

Miss Congeniality II

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October 30, 2003

FADE IN:

On a videotape replay of the Miss United States Pageant. We See:

-- GRACIE HART, Miss New Jersey, standing next to CHERYL FRAZIER, Miss Rhode Island, as MC STAN FIELDS informs everyone that one of these two women will be the new Miss United States, and the other will be first runner up.

-- Cheryl wins; she begins to cry, Gracie is escorted off-stage as Stan begins to sing the Miss United States theme.

-- As Cheryl begins her victory walk, Gracie goes charging back onto the stage to try and grab the crown. She finally wrests it from Cheryl, knocks Miss Texas back into the crowd and throws the crown towards the Statue of Liberty. There's a huge explosion...and then we hear the sound of APPLAUSE.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO -- DAY

As Regis and Kelly lead the applause, we realize the studio audience has been watching a tape of the pageant.

REGIS

I got to tell you -- that was the wildest pageant I ever saw!

KELLY

I remember I was watching at home, and thinking -- what is she doing?

REGIS

That was crazy even for New Jersey!

The studio audience laughs.

KELLY

Of course, the whole country soon found out that Miss New Jersey was actually FBI Agent Gracie Hart, and she'd been placed in the contest to thwart an attack on the pageant.

REGIS

It's an amazing story. And you can read about it in her best-selling book "From Misdemeanors to Miss Congeniality." Here is Agent Gracie Hart!

And the crowd applauds as Gracie walks out on stage, waving. She's dressed well, wearing stylish but casual clothes. On the way to her chair, Gracie "slips" on purpose -- reminscent of her falls at the pageant. There are studio laughs as Gracie sits down next to the two hosts.

KELLY

Wow! You look great.

REGIS

Yes! This is not how I picture an FBI Agent. You don't look anything like J. Edgar Hoover.

GRACIE

Really? Because this is his dress.

REGIS

Well, that explains a few things.

KELLY

So, Gracie, how has your life changed since that fateful day at the pageant?

GRACIE

Well, I've learned to take a bit more pride in my appearance -- before I used to just roll out of bed and put on whatever went with my gun. And now I like to shop a little and I recently bought a brush.

KELLY

Before this assignment, did you have any aspirations to be in a pageant?

GRACIE

No way. I mean, when I was in Junior High they offered all the girls a choice between Home Economics or Cheerleading. I chose the Boy's Wrestling Team.

The crowd laughs.

REGIS

Oh, speaking of wrestling, one of my favorite things at the pageant was when you demonstrated that women's self-defense technique -- could you maybe give us a little encore?

Regis and Kelly turns to the crowd, urging Gracie on.

GRACIE

You know, I don't do that kind of stuff anymore. Now I have someone who does it for me. Guys?

After a moment, a tough no-nonsense African-American FEMALE FBI Agent, SAM FULLER comes out. She doesn't look happy to be there. She's accompanied by an equally unhappy MALE Agent, TOM JENKINS. They're both wearing FBI sweatshirts.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

These are Agents Sam Fuller and Tom Jenkins. Guys, do your stuff.

Jenkins comes up and grabs Sam from behind.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Remember, the keyword is SING -- solar plexus, instep, nose, groin!

Sam kicks and hits Jenkins in all the appropriate areas. He goes down. The crowd applauds.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, guys. There'll be a little something extra in your paychecks.

The Agents head off, unhappily.

REGIS

I hope my wife wasn't watching that! Now, Gracie, as a special treat for coming on our show, we have a little surprise for you.

KELLY

Let's bring the surprise out please!

CHERYL FRAZIER walks out, wearing her crown, accompanied by STAN FIELDS, Pageant MC, as the Miss United States song plays.

REGIS

I think you know these people! It's Cheryl Frazier, Miss United States, and Stan Fields, host of the pageant!

Gracie is truly shocked. She hugs Stan, then hugs Cheryl. They jump up and down happily like two sorority sisters.

CHERYL

Look at you! Did you do highlights?

GRACIE

Just in front --

CHERYL

It looks great. And I love your eyes --
that shade really brings them out --

GRACIE

It's Prince Machabelli --

STAN

I feel like we should all be sitting
under dryers.

Extra chairs are brought out for Cheryl and Stan, who sit.

KELLY

Now do you two keep in touch?

STAN

We're very close.

GRACIE

Not you, Stan. Although I miss you
more than I can say.

CHERYL

We try to talk as much as we can.
Gracie's one of my best friends.

STAN

I wish we could have invited my best
friend Roger Coleman on the show,
but he was hit by a Goodwill truck
last year.

Silence pervades the studio. No one knows what to say.

REGIS

.Don't we have a commercial coming
up?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. BACKSTAGE -- DAY

Gracie walks off with Cheryl.

CHERYL

Hey, congratulations on the book!

GRACIE

Well, don't get too excited -- I told this guy my story and he did the writing. I'm just glad I'm not on the cover looking like this --

Gracie does a "model" shot.

CHERYL

That would be more science-fiction.

Cheryl laughs. Gracie punches her good-naturedly.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

You know, it used to hurt more when you punched me.

GRACIE

I don't want to ruin my manicure. So, can we do dinner tonight?

CHERYL

Oh, I can't! I have this charity thing in Las Vegas. I called you about it last week but I never heard back from you --

GRACIE

I'm sorry, Cheryl. Everything's been so crazy --

CHERYL

No, I understand! Lots of people don't get back to me -- actually, just you and my brother Jim -- and that's only because he was buried up to his neck in ice this weekend -- he volunteers for these scientific experiments and --

GRACIE

So tell me about this charity --

CHERYL

It's something Stan asked me to do -- a benefit for the Read Aloud Program, where elderly people in Nursing Homes help children learn to read. Stan's mom is there, and it's so beautiful to see the generations interact.

GRACIE

Wait -- you're saying that's more important than dinner with me?

CHERYL

My priorities have gotten really screwed up. Hey, maybe you could come! We could catch up --

GRACIE

I'd love to, but I've got this Glamour photo shoot coming up --

CHERYL

(obviously disappointed)

Okay. Maybe next time. And I'd love to see Eric.

GRACIE

Me too. Between all this publicity stuff I'm doing and his big promotion to Special Agent in Charge, we barely have a minute for each other --

CHERYL

We'll find a time and we'll double date.

GRACIE

Cheryl! Is there a Mr. United States?

CHERYL

Unfortunately, I meant Stan. He goes everywhere with me. He's been really jittery since the pageant.

GRACIE

It's nice he wants to protect you.

CHERYL

Actually, I think he wants me to protect him.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO -- DAY

Gracie walks out of the studio, waving to fans and signing a few autographs as she jumps into a waiting limo.

INT. LIMO -- DAY

Gracie is on her cel phone. The two FBI Agents, Sam and Jenkins sit across from her. Jenkins sleeps. Sam glares.

GRACIE (V.O.)

It's Hart -- Hi, Francesca. I think it's facial time again. I have to get over to the Bureau now -- maybe around three? Do I really need another one? If my legs get any more waxed, I could enter myself into the slalom.

Gracie laughs. Sam is still glaring at her.

EXT. FBI BUILDING -- DAY

The limo pulls up as Gracie emerges and walks towards the entrance, still on the phone.

GRACIE

Before Larry King? Good. And do you have any of that milk bath cleanser left?...Oh, you're my hero.

INT. FBI BUILDING -- DAY

Gracie enters the building, passing several Agents.

GRACIE

Hey. Morning, Audrie.

An Agent nods and quickly walks off.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Morning, Steve.

STEVE

Whatever.

He quickly heads off. Gracie stares after him.

GRACIE

The Unabomber got more hellos.

Gracie makes her way to ERIC MATTHEWS, who's holding a gym bag, wearing sweats and talking to an attractive young AGENT, LISA TOBIN. TOBIN laughs at something Eric says.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

TOBIN

Oh...you had to be there. See you later, Sir.

Tobin walks off without acknowledging Gracie.

ERIC
Hey. How was Regis?

GRACIE
Oh, you had to be there. How come
everybody here hates me?

ERIC
I don't hate you.

Eric starts walking down the hall. Gracie goes with him.

INT. FBI HALLWAY -- DAY

Gracie and Eric walk together towards a door marked "GYM."

GRACIE
I mean the people I'm not having sex
with.

ERIC
Maybe if you had sex with them, they'd
think you were great...Although,
based on experience --

GRACIE
Hey!

Gracie hits Eric.

ERIC
You know, it used to hurt a lot more
when you did that.

Eric enters the gym. After a moment, Gracie follows.

INT. FBI GYM -- DAY

Eric is working out. Gracie is there, using one of the weight
machines to see her reflection while she applies lip-gloss.

ERIC
How do you expect people to react?
You're not out in the field anymore.
It's like you're some celebrity --

GRACIE
Eric, I can't help it. This is what
the Director wanted me to do. Be a
messenger of FBI goodwill --

ERIC

I know. I'm just saying -- you used to be one of the guys.

GRACIE

Just because I'm wearing Donna Karan doesn't mean I'm not one of the guys.

ERIC

Tell you what. Come to Brew and Burger and buy lunch for everybody.

GRACIE

I'm getting a facial at one. I'd skip it but then I'd have enlarged pores for my Young Miss photo shoot.

ERIC

So come to Hannigan's tonight for Jenkin's birthday.

GRACIE

I've got to give this speech --

ERIC

That's what I mean. You're not one us anymore. You're getting soft --

GRACIE

I'm not getting soft! I don't see soft. Where is soft?

Eric pinches her belly.

ERIC

Here. And here --

GRACIE

Okay, let's go.

Gracie assumes a fighting pose.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I'm ready -- wait --

Gracie takes off her rings. Then her necklace, the rest of her jewelry, etc.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Now I'm ready. Just don't mess with the hair. My stylist is on vacation.

ERIC

I'm not messing with anything.

Gracie jumps in to attack Eric. He laughs as he easily fends her off with one hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What's this? You want to dance? Do a little Christina Aguilera thing?

Eric starts dancing with Gracie while she tries to fight.

GRACIE

I -- don't -- like -- Christina --

ERIC

You're just jealous cause you can't shake it like she can --

GRACIE

I can shake it. If you took me dancing, you'd see it -- me -- you'd see something shaking.

ERIC

Take you dancing? When? Between talk shows?

Then his cell phone goes off, and he carries on a conversation while Gracie continues to attack him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Matthews...Yeah, Tobin, I read the report.

In response to hearing Tobin's name, Gracie pounces with extra ferocity. Eric knocks her back with his free hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I think we have to put more bodies on it. Good...Talk to you later.

Eric clicks off as Gracie is still going at him.

GRACIE

Now that you're off the phone, I'm not going easy on you anymore.

Gracie makes one more charge. Eric deflects her with a shot, and she goes down. She lies there for a moment.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Look what you did to my stockings.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

Hundreds of kids and their parents are packed into this local community center as Gracie speaks.

GRACIE

So remember, if you work hard, do your homework, and stay in shape, you can all become FBI Agents. And that goes for you girls too. Remember, FBI stands for Female Bureau of Intelligence.

The kids laugh as Gracie waves.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

Gracie is greeting people, signing copies of her book.

WOMAN

Miss Hart, I was wondering if you could tell me what skin regimen you use?

GRACIE

I drink plenty of water and try to catch as many felons as possible. Gets the heart pumping and the increased circulation really helps my complexion.

She moves off as a YOUNG GIRL, shy, a little tomboyish, comes over.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hi. What's your name?

ILENE

(softly)

Ilene. Miss Hart, I read your book and I'm doing a report on it and I wanted to know if you could come to my class at P.S. 131 in Brooklyn.

GRACIE

Oh, well, Ilene, I'd love to, but the Bureau's got me pretty busy --

Gracie signs her book.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

But thanks for reading it and keep working hard!

ILENE

(disappointed)

Okay... Thank you very much.

Ilene reluctantly moves along as a YOUNG BOY comes up.

YOUNG BOY

What's the best way to get out of a choke hold? I've got a brother.

INT. FBI BAR -- NIGHT

The bar is crowded with FBI Agents. Gracie enters. She passes Sam Fuller, who glares at her.

GRACIE

Hey, Fuller.

Sam doesn't respond.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Anybody ever teach you it's not polite to glare?

SAM

No you didn't just start up with me, Hart!

GRACIE

What's the problem, Fuller? I'm sensing some subtle hostility --

SAM

The problem is I don't like you, Hart. I never liked you. Not from the time we were at Academy, not when we got assigned to New York, and especially not since I became your performing monkey. That's the damn problem.

GRACIE

Geez. I preferred the glare.

Sam continues to glare. Gracie moves on and sees Eric playing pool with some Agents, including Agent Tobin. She heads over.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday, Jenkins.

JENKINS turns to Gracie.

JENKINS
Thanks, Hart. Nice of you to take
time out of your schedule to hang
out with the "other agents." Isn't
that what you called us in your book?

TOBIN
I think she just said "the others."

JENKINS
I stand corrected.

The other agents laugh. There's immediately a feeling of
tension in the room. Eric tries to mediate.

ERIC
Okay, okay, let's all shoot a rack --

GRACIE
I told you what happened. I talked
to some guy the publisher sent over,
and he wrote everything.

TOBIN
Yeah, well he's a really good writer.
He makes it sound like you're
Superwoman and the rest of us are
morons --

GRACIE
They were just trying to sell books --

JENKINS
Well, it worked. My wife and kids
want to know why I didn't help save
Miss United States! And now I've got
to go out and be your stooge --

ERIC
Okay, look, it was a misunderstanding --

JENKINS
She knew what she was doing, Sir.

TOBIN

Maybe you could sign my copy. That way at least I can say I was touched by greatness.

GRACIE

Sure, Tobin. My pleasure.

Gracie takes a pen and signs the book, then hands it back to her. Tobin reads it.

TOBIN

You stuck up --

Tobin charges at Gracie as Eric pulls her away.

ERIC

Okay, break it up! Everybody cool down! I don't want to start putting people on probation! We're all FBI Agents! Let's act like adults! Somebody get me another plate of chicken wings!

Eric starts to drag Gracie out of the bar.

EXT. FBI BAR -- NIGHT

Eric pulls Gracie out of the bar.

ERIC

What's wrong with you?

GRACIE

I didn't start this. Go talk to Agent Toss Her Hair.

ERIC

Tobin? Is that what this is about? She's a good agent. She's on our team.

GRACIE

Go team. Rah-rah.

Gracie starts to walk away. Eric grabs her. They're in front of a newstand featuring magazines with Gracie on the cover.

ERIC

Hey --

GRACIE

I could see the look on their faces.
It was like, "what is she doing here?"

ERIC

Look, everybody's got to adjust to
you being famous... Including me.

GRACIE

What's that mean?

ERIC

I'm just saying things are different.
I never see you, we never have time
to talk --

GRACIE

I'm really sorry, Eric. But I never
asked to become --

Gracie notices the newstand and reaches over to grab a copy
of "Cosmopolitan" with her picture on the cover and the tag
"The Hot Cop."

GRACIE (CONT'D)

The Hot Cop!

She gets momentarily distracted by something in the magazine.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Ooo -- twelve ways to know whether
he really loves you --

Eric watches her for a minute.

ERIC

Well, you sure took to it.

GRACIE

(putting the magazine
back)

What? You think I'm enjoying this?

ERIC

Forget it, okay? Let's not do this.
I miss the old Gracie, that's all.

Gracie considers this for a moment.

GRACIE

Why?

ERIC

What do you mean why?

GRACIE

I was never good enough for you when I was walking around the office with ketchup stains on my shirt and eyebrows eight feet wide. But suddenly when I save the day at the pageant wearing an evening gown you notice me --

ERIC

So what are you saying? I never noticed you until you put on a tight dress and looked hot?

GRACIE

Yes.

ERIC

So what? I'm a guy! That's what we do! And when I noticed, I realized what I'd been missing. And what do you mean you saved the day?

GRACIE

I didn't mean -- we did it together --

ERIC

Not according to your book.

GRACIE

Not you too! I told you, I didn't write it -- and what are you complaining about? You got promoted.

ERIC

Yeah, I did. And it's a lot of work, and it's a lot of pressure, and every day I hope I know what I'm doing, and who do I have to talk to about all that? The only people who get to talk to you are Jay and Dave and Conan.

Eric heads back into the bar.

GRACIE

I was never on Conan! Eric! Don't walk away from me! Hey!

And he's gone. Gracie stands there alone.

INT. GRACIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gracie is in a pretty bathrobe, wearing moisturizer and drinking a diet soda. She picks up a copy of her book from a table and leafs through it. In the middle are pictures -- Gracie as a little girl, assuming a karate pose...Gracie as a nine-year-old, wearing a badge. Next to her is her mother, also showing her badge, both of them smiling.

The caption reads, "Gracie's mother, Laura Hart, was also an Agent and the inspiration for Gracie's career."

Gracie closes the book. She goes to another part of the apartment where she has a punching bag set up, with little flowers plastic hanging off it, as if it's become another piece of furniture. She takes off her bathrobe, revealing frilly pajamas underneath. And she puts some music on her stereo, something girly -- Tori Amos or Enya or Jewel.

She puts on some boxing gloves, and gets ready to go at the bag. She pushes the bag, gives it a few tentative jabs.

Gracie gives the bag a few more shots. Now there's a little zip in her punch. And then she rears back to give a huge shot which connects with a solid THUD.

Gracie stands there for a minute, frozen. Then she pulls off her glove, and three of her nails fall out. She screams silently in pain and walks away from the still swinging bag.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- DAY

Gracie is on the street, near Times Square, filming a Public Service announcement.

GRACIE

Hi. I'm Gracie Hart. To be in the
FBI you have to be in top physical
condition -- and that means not too
much of this.

Someone hands her a plate of French Fries. She throws them away. We hear a CRASH.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

And very little of this.

Someone hands her some ice cream. She throws it away. We hear a PLOP.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

But most importantly, NONE of this.

Someone hands her a cigarette. She drops it on the floor and STOMPS it out, jumping up and down.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Cigarettes make you sick. Plain and simple. They're the ultimate bad guys. So...so...

And then Gracie stops.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Oh no.

A COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR yells out.

COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR

Cut! Okay, that was great up till there, Gracie. Don't worry, we'll --

Gracie runs off the set.

DIRECTOR

This is why I hate working with non-professionals.

The Camera follows her and turns to see what she sees: The huge Times Square JumboTron, which broadcasts live pictures over Times Square. And there, above a Reporter's head, is a "Breaking News" story: "Miss United States Kidnapped."

TIGHT ON

a TV showing a news report, with a REPORTER standing in front of a Nursing Home.

CNN REPORTER

Cheryl Frazier was last seen outside this Las Vegas Nursing Home accompanied by longtime pageant host, Stan Fields. As they walked to a limo, Miss United States and MC Fields were forced into a truck by two hooded suspects and driven off at high speed.

The TV is shut off.

Pull Back to see we're in Eric's office. Eric is there with Gracie.

ERIC

The pageant received a ransom note
this morning.

He hands over a copy to Gracie, who begins reading.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Somebody wants five million dollars
by Friday at midnight, or they say
they're going to kill Cheryl and
Stan.

GRACIE

I've got to get out there --

ERIC

Whoa, whoa. I know how you feel, but
let the Vegas people handle it.

GRACIE

Eric, you don't understand. Cheryl
said I was one of her best friends --
but I almost never call her back!
And I don't answer all her E-Mails
or her letters or her postcards --

ERIC

Well, as we all know, you've been
busy --

GRACIE

She bakes cookies and sends them to
me. They come in Fed Ex packages
all crushed but I don't have the
heart to tell her that she's got to
use the hard boxes, not the soft
ones -- I don't even know what kind
of cookies they are! There's chips,
and peanuts and raisins and this
green stuff that's either frosting
or mold -- I never sent her baked
goods! Not once!

ERIC

When we find her, we'll rush some
Krispy Kremes out there --

GRACIE

She wanted me to go to Vegas with
her. If I was a real friend, I
would've gone! I didn't, and now
look what happened.

ERIC

I know Cheryl's your friend. But if you went out there and anything happened to you -- you know what the Bureau's been going through. Bad press, bad publicity -- and then you come along. Beauty Queen-Agent. Suddenly, the Bureau has a whole new face. Yours.

GRACIE

It's the make-up.

ERIC

I know that!

Gracie is hurt by this.

ERIC (CONT'D)

No, I mean -- look, people like us again. The Director called to say how much he enjoyed you with Leno. We get fifty letters a day from kids who want to become agents. Recruitment is way up. We're a hit at college career days.

GRACIE

I thought you didn't want me doing this stuff.

ERIC

It's not my call. It's what the Director wants.

GRACIE

Eric, if you don't let me do this, I'll quit.

There's a moment of silence in the office.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell everyone the FBI won't let me go out on a mission to save my best friend. And then no one's going to like us.

ERIC

Why are you doing this to me? You're supposed to be on "The View" in two weeks!

GRACIE

I'm sorry. I've got to go, Eric.

Eric stares at her in disbelief, but Gracie's not budging. Reluctantly, he picks up the phone and dials.

ERIC

You drive me crazy. You drove me crazy during the pageant, you're driving me crazy now.

GRACIE

I thought you liked it.

ERIC

(into phone)

Get me Special Agent Velez in Vegas.

GRACIE

I'll leave tomorrow morning. It'll give me enough time to take some target practice.

Gracie exits.

ERIC

(into phone)

Hello, Agent Velez? Eric Matthews. How you doing?...Good. Listen... Gracie Hart insists on coming out to help find Miss United States... No, I'm not kidding. And if anything happens to her, the Director's going to put me on mail fraud, so please -- give her some busy work and don't let her near anything or anybody dangerous.

EXT. SMALL SHACK IN THE DESERT -- NIGHT

A pick-up truck pulls up to a small shack. Two MEN get out -- KARL, a bearded, bald, tough guy, and his younger brother LEN, also bald and bearded and tough looking, though slightly smaller. They pull Stan and Cheryl out of their truck.

CHERYL

Please! Tell us what you want! We're trying to cooperate --

KARL

Shut up!

STAN

You can't talk to her like that.
She's Miss United States.

Karl grabs Stan by the collar.

KARL

You trying to tell me what to do?

STAN

No, Sir. I'm just the host --

KARL

Yeah, I've heard you sing. Lucky I
don't shoot you now.

(to Len)

Get 'em in the house.

LEN

Come on, come on. Let's go!

The two brothers shove Cheryl and Stan into the house.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Gracie is on the indoor firing range, blasting away with her
gun. Eric comes up behind her.

ERIC

Hey!

As Gracie sees Eric, her shot goes awry, hitting a target in
the next gallery. Eric laughs.

ERIC (CONT'D)

False eyelashes getting in the way?

GRACIE

Funny.

Eric grabs a gun and goes to shoot next to her. They both
fire away, and then re-load.

ERIC

Listen, I really want you to partner
up with somebody on this op.

GRACIE

Why?

ERIC

Because you haven't been in the field for six months. You're rusty. And I don't let my agents go out alone when they're rusty and liable to get themselves or somebody else killed. I'm funny that way.

GRACIE

Partner with who?

ERIC

I don't know yet. Nobody wants to work with you. But I'll find somebody.

They both shoot again until they're out of bullets.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Just do me one favor. Don't go on this mission because you're trying to prove something to me.

GRACIE

It's not about you. It's about me.

ERIC

Really? I thought it was about Cheryl.

Gracie looks hurt, but immediately covers up.

GRACIE

You know, I've got one more bullet.

ERIC

Look, I'm sorry. Take care of yourself out there. I'll expect daily reports.

Eric walks off. Gracie watches him go, then shoots. She stops, rips off her false eyelashes and goes back to shooting.

EXT. AIRFIELD -- DAY

An FBI jet waits, engines roaring. A LIMO pulls up. Gracie gets out, and a DRIVER begins to lift items out of the trunk for her. There's luggage and more luggage, some of it pink, and then more luggage. The DRIVER lifts as Gracie supervises.

GRACIE

Careful. My guns are in the Gucci bag --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Put 'em down.

Gracie looks up to see SAM FULLER.

SAM

(to the Driver)

I said put 'em down.

The Driver immediately drops the bags.

GRACIE

Fuller.

SAM

Hart.

GRACIE

Here to see me off?

SAM

I'm going with you.

GRACIE

You're my partner?

SAM

No, I'm not your partner.

GRACIE

Then you're going to see Wayne Newton?

SAM

I'm your Boss. I'm the Senior Agent here. I outrank you.

GRACIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm sorry. These jets can be so loud --

SAM

Talk to Agent Matthews if you don't like it. I report directly to him.

GRACIE

Look, I don't think this is going to work. It's nothing personal, but I know you have some resentment over the wrestling thing on Regis and Kathy --

SAM

And Leno. And Letterman. And Oprah.
And Crossfire.

GRACIE

So I'm no psychologist, but I think
we're starting on the wrong foot.

SAM

Let me make this simple for you,
Hart. This jet doesn't take off unless
we're both on it.

GRACIE

Then I'll quit and go as a private
citizen --

SAM

And nobody in the Bureau's going to
help you, and you won't get to look
at the work fifty agents have already
done in the past twenty-four hours
and your friend's only got another
three days to live.

Gracie stares at Sam.

GRACIE

You think you're really intimidating,
don't you?

SAM

No you didn't just challenge me!

Sam edges up closer to Gracie.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm an ex-Marine who got kicked out
of the Corps on a Section-L.

GRACIE

Mental problems?

SAM

Too tough. I made the other Marines
cry. When I was ten, I killed a dog
with my bare hands when it tried to
attack my sister. You know what I
did when I was twelve?

GRACIE

Killed your sister when she tried to attack you?

SAM

I beat up an entire street gang when they tried steal my milk money. Put four of them in the hospital. And I don't even drink milk.

GRACIE

I see. So, you're a violent psychopath with low cholesterol.

SAM

Lactose intolerant. Now are we getting on the jet or not?

Gracie hesitates another minute. Then she nods to the Driver.

GRACIE

You can take these. The cosmetics are a carry-on.

SAM

Not him. You. Carry your own bags. Both of them.

GRACIE

Maybe you didn't do that well on the math portion of the SAT, but there's more than two bags here. Let's count together -- one --

SAM

This is more stuff than the Army took to Iraq. You get two bags.

Gracie looks over her bags.

GRACIE

This is going to take some re-packing. I'll have to consolidate blouses --

Gracie starts opening suitcases. Sam can't take it. She throws all of Gracie's suitcases away save two, grabs them and heads towards the jet.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Wait. That's all underwear and casual! What if we rescue Cheryl and we want to go someplace fancy to celebrate?

Sam continues towards the jet. Gracie follows.

EXT. SHACK IN THE DESERT -- DAY

Est. Shot

INT. SHACK IN THE DESERT -- DAY

Cheryl is tied to a chair. Stan is next to her, also tied to a chair. Karl has a video camera which he aims at them. Len stands off to the side, holding a copy of a newspaper.

KARL

Okay, looks good. And ACTION!

Nothing happens. Karl films for a minute and then stops. He looks at Len.

LEN

What?

KARL

What, what, what? I should tie you up -- you're supposed to hold up the paper --

LEN

Okay, okay --

Karl lifts the camera again.

KARL

And Action!

Len sticks the newspaper in front of Cheryl's face.

KARL (CONT'D)

Cut! I can't see her. Put the paper in between them -- Jesus! We spent ten minutes setting up this shot.

LEN

You do it. You're the one who took acting classes --

KARL

Shut up. Let's go...ACTION!

Len puts the paper in between Cheryl and Stan. And now we can see the headline -- "Miss United States Kidnapped." And the date. Karl nods towards Cheryl and Stan. Nothing happens.

KARL (CONT'D)

Cut! Damn it -- Miss United States,
I told you what to say, didn't I?

Cheryl doesn't respond.

KARL (CONT'D)

Let's go...

Len gets ready.

KARL (CONT'D)

And...ACTION!

Karl points the camera at Cheryl.

CHERYL

I've been kidnapped and there's two
men here who say they're going to
kill us by Friday at midnight...

Cheryl hesitates and looks at Karl with an air of defiance.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

But I don't want anyone to pay them
any money because that would be giving
into terrorism and I'm Miss United
States and I stand for fairness and
decency and the American way!

(she begins to sing)

"From sea to shining sea, like Lady
Liberty, she reigns o'er all she
sees, she's beauty and she's grace,
she's queen of fifty states, she's" --

KARL

Cut!

Cheryl keeps singing.

KARL (CONT'D)

I said CUT!

Cheryl keeps singing. Karl throws down the camera, pulls out
a gun, puts it to Stan's head and cocks the trigger. Cheryl
stops singing, completely terrified.

KARL (CONT'D)

Now we're going to take a five and
do this again.

STAN

I'd be happy to say it if you like.
I've done quite a bit of theatre --

KARL

Shut up!

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT -- DAY

The FBI Jet lands.

INT. LAS VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gracie and Sam walk down the hall. Other Agents pass by.
They get to an office and knock.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Come on in!

INT. VELEZ'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Special Agent HECTOR VELEZ, 40, gets up from his desk. With
him is Agent PETE FOREMAN, young, good-looking, very eager.

VELEZ

You must be the New York crew. I'm
Hector Velez, this is Agent Pete
Foreman.

PETE

Welcome to Vegas! Hot enough for
you?

They all shake hands.

SAM

Agent Sam Fuller, and --

VELEZ

Gracie Hart. I feel like I'm in the
presence of royalty.

GRACIE

No, Sir. I'm not Queen. Just runner-
up.

PETE

Can I just say -- my girlfriend nearly
lost it when she heard I was going
to meet you!

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

She loved your book, and -- this is funny -- she thought I was going to fall for you, but I said, "no, Janet --"

VELEZ

Foreman. Reality check.

PETE

Sorry, sir...

(to Pete)

Anyway, you're obviously too old for me.

GRACIE

Good. That's a load off.

VELEZ

Let me show you what we've been working on.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gracie, Sam, Velez and Pete are in a room with a video screen. It shows newsreel footage of Cheryl and Stan in an airport terminal, being greeted by press.

VELEZ

Frazier and Fields arrive at McCarran at 11:15, greet the press, wave, head to the limo.

GRACIE

Who's driving the limo?

VELEZ

Tom Abernathy, from Sahara Limo service. Clean record, no felonies. We've questioned him six times. He doesn't know anything. Then at 12:20 she goes over to --

The Video Screen shows more newsreel footage from a Senior Citizen Home, with Cheryl talking to the Seniors.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

The Desert Sun Senior Citizen Center, for some program where seniors teach school kids to read.

CHERYL

I think what you're doing here is so wonderful. It shows that different generations have so much to learn from each other. I know I learned a lot from my Grandmother -- not how to read, but how to kill a chicken. She owned a chicken farm with my Grandfather, and even though it wasn't something I enjoyed doing and in fact had horrible nightmares about for many years thereafter -- I'll never forget the sound of their death squawks -- if I ever had to kill a chicken, I'd know how.

The residents stare at her. The other Agents look at Gracie.

GRACIE

You have to know her...Has anyone talked to the residents?

VELEZ

About what?

GRACIE

Her mood. Did she seem apprehensive? Did anything unexpected happen? Other than the chicken story?

VELEZ

No, we didn't do that.

GRACIE

Maybe we should.

SAM

Maybe we shouldn't.

There's clearly a bit of tension between Sam and Gracie.

PETE

I get it. You guys are like good cop, bad cop. Cool.

They both look at him.

VELEZ

So she leaves and heads to the parking lot with Stan where they're attacked and kidnapped. A man who was visiting his mother got this video --

A grainy video comes up, showing TWO HOODED figures jumping out of a pick-up truck and fighting with Cheryl and Stan, eventually hitting them and dragging them towards their truck. The video shakes, losing the action entirely at times.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

Doesn't do us much good. All we've got is two hooded figures, the make of the truck but no license plate.

Velez hands case folders to Sam and Gracie.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

Tomorrow afternoon we'll review the entire database.

SAM

Absolutely, Sir.

GRACIE

What about tonight? Isn't there something we could be doing?

VELEZ

I appreciate that, but I've got agents all over the city. I think your time is better spent catching up on what we've got so far.

GRACIE

But --

VELEZ

I've assigned Agent Foreman to you. He knows the case, and he can assist you with anything you need.

PETE

It'll be a privilege. Anybody hungry?

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- EARLY EVENING

The FBI car drives past some famous landmarks -- we see the New York skyline, the water show at the Bellagio, etc.

PETE (V.O.)

Hey, you guys want to see any shows? My girlfriend Janet can get us tickets -- she's a travel agent.

SAM (V.O.)

Can we just get to the hotel, please?

INT. CAR -- EARLY EVENING

Pete drives, Gracie is up front, Sam in the back.

PETE

She got us tickets to see Britney Spears. Not the actual Britney Spears -- the Britney Spears at the Paradise Drag Show. They've got everybody -- Patti Labelle, Tina Turner -- if you sit a few rows back, you can hardly tell the difference. A couple of drinks don't hurt either.

Pete laughs.

PETE (CONT'D)

The best thing is Open Audition night, when anybody can try out -- of course, I don't know if I can get those tickets anymore, because the truth is, Janet and I broke up. Last night as a matter of fact. She said she wanted somebody who made more money, had a more stable life... but I don't blame her -- she's so great --

Pete is starting to get emotional.

SAM

I don't believe this.

PETE

She flew to Mexico with some guy who works at her travel agency. They probably got discount seats.

GRACIE

It's okay, Agent Foreman. I know how you feel --

SAM

Yeah, tell him, Dr. Phil --

GRACIE

Because unlike Agent Fuller, I too am carbon based.

EXT. PARIS HOTEL -- NIGHT

The FBI car pulls up to this beautiful, French themed hotel in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. Pete pops out as Gracie and Sam emerge from the car.

PETE

Here you go. The Paris Hotel. Bonjour.

GRACIE

Au revoir, Agent Foreman.

SAM

See you at seven in the morning.
Seven sharp.

Sam takes her one bag and heads into the hotel.

PETE

(to Gracie)

If you need anything call me. I know a lot of people in this hotel. Janet used to work here as a concierge. We used to go to the free buffet together...I'm sorry. Good night.

Pete gets in his car and drives directly into a taxi.

GRACIE

Yes, we're in good hands.

INT. PARIS HOTEL. LOBBY -- DAY

Gracie catches up to Sam. As they go, HOTEL EMPLOYEES greet them with very American accents.

PARIS HOTEL BELLHOP

Bonjour!

GRACIE

Croissant! Sam, let's interview the principals -- let's talk to the limo driver --

SAM

Didn't you hear what Velez said? They interviewed the guy six times.

GRACIE

But we're wasting a whole night --

SAM

We're not wasting it. We're familiarizing ourselves with the case file. Or I guess you could sit in your room and paint your toenails.

GRACIE

Hey, Fuller, I'm an Agent too. Just because I own and use a loofah sponge doesn't mean I'm not a serious law enforcement official --

A screaming TOURIST WOMAN comes over.

WOMAN TOURIST

Are you Gracie Hart?

GRACIE

Well, yes, but I'm sort of busy --

The WOMAN screams with delight. She calls to her HUSBAND.

WOMAN TOURIST

Greg! I told you it was her!
(to Gracie)

Would you take a picture with my husband? He just loves you!

HUSBAND TOURIST

I read your book! Twenty pages a night in the bathroom!

GRACIE

Well, it's a high-fiber book --

The Husband grabs Gracie for the picture. A crowd starts to gather. Gracie begins to preen and assume her public persona. Sam shakes her head as she heads to her room.

INT. GRACIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Gracie is in her room, on the phone, the contents of her investigation folder spread out before her. On TV, a news report plays. WE SEE images of FBI Agents talking to people on the street, FBI helicopters flying.

LAS VEGAS REPORTER

As the kidnapper's deadline approaches, the FBI still has no firm leads in the case.

GRACIE
(into the phone)
We did the standard briefing. CCH's,
suspect files, surveillance reports --

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Eric is there on the phone. Another Agent brings in some papers for him to sign.

ERIC
Alright. Good. Get familiar with
the case. Get your bearings.

INT. GRACIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

As Eric talks, Gracie's attention is drawn to something in her folder.

From her POV we SEE: A picture of the crime scene, with a limo parked a ways off from the front of the Desert Sun Senior Home...then WE SEE a picture of the driver, TOM ABERNATHY, a heavysset man in his forties. Gracie looks back and forth between the pictures.

GRACIE
Yeah, okay. Got it. Don't worry.
I won't do anything you wouldn't do.
Sleep tight.

ERIC
Hart, I want to hear from you --

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

ERIC
Tomorrow.

The phone has already clicked off.

INT. GRACIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Gracie picks up the phone and dials.

GRACIE
Is this the Sahara limo service?
I'm trying to locate one of your
drivers -- I was in his limo earlier
and I left something there...Tom
Abernathy...It's prescription medicine
and I need it or I start choking up --

Gracie does a little act on the phone.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea where I might
find him? It's really an emergency.

EXT. O.K. CORRAL CASINO -- NIGHT

This is a fairly rundown old hotel, way off the Strip.

INT. O.K. CORRAL CASINO -- NIGHT

Smoky, rundown, not well attended. Players sit at threadbare craps tables or pull the levers on slot machines. Waitresses wear sexy Western garb -- cowboy hat, short leather skirts, a "holster" out of which they pull out drinks, and a fringe halter top which goes out of its way to emphasize cleavage.

Gracie is there, wearing sunglasses and a baseball hat, casing the room. A buxom waitress passes. Gracie stops her.

GRACIE

I'm sorry -- do you have a minute?

WAITRESS

Sure, hon. What can I get you?

She takes out her pad, as if to take an order.

INT. O.K. CORRAL CASINO -- NIGHT

ABERNATHY, a heavysset chain smoker sits at a slot machine, beer cups lined up by his side. He pulls the lever, and gets nothing.

ABERNATHY

Damn, damn, damn.

He shoves some more money into the machine as one of the O.K. Corral WAITRESSES comes up to him.

WAITRESS

What can I get you, cowboy?

Abernathy looks up to see his Waitress -- it's Gracie, dressed in the Western garb -- although her halter top hangs suspiciously low.

ABERNATHY

What happened to my other waitress?

GRACIE
Why do you ask?

ABERNATHY
Because you look...

Gracie tries to puff herself up in the bosom area.

GRACIE
That was Emmy Lou. She's
breastfeeding. I'm Calamity Jane.
But you can call me Calamity.

ABERNATHY
Alright, Calamity. Give me a Bud.

GRACIE
Coming up!

Gracie opens a bottle of beer, pours it into the cup on her
holster.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
Draw!

She whips the beer out, inadvertently spilling it all over
Abernathy.

ABERNATHY
Jesus!

GRACIE
I'm sorry! That one's on the house.
Actually, it's on the floor, but --

Gracie starts to clean him up.

ABERNATHY
Never mind. I've had enough.

Abernathy throws a few bucks at Gracie and walks out.

EXT. O.K. CORRAL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Abernathy is getting into a limo. Gracie comes running into
the parking lot.

GRACIE
Excuse me, Sir. Sir!

Abernathy turns around to see Gracie running towards him.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but you gave me too much.

Gracie hands back some money to Abernathy.

ABERNATHY

That's your tip, lady. Fifty cents.

GRACIE

Oh, no, I couldn't! I spilled those beers on you.

ABERNATHY

Hey, nobody in Vegas turns down a tip.

GRACIE

They don't? I'm sorry -- I'm new in town. I just got here from Iowa, and I don't know which end is up.

Abernathy looks more closely at Gracie, who tries to make herself look as seductive as possible.

ABERNATHY

Maybe I can help. I'm Mr. Las Vegas.

GRACIE

Really? I thought that was Wayne Newton.

ABERNATHY

He's small potatoes. I'm Tom Abernathy.

GRACIE

I'm --

ABERNATHY

Doesn't matter. When you get off work, how'd you like a tour of my city?

GRACIE

Oh, I'm off. You were my last shoot-out of the night.

Gracie mimes pulling beers out of her holster as Abernathy laughs and swings the back door to the limo open.

ABERNATHY

Then hop in.

GRACIE

Oh, my. Is this your car?

ABERNATHY

Yeah, I own a fleet of limos. I let my chauffeur go tonight. Told him I'd drive myself.

GRACIE

(getting in)

So velvety --

Abernathy smiles and then jumps in after Gracie.

INT. LIMO -- NIGHT

Gracie and Abernathy are in the plush quiet of the backseat.

GRACIE

Aren't you supposed to be up front?

ABERNATHY

You're cute.

He starts to come on to Gracie, pawing all over her.

GRACIE

You don't waste much money on mints, do you?

Abernathy is furiously trying to unbutton something.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Guess there's not going to be dinner and a movie...

He continues kissing her. Gracie pulls back.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Could we look at the moon?

ABERNATHY

(still kissing her)

The what?

GRACIE

I notice you have a moonroof and I was thinking how romantic the moon is and it always gets me in the mood -- kind of a werewolf thing happens.

Gracie howls seductively. Abernathy pops up, hits a button in the limo, and the moonroof opens. Gracie stands up and looks out.

EXT. LIMO -- NIGHT

Gracie's head is out the top of the limo. She howls again.

GRACIE

Oh, yeah. I'm feeling it. Come join me, pardner.

Abernathy's head comes out.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Beautiful, isn't it?

ABERNATHY

I guess.

Abernathy comes on to her again.

GRACIE

So let me ask you something. If one of your limo guys comes to pick somebody up, do they always drive right up to the door?

ABERNATHY

Right up to the door, sweetie. First class service all the way.

GRACIE

Okay, that's what I thought...

Gracie drops quickly back into the car.

INT/EXT. LIMO -- NIGHT

Gracie hits the moonroof switch. It closes around Abernathy's head. He screams.

GRACIE

(all business now)

Now listen. You were supposed to pick up Miss United States last week right before she got kidnapped and you didn't park near the entrance. You were two-hundred feet away. Why?

ABERNATHY

What are you talking about? I --

Abernathy struggles to get loose. Gracie puts her foot on Abernathy's back to hold him in place.

GRACIE

Two things you should know, cowboy.
One, I'm not going to kiss you again.
Two, if you don't tell me the truth,
you will never ever get your tongue
back in your mouth.

Gracie presses harder on his back.

ABERNATHY

I've got nothing to say to you --

Gracie hits the moonroof switch again as the roof closes even tighter around Abernathy's neck.

ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

All I know is somebody came to me a
few days before and said don't park
near the entrance and she gave me
two-hundred bucks!

Gracie opens the moonroof as Abernathy drops into the car like a ton of cement.

GRACIE

She? What did she look like?

INT. VEGAS HOTEL -- MORNING

Gracie is in a coffee shop with Sam and Pete, who stare at her in disbelief.

SAM

No you didn't just tell me she looked
like Cher.

GRACIE

He said she had long black hair, and
she was thin -- although Cher's hair
isn't black anymore, it's more of a
metallic white with auburn streaks --
I'd love to find out who does her --

SAM

What were you doing out at some casino
without clearing it with me? Your
job is to follow my rules. You don't
go around masquerading --

GRACIE

I got info didn't I?

SAM

Info? You think Cher kidnapped Miss Cheryl and Stan? You think you cracked the case? Hey, maybe Cher knows where Jimmy Hoffa is --

GRACIE

I'm not saying it was Cher. I'm saying Abernathy said she looked like Cher --

SAM

That's not the issue. We do this my way. Or not at all.

GRACIE

Hey, get over yourself -- is this about your ego or solving the case?

They stare at each other for a minute.

PETE

Hey, guys -- I know everybody's a little tense. So the check's on me.

Gracie and Sam continue to stare at each other. Sam gets up. She motions for Gracie to follow her. Gracie does. Pete watches them go. He shakes his head...and then begins eating the remains of their food.

INT. LOBBY OF THE PALMS HOTEL -- MORNING

Sam leads Gracie into a Woman's Room.

INT. WOMAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

Sam starts to roll up her sleeves, preparing for a fight.

GRACIE

Are you nuts? You want to fight in the Ladies Room?

SAM

I could take you in the Men's Room if you want. But you're going to learn who's Boss.

A WOMAN walks out of one of the stalls. She looks at the two combatants, and quickly rushes back into her stall.

GRACIE

How is this going to help us solve this case? How is this going to save Cheryl and Stan's life? I guess what I'm saying is -- what's wrong with you? Did you grow up near a power plant?

SAM

I'm in charge here. I want you to acknowledge that.

GRACIE

I acknowledge it. It's acknowledged. I'll call Haagen-Dazs and have them put it on a cake --

Both of the Agents start shoving each other as the WOMAN steps out of the stall, temporarily halting the battle.

WOMAN

Pardon me -- I'm a therapist, and if I could make an offhand comment, it seems like there's an enormous amount left unsaid here. You --

She points at Sam.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are full of rage, almost inarticulate in your frustration and only able to express yourself physically. And you --

She points at Gracie.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Turn everything into a joke because you're terrified at your lack of identity and inability to say who you are and what you truly care about.

The Woman looks at both of them and then runs out of the room. Gracie and Sam stare at each other for a moment.

GRACIE

Did she wash her hands?

SAM

Not that I saw. That's one dirty shrink.

GRACIE

Yeah, but maybe she's right. I don't know who or what I am anymore --

SAM

She pegged me. Full of rage, only able to express myself physically.

GRACIE

Look, whatever problems we have, we have to work together on this.

SAM

Communication is the key.

GRACIE

Right. So what do we do now?

SAM

We go to the office and work on the case. Thanks for asking, Agent Hart.

GRACIE

No problem, Agent Fuller... So, basically you want to go over what we already know even though time is running out to save Cheryl and Stan.

SAM

You could look at it that way. Or maybe you'd like to finish what we started before you were saved by the therapist.

They start shoving each other again.

GRACIE

You saying I'm scared of you?

SAM

Like a little girl at Halloween.

As they start to fight, another WOMAN enters the bathroom, gets a look at the two of them, spins around and quickly heads out.

INT. SHACK IN THE DESERT -- MORNING

Cheryl and Stan are still tied to their chairs. Karl is pacing impatiently, while Len plays his GameBoy.

STAN

Sir? I'm a little hungry.

KARL

What did you say?

STAN

I don't mean to cause any trouble,
but I've got irritable bowel syndrome.

CHERYL

I can vouch for that.

STAN

And if I don't eat, it tends to flare
up, and you've already got enough on
your mind --

KARL

You're hungry? Why didn't you just
say so?

Karl goes over to what passes for the kitchen, grabs some
bread, takes it, and begins shoving it into Stan's mouth,
almost choking him.

KARL (CONT'D)

Anybody else hungry?

There's a moment of silence.

LEN

That was stupid. You used up all the
bread --

KARL

Shut up, Bro.

CHERYL

I need to use the bathroom.

This throws the brothers for a moment.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I need to use the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Cheryl washes up. From the other side of the door, we hear
Len.

LEN (V.O.)
You got one minute.

CHERYL
I understand.

Cheryl looks around and notices a razor on the bathroom sink. She takes it and stuffs it into her dress. There's a BANG on the door. Cheryl opens it and puts her hands out to be tied by Len.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
I think it's terrible the way your brother bosses you around like that. I know what that's like. I had a sister, and she was always bossing me around. She wasn't my real sister -- she was Sister Mary Catherine at Sacred Heart school. My real sister, Emily, couldn't be nicer -- she works for Greenpeace and was recently harpooned in an attempt to save a Blue Whale. She'll be fine although now she's scared of seafood.

Len stares at her for a moment.

LEN
It's just the way Karl is --

KARL (O.S.)
What did I tell you about names? Are you stupid?

LEN
Sorry, Karl -- I mean, Bro.

Cheryl looks at him sympathetically.

LEN (CONT'D)
Come on.

Len brings her back into the cabin.

INT. LAS VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS -- LATE AFTERNOON

Agents move through the hallways, phones ring -- everyone is working at top speed. Except...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gracie, Sam and Pete are alone in a room around a big table looking over huge stacks of paper.

GRACIE

We went over this last night.

PETE

We're almost finished.

GRACIE

We're never going to be finished.
There'll be more papers tomorrow.
It's like high school.

PETE

After you read this, Agent Velez
wants us to go over the CCH's and
check some suspects on the database --

GRACIE

We've only got thirty-six hours --

SAM

So start reading.

GRACIE

This is crazy.

SAM

Fine. I'll read it to you --

(reading)

"An aerial search of the areas
compromising longitude 45 degrees
and latitude 32 degrees to longitude" --

As Gracie and Sam start to argue, Agent Velez comes into the room carrying another huge stack of papers.

VELEZ

These just came in. The full suspect
dossier. Keep up the good work.

He drops the stack on the table with a THUD.

GRACIE

But Sir --

Velez exits.

INT. PARIS HOTEL CASINO -- NIGHT

The casino is filled with players. It's crowded, buzzing with action. An unhappy Gracie enters with Sam and Pete.

PARIS HOTEL EMPLOYEE

(Texas accent)

Bon Soir!

GRACIE

French Toast. You know what, Pete?
Maybe I will go to that drag show.
Or I'll play Keno.

PETE

You can't gamble when we're on duty.

GRACIE

You call this on-duty? Shuffling
papers twelve hours a day? Librarians
see more action than we do.

Gracie starts towards the casino when she spots something.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

The other Agents look.

SAM

What?

GRACIE

It's her. It's Cher.

And there, at a craps table, is Cher. People are gathered around, looking at her.

PETE

God, she stays in such great shape.

Gracie moves towards Cher. Sam grabs her.

SAM

Listen to me! Cher is not a criminal!
Cher did not kidnap anybody!

Gracie again starts towards Cher. Sam tries to grab her, but Gracie wriggles away and trots over to the craps table.

GRACIE

Cher? Miss Cher?

Cher looks up.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I'm Agent Hart with the FBI, and I'd
like to ask you a few questions --

Cher looks at Gracie for a minute, and then bolts, knocking
Gracie down on her way out of the casino.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait!

SAM

Hey. She's fleeing the interview.

Gracie and Sam watch for a moment -- and then run after Cher.

PETE

Hey! Guys!

Then Pete starts running as well.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

The Agents chase Cher down the crowded strip. Sam and Pete
are ahead, and Gracie is lagging behind. Partially because
she's wearing less than perfect running shoes, and mostly
because she's out of shape.

PETE

We shouldn't be doing this!

SAM

I know!
(but caught up in the
chase)
Cher! Cher, wait!

Gracie is huffing and puffing, trying to catch up.

GRACIE

Run...faster...you...cream...puff...

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL -- NIGHT

This is the famous pirate-themed hotel, where hundreds of
tourists and onlookers are watching two ships staging a mock
battle. The Pirate ship is victorious, as cannons burst across
the lagoon. The British ship is hit and starts to sink, as
the British captain stands steadfastly on deck and vows to
"go down with the ship", which is fast submerging.

Sam, Pete, and Gracie, lagging behind, pursue Cher towards Treasure Island.

SAM

Cher! Stop!

A Las Vegas police cruiser stops. Two cops observe this chase.

Panicked, Cher runs into the crowd around the pirate show. People in the crowd are jostled, but it's nothing compared to what happens when Gracie, Sam and Pete slam into the crowd.

HOUSEWIFE TOURIST

Isn't that Cher! I love her!

SAM

FBI!

GRACIE

FBI!

HOUSEWIFE TOURIST

Aren't you Gracie Hart?!? Can I have a picture! I love your book!

Gracie runs past them, breathing heavily.

GRACIE

Maybe later! Thanks for your support!
Stop! FBI! Stop!

People in the crowd are backing off from Cher, who tries to run around or over them, when suddenly a guy grabs her.

GUY

I got her! I got Cher!

Cher struggles with him, then tries to leap away, falling backwards into the water where the pirate show rages. People scream and begin snapping photos and videoing the melee.

Sam jumps into the water. Pete follows. Gracie, still huffing and puffing, climbs over the railing and jumps in as well. The pirate ship is about to slam into Cher. Gracie and Sam pull her out of harm's way as a VOICE ON A LOUDSPEAKER comes blaring through.

VOICE

Put your hands on your head!

The Agents look at each other.

GRACIE
Isn't that our line?

They look up to see two Las Vegas COPS with their guns pointed at the Agents.

SAM
We're FBI!

PETE
Agent Pete Foreman, Las Vegas FBI.
Badge Number 710 --

COP
I said put your hands on your head!
Do it!

Gracie, Sam and Pete put their hands on their head. So does Cher, who begins to drown.

GRACIE
Can we get her?

COP
Keep your hands on your head --

COP#2
It's Cher, damn it! Get her!

Gracie and Sam go down. They re-emerge holding Cher.

GRACIE
Why did you run? We only wanted to...

And now Gracie and Sam get a good look. All wet, with the wig having floated away, it's clearly not Cher. It's not even a woman.

SAM
You're not Cher.

FAKE CHER
(deep voice)
I know! I work at the Paradise Drag Club and I snuck out to gamble at the Paris in costume and I can get fired for that! Are you happy?

GRACIE
I don't think happy would really cover it.

EXT. LAS VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Velez is there with Gracie, Sam, and Pete. The Agents are still wet. Velez is beyond furious.

GRACIE

Sir, it was my fault. But we had a reason --

VELEZ

No you didn't! There is NO reason anyone chases a Drag Queen down the Strip into the moat at Treasure Island, then dives in themselves in front of a thousand tourists!

PETE

Sir, maybe we're blowing this out of proportion --

VELEZ

You think so, Foreman? Let me show you a little video we taped a half hour ago. This was on Channel 5.

Velez pops a tape into the TV. We See a shot of Gracie, Sam and Pete diving into the water as a Reporter comments.

TV REPORTER

This truly bizarre incident shocked and amazed both tourists and natives.

A LAS VEGAS NATIVE appears on screen.

VEGAS NATIVE

I lived here since '53 and I thought I'd seen it all when Elvis delivered me a pizza last week, but this thing takes the cake.

Then a TOURIST in a LAS VEGAS hat is on screen.

MAN IN VEGAS HAT

First I thought it was part of the pirate show. Then I kind of hoped it was some sort of wet T-shirt contest --

His WIFE hits him.

MAN IN VEGAS HAT (CONT'D)

Either way, I'm coming back tomorrow.

TV REPORTER

The freakish occurrence hearkens
back to an incident involving Gracie
Hart at the Miss United States
pageant.

A CLIP of Gracie diving off the stage into the crowd at the
Alamo dressed in her Bavarian outfit plays.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

It was later revealed that Miss Hart
was responding to a man she thought
was an assassin. As of now, there
is no explanation for tonight's big
splash.

In the Conference Room, Gracie, Sam and Pete are staring at
the screen, dumbfounded, as Velez turns off the set.

VELEZ

And that's only one channel. We
haven't checked the other three-
hundred. It might also be on pay-per-
view.

GRACIE

We just wanted to question Cher --
or someone who looks like Cher
regarding the only piece of credible
evidence that's shown up in this
investigation -- the testimony of
the limo driver --

VELEZ

Don't even --

GRACIE

Why would he park away from the
driveway? Why would he say he was
paid? Why --

VELEZ

I spoke to the limo driver --

GRACIE

I know, Sir. Six times --

VELEZ

Seven! I spoke to him today! When
he filed a claim for harrassment
against the Bureau. And not just
harassment. Sexual entrapment!

SAM

From Hart?

Sam laughs.

VELEZ

From a certain beer slinging waitress!
Where he said he made false statements
out of fear and coercion. And
according to your Cher, he never
spoke to any limo driver anywhere!
And now he's suing for harassment
and won't talk to us!

SAM

(off Gracie)

It's all her fault, Sir.

VELEZ

I've got fifty agents working full
time on this, Hart. You think you're
going to figure it out in two days?

GRACIE

Sir, we only have two days!

PETE

It's my fault, Sir. I was supposed
to keep Agent Hart away from anything
dangerous --

VELEZ

Foreman --

But it's too late. Gracie has clearly heard what she wasn't
meant to.

GRACIE

Hold on.

(turning to Pete)

Your job was to keep me away from
anything dangerous?

For a minute, no one says anything. Finally, Velez owns up.

VELEZ

It was everybody's job. Agent
Matthews said we had to keep you out
of harm's way.

Gracie looks shocked and embarrassed.

GRACIE

(to Sam)

Did you know about this?

SAM

Can you believe it? My job was babysitting you.

GRACIE

So this whole thing was just to keep me out of the way.

VELEZ

Had I known what it was going to take, I would've assigned all fifty agents to guard you!

Another Agent steps into the room and walks over to Velez.

VEGAS AGENT

Sir, it's the Director.

VELEZ

Oh, man. This should be fun.

Velez starts out of the room.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

You're all on jet back to New York in the morning.

(looking at Pete)

Except you.

PETE

Thank you, Sir.

VELEZ

You're on probation.

PETE

Thank you, Sir.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- NIGHT

A van is parked on a midtown cross street.

GRACIE (V.O.)

How could you do this to me, Eric?
You knew all along this whole mission was just a joke --

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

Eric is in the van with Agent Tobin and three other agents. Hi-tech surveillance equipment illuminates the interior.

ERIC

Hey, we didn't have a choice! You forced us into this. And what were you doing chasing Cher?

The other Agents in the van start cracking up.

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

GRACIE

I had a hunch.

ERIC (V.O.)

You want to explain that hunch to me?

GRACIE

Would you believe me if I did?

INT. FBI VAN -- NIGHT

ERIC

Try me.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Fine. There was a limo driver --

ERIC

Not on the phone. You get on the jet, fly back here, write up a report and I'll review it.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Are you crazy? Eric, she's got forty-eight hours to live --

ERIC

I'm not breaking the rules just for you. That's how we got into this mess. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and do your job.

GRACIE (V.O.)

I'm not writing out any reports. This whole operation is drowning in reports. I'll find her on my own --

ERIC
You're not finding anybody!

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

GRACIE
What are you going to do? Arrest me?

ERIC (V.O.)
You bet. For obstructing an
investigation.

GRACIE
Oh, come on --

INT. FBI VAN -- NIGHT

ERIC (V.O.)
This is serious, Hart! The Director
called from the White House. The
President had to tell him to stop
cursing.

Agent Tobin taps Eric on the shoulder.

TOBIN
Eric, they're on the move.

ERIC
Nice work, Tobin.

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gracie shrinks back slightly at the sound of Tobin's name.

ERIC (V.O.)
I want you on that jet tomorrow
morning. Fax me the report. If it
makes any sense, we'll move on it.

The phone clicks off. Gracie sits there, alone in the room.

INT. SHACK IN THE DESERT -- NIGHT

Everyone is asleep. Everyone except Cheryl. She's up, and
scraping away at her ropes with the little razor. Finally,
she breaks through. She's able to free one hand. Then she
quickly unties the other hand, reaches down, and unties her
feet. She looks over to Stan, and then begins untying him.

CHERYL
(whispering)
Stan.

STAN
(dreaming)
Don't untie me yet. I still have
another fifteen minutes --

Cheryl slaps him across the face. Stan wakes.

CHERYL
We're getting out of here.

She finishes untying him, and they start to tiptoe out. They get to the door, start to open it, but as they do, there's a loud CLANG! Someone's tied a pot to the door as a rudimentary alarm system. Everyone in the cabin wakes.

KARL
Hey!

Stan runs out the door. Before Cheryl can escape, Karl grabs her and drags her to the ground.

EXT. SHACK IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

Stan runs. He's free. He makes it to the woods -- but the sound of Cheryl's screams stop him. He looks back to the shack, then out to the woods. He hears another scream, breaks a branch off a tree, and heads back to the shack.

INT. SHACK IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

Stan bursts in. He hits Len with the branch. Len grabs the branch and puts Stan in a headlock. Then he turns to show Stan that Cheryl is gagged and tied to her chair again, and that it's Karl who's screaming.

KARL
Fell for that one, didn't you, Stan
Boy?

STAN
My God. You're pure evil.

KARL
(proudly)
I was an actor. Reno Playhouse.
(to Len)
Tie him up.

Len puts Stan in the chair next to Cheryl and binds him.

CHERYL

(from beneath her gag)

Thank you, Stan.

STAN

I had to do it. I couldn't leave you here. And I was scared of the dark --

KARL

Don't worry, Stan. You're gonna be heading towards the light real soon, Stan. And you too, sweetheart.

Karl rubs Cheryl's hair affectionately. Len stands there, uncomfortably. Cheryl and Stan sit, terrified.

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Gracie is packing her bags, getting ready to head out the door, as she sees something on her TV. It's a BREAKING NEWS STORY, showing Cheryl sitting in a chair, a newspaper flashing in front of her face, showing today's date.

CHERYL

My name is Cheryl Frazier, and I'm Miss United States. With me is Stan Fields, the MC of our pageant. Right now it's 6:30 on the night of Friday the 11th of November. And unless five million dollars is placed in a bag at a location to be faxed to the pageant, Mr. Fields and I will be killed. I know it's a lot of money, but it's my booty on the line and I treasure life, so please help! Please!

The tape cuts off. A NEWSCASTER comes on screen.

VEGAS NEWSCASTER

The tape, received by the pageant last night, if true, means that Miss United States only has thirty -six hours to live.

INT. LOBBY OF PARIS HOTEL -- MORNING

Sam is waiting, her one bag packed. Pete is beside her. He looks at his watch as Gracie appears -- with no luggage.

GRACIE

I'm not going.

SAM

Hart, get your aerobicized butt out of this hotel. You're going!

GRACIE

No, you're going. I'm staying. Vive la difference!

PASSING HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Bonjour!

SAM

Get lost!

PETE

Guys -- did I mention I'm on probation?

Sam drags Gracie off.

SAM

You stay, you're fired. You're fired and you stay, they put you in jail for obstructing a Federal investigation.

GRACIE

I can't go.

SAM

Why not? Pantyhose bunching up?

GRACIE

Because Cheryl's my friend. And I don't know about you, but that's a pretty rare thing in my life. And if something happens to her, and I didn't do every single thing I could think of...it would be...not great. Oh, and I don't want Stan to die, either.

SAM

They've got fifty Agents working on this, Hart --

GRACIE

Just tell me on thing, Fuller. Do you think I'm right about the limo driver?

SAM

Hart, this isn't the time --

GRACIE

This is the only time, Fuller. This is why we became FBI Agents. To save lives. Or maybe you're happy just being a babysitter.

SAM

I'm happy doing my job --

GRACIE

How? By walking away from your job? We came out here to save Cheryl and Stan and we haven't done it.

SAM

We did what they told us to do --

GRACIE

And that's enough for you? You keep talking about how tough you are -- well, prove it. Go with your instincts! Go with your gut!

Sam hesitates.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Fuller, I need your help. And you know how hard it is for me to be nice to you.

SAM

Okay...You're right...somebody's missing something somewhere on this thing. But if this screws up my career, I will kill you with my bare hands.

GRACIE

That's only fair.

SAM

So what's the next step? How are you going to investigate? The Bureau's gonna be looking for you.

GRACIE

Then I'll have to go undercover.

SAM

From the FBI? You know, we're pretty good at figuring that stuff out. That's kind of what we do.

GRACIE

I know how to do it. I mean, I don't, but there's somebody who does.

INT. THEATRE -- MORNING

A pretty YOUNG WOMAN, TARA, walks across a stage in a swimsuit. She turns, stop, smiles, and starts to walk again, while still smiling in the same direction.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shall I call a doctor? Is your head stuck in that hideous position?

TARA

Huh?

From the audience, VICTOR MELLING stands watching, aghast.

VIC

Why are you smiling in one direction and walking in the opposite direction? It's absolutely terrifying.

His cell phone starts to ring.

TARA

But -- I thought -- ah, I -- I was --

VIC

I'm so glad our elocution lessons are paying off --

Victor answers the phone.

VIC (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes.

GRACIE (V.O.)

It's your favorite beauty contestant.

VIC

Well, if it isn't Agent Eliza Doolittle.

From this point on, the scene is split-screen.

GRACIE

Vic, I need you.

VIC

So many do. But at the moment, I am working with a female impersonator --

GRACIE

Cheryl's in trouble. She's been kidnapped.

VIC

Yes, I heard. I am truly sorry -- she's a wonderful girl, even if her right leg is a half inch longer than her left --

GRACIE

She's got thirty-three hours to live. Which gives you not much time to get to the airport and meet me in Vegas.

VIC

Perhaps I misunderstand --

GRACIE

I've got to go deep deep deep undercover. Deeper than any woman has ever gone before. And you're the only one who can do it.

VIC

My Dear --

GRACIE

I can't pay you. It'll be dangerous. And we may both wind up in jail.

VIC

There must be a catch somewhere.

GRACIE

But I'll get you a room at the beautiful Paris hotel.

VIC

I despise Paris.

GRACIE

You can gamble.

VIC

I don't know how to gamble nor do I wish to spend time with the pathetic sweatsuit clad blue-haired RV driving matrons who do.

GRACIE

(desperate)

Okay -- who is the person you've always most wanted to meet? The woman you said best epitomized style, grace and intelligence?

VIC

Jackie O?

GRACIE

Who else?

Vic hesitates, clearly excited.

VIC

Barbara Walters?

GRACIE

I'm supposed to go on "The View" next week. You could be there with me. You could meet her. You could become her personal stylist!

Vic hesitates.

VIC

Are you still a size four?

GRACIE (V.O.)

See you in Vegas.

Vic hangs up. Tara is still on stage, frozen in position.

TARA

Mr. Melling, what should I do?

VIC

Find a dictionary, put in on your head, and hope some of the words sink in.

Vic grabs his coat and starts off.

VIC (CONT'D)

Everytime I try to get out, they
pull me back in.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NEW YORK -- DAY

Eric is walking down the hall with Tobin and Jenkins.

ERIC

What do you mean she didn't get on
the plane?

TOBIN

Our pilot called -- he waited an
hour past take-off time and they
never showed up --

Eric pulls out his cell phone.

ERIC

Call Agent Velez, ask him if he knows
what's going on.

TOBIN

Yes, Sir.

She peels off.

ERIC

Jenkins, call the hotel. See if you
can track her down.

Another Agent runs over.

STEVE

Sir, it's the Director on the phone.

ERIC

Tell him...tell him...I'm at the
Dentist. And...they had to wire my
jaw shut and I won't be able to talk
for several days.

STEVE

Is that true, Sir?

ERIC

Only if I'm very lucky.

Eric looks at him for a moment, and then walks off.

CUT TO:

Tight shot of guns, bullets, radios, handcuffs, etc., falling on a bed.

We PULL BACK to see Gracie, Sam and Pete are in one of the Paris Hotel rooms, going over their resources. A phone rings in the room.

GRACIE

Don't answer it...Plenty of firepower.
Plenty of handcuffs. Nice radios.

SAM

So what's the plan?

GRACIE

We can't talk to the limo driver or Cher again -- so we've got to get to somebody who might know why Cheryl was kidnapped.

SAM

And that would be?

GRACIE

Kathy Morningside.

SAM

The pageant nutcase?

GRACIE

Exactly. She's a criminal and the former Director of the pageant. Who would know better why somebody would want to kidnap Miss United States?

PETE

Isn't she in jail?

GRACIE

That's where we're going.

PETE

You guys are supposed to be on a plane to New York!

GRACIE

Let's face it, Pete. You are so screwed, your only hope is that we solve this case.

SAM

And let me ask you something, Hart. Let's say by some miracle we get the leads and we actually figure out who kidnapped them? What are you gonna do if we're suddenly face to face with a bunch of armed perps?

GRACIE

I'm going to take them down.

Sam looks at Gracie for a minute, and then laughs.

SAM

You? You're going to take them down. How are you planning to do that? Blind them with your highlights?
(off Pete)
Foreman is tougher than you.

PETE

Gee, I knew if I waited long enough you'd say something nice to me.

GRACIE

I'm just as tough as you.

Sam goes face to face with Gracie.

SAM

No you didn't just say you're as tough as me.

GRACIE

Well, maybe not as tough. But I've got a Yoga instructor who could kick your ass!

SAM

You couldn't even keep up with Cher!

GRACIE

She's in great shape! And I had lousy running shoes that night. And --

Sam punches Gracie in the stomach. Gracie goes down.

SAM

If you were tough enough, you would never have let me hit you --

And suddenly Gracie bites Sam's ankle. Sam screams and falls.

SAM (CONT'D)

You bitch!

GRACIE

Oh! My nails!

They start to wrestle on the floor, knocking furniture over as they grapple. Pete is about to jump in and separate them when there's a KNOCK on the DOOR. Pete answers it, revealing Vic, who's holding several suitcases and followed by a BELLHOP holding twelve more. Gracie looks up from her fight.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Vic! Glad you could make it. Agent Fuller, Agent Foreman, this is Victor Melling. The world's greatest...how would you describe yourself?

VIC

A seeker of beauty in an ugly world.

GRACIE

Why are you looking at me when you say that?

VIC

I'm not. This is no time for jokes. Because if it was, we could start with that eyeshadow you're wearing.
(off Sam)
And I was looking at her.

Sam starts for Vic. Gracie grabs her.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

We see a mirror with Gracie's reflection. After a moment, Vic appears behind her.

GRACIE

Make me look like a tough, vicious felon on her way to prison.

Vic stares at her for a minute, then cuts one piece of hair.

VIC

Done.

Gracie reaches down and begins loading her gun.

VIC (CONT'D)

Let me get my wigs.

EXT. LOS CATOS FEDERAL PRISON -- DAY

The car pulls up to this Federal prison.

SAM (V.O.)
You talked to the Warden?

GRACIE (V.O.)
They think this is official Bureau
business. And all I have to do is
take a picture for his daughter.

Gracie and Sam get out of the car, along with Pete. Gracie is wearing a bright red wig and some outlandish make-up which makes her look like a street tough.

SAM
We're on the wire.

Sam and Pete put earpieces in their ears, while Gracie adjusts a small microphone on her outfit.

PETE
Don't bend down for the soap.

SAM
Good to see you got your sense of
humor back. Got over that whole
girlfriend running off with another
guy thing pretty quick.

PETE
Janet told me that joke.

And Pete is immediately back in his depression.

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

One prisoner is in the cell by herself. We see the door to the cell opening.

WARDEN (V.O.)
We got some company for you.

The prisoner turns around. It's KATHY MORNINGSIDE. She's disheveled, her hair a mess, with a crazed look in her eyes. She turns to see Gracie, who is now wearing a standard prison outfit along with her felon look.

KATHY
What are you in for?

GRACIE

Coming late to my Daughters of the American Revolution meeting. What do you think?

Kathy looks her over for a minute.

KATHY

Perfect. You're the kind of trash I need if we're ever going to break out of here.

GRACIE

No you didn't just call me trash! No, you didn't! What are you in for, Blondie?

KATHY

You want to know what I'm in for? You want to know what I'm in for?

GRACIE

I heard you the first time, Ho! No you didn't just repeat yourself!

KATHY

I'm in because I wanted to bring some beauty and joy to the world. I was the Director of the Miss United States pageant until she came along!

Kathy turns and pulls down the calendar in her cell. Behind it is a picture of Gracie, torn and frayed and ripped.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Miss Gracie Hart! Miss FBI little rat --

GRACIE

Don't you worry, Blondie, because that pageant is screwed anyway since they kidnapped the winner.

Kathy stands motionless for a moment.

KATHY

They kidnapped the winner? Who? When? Where? I'm not allowed to watch TV or use real silverware.

GRACIE

Just the other day. They also got
that crazy singing guy, Stan Fields --

Kathy screams in joy.

KATHY

Thank God -- I'll never have to hear
that gassbag crooning again --

Kathy begins singing the "Miss United States" song.

GRACIE

Don't tell me you're singing that
song in my face! You put a sock in
that hole, Sandra Dee!

KATHY

You don't know what it was like having
to work with that pompous putz all
those years! I would've taken him
out myself if I had the chance --

GRACIE

They weren't after him, freakazoid.
He's just the host. They were after
her --

KATHY

That little red-headed flaming baton-
twirling goody-goody? Everybody
loves her. Come on.

Gracie thinks for a moment.

GRACIE

What are you saying, Avon Lady? You
saying this Stan dude had enemies?

KATHY

Boy, it makes perfect sense they got
him in Vegas. Oh, he liked to have
a good time. He was Mr. Las Vegas --

GRACIE

I thought that was Wayne Newton.

KATHY

Even my son, who's nothing but
goodness and innocence hated him --

GRACIE

Why? What did he ever do to Frank?

Kathy stops her rant for a moment.

KATHY

How did you know my son's name?

GRACIE

I -- that was a lucky guess. Vanilla.

Kathy advances on Gracie.

KATHY

Your voice --

GRACIE

Okay --

KATHY

I recognize that voice --

GRACIE

Guard!

Kathy rushes Gracie and pulls her wig off.

KATHY

Gracie Lou Freebush!

Sam and Pete rush into the cell and pull Gracie out as the cell door slams.

GRACIE

Can I get the wig back? Vic'll kill me.

Kathy looks at Gracie's wig and begins ripping it up.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You're right. No one's wearing that cut anymore.

EXT. SHACK IN THE DESERT -- NIGHT

Karl and Len push Cheryl and Stan towards the truck.

KARL

Come on, come on.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- NIGHT

Karl drives. Len is in back with a bound Cheryl and Stan.

CHERYL

You can still save yourselves. If you give up and ask for forgiveness, you'll be dealt with fairly.

KARL

What planet are you from?

CHERYL

Rhode Island.

LEN

Karl, should I --

KARL

Hey! Genius! What did I say about names?

CHERYL

Oh, we won't tell anybody, Karl. Because we're going to be dead soon. That's your plan, isn't it? Ask for ransom and then kill us anyway.

STAN

No, that's not his plan. I'm sure he has a better plan than that.

CHERYL

Len told me everything.

Karl shoots a look at Len, who looks away.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I just hate to see him get the death penalty because of you.

KARL

You think you're pretty bright, don't you, Red? I know your type. You're like every girl that wouldn't go out with me in high school.

STAN

I'm not like every girl who wouldn't go out with you. I would've gladly gone out with you -- gone steady even --

KARL

Shut up! I'm talking to Red. You're not so bright, Red. Cause if you were bright, you wouldn't even be here.

CHERYL

I don't understand. What did I do?

KARL

We were after Stan, honey!

LEN

He owed us money. We're loansharks.

CHERYL

Stan -- you know these men?

STAN

No! I mean, I don't know if I do. I certainly don't remember remembering them. I borrowed money from so many people -- it was always dark, and occasionally I'd had an alcoholic beverage --

KARL

We were just going to break his legs, but you had to grab on to him. But that's when I thought -- wait a minute. Forget Stan. We've got the big prize now!

CHERYL

Len won't go through with it --

KARL

Sure he will. We're going to tie you and Stan-boy to the bottom of a boat, and sink you.

STAN

Are we going to die?

KARL

You bet. Tonight, in Vegas, you cash-out forever.

Karl starts laughing.

INT. PARIS HOTEL CASINO -- LATE NIGHT

Gracie, Sam and Pete enter the hotel. Gracie is still dressed as the tough girl.

PETE

So she's saying they were after Stan?

GRACIE

She went nuts before it got specific, but that's what it sounded like.

SAM

What the Hell did Stan do?

GRACIE

I don't know. But I can think of someone who might.

SAM

Don't tell me. Another costume?

GRACIE

Into it? Might be fun to dress up a little.

SAM

I dress up for weddings and funerals. And I wear the same thing for both.

Gracie stops as she spots Vic at a relatively empty craps table. He tentatively holds a single chip out in front of him.

VIC

I'd like to make a wager on the...
(he studies the table)
...pass bar.

CROUPIER

That's pass line, Sir.

VIC

That's right. You're very good.

CROUPIER

You can just drop the chip on the table, Sir.

VIC

Fine. Now do I just --

Before Vic can finish his question another player rolls the dice.

CROUPIER

7...Winner 7.

The Croupier pushes chips toward Vic.

VIC

I won? My God. I won!

Gracie rushes to Vic.

GRACIE

I need you. Now.

VIC

Later. I am having an affair with
Lady Luck --

Gracie drags him off his stool.

VIC (CONT'D)

Please! You don't spit in the face
of fate! Oh, look! Wheel of Fortune!

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NEW YORK -- DAY

Eric is at his desk, looking over some reports. There's a
KNOCK on the door.

ERIC

Come.

The door opens. A very distinguished MAN enters with an
ASSISTANT. This is FBI DIRECTOR MORSE and Agent FOSTER.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What's up --

Eric looks to see who it is. He jumps up, knocking some
coffee off his desk.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Director Morse!

MORSE

Eric. You know Agent Foster.

ERIC

Hey. Sure.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I didn't expect you -- take a seat.
Take two seats. Take all the seats!

Eric laughs. He's nervous.

MORSE

No, can't stay. I'm on my way to a meeting with Mayor Bloomberg for our joint anti-terrorism task force with NYPD. Have you found Hart?

ERIC

No, Sir. Not yet. We will.

MORSE

Eric, you're one of the shining stars in this Bureau. Which means sometimes you get stuck with the tough jobs.

ERIC

I love tough jobs, Sir. Love them.

MORSE

And I know you have a personal relationship with Agent Hart. But she's gone from being the FBI mascot to the FBI laughing-stock in twenty-four hours. Did you know "The View" cancelled her appearance?

ERIC

I had no idea. I'm shocked. I'm going to stop watching --

MORSE

As long as she's out there, she's a loose cannon. Now is not the time for our reputation to take a hit. I want her brought in.

ERIC

I'll get a team together and fly out there myself, Sir.

MORSE

That's probably a good idea. I don't want to have to curse in front of the President again.

INT. DESERT SUN ASSISTED LIVING CENTER -- DAY

This is a bright, cheerful place. TWO PEOPLE approach the front desk, where SHIRLEY, a woman in her thirties, works. One of the people is Vic. The other is an ELDERLY WOMAN.

SHIRLEY

Welcome to the Desert Sun Living Center. I'm Shirley. How can I help you today?

VIC

I am Victor Flammenbaum, and this is my mother...

The Elderly Woman looks up, and we can see that it's Gracie.

GRACIE

Ida. Ida Flammenbaum. My own son doesn't remember my name. I should never have sent him to that boarding school in merry old England. A little too merry, if you know what I mean. He wasn't so "delicate" before he went, believe you me. Although he does make excellent tea now.

SHIRLEY

Are you interested in seeing our facilities?

VIC

Very interested. I can't wait to be rid of her.

GRACIE

No, don't believe him. He's really a Mama's Boy. Aren't you?

She pinches his cheek.

VIC

Do you have a euthanasia program?

SHIRLEY

We have some forms to fill out -- if you'll give me a minute -- just take a seat --

Shirley heads off down the hall.

GRACIE

I'm going to look around. Stay frosty.

Gracie heads into a Main Room, where a group of SENIOR CITIZENS sit around reading to YOUNGER KIDS, talking, snoozing. Gracie heads over to an ELDERLY MAN, CHARLES.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hi, there. Ida Flammenbaum. I'm new. Well, not new! And you are?

CHARLES

Charles Harrison. Diabetes, heart trouble and runaway bladder.

GRACIE

But you look fabulous!

Gracie laughs.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Actually, I was just coming in for a visit to look around.

(whispering)

Is it true that Stan Field's mother lives here?

CHARLES

She's right over there.

GRACIE

No! Get out of here! I'm dying!

ATTENDANTS start running from all sides of the room and surround Gracie.

ATTENDANT

Who's dying?!

ATTENDANT#2

Get the respirator!

GRACIE

What? What? I'm kidding. I'm fine.

ATTENDANT #3

Please don't joke about that. Okay?

The Attendants walk off.

GRACIE

Excellent service. I'm very impressed.

CHARLES

Carol?

CAROL FIELDS looks up. She bears a resemblance to Stan -- same hair -- and she's got a YOUNG BOY sitting on her lap, reading a book.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

This is Ida. She wanted to meet you.

GRACIE

Mrs. Fields -- oh, that sounds funny -- like the cookie --

CAROL

Not after you've heard it for thirty years! Makes you want to throw away the damn hearing aid.

Carol has a garbled manner of speaking which makes it difficult to understand everything she's saying.

BOY

Finish reading.

CAROL

Finish reading, finish reading. When I was your age, nobody read to me! Cause there was nothing to read. It was the Depression. Right, Ida?

GRACIE

Absolutely. I remember that. We couldn't even afford words back then.

Carol pushes the Boy off her lap.

CAROL

Go get me a candy bar.

The Boy walks off.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Got to teach 'em there's no free rides.

GRACIE

You're doing wonderful work. I just wanted to say how much I enjoy your son -- I'm a big pageant fan --

CAROL

Stan. My poor Stan. Such a good boy.
Not too bright. But sweet as a candy
bar -- where is my candy bar?

GRACIE

I'm so sorry about the kidnapping --

CAROL

Please. I can't even think about it.

Carol starts to cry. Gracie looks around for a tissue, then
just hands Carol her sleeve.

GRACIE

I just can't imagine who would do
such a terrible thing.

CAROL

Terrible.

GRACIE

I mean, from what I hear, your son
is such a wonderful man -- who could
want to hurt him?

Carol looks up.

CAROL

Well, you know -- he loved the
(garbled)
Sluts.

GRACIE

He loved the sluts?

CAROL

The sluts! The slut machines! When
he wasn't doing the pageant, he was
here. He's Mr. Las Vegas.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Wayne Newton is Mr. Las Vegas!

CAROL

Calm down, Ellie! It's just an
expression!
(to Gracie)
Wayne Newton's Aunt.

GRACIE

Go on, Mrs. Fields. This is
fascinating. I could hear about
your son all day.
(calling out)
What's holding up that candy bar?

INT. DESERT SUN LIVING CENTER -- DAY

Gracie spots Vic in a room playing Bingo. She heads over to
him.

CALLER

B-4.

VIC

Yes! I've got it! I --

Gracie pulls him off his chair and out of the room.

VIC (CONT'D)

Mom! Please!

EXT. PARIS HOTEL -- NIGHT

Gracie's car screeches to a halt. She jumps out, still dressed
as an old woman and charges into the hotel. Vic gets out of
the car more slowly. A PARKING VALET comes over.

PARKING VALET

Bonjour.

VIC

Bon nuit. Je suis tres fatigue, et
tres faim. Ou est le bistro pour le
plus grand dejeuner?

PARKING VALET

Bonjour!

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gracie bursts into the room where Sam and Pete are reviewing
files and talking on the phone. The TV plays.

GRACIE

It was Stan. I was talking to his
mother -- apparently he was in
Gambler's Anonymous for two years,
but they kicked him out for betting
how long the meetings would go.

(MORE)

GRACIE (CONT'D)

She said he got in trouble with
loansharks -- what've you guys got?

SAM

Look at this.

Sam and Pete bring Gracie over to the TV, where they show
her the video of Cheryl and Stan being captured.

SAM (CONT'D)

That tourist's video of Cheryl and
Stan being captured.

PETE

I slowed it down and had it enlarged.
Janet used to work at this video
transfer lab -- and look --

When they look at the video again, it's clear that Cheryl is
trying to stop the two HOODED MEN from capturing Stan.

GRACIE

We've got to go to Velez.

INT. LAS VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Pete's FBI car pulls up.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Gracie, still dressed as an old woman runs down the hall,
followed by Sam and Pete. They head into the Conference Room.

FBI ASSISTANT

Excuse me! You can't go in there --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Gracie, Sam and Pete burst in as Velez is there with ten
other Agents. The atmosphere is tense. Velez looks up.

GRACIE

Sir -- there's some new evidence.
Stan Fields had gambling problems.

VELEZ

Hart --

GRACIE

Loansharks were after him --

VELEZ

Hart --

GRACIE

And during the capture --

VELEZ

Grandma!

Gracie stops. Velez points to a video screen behind him.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

Closed feed from the drop zone.

We See a barren desert area where one FBI Agent, walking alone in the desert, throws a bag towards a pickup truck.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

Ten miles west of here.

A Man gets out of the pick-up truck, but he's too far away to see or identify -- and he's wearing a hood. He picks up the bag with the money, gets in the truck and drives away. As the truck kicks up sand, two figures are left standing in the desert.

Velez presses a button and talks into a mic on the table.

VELEZ (CONT'D)

Sanders -- move in!

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

SANDERS, the FBI Agent runs towards the two figures.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

All the Agents watch the monitor as a shaky picture draws closer to the two figures.

VELEZ

He's wearing the picture. We'll know
in a minute.

And the image gets closer -- and then -- there they are!
Cheryl and Stan -- bound and gagged.

SANDERS

It's okay! It's them! I got 'em!

A cheer goes up in the room.

VELEZ

Desert Bird, Desert Bird, move out!

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

A Helicopter takes off into the night sky.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

The Agents are still celebrating.

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.)

This is Desert Bird. We're on-line.

The Agents all look to the video monitor, which shows a night-vision view of a road, with the pick-up truck on the move.

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In pursuit. All units moving to intercept.

The Agents explode in applause again.

VELEZ

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how we do that.

Everyone looks at Gracie. There's silence in the room.

GRACIE

Congratulations, Sir.

VELEZ

That's big of you, Hart. Especially considering that you've put the careers of two fine agents in jeopardy. And if we followed your lead, your friends might be dead now.

GRACIE

Yes, Sir. It's all my fault.

SAM

(whispering to Gracie)

You keep saying that like you're expecting someone to disagree.

INT. FBI HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Gracie, Sam and Pete walk slowly out into the hallway. They all stand there for a moment.

PETE

Look, guys, I better hang out. I've got to start filling out my report.

SAM

If you want any more pointers on screwing up your life, just call.

GRACIE

I don't think that was Cheryl they got in the desert.

SAM

Hart, do me a favor --

GRACIE

She's got one leg slightly shorter than the other, which gives her this very slight but endearing limp --and that girl didn't have it. I think --

SAM

Hart! It's over! They've got them!

Gracie starts to argue, then stops.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON

A TV playing. A NEWSCASTER is speaking.

NEWSCASTER

Sources say that the FBI has rescued Cheryl Frazier and Stan Fields --

Pull Back to see that we're in Gracie's room at the Paris Hotel. She's back in her regular clothes, packing. After a moment, Vic bursts in.

VIC

You'd better come. It's Agent Fuller.

INT. PARIS HOTEL -- NIGHT

Vic leads Gracie through the casino, until he finally gets to the Roulette Wheel, where Sam is playing, and clearly losing, huge amounts of money. She's also been drinking.

VIC

It's shameful. She's drinking and gambling like a girl from a Catholic school on her first night at a state college. Fortunately, I was at the blackjack table to discover her.

Gracie approaches Sam.

GRACIE

Sam --

SAM

Hart! Nice to see you.

The Dealer calls out.

DEALER

Red 12!

A few people applaud, a few moan.

SAM

Oh, so close! I had black 23.

GRACIE

That's not close, Sam. You were off by a whole color. Why don't we get you some coffee or counseling --

Gracie tries to pull Sam off her stool, but Sam isn't having any of it. They struggle for a minute.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Vic, help!

VIC

I don't like to do manual labor.

GRACIE

We need to get her to a different environment. Someplace calm and soothing.

VIC

You've picked the right city. Perhaps some fresh air atop the Eiffel Tower...or a jousting show at Excalibur...wait. I've got it.

INT. VENETIAN HOTEL -- NIGHT

Gracie, Vic and Sam are being rowed by a singing GONDOLIER, who makes it difficult to hear the conversation.

VIC

What we need is some good old fashioned girl talk. Let out your feelings. Bond. Emote. And do it quickly -- they're holding my chips for me at Table 17.

SAM

I was looking over the transcripts of all our investigations --

VIC

Excellent.

SAM

I was hoping to find something I could hold onto, something that could help me keep my job, and you know what I realized?

GRACIE

That you should get used to asking "would you like paper or plastic"?

VIC

You see, that's not helpful.

SAM

That it doesn't matter. Because I was living a dream. I thought if I babysat you they'd see I was more than a tough chick who could break a brick with her head. And they'd give me my own op one day. But that's never going to happen. So it's better they fire me now.

GRACIE

Look, if anybody's getting fired, it's me. Oh, and Pete.

SAM

That doesn't make me feel better...Has anyone ever thrown up into the canal?

VIC

I'll find out.

Vic asks the Gondolier in Italian. The Gondolier stares vacantly.

GONDOLIER

(very American accent)

The only Italian I know is this song.

VIC

Very authentic.

GRACIE

Even if they don't fire me, they'll never let me out on another mission. Or another talk show.

SAM

Oh, boo-freaking-hoo.

GRACIE

You ever swallow a gondola?

SAM

Back off, FBI Barbie -

GRACIE

You know, you're a little ray of sunshine.

They start shoving each other. The Gondolier has to hold on, his singing getting wobbly.

VIC

Now stop! This is not the girl talk I remember as a child!

GRACIE

(to Sam)

You think you're so tough and cool, but let me tell you something -- I used to be exactly like you.

SAM

Really? You were a Black Woman?

GRACIE

I didn't care how I looked. I didn't own a dress. I wore men's underwear.

SAM

Boxers?

GRACIE

Yeah.

SAM

I enjoy boxers.

GRACIE

When I was a little girl, I didn't play with dolls or do my hair. I was too busy watching re-runs of "Dragnet."

SAM

I have every one on tape.

GRACIE

Really? You ever see the one --

Just then, Gracie's cel phone rings. She answers.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hart...Hey, Pete...What? Hold on.

The Gondolier has been singing the entire time.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(to the Gondolier)

Will you hold it down!

Gracie shakes the boat violently. The Gondolier falls off.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Go.

INT. VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Pete is on the phone. Agents run all over, phones are ringing. It's clear something's gone amuck.

PETE

You were right. It wasn't Cheryl and Stan. It was two impostors from the Las Vegas Celebrity Emporium. They dress up to look like famous people, like a live version of Madame Toussad's. Janet used to work at the gift shop there -- but what's gone is gone --

GRACIE (V.O.)

Stay with me, Pete.

PETE

It's not Cheryl and Stan! It was two actors who got a 1,000 bucks apiece to stand in the desert.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Who gave them the money?

PETE

Two guys who told them they'd be filming a commercial.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Did they find the two guys?

PETE

No. The truck went into a tunnel and when our people caught up with it, it was empty.

INT. VENETIAN HOTEL -- NIGHT

Gracie and Sam are now running through the lobby.

GRACIE

We've got to get to Cher. I know she -- he -- knows something.

SAM

How? She -- he's not going to talk to us.

Suddenly there's a roar coming from a nearby craps table. Vic has the die and is holding court.

GRACIE

That won't be a problem if he doesn't know it's us.

Gracie and Sam run over to Vic. He has a large stack of chips in front of him, and with each bet he places a small stack on the table.

VIC

Come on! Daddy needs a brand new pair of Allen-Edwards Park Avenues! Press the 5, press the 6, press the 9. Buy the 4 and the 10. Give me a sixty dollar horn-hi-lo, a 25 dollar yo, and a 100 dollar hard 8 for the boys.

Gracie and Sam stare in amazement as Vic tosses the dice.

CROUPIER

7 out!

The crowd moans. The croupier takes in all the chips.

GRACIE

Vic --

VIC

I should have known. Lady Anti-Luck has arrived.

GRACIE

I need you. It's an emergency.

VIC

I'm sorry. I've found my true calling --

Gracie starts to drag him off with Sam's assistance.

GRACIE

Back to work. Fuller and I are going to be in a Drag Show.

SAM

No you didn't say I'm going to be in a Drag Show --

GRACIE

I can't do this alone. I need a partner in there.

SAM

Forget it. With a capital F.

GRACIE

The deadline's in an hour. If we're going down -- and we're definitely going down -- let's go down swinging. As law enforcement officers. In drag. If Cheryl's still alive, we owe it to her.

Sam hesitates. Then she looks at Vic.

SAM

I don't want to look ridiculous!

VIC

Now how is that possible?

EXT. LAS VEGAS ROAD -- NIGHT

A Chery Capri races towards the Strip.

INT. CHEVY CAPRI -- NIGHT

Karl is driving. Len is next to him, holding the bag of money. Cheryl and Stan are gagged and bound in the back seat. A helicopter passes overhead. Karl looks up for a moment, then just starts laughing. He turns on the radio.

KARL

Nice night for a swim.

Stan whimpers.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. LAS VEGAS -- NIGHT

Pete is walking through the halls. Suddenly, someone grabs him. It's Eric, who's standing there with Tobin and Jenkins.

ERIC

Are you Foreman?

PETE

That's right.

ERIC

I'm --

PETE

Eric Matthews. I remember your picture from Gracie's book. My girlfriend Janet and I read it together -- she used to be in publishing --

ERIC

This is Agent Tobin. Agent Jenkins. And they're not really interested in your personal life. Where's Hart?

PETE

Well, I'm not sure --

ERIC

Foreman -- we flew all the way from New York to find Hart. Agent Velez says he doesn't know where she is. I think you might.

Pete stares at Eric.

EXT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB -- NIGHT

The parking lot is full tonight. A sign on the marquee reminds us that it's "Open Auditions" Night.

INT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB -- NIGHT

On-stage in front of the packed house, "Patti Labelle" is finishing her version of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." The crowd goes wild.

PATTI

Whoooo, whoooo! Ain't I good?

More applause.

PATTI (CONT'D)

And now we're gonna find out who else is good, because it's Open Audition Night! Whooooo!

The audience laughs.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Come on! Don't be a drag! Put your hands together for tonight's first contestant, cause ooops she's gonna do it again, Miss Britney Spears!

"Britney" runs on-stage and starts performing.

INT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB -- NIGHT

Backstage area. The club is filled with various "celebrities" or, more accurately, the drag queens trying to portray them. There's Joan Rivers and Barbara Streisand and Reba McIntyre and seven Judy Garlands and then, moving quickly through the backstage area is a Christine Aguilera, with a huge black headress, black skintight outfit and jet black hair. It's Gracie. And next to her, a sequined Diana Ross. It's Sam.

SAM

(quietly to Gracie)
Where's Cher?

GRACIE

(quietly to Sam)
I don't know. There's another door over there.

They move out of the area and head out towards the audience and another backstage door when when Sam suddenly stops.

SAM

Whoa. You won't believe who just walked in.

Gracie looks. From her POV, she sees Eric, Tobin and Jenkins entering the club. Gracie goes white, or as white as she can under all her make-up, and jumps backstage.

GRACIE

Oh, God. What's he doing here?

SAM

Duh. We never get on the jet. He must be down here to fire us personally. Nice touch.

Eric and Tobin are led to a table so close to the stage that Gracie and Sam can hear them talking.

TOBIN

This is pure Hart. She totally screwed up.

ERIC

Hey, we haven't heard her side yet.

Gracie look at Sam and smiles.

JENKINS

Her side? She chases a fake Cher into a pirate battle, embarrasses the Bureau and can't even get on a flight back home?

ERIC

That does sound bad, doesn't it?

TOBIN

Eric, I know you and she -- it's none of my business, but let's face it. She's not one of us anymore. And if she really cared about you, she'd never put you in this position.

ANGLE ON the stage, where Britney Spears finishes her act. The crowd applauds as Patti comes on-stage.

PATTI

Isn't she a hot little white girl?

(MORE)

PATTI (CONT'D)

And now, our next contestant is a famous country singer and TV star. YEEH-HAA! All I have to say is -- REEEEEEEEEBA!

The audience applauds. Nothing happens.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Maybe I have to say it again. REEEEEEEEEBA!

"Reba" gets up from backstage near Gracie and Sam, not looking particularly confident. She takes one step towards the stage, then rushes away.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Okay...while Reba puts a fresh coat of red dye #2 on her head, let's bring another star out --

Patti looks backstage.

PATTI (CONT'D)

That hot little Latin number, Christina Aguilera!

Backstage, Gracie looks panicked.

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

Christina! You know what this girl wants! She wants you, honey!

A few of the other other drag queens start to push Gracie out onto stage.

GRACIE

No, no, I'm not ready --

She wriggles away. Sam catches her.

SAM

You get out there! She announced you.

GRACIE

But I can't --

SAM

If you don't, we can't stay and we can't find Cher.

GRACIE

But, Fuller, I can't dance --

SAM

Yes you can! I saw you dance! You remember when we graduated from Academy, that night after, we all went out to that bar? I never saw anybody happier than you to be an Agent! And they put some music on the jukebox, and you danced, baby! You were a white Janet Jackson! You were Lord of the Dance!

GRACIE

I was drunk!

SAM

You were happy and you didn't care who saw or watched! And that's what this is! You can't care about what they think out there! You've got to be in your own little world, and the only thing in that world is you and saving your friends...And me.

GRACIE

You're in my world?

SAM

What damn choice do I have? I can't get out!

PATTI (V.O.)

Come on, Christina! Voulez-vous your couchez out here!

Gracie takes a breath and walks out on to the stage.

INT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB -- NIGHT

Gracie is now on stage with Patti.

PATTI

Let's give it up for Christina!

Patti walks off. Gracie tries to go with her, but Patti pushes her back out. Gracie stands there, staring out into the audience, trying not to look at Eric. But she does. They make eye contact. Eric looks a bit closer, but while there's something familiar about Christina, he can't figure out what.

GRACIE
(quietly)
Hi...This goes out --

AUDIENCE MEMBER
Can't hear you!

GRACIE
Oh...

Gracie bends down to the microphone.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
This goes out --

But the weight of her headress makes her tip over. She almost falls into the crowd as Sam rushes on stage and helps Gracie back up. Then Sam tries to go, but Gracie grabs her.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
Wait, Diana. Stop in the name of
love.

SAM
Huh?

GRACIE
Because someday we'll be together.
And why can't someday be right now?
Who knows -- we may be in jail
tomorrow. So let's make tonight the
new Diva and the old Diva.

SAM
Come again?

The audience laughs, starting to enjoy this double bill.

GRACIE
Thank you. This goes out to a special
member of the audience.

Gracie signals to backstage, where Patti Labelle slips a CD into the club stereo system. A hot, Latin-flavored Christina Aguilera number, "Infatuation" comes up. Gracie sings, throwing in her approximation of some Christina moves, always struggling with the weight of the headress. The song seems addressed directly to Eric.

Sam stands there, frozen, not knowing what to do as Gracie dances around. Suddenly Gracie makes a dramatic move and slips into the audience. She falls near Eric's table.

He jumps over to help her up. The song stops.

This is Sam's chance. She takes over the mic, and in her best Diana imitation, begins singing. Gracie struggles to get back up to the stage with Eric's help. They look into each other's eyes for a moment. Gracie hesitates, and then crawls back on stage, stands up, and winds up singing back-up for Sam until something catches her eye. It's Cher, backstage. Gracie drags a reluctant Sam away from the mic.

INT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB. BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Cher is talking to a few of the other Drag Queens. Gracie and Sam run over to her.

GRACIE

Hi, Cher.

CHER

Hey, girls. Not bad.

GRACIE

Coming from you that means a lot.
But not as much as information about
who told you to talk to the limo
driver.

Cher stares at Gracie, then runs into a private dressing room. Gracie and Sam try to pursue, when a HUGE MAN dressed as a woman steps between them.

HUGE MAN

Can I help you? I'm Elizabeth Taylor.

Sam punches Elizabeth in the stomach. Gracie and Sam force their way into a private dressing room, where Cher is hiding.

GRACIE

I chased you because my friend is in
danger. And time is running out.

SAM

You got to do the right thing, Cher.

CHER

They told me if I said anything, I'd
be in trouble.

SAM

Who? Who told you?

Cher hesitates.

GRACIE

If you help me, I can catch them.
And then you'll be safe. If you don't
help me, innocent people die. Please.

Cher looks at both of them for a moment.

CHER

There names are Karl and Len. They're
brothers, big scary guys. They offered
me a thousand bucks if I'd talk to
this limo driver, tell him not to
park near the Senior Center.

GRACIE

What's their last names?

CHER

I don't know.

GRACIE

Where can we find them?

CHER

I don't know! I knew them from when
I worked as a waitress. They were
pirates at the Treasure Island show --

SAM

What do you mean they were pirates?

CHER

You know, fake pirates. They got
kicked out because they used to stay
in costume and try to pick up women
at the hotel. So they fired them.
Those pirates run a really clean
ship.

INT. VEGAS FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Pete is there as Agents run around in all directions. He
follows Velez.

PETE

Sir, is there anything I can do?

VELEZ

I don't know. Is there anything you
can do?

Velez runs off as Pete answers his ringing cel phone.

PETE

Pete Foreman, formerly of the FBI --

GRACIE (V.O.)

Pete! I need you to read me back
that ransom tape of Cheryl.

PETE

Gracie? Why?

GRACIE (V.O.)

Pete -- just do it! I need the words.
NOW!

PETE

Okay, okay. Hold it.

Pete runs down to an office.

INT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB. BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Gracie is on the phone. Sam is next to her.

PETE (V.O.)

Gracie?

GRACIE

Yeah. Go.

PETE (V.O.)

My name is Cheryl Frazier, and I'm
Miss United States. With me is Stan
Fields, the MC of our pageant. Right
now it's 6:30 on the night of Friday
the 11th of November. And unless
five million dollars is placed in a
bag at a location to be faxed to the
pageant, Mr. Fields and I will be
killed. I know it's a lot of money,
but it's my booty on the line and I
treasure life, so please help!
Please!

Gracie clicks off the phone.

GRACIE

Oh, God. Booty...Treasure...

SAM

What?

GRACIE

Cheryl said booty -- Cheryl would never refer to her ass as booty! She would never refer to her ass period. She calls it a po-po. She was trying to tell us -- pirates. And treasure is for Treasure Island -- and Cher said the two brothers were pirates -- it all makes sense! They're going to drown Cheryl and Stan at Treasure Island!

SAM

Of course! Cher, booty, pirates -- don't know why I didn't figure it out.

EXT. PARADISE DRAG CLUB -- NIGHT

Gracie and Sam go charging out into the parking lot, still in costume. They rush to Gracie's car.

SAM

Shouldn't we tell Matthews?

GRACIE

We can't! He'd have to arrest us for insubordination and disobeying orders.

SAM

We'll tell him later.

They jump into the car.

INT. CHEVY CAPRI -- DAY

Gracie is at the wheel. But she can't fit her headress into the car.

SAM

Take the damn thing off.

They both try to pull it off but it's not coming.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the hell did Vic do? Weld it on?

GRACIE

I told you he was good!

Gracie looks up. She notices a sunroof.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET -- NIGHT

Gracie's rental car goes zooming down the street, her Christina Aguilera headress protruding through the sunroof.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL -- NIGHT

The beautiful hotel shimmers in the Vegas night. Crowds gather around, waiting for the pirate battle.

INT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Karl and Len walk through an underground area where a bunch of Pirates wait for the show to begin.

KARL

Ahoy, mateys!

PIRATE#1

Look who comes crawling back. Karl and Len, the lost pirates.

PIRATE#2

Ay, you two swashbucklers aren't supposed to be here.

KARL

Come on, Jack -- don't make us walk the plank --

PIRATE #2

Ay, you know the rules, and you broke 'em, matey. We take pride in what we do here. We stay in shape --

He puffs out his chest a bit.

KARL

Ay, I thought we'd come down, say hello --

PIRATE #2

Ay, you want to watch the show, you go up top with the landlubbers. Come on, mateys.

All the Pirates head off, "aying" and "ahoying" to each other, leaving Karl and Len there.

KARL
(to Len)
Idiots...Go get 'em.

Len runs back up the hall. He opens a storage closet, pulls out a laundry bin, and dumps it over. Cheryl and Stan, bound and gagged, roll out.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS -- NIGHT

Gracie's rental car screeches onto the Strip. It's packed.

INT. GRACIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

GRACIE
Come on, come on!

She beeps the horn.

SAM
That's not working. What a shock.

GRACIE
Don't start with me, Diana.

Gracie jumps out of the car. Sam follows. They begin running down the crowded Strip in their costumes.

INT. PIRATE SHIP -- NIGHT

Karl and Len are tying Cheryl and Stan into the bottom of the boat.

LEN
Karl, man, I don't know about this --

KARL
Hey -- I know. We've done everything right! Ditch the truck in the tunnel. Leave the car gassed up, ready for us to go. We've got five million, Bro! No more pirate jobs. No more people making fun of us, telling us we're stupid and no good --

LEN
I haven't talked to Mom in months --

There's a sound of MUSIC from up above.

KARL
Show's starting.

They finish tying Cheryl and Stan to the bottom of the boat.

KARL (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath!

Karl gets up and runs. Len hesitates for a moment, and then follows him.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL -- NIGHT

The crowd is assembled as the pirate show begins.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Gracie and Sam are running as fast as they can, still in costume. They jump over, through, and around people.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

The Pirate Show is on. Crowds watch, videotaping away, as the two Pirate ships do battle. Suddenly, the British ship is hit -- and begins to sink.

INT. PIRATE SHIP -- NIGHT

Cheryl and Stan are struggling, trying to get out of the ropes -- but it's no use. Water starts to flow around them.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Gracie and Sam race towards Treasure Island. Gracie is falling behind as Sam races on.

GRACIE

(to herself)

Come on, come on!

She suddenly picks up speed, and catches up to Sam. As they cut across the Strip, they're nearly hit by a white car. A K-Car. An FBI car. Velez pops out. Gracie and Velez stare at each other for a second. Then Velez looks to Sam. Her wig is ajar. He walks over to her and pulls it off.

VELEZ

Fuller?

SAM

No, Sir. Diana.

VELEZ

Hart?

GRACIE
Christina. Ola.

Gracie and Sam look at each other and start to go. Velez grabs Sam.

VELEZ
Where the Hell -- don't move --

Gracie jumps in and throws Velez onto the hood of the car. Two other Agents rush out. Sam kicks one in the stomach. The other one grabs Gracie from behind, causing her to reflexively do her classic S-I-N-G maneuver, knocking him unconscious.

GRACIE
Hey, I remembered! Just like riding a bike.

Gracie and Sam run.

SAM
I don't know about you, but I don't think we're getting invited to the office party this year.

INT. PIRATE SHIP -- NIGHT

Cheryl and Stan are now gasping for breath as the water is almost over their mouths.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

The ship is sinking out of sight as tourists enjoy and videotape the show. And then, through the crowd, burst Christina and Diana.

GRACIE
Coming through! FBI!

SAM
Move your fat tourist asses! FBI!

Gracie and Sam slam people out of the way as they leap into the water. All the videotapers turn to them.

TOURIST WIFE
Are they gonna have a celebrity jump in every night now?

INT. PIRATE BOAT -- NIGHT

The water is rushing in with a thunderous roar. Cheryl and Stan are desperately trying to keep their heads above water, but it's useless, as they go under, struggling frantically.

Then suddenly, Gracie and Sam swim into the boat. They can still stand above the water, although it's rushing in. They grab Cheryl and Stan and work the ropes. Finally, Sam disentangles Stan. She starts to rise to the top with him.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

Sam surfaces with Stan, both of them coughing and gasping for air, as the Pirates jump off their ship to the rescue.

INT. PIRATE BOAT -- NIGHT

The water is up to Gracie's neck as she pulls at Cheryl's ropes, and finally rips them off. She shoves Cheryl towards the surface.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

Cheryl surfaces. The Pirates rush to her.

INT. PIRATE BOAT -- NIGHT

Gracie starts to swim out, but suddenly she's jerked backwards -- by her headress. It's caught in a rafter on the boat. She tries to pull herself out of the headress, but it's clamped on tightly -- the water is up to her mouth. Gracie pulls one more time, and then goes under.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

The Pirates are helping a passed out Stan, Sam and an unconscious Cheryl to dry land. Sam, coughing and fighting for breath, keeps trying to go back down.

SAM

She's down there -- she's down there --

PIRATE JACK

It's okay, lady. Ay, we got you.

INT. PIRATE BOAT -- NIGHT

Gracie struggles for a moment, but she runs out of air, hanging there lifelessly for a moment, when suddenly a hand shoots into frame and grabs her. It's Eric. He rips off the headress and shoots towards the surface holding Gracie.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

Eric breaks the surface with Gracie. She sputters and coughs, coming back to life. She looks at him. Her looks at her.

ERIC

Nice outfit.

GRACIE

Thanks for noticing.

Then she spits out more water.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND -- NIGHT

Police cars, ambulances, fire trucks clog the area. Cops are everywhere. A PRESS VAN is trying to make its way to the scene. Amidst the hubub, Gracie finishes talking to Velez.

VELEZ

A Len Calvin called and confessed.
We've got him in custody. His brother
is on the run, but Len gave us the
vehicle make and license plate. We're
in pursuit right now.

GRACIE

Thank God for sibling rivalry.

VELEZ

So...I guess I owe you an apology,
Agent Hart.

GRACIE

Big time. But all I really need you
to do is re-instate Pete Foreman.
And find out whether I passed the
audition at the Drag Club.

Cheryl hobbles over to Gracie, still soaking wet.

CHERYL

Hey --

GRACIE

Hey!

They hug each other and jump up and down.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I was so scared for you!

CHERYL

I saw my life flash before my eyes
except it was in black and white and
my life is usually in color --

GRACIE

Yeah, like how sometimes you have
those dreams where it's you but it's
not you because you have glasses or
a head shaped like a cabbage --

CHERYL

Exactly!

Sam is watching this.

SAM

Now I get the relationship.

CHERYL

You must be getting really tired of
saving my life.

GRACIE

No, no, no. It's great exercise!

They hug again as Pete and Sam come over with Stan.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Stan, Cheryl -- this is Agent Sam
Fuller, and Agent Pete Foreman.

STAN

Thank you. Thank you all. None of
this would have happened if I wasn't
so weak --

CHERYL

Stan, please. You were very brave.
(to the others)
Stan could have escaped, but he came
back and risked his life for me.

STAN

But I was the one who got you into
trouble in the first place. All of
you. I'm responsible for everything.

Stan looks like he's about to have a breakdown.

GRACIE

Stan, there's one person who'll always understand.

STAN

I know I can always count on you, Gracie --

GRACIE

Your mother. Go see her. And bring a candy bar.

STAN

And she also likes a little Bailey's Irish cream. Thank you. All of you.

SAM

It's our job, Mr. Field. We're professionals.

GRACIE

Maybe not dressed like this.

PETE

Our pleasure, Mr. Fields. Miss United States.

And Cheryl and Pete lock eyes.

CHERYL

Call me Cheryl.

GRACIE

You know, Pete was really in charge of this operation.

PETE

No. Not really in charge.

GRACIE

And it's amazing how focused he's been, never once getting distracted by the fact that his girlfriend just broke up with him and he's therefore totally available.

SAM

That's right. He's courteous, buff, and just naive enough for the right woman to push around.

Cheryl tries to walk and almost falls.

CHERYL

Whoa. My legs --

PETE

Let me help you, Miss United States.
Miss Cheryl. Cheryl.

They walk off together. Gracie and Sam are left on their own.

GRACIE

Hey -- you kicked po-po out there.

SAM

You too...

GRACIE

And I'm sorry for whatever I dragged you through, and all the times I didn't listen, and --

SAM

No, it was fun. I'm usually not too good at fun.

GRACIE

You? You're nothing but fun!

SAM

And that stuff you were saying before...you know, when you talked about not having friends... I know what you mean by that.

GRACIE

(like Sam)

No, you didn't tell me you got no friends! Not with me standing in your face!

SAM

You and me?

GRACIE

Sure. After all, us Dragnet watchers have to stick together.

Gracie starts to hum the "Dragnet" theme. Sam joins in for one second, then almost sucker punches Gracie, who flinches and covers.

SAM

Just because we're friends, don't
lose your edge.

GRACIE

It's not my edge I'm worried about.
It's my dinner.

The PRESS come running over to Gracie.

REPORTER #1

Gracie, you've done it again! Give
us the details.

REPORTER #2

How did you know where they were
taking Miss United States?

REPORTER#3

Is this going in your next book?

The questions continue. Gracie holds up her hand.

GRACIE

I have two things to say. Number
one, there's not going to be a next
book. Second...no comment. Ever again.

And Gracie walks off as the press clamors after her, stopping
only to see Eric and Tobin talking to Velez.

EXT. PARIS HOTEL -- DAY

An FBI van is there, waiting. Eric waits outside with Tobin
and Sam, looking at his watch.

ERIC

Fuller, call her room again. This is
crazy --

SAM

Hold on.

After a moment, Vic emerges from the hotel followed by Gracie,
dressed in her traditional dark blue FBI outfit, her hair
pulled back, sunglasses, black shoes. She passes a Paris
Hotel valet pushing a luggage cart.

VALET

Bonjour!

GRACIE
Freedom Fries!

As she says it, she trips over a cart pushed by another VALET coming from the opposite direction, scattering luggage everywhere.

VIC
Some things don't change.

INT. FBI JET -- DAY

Gracie sits with Sam and Vic, playing cards.

VIC
Of course. Now I win.

Gracie watches Tobin and Eric together, as they talk.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. -- MORNING

Est. Shot

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. LOUNGE -- MORNING

Gracie is getting herself some coffee. A few Agents walk by.

FOSTER
Nice work, Hart.

JENKINS
Don't write another book.

A few others say hello and good morning, in marked contrast to her recent frosty reception. She fills her cup, then walks out of the room.

INT. FBI GYM -- MORNING

Gracie enters, dressed in sweats, and sees Eric working out, kicking a punching bag. She takes a breath and walks over.

GRACIE
Hey. Can I talk to you for a minute?

ERIC
Later. I'm working out.

Eric kicks again. Gracie snorts.

GRACIE

Really? I thought you were trying
out for the Rockettes.

ERIC

Look who's talking. Miss Maybelline.
Cover Girl.

GRACIE

Okay, okay --

ERIC

The "Don't Ruin My Manicure" chick.
The --

Gracie jumps in and puts Eric in a headlock.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Are you crazy? I don't want to hurt
you.

GRACIE

Don't worry. I've been working out
too. I cut my nails. I haven't
showered in days. I'm back.

They grapple seriously now.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I know the Director forced you to
come to Vegas and get me, but thanks
for saving my life anyway.

ERIC

Hey, I enjoyed it. And I liked that
song you sang.

Eric imitates the Christina Aguilera song Gracie sang.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wasn't as good as the Supremes thing,
though.

Gracie stares at him in amazement as Eric throws her to the
mat.

GRACIE

What? You knew --

ERIC

Of course I knew it was you.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've spent a long time looking into those eyes. You think I wouldn't recognize them?

Gracie is clearly moved by this. She hesitates for a second, then jumps on Eric again.

GRACIE

Then why didn't you say anything --

ERIC

Because I would've had to stop you from doing whatever you were going to do, and even though you're the world's biggest pain in the ass, when you have an instinct, it's usually a good one. Because you're a great FBI Agent.

GRACIE

Eric, are you nuts? You put your whole career on the line! If the Director found out you did that, you'd have been fired! And my instincts aren't always right.

Eric throws Gracie to the mat again.

ERIC

Is that right?

GRACIE

Well, like with the book.

Eric goes to jump on Gracie and she rolls out of the way at the last minute. He slams onto the mat.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I let people put words in my mouth because they were trying to make me something I'm not...Because what I am...the only thing I ever wanted to be -- is an FBI Agent. And maybe...also... you know -- I'd also like to be --

Eric bounces up and charges at her. She punches him in the stomach. He goes down. They both lie there.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You know...

Gracie hesitates.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You want to hug me, you want to kiss me, you want to marry me...

Now Eric hesitates.

ERIC

Look -- Hart -- I'm glad everything worked out and Cheryl and Stan are safe and you're okay...but I think you and I kind of missed the boat.

GRACIE

(trying to cover)

Okay. No sweat.

ERIC

We'll always be friends, we can work together, but as for the other stuff...all I can say is I only marry people who shower.

Gracie looks at him for a minute as Eric smiles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Burned you bad.

Gracie hits him hard. Eric looks up at her, enraptured.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey -- that hurt just like it used to.

And they kiss, entangled on the mat in each other's arms -- until Eric notices his watch. He breaks away from Gracie.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Whoa! Ten-thirty! You're supposed to be on "The View" in a half-hour!

GRACIE

Sorry. I've got a pressing appointment elsewhere.

ERIC

Hart, don't do this to me! The Director is sitting in front of his TV waiting for a well-groomed, glamorous FBI Agent to charm the nation!

GRACIE

And he won't be disappointed.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO -- DAY

"The View". Sitting with the hosts is Sam, well-dressed and pressed.

STAR

You look good, honey!

BARBARA

Tell us about this incredible mission -- how did you save Miss United States?

SAM

Barbara, we work as a team, and I couldn't have done it without the help of everyone at the Bureau. Especially Agents Pete Foreman, Gracie Hart and my new fashion consultant, Victor Melling!

Vic stands up, accepting applause.

BARBARA

Victor, come on up!

Vic runs up onstage, overwhelmed to be this close to Barbara. He kisses her.

VICTOR

You're perfect! Absolutely perfect!

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL IN MANHATTAN -- DAY

Gracie gets out of a cab and heads towards the school.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

A group of fourth-graders are listening to their teacher, as Gracie knocks on the door.

GRACIE

Excuse me -- sorry -- I don't mean to interrupt, but I'm Agent Gracie Hart of the FBI, and my friend Ilene said she was doing a book report on me and asked if I could come by her class.

TEACHER

Ilene?

ILENE looks up at Gracie, surprised and shocked.

ILENE

Oh my God.

GRACIE

Hi, Ilene!

TEACHER

Well, we're doing math right now.

The whole class objects.

GRACIE

Hey! Listen to your teacher or I'm going to have to rough you guys up --

The Teacher stares at her in horror.

TEACHER

Miss Hart!

GRACIE

Until you admit that fighting is never the answer, because what do we really want? Anybody?

No one responds.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Ilene? You know.

ILENE

World peace.

GRACIE

World peace!

Gracie and Ilene smile at each other.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

And occasionally, a really nice pair of shoes.

Ilene smiles, and Gracie smiles back as we:

FADE OUT

THE END