him down the stairs to the library.

INT. STEPHENS' PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Baker guides Grant down the spiral staircase.
The Labrador puppy bounds down the stairs next to them.

BAKER
Hey, fella. How you doing, huh?
Want to come home with me?

She scoops up the puppy, guides Grant down the stairs to the front door of the penthouse.

GRANT
I think my scouting career is over.

BAKER

(laughs)

I think my FBI career's over.

Cardinal, bloody, stands in the entry hall, 44 Magnum in hand.

CARDINAL

So do I.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Baker is blasted away from Grant, slammed to the floor.
The puppy wimpers, runs and hides.

Grant is totally in shock.

Shock turns to rage.

He pulls the Colt 380 Combat from his pocket.

GRANT

You son of a bitch!

BANG!

Fires at Cardinal.

Hitting the weight lifter in the chest.

Grant advances at Cardinal.

Firing a shot with every step.

Closer.

BANG!

Closer.

BANG!

Until the clip is empty.

Cardinal is shot to pieces. Very dead.

Grant moves to where Baker lays in a pool of blood.

He cradles her in his arms, his tears mingling with her blood.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE BEACH -- EVENING

Seagulls arc lazily though the purple sky, looking for an evening snack. An aging black MAN blows a sax solo, using the crashing surf for rhythm.

The only other person on the beach is the bicycle rider, sitting in the sand, drinking beer from the bottle.

He takes a deep pull off the bottle: a face that has seen the worst life has to offer and survived... Phil Grant.

A figure with a stiff manner, crew cut hair, crosses the beach to Grant. Only a silhouette for a few beats.

VOICE

You ready to come back to work?

Arm in a sling, hair crazy looking, one eye is black, and she's limping... But Penny Baker is alive.
The Labrador puppy cradled in her arms.

BAKER

Larkin back dated a few reports, burned some others. We're still Feds.

GRANT

Penny, I...

BAKER

You did what you had to.
(smiles)
You joined the Son-Of-A-Bitch club.

Grant nods.

BAKER

Look, Larkin's got a kidnapping. I'm out for two more months. He wants to know if you'll take it.

GRANT

Sure.

BAKER

Stop by the office tomorrow morning.
He'll fill you in.

GRANT

Okay.

BAKER

You're drinking too much of that stuff.

Baker takes the bottle from Grant, takes a big gulp.

BAKER

(smiles)
Gotta learn to share.

Baker and Grant sit on the beach, drinking beer, playing with the puppy, watching the surf pound against the shore.

The saxophone plays a lonely solo...

FADE OUT.