GUNS AND GLAMOUR - GRAY REVISION

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

1 INT. LETTY'S BEDROOM 1

LETTY, 18, gets ready in a frilly bedroom. She sits at a vanity, brushing her hair and doing makeup. She puts on black clothes, boots, and straps on different gadgets. Finally, she looks in the mirror and fixes her lip gloss. A work badge hangs from the top of her mirror with a picture of an older man, late 40s. Letty brushes her fingers over the picture.

LETTY
Miss you Dad.

Letty smiles sadly, then grabs her designer purse and walks out of the room.

2 INT. AGENCY BRIEFING ROOM 2

A sleek, high-tech briefing room. Letty sits in a chair facing a panel of older, gruff agents.

RICHARD, a senior agent in his 40s, eyes her with skepticism.

RICHARD
(Sternly)
Agent Walker, you're fresh out of the academy. You understand that the only reason you're getting this opportunity is because currently, there's no one else to take the job.

AGENT #1
Or because she's a legacy.

Letty shoots the agent a look and sits up straighter.

LETTY
Got it Chief. I can do it.

The agents exchange glances, unconvinced.

AGENT #1
She's a rookie, not a spy.

LETTY
I may be a rookie, but I got better test scores that you ever did.

AGENT #1
Probably used all that pink charisma to charm the officials.

RICHARD

We'll see. But remember, if this goes south--

LETTY
I know, I know. I'm not getting another mission for a long time.

AGENT #1
Try for life. New agents who blow chances like this end up pushing paper behind desks for the rest of their careers.

LETTY
Wait, what?

RICHARD
He's right, Walker. If you mess this up, you won't get another chance. Let's get to the mission.

Richard slides a creme file across the table to Letty. She opens it. A photo of VALENTE (mid forties) is in the top right corner. He's a fashion mogul with ties to illegal operations. His empire spans high society, but he's suspected to be involved in money laundering. A small smile spreads across Letty's face.

RICHARD
Alexander Valente. Apparently, he's one of the biggest names in fashion.

LETTY
(Under her breath)
Well duh.

RICHARD
He's holding a gala this Saturday. We suspect there may be another money transfer at some point during the evening. We need someone close to him. Someone who can infiltrate his inner circle and stay close to him during the event.

Letty sits up straighter. She speaks with determination.

LETTY
His world is my world. I'll make the perfect undercover intern."

Richard sighs.

AGENT #1
Yeah, that's the only world you know.

Letty raises one eyebrow, looking the agent up and down.

LETTY
Well it's clearly one you don't.

RICHARD
Agents, please. Alright Walker, you're in. But don't think we won't be watching. You'll be going by the name Letty Smith. Valente and your dad had a history, so you must keep your cover. This is a delicate operation. No mistakes.

AGENT #2
Are you really giving this to her?

Richard glances at the man silencing him with his look.

RICHARD
The agency is counting on you, Agent Walker. Don't mess this up.

Letty holds her father's ID under the table.

LETTY
Yes sir. I promise to make you proud.

3 INT/EXT. VALENTE'S STUDIO - DAY 3

Letty fills her purse with spy gadgets: A gun, tranquilizer pills, some makeup, a watch, and a pair of black sunglasses.

Letty enters the studio wearing a dress and heels. Distant yelling is heard, and she heads in its direction. She approaches a doorway, but hesitates before threshold.

Valente is pacing around the room, yelling at someone on the phone.

VALENTE
It has to be tomorrow! I can't stand to have him sharing my air a day longer.

Letty presses herself against the wall, her head turned towards the doorway. She intently listens in on the conversation.

VALENTE
Are you serious? You idiot, of course I mean this Saturday! If it doesn't happen, you'll be next on my list. You know I'm not bluffing.

Valente hangs up his phone and walks towards the doorway. Letty jumps as his footsteps approach and quickly steps away from the wall, adjusting her hair. Valente jerks when he sees her, a slight look of concern crossing his face. It quickly disappears, replaced with blank appraisal. He looks Letty up and down.

VALENTE
Do I know you?

LETTY
Hello sir, my name is Letty Smith. I’m the new intern. I was told to be at this location at 9am today?

Valente checks his watch, which shows 9:01.

VALENTE
You’re late.

Letty raises an eyebrow.

LETTY
By a minute sir-

VALENTE
Well now that you’ve finally bothered to be here, go get my coffee. I like it black. No sugar, no cream, no crap.

A pause.

VALENTE
Oh. And if it's not right, I'm not big on second chances.

LETTY
(under her breath)
You and everyone else, apparently.

Letty looks at Valente with contempt.

VALENTE
Well go! I don’t have all day!

Letty walks away, rolling her eyes.

4 INT. VALENTE'S OFFICE 4

Letty walks in, holding a cup of coffee. Valente is pinning a dress on a mannequin.

LETTY
I have your coffee, sir.

VALENTE
Finally.

She begins to walk towards him.

LETTY
What's the gown for?

VALENTE
My upcoming gala.

LETTY
For your new collection? I've heard so much about it!

Valente side eyes Letty

VALENTE
Correct.

Valente holds out his hand, returning to his work.

VALENTE
Coffee.

LETTY
Oh yes, sorry, sir.

Letty hands him the cup. Valente takes a sip, then something like approval crosses his face. He gives Letty an appraising glance. Letty smiles innocently back. He takes another sip then sets the cup down on his desk. Letty watches as he sticks a final pin into the dress and backs up, evaluating his work. They both look at it for a moment.

VALENTE
Hm.

LETTY
If you add draping to the right shoulder might tie in the tulle from the skirt and make the torso more cohesive.

Valente side eyes Letty again. After a pause he approaches the dress and applies tulle to the right sleeve of the gown. He backs up again and they both evaluate the dress. A pause. Valente raises an eyebrow then glances at Letty. She smiles.

VALENTE
Well. I need you to go collect some fabric samples from the closet. Ask the woman at the desk where it is.

Letty smirks, then nods.

LETTY
Yes sir.

5 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 5

Letty leaves the office and heads home. Richard calls her.

RICHARD (V.O)
Agent Walker? Any updates?

LETTY
I've looked around his office a bit but haven't found anything incriminating. He's starting to trust me though.

RICHARD
Yeah yeah. Did you get yourself a ticket to the gala?

LETTY
Well, I’m still-

RICHARD
You’d better not mess this one up, Walker. Remember, you’re here to be a spy. Don’t let the dresses and heels distract you. THE GALA IS THE GOAL.

Letty rolls her eyes and sighs.

LETTY
Don't worry, I'll get a ticket.

RICHARD
If you don’t get into the gala, your career will be over before it even starts. Daddy’s legacy can’t get you everywhere.

Richard hangs up the phone. Letty looks at the screen then drops her arm. She sighs.

FADE OUT

6 INT - VALENTE'S STUDIO - DAY 6

Letty enters Valente's office holding a coffee cup. He is heatedly talking to someone on the phone.

VALENTE
Good. I'll be there soon.

He hangs up the phone and looks at Letty.

VALENTE
I see you're back. Unfortunate, really.

Letty shakes her head and a small smile appears on her face. She places the coffee on the desk in front of him.

LETTY
Good morning sir.

Valente takes a sip of the drink, hesitates, and then another. Letty smiles.

VALENTE
Now. This gala needs to be the talk of the industry. I would prefer to leave you here, but you do, somehow, have taste. Someone has to do the dirty work, so you will be helping the decorators set up this weekend.

Letty tries to hide her excitement.

VALENTE
Don 't flatter yourself. I just need someone with an ounce of sense to oversee everything, and you clearly have nothing better to do.

LETTY
Of course sir. I won't let you down.

Valente begins to rifle through papers on his desk.

VALENTE

Now, I need you to go get my jacket and briefcase. Quickly. You do understand what the word means, yes?

Letty bristles.

LETTY
Yes sir.

Letty leaves to get the briefcase and jacket. She finds them, looking around slyly before gently opening the briefcase. Inside she finds stacks of money.

Valente yells from the other room.

VALENTE
Hello? Can you take any longer? I said quickly!

Letty quickly closes the briefcase. She looks behind her before taking a tracking device out of her purse and secures it inside Valente's jacket. She walks back into his office.

LETTY
Here you go sir. Where are you headed?

Valente snatches the items and brushes past her to reach the door. Letty follows him.

VALENTE
That's none of your business. Now put away this fabric.

Valente picks up a pile of fabric and hands it to her. Letty watches Valente as he leaves the studio. An employee walks by, and Letty dumps the pile of fabric into their arms.

LETTY
The boss said to put these away.

The employee looks disgruntled, but Letty grabs her purse and swiftly trails Valente out of the studio.

7 EXT - ALLEY **7**

Letty walks down the street looking at her tracker. The device shows that she's close to Valente. She continues walking when she hears a voice coming out of an alleyway.

CRIMINAL
Valente! My friend!

His cheerful demeanor shifts to a cool, stern tone.

CRIMINAL
Where’s my money?

Letty jerks back before she crosses the alley, pressing herself against the wall.

VALENTE
I have it all right here.

Letty carefully peeks out from the wall.

Valente hands the other man the briefcase.

CRIMINAL
Ah. Perfect. Always a pleasure doing business with you my friend. You’ll have the drop off by tonight. I’ll see you at the gala.

They shake hands, and Valente turns to leave the alley.

Letty quickly ducks away from the corner and runs into a store. Valente passes by the window a moment later, looking in the window for a moment before continuing on. Letty lets out a breath, then dials Richard’s number and holds her phone to her ear. Richard picks up.

LETTY
Hey Chief. I’ve got updates.

8 EXT. GALA VENUE **8**

Letty, in a long evening gown, is setting up, fixing a centerpiece on one of the tables. Valente yells at different employees in the background.

VALENTE
What is this? There will be important people here tonight. Does that display look worthy of a Valente Collection? I don’t think so. Do it again.

Letty turns towards the table, smirking. She carefully places a small microphone in the centerpiece, making sure it is well hidden. She doesn't notice Valente walking up behind her. After some last adjustments, she grabs her purse, then heads towards the bathroom. Valente watches Letty leave. Once she’s out of sight, Valente walks towards the table she just left, inspecting her work. He notices the mic.

9 INT. VENUE BATHROOM 9

Letty fixes her hair in the mirror. Letty checks if anyone else is in the bathroom, then heads to the stall with her bag. She locks the door, then opens her purse, pulling out her earpiece. She secures it in her ear, and a crackling sound emerges. Richard's voice comes on.

RICHARD
Agent Walker, can you hear me?

LETTY
Loud and clear sir.

Letty continues to unload her bag, taking out her gun.

RICHARD
Good. Any worthwhile updates?

Letty secures her gun to her thigh, rolling her eyes.

LETTY
Setup is almost finished. We have about an hour until the guests arrive. I secured the mics.

RICHARD
Good. I'll make sure security has the feed. Remember Walker. Don't mess this up.

Letty stands up straight, taking one last thing out of her purse: her father's agent ID. She looks at it for a moment.

LETTY
I won't Chief.

10 EXT/INT. GALA VENUE 10

Guests are filing into the room and music plays in the background. Waiters walk around with drinks on trays. Valente socializes with guests, pointing to different displays around the room. He begins talking to a tall man and motions Letty to come over to him,

VALENTE
Now Victor, I would like you to meet my newest intern, Letty Smith.

Glenn gasps overdramatically. He grabs Letty's hands and starts talking in a continuous stream.

GLENN

Miss Walker!!

LETTY
Mr. Glenn!!

A squawk comes from Letty's earpiece.

AGENT #1
Walker, who is this guy?

GLENN
Oh how are you my sweetest Leticia?! It's so wonderful to see you my dear! Do you still have those delicious pumps I gave you last year?

Letty laughs and nods.

GLENN
Oh good! Good!! I must show you my new collection, it's to DIE for. Come over anyt-

Valente's face changes to an alarmed expression and he interuppts Glenn's stream.

VALENTE
I'm sorry, but did you say Miss Walker?

Letty's face shifts into wariness.

AGENT #1
Uh oh. Letty...

GLENN
Of course I said Walker! This girl and her father were my favorite customers! Speaking of which, I'm so so sorry my darling. When I was heartbroken when I heard about your father.

Letty's eyes widen.

AGENT #1
This is a PROBLEM.

GLENN
Daniel was the most wonderful man to do business with. Oh how I WISHED I could've been at his funeral, but my new line was-

Valente's head whirls to look at Glenn.

VALENTE
Daniel? As in Daniel Walker??

GLENN
Well of course, Valente, you-

Letty, flustered, qucikly interrupts Glenn.

LETTY
Oh.. no! Walker?? Mr. Glenn meant Smith!

She laughs nervously.

GLENN
What on earth are you talking about Leticia, of course I meant Walker!

AGENT#1
This is REALLY NOT GOOD.

Valente glances between Letty and Glenn, then turns to Letty, clearing his throat.

VALENTE
Well, I'm so sorry to pull Miss *Walker* away, but I need your assistance getting some samples for another guest.

GLENN
Of course, let's talk soon Leticia!

Glenn begins to walk away and winks at Letty as he leaves. Valente begins to lead her out of the main hall.

VALENTE
This way. Quickly.

AGENT #1
He knows. Your cover is blown, Letty you have to get out of there.

Letty clenches her fist. She turns her head towards her earpiece and whispers.

LETTY
I can handle this. We can still catch him during the deal.

AGENT #1

Don't get overconfident Walker.
You're in danger. Get out of there.
I'm calling backup.

Letty glares at Valente's head and stays silent. They reach a door and Valente opens it. He gestures for Letty to go inside. She hesitates.

LETTY
Um, didn't you say we were supposed to get a sample?

Valente smiles, then pushes Letty into the room. He follows her in, shutting the door behind him.

VALENTE
Well Miss Smith. Or should I say *Walker?*

Letty winces. She tries to speak but Valente holds up his hand.

VALENTE
No, don't even try to defend yourself. I should have seen the resemblence from the start.

He pauses, looking at her.

VALENTE
You got your daddy's talent for lying, didn't you? Too bad you didn't inherit his knack for hiding things.

He smirks, pulling something out of his inner coat pocket.

VALENTE
Mics in the centerpieces...a good idea, I must admit. But a good idea must be executed well to work. What would your daddy think of your lack of attention? Hmm. Poor Daniel. Such an unfortunate accident.

Letty clenches her fists.

VALENTE
I won't miss him, of course. But I assume you do.

He smiles, leaning in.

VALENTE

Don't worry dearest. You'll be reunited with him soon.

Letty's eyes widen and she takes a step back. Valente takes a step towards her when his phone starts ringing. He looks at the caller ID and growls. Letty's hand goes to her gun. Looking up and pointing a finger at her, Valente walks towards the door.

VALENTE
I will deal with you later Walker.

Valente locks the door behind him, and Letty runs to it. She bangs on it for moment, trying the handle, then slows to a stop. Her earpiece crackles.

AGENT #1
I told you it would never work boss. She isn't good enough.

RICHARD
Send in the backup. We'll find her soon.

A pause. Letty sinks to the ground with her back against the door.

RICHARD
I had just hoped she would be a little more like her father.

Letty taps her earpiece, turning it off. She slumps, putting her head in her hands.

LETTY
I'm sorry dad.

Afer a moment, she straightens, pulling her father's id card out of her dress. She looks at it for a moment, then turns in around. Inside, there is a photo of Letty as a kid, posing for the camera. Letty takes the photo out, smiling as she looks at it. She turns it around, and sees her father's handwriting. "My little princess," it says. Letty smiles, wiping away a tear. Then she rises to her feet, taking a pin out from her hair and turning her earpiece on as she does.

LETTY
Cheif, I'm gonna get out of here.

Letty picks the lock with her hairpin and walks into the hallway. She looks both ways.

AGENT #1

Walker it's too late, stay where you are. The real agents are taking care of it.

Letty begins to walk back towards the main hall.

LETTY
No time for insults, idiot. Where's Cheif, I need to talk to him.

AGENT #1
He's busy. Just give up Walker.

LETTY
Ugh. Okay listen, I need you to give me Valente's location

AGENT #1
What? No Walker-

LETTY
Just trust me for once and tell me where he is. Now.

A pause.

AGENT #1
He's in a room to the left of the main hall. Third door.

Letty begins to run, pushing her way through guests.

LETTY
Good. Now I need you to turn on the mic from table number three.

AGENT #1
This is absurd. I don't take orders-

RICHARD
Walker, you are no longer a part of this. Wait for backup.

LETTY
Chief, Valente found one of the centerpiece mics, and I think he still has it on him. Turn it on, and you'll have all the evidence you need to arrest him.

Letty approaches a the third door on the left of the main hall and stops next to it. Her hands go to her gun holster.

RICHARD
Do what she says.

Valente's voice comes from Letty's earpiece and the door.

VALENTE
How much?

CRIMINAL
200K sir, just like we discussed.

Letty smiles.

VALENTE
Make it quicker next time. I have impatient clients.

CRIMINAL
Of course.

VALENTE
Now get out before my guests see you.

Letty begins to twist the handle.

RICHARD
Walker, go.

Letty barges into the room, pulling her gun out of her holster.

LETTY
Good evening boys! I hope I didn't interrupt!

Two large men stalk towards Letty. She shoots one in the thigh and one in the calf. They both sink to the ground. Valente begins to run for the door holding a briefcase. Letty catches him, yanking the brifcase from his grip. Just then, agents rush into the room, guns in hand. One helps Letty detain Valente, and she takes his wrists behind his back.

LETTY
Alexander Valente, you are under arrest.

She clamps handcuffs around his wrists, then walks Valente out of the room. Outside, Richard and Agent #1 run into the venue. Two agents take hold of Valente and begin to lead him away.

VALENTE

You brat. When I get out of this I'll kill you. Do you hear me?

LETTY
Awwww. I hate to break it to you, but you have bigger things to worry about than me. Like the fact that you'll be stuck wearing orange for the next twenty years.

Letty gives a cheeky wave.

LETTY
Have fun in prison!

Richard and Agent #1 reach Letty.

RICHARD
I can't believe I'm saying this, but good work Walker. I'm impressed.

Letty smirks.

RICHARD
There may still a be a future in agenting for you.

Letty smiles and shakes Richard's hand. He walks in Valente's direction.

AGENT #1
I guess you're not as princess-y as you seem. Good job Letty.

LETTY
Oh no. It was being princess-y that got me here.

She smiles.

LETTY
But thank you.

She holds her father's ID in her hand, showing the photo of young Letty in all her costumed glory.