

Eden

"Pilot"

By

Ken and Mary Hanes

ACT ONE

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The Rolling Stones' "*Street Fighting Man*" explodes as we FADE UP on the Eden Hotel.

This Manhattan Beaux-Arts landmark has recently undergone a spectacular Phillip Stark renovation, seamlessly merging its past and present.

The lobby is bustling, affluent GUESTS come and go amid the uber-attentive STAFF.

WE MOVE DOWN a marble corridor past an enormous orchid arrangement and original mid-century paintings.

Devastatingly handsome JOHN SPARKS (32) rounds the corner talking on his BlackBerry and strides right towards us. His impeccably tailored Armani suit, gold Concierge pin and perfect posture inspire confidence.

He races past. THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND AND CHASES him. John hangs up his BlackBerry as he crosses the lobby greeting guests and directing staff, all without breaking stride.

JOHN (V.O.)

Webster's defines concierge as, "A person who lives in a building, attends the entrance and serves its guests."

John exits through the front doors...

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a BODY falls from the sky and SLAMS onto a parked limousine, crushing the roof, stopping John in his tracks.

JOHN (V.O.)

In my case, it's a little more complicated.

GUESTS SCREAM...BYSTANDERS rush towards the carnage...the DOORMAN YELLS for help...but John remains frozen.

The CAMERA CRASHES IN ON John's stunned reaction as his world spins out of control.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
Eddie, no...

SMASH TO BLACK.

IN THE BLACK WE READ, "ONE WEEK EARLIER"

CLOSE ON a white stripe painted on blacktop. We SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT. NEVADA MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - SUNSET

Bathed in the warm glow of the setting sun are a cluster of dusty single-story buildings that look more like a community college campus than a prison. There are no fences here -- just a white line that separates the prisoners from freedom.

EDDIE SPARKS (32), a man whose dangerous good looks can't be dulled by his faded prison khakis, stands on the cracked blacktop staring down at the white line in front of him.

MAN (O.S.)

She talking to you tonight, Eddie?

As Eddie turns we see an old CONVICT with a long gray ponytail standing at the line a few yards away.

EDDIE

She never stops.

The Convict smiles knowingly.

CONVICT

Just don't let what she's saying start making sense.

EDDIE

I'm too close to finishing my time here.

Eddie flashes a cocky smile that masks a hundred hidden places.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

But that doesn't stop me from dreamin'...

He looks down at the simple white line that defines his world.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - BASEMENT - DAY

FRANK CRUZ (46) is the Eden's pudgy, red-faced Head Concierge. Poured into his expensive Italian suit and fueled by coffee, cigs and cannolis, this guy's the poster boy for hypertension.

With John by his side, Frank hurries through the bowels of the basement with its bare light bulbs, chipped paint and stale air. They pass an army of immigrant service EMPLOYEES. John nods to several workers, but Frank acts like they're invisible.

FRANK

It's a new day at the Eden, John. Everyone's job is on the line since Mr. Jet-Set bought the hotel and decided to play innkeeper.

JOHN

(confident)

We're at the top of our game, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Doesn't matter. Our new GM wants to bring
in a bunch of her Ivy League pals.

They pass an enormous laundry room. A rush of hot air pours out
of the stifling concrete bunker where a dozen LABORERS work the
rows of NOISY washers and dryers.

JOHN

I'm not going to worry about it.

FRANK

I've seen it before. When new management
comes in, they gotta piss on everything
like a dog marking its territory.

JOHN

There's an image of Kathryn I don't need.

They round a corner and cruise through the chaos of the kitchen.
Clouds of steam waft from the industrial dishwashers. BUSBOYS
and WAITERS expertly weave around each other. An assembly line
of COOKS follow orders barked out by a French CHEF with a short
fuse.

FRANK

And don't get friendly with that bitch.
She's the enemy. Just do your job and
make me look good.

JOHN

Isn't that what I've been doing for the
last five years?

Frank shoots him a look as they march up the stairs and through
a set of doors into...

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As they step into the opulent lobby, it's like Dorothy opening
her black and white door and finding Oz in living color. It's a
stark reminder that the front of the house and the back of the
house are very different worlds at the Eden.

Frank glances at his BlackBerry.

FRANK

Oh, crap. The Russian Ambassador's
driving me nuts.

(turns to John)

You gotta find Stalin a girl now. Then
take care of Kitty and the mongrels. And
make sure the world's favorite degenerate
doesn't go face down in the lobby again.

John peels off without a word, already on it.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - GUEST ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a stunning pair of RED CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN HIGH HEELS.

The CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS UP an equally stunning pair of legs, revealing NATALIA SHIFMAN (27)...in her hotel maid's uniform. Her thick-soled black work shoes lie nearby.

Natalia studies herself in the full length mirror admiring the spike heels and pretending they're hers. A reflection in the mirror catches her attention. She spins around.

John's standing there watching her.

NATALIA
(heavy Russian accent)
You like?

JOHN
Take off the shoes and take off your clothes.

Natalia smiles, and it's a killer.

NATALIA
I thought you'd never ask.

PRELAP the sound of KNOCKING.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

Natalia and John stand in front of a guest room door. Natalia, now in jeans and a tight V-neck T-shirt, looks hot.

NATALIA
There better be big tip for me.

The door swings open revealing AMBASSADOR EGOROV (45), a large man in black tuxedo pants, a white shirt with an open collar and undone bow tie. He looks like the Russian Tom Jones.

JOHN
Ambassador, this is the woman I told you about.

The Ambassador smiles.

AMBASSADOR
(with a Russian accent)
I knew I could count on you, John.

From inside the room a woman calls out...

WOMAN (O.S.)
(in Russian)
Does she speak Russian?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA
 (in Russian)
 Ever since I was a little girl in St.
 Petersburg.

ZHENYA (37), the Ambassador's beautiful wife, appears beside him holding their 5-year-old daughter, SASHA, by the hand.

ZHENYA
 (in Russian)
 Our nanny got sick.

AMBASSADOR
 And my wife wouldn't go to the party and
 leave our Sasha with someone who couldn't
 speak Russian.

Natalia bends down to the little girl.

NATALIA
 (in Russian)
 Do you like Hehochuha?

SASHA
 (in Russian)
 He's funny.

Natalia takes Sasha's hand and walks into the room with her.

NATALIA
 (in Russian)
 How about his crazy robot friend?

We hear Sasha GIGGLE as they disappear inside.

JOHN
 Enjoy the reception, Ambassador.

The grateful Ambassador nods and closes the door.

John punches the air victoriously -- like a quarterback who just scored a touchdown.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

John hustles down a hallway checking his BlackBerry. He stops suddenly at a room service tray on the floor outside a door.

He glances up and down the hall. John reaches down, picks up a half-eaten filet mignon and rubs it between his hands.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER

KITTY FAIRCHILD (70), the grand dame of New York society, emerges from the back seat of her Bentley holding the leashes of her three barking ENGLISH BULLDOGS.

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CONTINUED:

Handsome doorman KEVIN MCADAMS (29) approaches.

KEVIN
Hello, Mrs. Fairchild.

He reach down to pet her dogs, but they viciously GROWL and snap at him.

John appears from nowhere. He kneels down, and the dogs are immediately all over him. He literally has them eating out of his meat greased hands.

JOHN
Hey there, John, Bobby, Teddy -- how you doing?

John glances up at their proud owner as the love-fest continues.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Kitty, it's so nice to have you and the boys staying with us again.

She hands John the leashes.

KITTY
Not me this time, John. Just the boys.
I'll be back in two weeks.

She climbs back in the limo. John glances at Kevin.

JOHN
You better load up on baggies.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - SIDE ENTRANCE - LATER

John dashes out the side door, a blanket and a large floppy woman's sun hat in his hands. He look up the street to see...

Kevin pushes a wheelchair down the sidewalk towards him.

KEVIN
What do we got? An old heiress with a new face?

JOHN
Nope. A rock star with a drinking problem.

A Lincoln Town Car pulls to the curb. The back door opens and MITCH COOPER (23) (think Pete Doherty) climbs out.

He takes one step towards John and Kevin and falls flat on his face. They quickly pick the superstar out of the gutter and drop him into the wheelchair.

John wraps the blanket around him and pulls the floppy hat down over Mitch's face just as a herd of PAPARAZZI round the corner and rush towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John pushes the wheelchair right at the unruly mob. They run past him, surrounding the Town Car.

By the time they realize what just went down, John is pushing the wheelchair through the side door. The Paparazzi race after him, but Kevin is there blocking the doorway saving Mitch from another tragic appearance on TMZ.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

John's behind the concierge desk checking his computer. He looks up.

With smiles as wide as the backside of their acid-washed jeans, DIANE (37) and her daughter, SUE (19), walk towards him.

JOHN
I'm guessing those smiles mean my friends at Kleinfelds took care of you.

SUE
(southern drawl)
I said yes to the dress!

DIANE
Even though my little girl had her heart set on a wedding dress from New York City, I never thought we'd find the perfect one on our budget. Thank you so much for getting us that discount.

SUE
When my fiance sees me walking down the aisle, he is gonna crap himself.

JOHN
Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

FRANK (O.S.)
Sparks!

He turns to see Frank, shooting him the stink-eye.

JOHN
(to the women)
Be sure and send me a wedding photo.

He hustles over to Frank.

FRANK
Let's take it outside.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin holds the door open as John and Frank exit.

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CONTINUED:

FRANK

I told you not to waste time on those hillbillies.

JOHN

They're our guests, Frank. My job is to take care of them.

FRANK

They're Expedia cheapskates --

JOHN

Try savvy internet shoppers who spent nearly two years saving for this trip.

FRANK

I don't give a damn how long they saved up. My policy is, you pay full price, you get full service. Don't make me tell you again, or you'll be back out here fetching bags with this joker.

(beat)

I'll be at the deli.

Frank turns and walks down the street.

JOHN

Easy to see how Frank was drawn to the hospitality business.

KEVIN

Let's hope he's the first to go under the new regime.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

TARA MARTIN (38) a leggy former model who truly believes, "You can never be too skinny or too rich," enters with an entourage -- an ASSISTANT, a GURU, a NUTRITIONIST and a STYLIST. Behind her three BELLMEN wrestle with a mountain of Louis Vuitton luggage.

KATHRYN ARMSTRONG (33), the striking Ivy League educated new General Manager, rushes over.

KATHRYN

Welcome, to the Eden --

TARA

What floor am I on?

KATHRYN

You have a lovely suite on twenty-two.

TARA

And my husband?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

He's on twenty-three.

TARA

(annoyed, to Assistant)

You were supposed to get me on a higher floor than him.

KATHRYN

I'm afraid the only suites available on a higher floor are smaller than the lovely terrace suite I've reserved for you.

TARA

Then you're going to have to move someone or knock out a wall. Now, what about the luxury box at The Garden?

KATHRYN

It's all yours.

TARA

Well, at least you got something right. I'll be in the bar having cocktails. Don't keep me waiting for my suite.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - BREAKROOM - DAY

John sits in the dingy breakroom pouring over the sports page and polishing off a slice of pizza.

Kevin rushes in, unnerved.

KEVIN

You know when I said I hoped Frank would be the first to go? I didn't mean like literally.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

KEVIN

He keeled over at Carneige Deli clutching a hot pastrami on rye.

JOHN

How is he?

KEVIN

Let's put it this way. Frank's no longer in the hospitality business.

John springs to his feet.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HALLWAY AND LOBBY - DAY

Kathryn comes out of her office with John right on her heels. She has his resume on top of her leather folder.

KATHRYN

I've already compiled an excellent short list of applicants to take to Mr. Hunt.

JOHN

But how good can it be if I'm not on it?

KATHRYN

Why should I consider you for Head Concierge?

JOHN

Excellent question.

(confident)

Experience, dedication and know how. I started here as a dishwasher right out of high school. Over the last fourteen years I've worked every job from bellman to guest relations to assistant concierge. Nobody knows this hotel or this business like I do.

KATHRYN

I graduated Summa Cum Laude from Cornell Hotel and Hospitality School. I think I have a pretty good grasp of the business.

They walk out into the lobby.

JOHN

Do you know how many people are in the lobby right now?

Kathryn quickly glances around the room, but John's quicker.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Forty-three...give or take.

John subtly points towards a small group of MEN.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know the four executives in the corner are from Dubai. And that they like Johnny Walker Black and the company of women other than their wives when they're away from home.

He points to a well dressed MAN who's glancing at a ticket in his hand.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know the guy in the expensive looking suit is a poser, because his Gucci briefcase is a knock-off and the parking ticket he's studying is from a discount lot seven blocks away.

John nods towards a rather ordinary looking WOMAN sitting nearby reading the New York Times.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And the plain Jane on the couch is the real deal. That's Beverly McGill. Her great-grandfather invented the stapler. She recently had a falling out with the staff at the St. Regis over pricey opera tickets. So when she asks me this afternoon about getting house seats to the Tony Bennett concert...

He pulls out an envelope from his jacket pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...I'll tell her they're already in her room.

(beat)

I know every angle of this job. I don't just get people what they want, I anticipate what they need and make sure they have it.

Kathryn finally stops.

KATHRYN

Very impressive speech, but I'm not interested in rhetoric. I prefer facts.

(indicates his resume)

Why is there no college on your resume?

JOHN

I believe job experience is what's most important.

KATHRYN

And a college education isn't?

JOHN

I'm not saying that. I had to go to work right out of high school, because my mother needed help. Now, I may not have the academic background that some of your other applicants but --

Kathryn cuts to the chase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATHRYN

Let me give you a hypothetical.

(rapid fire)

The Saudi Royal family's taken over the entire 24th floor. The 16-year-old Prince asks you to send up vodka and a hooker. If you refuse, he'll be furious with the hotel. If you acquiesce, it could cause an international incident. What do you do?

CLOSE ON John, he thinks carefully for a moment. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. WHITE HORSE TAVERN - DAY

...John sitting in a neighborhood bar with Kevin, a couple of beers in front of them.

JOHN

I paused for like two seconds, and she cut me off - end of interview.

KEVIN

So what would you have said?

JOHN

Mothers make the world go round.

(off Kevin's curious look)

You go to the mom. That's who deals with the kids in a traditional Arab family. I'd confide in her that the Prince's request could jeopardize his one day taking the throne.

KEVIN

And what mom doesn't want her kid to be king?

JOHN

Bingo. She'd take care of the problem and be thankful that I kept it quiet.

KEVIN

I gotta give it to you -- you got smarts.

JOHN

All Kathryn cares about is a college degree. And I know from doing my research that Mr. Hunt didn't go to college either.

KEVIN

(shrugs)

What are you gonna do? There'll be other jobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Not like this one. We both know it comes with the apartment at the hotel, a six figure salary and respect.

(beat)

I've spent years letting Frank take credit for all my work. I figured one day he'd move on, and I'd get my shot.

KEVIN

That's not the way it works in the real world, my friend. It all comes down to who you know.

Kevin downs his beer and stands up.

JOHN

Where do you think you're going?

KEVIN

My in-laws are coming over again to play poker. I gotta try and win my car back from those sharks.

JOHN

You can't go. You haven't cheered me up yet.

Kevin pats John on the back.

KEVIN

Things could be worse.

JOHN

Yeah...I could be Frank.

Kevin LAUGHS as he heads for the door.

A guy BUMPS John as he slides onto the stool next to him.

John turns to see who's crowding him. He can't believe his eyes.

It's Eddie, in a sharp looking suit, flashing that cocky smile.

EDDIE

Long time, no see, pal.

JOHN

Eddie, what are you doing here?

EDDIE

Just following my favorite cousin to his favorite bar.

JOHN

You know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

I got out on the early release program,
and we're gonna celebrate.

INT. GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL - LATER

John and Eddie are sitting in a leather horseshoe booth leaning
over thick prime New York strip steaks.

JOHN

I know I should have gone out there and
visited --

EDDIE

Water under the bridge. You were pissed
about what went down with me and Kelly.

JOHN

I was pissed, because you took off to
Vegas without a word and left me to be her
shoulder to cry on.

EDDIE

For the record, she came on to me.

JOHN

(sarcastic)
That makes me feel so much better.

EDDIE

Sounds like you're still bent out of
shape.

JOHN

I got over Kelly a long time ago.

EDDIE

Ever see her?

JOHN

Last I heard she was living in Jersey.
(changes the subject)
I still can't figure out why the hell you
got involved with the Gamatti crew.

EDDIE

Look at that. You actually held out for
almost thirty minutes before starting in
on the "I told you so's."

JOHN

How did driving a truckload of pot over
state lines ever seem like a smart idea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

It wasn't. And looking back now -- it's obvious I shoulda stayed here and stuck to my career in finance.

JOHN

Hold on, Morgan Stanley. You were a bag man for a loan shark.

EDDIE

We weren't as bad as those crooks on Wall Street. At least with us you knew exactly what you were getting into.

JOHN

Same old Eddie. The glass is always half full.

EDDIE

It's the key to all my success.

They LAUGH.

JOHN

So how did you manage to get an early release? And don't tell me it was for good behavior.

EDDIE

I did it the old fashioned way. I escaped.

JOHN

You're a fugitive?!

EDDIE

(grins)
You say that like it's a bad thing.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - EVENING

Eddie and John walk down a tree-lined street past busy bistros, boutiques and coffee bars.

JOHN
The cops are going to be all over you.

EDDIE
Not a chance. I made it look like I went to Mexico. Nobody's gonna be looking for me in New York City.

They round a corner and spot two uniformed beat COPS up ahead. Eddie glance at John and then heads straight for the Cops.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Officers.

Both Cops turn to Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Which way is Washington Square Park?

COP
Just take 4th and head toward McDougal.

EDDIE
Thanks. Keep up the good work.

The Cops move on. Eddie smiles as he strolls back to John.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
See what I mean? I'm not on anybody's ten most wanted list.

JOHN
You're out of control.

Eddie throws his arm around John's shoulder.

EDDIE
But you gotta admit life's a lot more exciting with me around.

JOHN
If you're angling to hide out at my place, the answer is no.

EDDIE
I've seen your place, it's just one step up from my last digs.
(beat)
Don't worry about me. I got plans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

(beat)

Are you good for money?

EDDIE

I had some cash stashed away.

Eddie takes in his surroundings as they continue to stroll past rows of beautiful brownstones.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Funny the things you miss on the inside.
Walking where you want...change in your
pocket...shoes that fit.

(beat)

At least there were always Aunt Carla's
letters.

JOHN

Yeah, mom's big on writing. Just ask the
Mayor...Billy Joel...Stephen Hawking.

EDDIE

If it makes her happy, what harm does it do?

John doesn't respond.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I heard you telling your friend about not
getting that interview. Were you serious
about a six figures?

JOHN

The high-end hotels are willing to pay big
money if you can make their guests happy.
The Head Concierge at The Eden made over
two hundred grand last year.

EDDIE

You can't let a job like that get away.

JOHN

The new manager never gave me a chance.

EDDIE

When are you gonna learn -- nobody gives
you anything in this life. You want
something, you gotta take it.

JOHN

It's too late anyway.

EDDIE

It's never too late.

Eddie's words hit home with John.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

A thick manila folder lands on the desk with THUD.

Kathryn looks up to see John standing in front of her.

JOHN

There's my degree in hospitality.

(beat)

And these aren't just thank you letters.
Every one of them is a testimonial that
I'm great at my job. And I've got four
more folders like this one back at home.

Kathryn glances at the folder but doesn't pick it up.

KATHRYN

Mr. Hunt's booked solid tomorrow
interviewing five of the best concierges
in the city.

(beat)

But I haven't forgotten you, John. I'll
make sure whoever we hire knows you're a
capable assistant. But of course, that
hire will be their choice.

(beat)

Now if you'll excuse me.

Kathryn turns and walks away. John angrily grabs his folder and heads for the front door.

HELEN SANDER (45) enters struggling with her worn Samsonites, obviously a little intimidated by the lavish surroundings.

Even though John's mind is somewhere else, he goes right to her.

JOHN

Here, let me help you.

HELEN

No, I'm fine.

JOHN

At least let me get you a Bellman.

He turns. She grabs his arm firmly.

HELEN

Please, don't.

(whispers)

I'm out of singles.

JOHN

Then I insist.

He snaps up her bags, and they walk towards Reception.

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JOHN (CONT'D)
First time at the Eden?

HELEN
First time in New York. Are you staying
at the hotel too?

JOHN
No, I work here.

HELEN
Lucky you. We don't have anything this
fancy in Boise.

JOHN
What brings you to New York?

HELEN
This trip was the grand prize in a Travel
Channel contest. My sister and I won it.

They step up to the Registration Desk.

JOHN
Looks like you're the lucky one.

She musters a weak smile.

HELEN
I'm not so sure about that.

ANGLE ON MAX HUNT (49), a dashing man who looks like he just
stepped out of a Ralph Lauren ad. He strolls across the lobby
and out the front door like he owns the place.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Hunt walks to the curb and slides into the back seat of his
waiting Maybach Landauet.

We REVEAL Eddie as he steps from the shadows, watching Hunt's
exotic sedan pull from the curb and roar into the night.

INT. THE BELMONT CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an 8 ball as it sinks in the corner pocket.

WE WIDEN TO REVEAL the elegant billiards room and bar in an
exclusive private club. This is the same place where the
Morgans, Rockefellers and Vanderbilts drank, played pool and
lied to each other.

CARLOS DIEGO (37), a suave Argentinian polo champion, pulls ten
hundred dollar bills out of his pocket and hands it to Hunt.

HUNT
Maybe we should up the stakes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS

I think you've taken enough from me
tonight, Max.

Carlos moves on.

Hunt steals a glance back at the bar where a hot 23-year-old
BLONDE socialite is perched on a stool checking him out.

Suddenly, a ball skips off a table and nails Hunt in the back.

Eddie hurries over to retrieve the wild shot.

EDDIE

Sorry about that.

HUNT

Good thing I have two kidneys.

EDDIE

You know where a guy can find a game?

HUNT

How much do you want to play for?

EDDIE

I'm just looking for something friendly.

HUNT

Five hundred a rack friendly enough?

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Hunt pounds a hard break. A ball drops in the corner pocket.

Hunt sinks three more balls before missing a tough shot.

Then Eddie effortlessly runs seven balls straight.

He glances up at Hunt with that cocky smile, then drills the 8
ball in the side pocket. Hunt's finally met his match.

HUNT

Lets go again.

EDDIE

Why wouldn't we?

Hunt starts to rack the balls.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

So what do you do when you're not hustling
pool?

HUNT

I buy very big toys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE
Like what?

HUNT
Like the Eden Hotel.

EDDIE
Impressive.

Hunt drops the last ball in the rack.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What do you say we make this game a little
more interesting?

EXT. STREET - MORNING

John sprints down the street, his sweaty T-shirt clinging to his chest. For the first time we see what's been hiding under his suit...six-pack abs. He slows down and checks his watch, happy with his time.

He crosses the street, and out of nowhere a cab pulls right in front of him and skids to a stop. The back door flies open revealing Eddie.

EDDIE
You got you a shot at the big time.

INT. CAB - LATER

John and Eddie are in the back seat of the cab as it races through crosstown traffic.

EDDIE
Max Hunt just called. He's squeezing you
in for an interview in fifteen minutes.

JOHN
Why's my boss calling you?

EDDIE
To settle a bet. But is that what you
really want to get into right now?
Shouldn't you be thinking about how you're
gonna impress this guy?

John suddenly realizes...

JOHN
I can't take a meeting with Hunt dressed
like this.

He gives Eddie the once over.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You still a 40 reg?

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HUNT'S OFFICE - LATER

John's now dressed in Eddie's Italian suit. He sits across from Hunt who's behind his enormous George Nakashima desk glancing at John's resume.

Kathryn hovers nearby, pissed.

JOHN

What college did you go to, Mr. Hunt?

Hunt leans back in his chair and stares at him.

HUNT

I'm guessing you already know the answer to that.

JOHN

You and I both learned the hotel business from the bottom up -- by doing it.

HUNT

(smiles)

Clever approach. I don't exactly broadcast my lack of academic credentials.

Clearly, Kathryn had no idea Hunt didn't go to college.

JOHN

I'm just making the point that we're not so different. Except I'm guessing that somewhere along the way, someone gave you a chance to prove yourself.

KATHRYN

You couldn't even answer my hypothetical.

JOHN

Why waste time on "what ifs?" Let's talk about a real problem you have here. Brian Martin just threw a fit, because he wants your corporate suite at the Garden for the Knicks' playoff game.

HUNT

(turns to Kathryn)

What's the problem? I already told Brian he could have our suite.

JOHN

Unfortunately, Kathryn promised it to Mrs. Martin.

KATHRYN

I didn't anticipate they'd both be Knicks fans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
They're not. Their nasty divorce has
turned this into a pissing contest.

HUNT
(to Kathryn)
Can we get another suite?

JOHN
Not going to work. They both want your
suite, because they know the other one
wants it.

Hunt spins his chair around to Kathryn.

HUNT
This is the first time the Martins are
staying at my hotel. I want them telling
all their rich LA friends this is the
place to stay in Manhattan. So how are
you going to make them happy?

KATHRYN
I haven't quite figured that out yet.

JOHN
I have.

HUNT
How?

JOHN
My expertise wouldn't be worth much if I
gave it away for free.

Hunt smiles...good answer.

HUNT
You fix this problem -- you're the Eden's
new Head Concierge.

Kathryn stares at John, if looks could kill.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

John, in T-shirt and jeans, stares out the window. His modest
apartment is decorated in what could be best be described as
flea market modern.

Eddie enters from the bedroom having changed back into his suit.

EDDIE
There's the Eden's new Head Concierge.

JOHN
What's your angle here, Eddie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

I'm just trying to make up for some of the crap I pulled in the past. Do something good for you before I hit the road and fade into the sunset.

John wonders if it's really that simple.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I owe you, man. Don't know what would have happened to me if you guys hadn't taken me in when I was a kid.

JOHN

You probably would have become a petty criminal and a wanted fugitive. Oh, wait...that is what happened.

EDDIE

(laughs)

I've missed that sense of humor.

Eddie disappears into the kitchen.

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

This calls for a drink. Things are finally looking up for both of us.

A moment later, Eddie reappears holding a couple of beers and a calendar.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You said you didn't see Kelly anymore.

JOHN

I don't.

Eddie holds up John's calendar.

EDDIE

Then why does it say, "Kelly, five o'clock, Prospect Park?"

John grabs the calendar.

JOHN

That's Kelly O'Neill, the guy I play tennis with. Okay?

EDDIE

Take it easy, it was an innocent question.

Eddie hands John a beer then spots an old baseball on the bookcase. He picks it up and begins tossing it up and down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is the foul ball I caught at that Yankees - Red Sox game I took you to.

John snatches the ball mid-air.

JOHN

I let you think you took me. Truth is -- I took you.

EDDIE

No, I got those tickets from the church.

JOHN

You stole them from Father Halpin. And I put them back, because I didn't want you to get in trouble.

EDDIE

Then how did we wind up sitting right behind first base? No way you could afford those seats.

JOHN

I made friends with the bat boy. I helped him with his homework, and he got me the tickets.

EDDIE

And everyone thought I was the schemer.

Suddenly, there's a HARD KNOCK at the door.

EDDIE

(whispers)
You expecting anybody?

John shakes his head. He calls out:

JOHN

Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)

NYPD.

John glares at Eddie.

JOHN

(whispers)
I'm going to kill you.

EDDIE

(whispers)
Nobody saw me. I came in the back way. Nice and friendly. You haven't seen me in years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Eddie slips down the hall and disappears into the bedroom.
There's several more hard KNOCKS.

MAN (O.S.)
Mr. Sparks, open the door!

Off John, "wtf?"

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John sits on the sofa, cool, calm and collected. DET. MONICA LOPEZ (36) and DET. CHARLIE CANNATA (49) stand across from him.

JOHN
I haven't seen Eddie in years.

DET. LOPEZ
Your Super said you just came in a few minutes ago.

JOHN
Yeah, I was at a job interview.

DET. CANNATA
Where?

JOHN
The Eden Hotel.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie's behind the door peering through the crack.

DET. LOPEZ (O.S.)
This the way you dress for an interview at a swanky hotel?

JOHN (O.S.)
I changed.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm not going to sit around in my good suit.
(beat)
Why are you looking for him here?

DET. LOPEZ
His prison records. You were the only person he listed to contact in case of emergency.

JOHN
Really?

DET. LOPEZ
That surprise you?

John doesn't answer.

DET. CANNATA
You don't mind if we look around, do you?

Without waiting for an answer, Cannata heads to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lopez walks down the hall and disappears into the bedroom.

John braces for the inevitable. He hears a door BANG against the wall. John heads to the bedroom and looks in.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The closet door is open, but there's no sign of Lopez or Eddie. John hears the SHOWER CURTAIN being pulled back in the bathroom.

DET. LOPEZ (O.S.)
(calling out)
What the hell's wrong with you?

John steels himself. Lopez comes out of the bathroom holding Eddie's suit.

DET. LOPEZ (CONT'D)
You leave an expensive suit like this on the floor?

JOHN
You going to arrest me for being a slob?

Lopez finally smiles and tosses the suit on the bed. Cannata appears in the doorway.

DET. CANNATA
Anything?

DET. LOPEZ
It's clear.

DET. CANNATA
I'm gonna grab a smoke.

Cannata exits.

DET. LOPEZ
You have any idea where your cousin might be hiding?

JOHN
I didn't even know he'd escaped.

DET. LOPEZ
(suspicious)
There's something you're not telling me.

JOHN
Okay...you're right.
(beat)
The last time we talked he bragged about some girl who was waiting for him to get out. I think he said she was from Tijuana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. LOPEZ

That lines up with what the Marshals have.
He stole a car and crossed the border into
Mexico about a week ago.

Lopez pulls out her business card and hands it to John.

DET. LOPEZ (CONT'D)

If your cousin ever reaches out, do the
right thing -- call me.

JOHN

(smiles)

Maybe I'll call you even if I don't hear
from him.

Lopez smiles back as she walks out. John follows.

We HOLD on the empty bedroom. We hear the front door SHUT and
LOCK. A moment later John races back into the room.

JOHN

Eddie...Eddie?

John hustles into the bathroom and looks around, but there's no
sign of Eddie. He hears TAPPING coming from the bedroom.

John spots Eddie standing outside on the narrow ledge. He
slides the window open.

Eddie, in only underwear, crawls in still holding his beer. He
grabs his pants off the bed.

EDDIE

You got game, man. That "he's got a girl
in Tijuana" bit was fast thinking.

JOHN

It's funny how quick your mind works when
you're talking to people with guns.

EDDIE

Tell me about it.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie crosses into the living room. John's right behind him.

JOHN

You said no one would be looking for you.

EDDIE

They're not.

JOHN

Then what the hell was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

A formality. They didn't even bother sending a real Marshal. Instead a couple of third class detectives show up. They'll call the Marshals and report there was no sign of me -- case closed.

Eddie plops down on the sofa and finishes his beer.

JOHN

How can you be so sure?

EDDIE

They don't have the time or the manpower to look for non-violent offenders like me. You have any idea how many fugitives are running around New York City?

JOHN

Unfortunately, I canceled my subscription to "Fugitive Monthly."

EDDIE

Look, I'm gonna be gone in a couple of days anyway. Right now you got bigger things to worry about - like getting that promotion.

In the chaos John had forgotten all about it.

JOHN

Right...I've got to fix the "War of The Roses."

EDDIE

What if that's a battle you can't win?

JOHN

Then things gets tricky.

EDDIE

Tricky's my specialty.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM - EVENING

John slips into this large room that has been transformed into a lavish tent fit for a sheik. Persian rugs cover the floor. Moroccan tapestries hang from the walls. Two life-sized stuffed camels loom large in the back of the room. Well dressed GUESTS sit at low tables bathed in the light of flickering candles. Attentive WAITERS hover everywhere pouring champagne.

At the front of the room sporting a St. Tropez tan, is ruggedly handsome movie producer, BRIAN MARTIN (45). Standing next to him is his soon-to-be ex-wife, Tara. Champagne glasses in hand, they flank their only child, ASHLEY (18).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA

We're so happy you could all be here to celebrate our daughter's upcoming graduation from Clayton Prep.

(smiles)

The one thing Brian and I can still agree on is that we love our daughter and could not be more proud of her. I have to admit it's been tough having her 3,000 miles away. But she'll soon be back home attending USC.

The Guests react...USC is big news. They APPLAUD. Brian raises his hand to quiet them.

BRIAN

I've produced eleven blockbuster films, been nominated for one academy award and nine Golden Globes, but all that pales in comparison to my greatest production -- my daughter.

(raising his glass)

To Ashley.

Everyone toasts. The proud parents take turns hugging their daughter.

John smiles...this is going to be a lot easier than he thought.

TIME CUT:

Tara stands at the bar getting a glass of wine. John approaches.

JOHN

Mrs. Martin, I'm John Sparks. I'd like to discuss the possibility of you sharing the Eden's corporate suite at the Garden with your --

TARA

I'm not sharing anything with that bastard!

John's taken aback. Brian approaches, pissed off.

BRIAN

What was the point of the lawyers working out the details of our toasts? You agreed I would announce Ashley's acceptance to USC since I'm an alumni!

TARA

Is that why you decided to exclude me from your toast?

BRIAN

How did I exclude you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA
 "My" daughter... "my" movies? I was there
 every step of the way too.

BRIAN
 That was a slip of the tongue.

TARA
 It was selfish and calculated like
 everything you do!

As the fight gets louder, everyone turns to the battling couple.

BRIAN
 This coming from the gold-digger who said
 she knew she was going to marry me after
 our first date!

TARA
 Because I loved you! What a fool I was!

BRIAN
 Was?

She tosses her drink in his face. The crowd GASPS.

John grabs a towel off the bar and quickly hands it to Brian.
 He dabs at the vintage Cabernet now covering his expensive suede
 jacket.

Ashley approaches, looking humiliated.

TARA
 Oh, honey, I'm sorry you had to hear your
 father speak to me that way.

BRIAN
 Ashley knows you're the one that started
 this.

Ashley starts to cry. Both parents immediately melt.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Please don't cry. What can dad do?

TARA
 I know what you need. How about a trip to
 Tiffany's?

Ashley nods through the tears.

TARA (CONT'D)
 (to John)
 You can arrange that, can't you?

JOHN
 As soon as they open in the morning --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA
Tonight would be better.

BRIAN
In fact right now would be perfect.

INT. TIFFANY & CO. - NIGHT

As rows of lights begin to turn on, the store sparkles like the diamonds glittering in the glass cases.

An ARMED GUARD and a SALESGIRL lead Ashley down the aisle towards a case.

John holds back, talking on his BlackBerry.

JOHN
I'm stuck at the Tiffany's after-hours sale. And I need you to go to the Garden and set things up. I'm going to have to find some way to get one of them to go for another suite.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eddie hustles down the street, listening on his cell.

EDDIE
I got it -- plan B. I'm only three blocks away.

INT. TIFFANY & CO. - CONTINUOUS

John slips his BlackBerry in his pocket as he approaches the glass case where the Salesgirl is showing Ashley rings.

ASHLEY
Which one is the most expensive?

The Salesgirl pulls out a huge jewel encrusted ring shaped like a leopard and hands it to Ashley.

SALESGIRL
This one.

Ashley slips the ring on her finger and scrunches her nose.

ASHLEY
It's kind of tacky.

SALESGIRL
There are plenty of other rings to choose from.

Ashley hands the leopard ring back to the Salesgirl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY
No. I'll take this one.

SALESGIRL
I'll wrap it up.

The Salesgirl takes the ring and heads off to get one of their signature blue boxes. Ashley turns to John.

ASHLEY
Nasty scene back at the hotel, huh?

JOHN
The way my parents used to fight make yours look like amateurs.

ASHLEY
I'm learning how to deal.

Ashley looks down at the jewelry case.

JOHN
It's tough when your parents divorce.

ASHLEY
At least I got something out of it.

JOHN
Ashley, a ring's not going to fix this.

She turns back to John, thoughtfully. After a beat...

ASHLEY
You're right. What am I thinking?

She calls out to the Salesgirl.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Hold on. I'm gonna get a bracelet too.
Something really, really big.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - SUITES LEVEL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a door plaque that reads, "Eden Hotel, Suite #923."

EDDIE (PRELAP)
You told John Sparks there was another corporate suite available.

PAN TO REVEAL Eddie walking down the hallway with the SUITES MANAGER who carries a thick black binder in his hand.

SUITE MANAGER
It wasn't me. It was my assistant, and unfortunately, she was misinformed. There are none available. After all, this is the biggest playoff game in years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

It's the only playoff game in years.

The Suites Manager opens the door for Eddie, and they enter the Eden's corporate suite.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EDEN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

With leather club chairs, flat screen TV's and a huge bar, this place is a sports fan's wet dream.

EDDIE

I've always wanted to watch a game from up here.

The Suites Manager lays the binder on the bar and flips the pages until he finds:

SUITES MANAGER

Here we are -- Eden Hotel, Suite #923.
What would you like for refreshments?

EDDIE

Stock the bar with Cristal, Dalmore and Grey Goose.

SUITES MANAGER

And how will your party be arriving?

EDDIE

By limo.

SUITES MANAGER

How many "VIP limo passes" do you need?

EDDIE

Better make it two.

A panicked ASSISTANT sticks her head in the door.

ASSISTANT

Sorry, we have a bit of an emergency.

SUITES MANAGER

Excuse me, I'll be right back.

The Suites Manager exits.

Eddie heads straight for the binder and starts flipping through it. He stops on a page, studies it for a moment, then looks up...the wheels spinning.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - NIGHT

John exits. Kathryn hustles out and catches him at the curb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin mans the door, appearing oblivious to the conversation.

KATHRYN

Now you have the Martins fighting in public?

JOHN

I see you've discovered one of my super powers.

KATHRYN

Call this off before you ruin our relationship with both parties.

JOHN

You're willing to settle for satisfying only half your guests? If that's what they taught you at Cornell, you should get your money back.

KATHRYN

I learned that good managers know when to cut their losses. I'll send them chocolates, and we'll call it a day.

JOHN

You might think twice about that move since Mr. Martin is allergic, and Mrs. Martin has banned sweets for life in order to remain a Vietnamese size two.

(off her stunned look)

Did my homework. You should try it sometime.

KATHRYN

It's going to take more than homework to make them happy.

JOHN

That's the first thing you've been right about. And since Mr. Martin's jacket got ruined, I called a friend who works for Hugo Boss. She checked, and they have the same suede jacket in stock in his size. It'll be delivered tomorrow morning.

Kathryn can't help but be impressed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now, Mrs. Martin hits the courts almost every day in LA. She didn't plan on playing tennis in New York, because none of her friends here play.

KATHRYN

I can find her someone to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

Already done. She has an 8AM tennis date at the Sutton Club with John McEnroe. He's a friend of Mr. Hunt's. I had him make the call. Tennis whites and her preferred BLX Tour racquet are already on their way to her room.

KATHRYN

You couldn't possibly know what kind of racquet she prefers.

JOHN

You could if you found a YouTube video of her playing at a charity tournament.
(smiles)
Have a nice evening, Kathryn.

John turns and crosses the street.

Kathryn strides back to the front door where Kevin quickly opens it. The moment she disappears inside, he smiles -- happy his friend stuck it to Kathryn.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Eddie walks out of The Garden, his cell pressed to his ear.

EDDIE

The guy made it sound like you couldn't find another suite for this game if you were Barack Obama.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

John walks down 5th Avenue talking on his BlackBerry.

JOHN

I'm screwed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND EDDIE.

EDDIE

Forget about looking for another suite. I got a new idea, but we're gonna need Cotto.

JOHN

Miguel Cotto?

EDDIE

He owes me one from the old days when we were boosting cars.

JOHN

That guy's a psycho! He cut off his own finger to prove how tough he was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Come on, we all did crazy stuff back in high school.

JOHN

Nobody else handed the coach a severed body part when they got cut from the football team.

(beat)

There's no way I'm getting involved with that maniac.

EDDIE

We can't pull this off without him.

JOHN

We talked about this, Eddie. We agreed we wouldn't do anything that could get us in trouble with the cops.

EDDIE

Nobody ever got ahead without taking a chance.

JOHN

Didn't your last big gamble cost you five years in prison?

(off Eddie's silence)

Forget it. I've got a guy who can help -- someone who's still got all his fingers.

EDDIE

Okay, when do we see him?

JOHN

I see him tomorrow morning. You lay low and try to stay out of trouble.

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET - NIGHT

John's lost in thought as he walks down the street in this run down neighborhood. The Brooklyn renaissance seems to have skipped right over this area.

He stops in front of a small two story home that's in desperate need of paint. As he climbs the steps he hears classical music being played on a PIANO.

INT. CARLA SPARKS' HOME - MOMENTS LATER

John walks into the living room and is surprised to find his mother, CARLA SPARKS (57), sitting at a worn upright piano, her ruby tipped fingers deftly glide over the keys.

CARLA

Hello, Johnny. Recognize this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Chopin.

CARLA

Very good! Did you know he died in Paris?
Ah, some people have all the luck.

John sits down on the couch and spots a post card from Tijuana lying on the coffee table. He picks it up and reads, "Ola from Mexico...the new home of your second son. Love, E."

CARLA (CONT'D)

Hold your applause until the final note.

Carla spins around as the PLAYER PIANO finishes the song with a flourish. She APPLAUDS -- her smile lights up the shabby room.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Why have I not played in so long? Music enriches the soul.

(beat)

Oh, you saw the card. Isn't it wonderful? Eddie's out of prison and on another adventure. You just can't keep a spirit like his down for long.

She heads for the kitchen. John follows.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I think the new butcher has a crush on me.

She opens the fridge and pulls out an enormous sliced ham.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I mean how else could you explain this? Thin cut just the way you like it. Or maybe you'd prefer baloney. I'll make you one of my super duper sandwiches.

JOHN

No thanks. It's a little late for me.

CARLA

Why be ruled by the clock? Without spontaneity there is no magic in life.

He gently puts his hands on her shoulders to get to her focus.

JOHN

What's going on? You're playing the piano again. You're all dressed up.

CARLA

Big news, Johnny -- big news! I was gonna wait till I had all the evidence, but -- I'm a Getty!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

(beat)

When did you stop taking your meds?

She goes back to whipping up her special sandwiches.

CARLA

I'm on my meds, and I'm a Getty.

JOHN

Mom, you're Carla Sparks from Coney Island. You're not a Getty.

CARLA

You only say that, because you haven't done the research. Now let's get back to what's really important.

(beat)

Baloney or ham?

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The rising sun peaks over the walk-up buildings in this gentrified mid-town neighborhood.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

African-American, MILO DUPREE (28), looks like a Hip-Hop Jabba The Hutt in a retro sweatsuit and a ton of bling. He's poured into an ergonomic chair and sitting behind a big table piled high with electronics...a turntable, flat screen monitor, three lap tops, half a dozen cell phones, two land lines and a scanner. The rest of the apartment looks like it hasn't been touched since 1973.

Milo mans a computer and works a constant rotation of mobile devices, reading and answering texts while he talks to John.

MILO

So I'm spinning this dilly at a club in the Bowery last night. And I'm up there doing my biz, working the t-table when I see this ba-dink-a-dink. Now I prefer a girl with a ba-dunk-dunk, but this honey -- she was boom ting.

JOHN

So you're creepin'...

MILO

Except she's the kind that goes for a guy who's flossin'.

JOHN

Tough to compete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Truth. But I'm calculatin' you hook me up at the Eden, and it's go time with me and the honey.

JOHN

You get me a suite at The Garden, I'll make it happen.

Milo suddenly stops texting and looks at John.

MILO

How about instead you take 'em to see the Stones at a little club in the Village. All very hush on the down low. These are once in a generation tickets.

JOHN

Does this mean you can't find a suite?

Milo takes a long beat.

MILO

You know I don't like to disappoint, homeslice. But I worked every connection. I went uptown, downtown, corporate and on the street. It's a drought out there. I guarantee 200% you ain't gettin' another luxury box for this game no way, no how, no sir.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John's on his BlackBerry walking down the street.

JOHN

My secret weapon's firing blanks.

INT. RUNDOWN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Eddie, his cell pressed to his ear.

EDDIE

I told you I got a sure fire plan --

JOHN

That involves Cotto.

EDDIE

You never even have to see him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND EDDIE.

JOHN

(beat)
Okay, lay it out for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
It's a simple diversion.

JOHN
Meaning what?

EDDIE
Meaning...some people get in a limo headed for the Garden, but they never show up.

JOHN
That's kidnapping.

EDDIE
Why do you have to put a label on everything?

JOHN
Nobody's getting kidnapped on my watch.

EDDIE
I'll meet you in an hour -- we'll talk it out.

JOHN
I can't. I'm swamped. Plus my mom just left a crazy message --

EDDIE
(sarcastic)
And you got that big tennis game at five.

JOHN
I'm making a pickup at Mott and Canal at seven. Meet me there. And I don't even want you talking to Cotto until we both agree on what's going down.

EDDIE
Done deal.

Eddie pockets his cell. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL MIGUEL COTTO (32), a street tough Puerto Rican with plenty of prison ink and a missing pinky.

Cotto's rundown chop shop office is all peeling paint, banged up furniture and Hustler magazines.

COTTO
The *bobo* still think I'm an ass-hole?

EDDIE
Why wouldn't he, Cotto?
(prison hard)
And you call him a *bobo* again -- I'll cut off the rest of your greasy fingers.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

John hustles up to Carla who's sitting on a bus stop bench.

JOHN
What's the problem? Why'd you leave that message to meet you here?

She points across the street where we see the once grand, now boarded up Regent Hotel.

CARLA
I'd planned to have a Kir Royale in the lounge.

JOHN
That's what was so urgent?

CARLA
I'm devastated. I had no idea it'd closed.

JOHN
Of course it closed. This place has been going downhill for years.

CARLA
It's sad when the magical things disappear -- like when "Cats" closed on Broadway.

JOHN
You'll always have the cast album.

John's wisecrack goes right over her head.

CARLA
This hotel was my Shangri-la. When things got difficult with your father, I'd grab you and Eddie, and we'd come here. Even their cheapest room took every dime I made at the salon, but it was always worth it. You could leave your troubles at the door and be anybody you wanted.

He finally sits down next to her and takes in the old hotel.

JOHN
What was that concierge's name?

CARLA
Mitchell.

JOHN
Right. He used to let me work with the bellboys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA

(corrects)

He let the bellboys push you around on those shiny brass carts --

JOHN

While I directed them to the guest's room and collected a few tips along the way.

(beat)

Of course, that all ended when Eddie got caught selling guests the hotel's complimentary New York Times.

CARLA

(laughs)

That Eddie. He was always so industrious.

JOHN

You want to hear something crazy? I used to dream about buying this place.

CARLA

That's what you should do then, Johnny. You should buy it! It's for sale.

JOHN

Yeah, this would be the perfect place to spend my millions.

CARLA

Don't be sarcastic about dreams. If owning the Regent would make you happy, what are you waiting for?

JOHN

(beat)

What makes you happy, mom?

CARLA

(smiles)

Being a Getty.

EXT. BRONX STREET - DAY

Eddie hustles down the sidewalk. He stops at a table where a STREET VENDOR sells hats, sunglasses and knock-off handbags.

EDDIE

How much for the Yankee cap?

VENDOR

Ten dollars.

He grabs a pair of mirrored sunglasses off the rack.

EDDIE

Throw in the aviators, and you got a deal.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

John slowly walks down the wide concrete stairs leading into a park where OLD MEN play chess and KIDS climb monkey bars.

He spots KELLY DIMEO (30) an effortless beauty whose fierce determination has not been dulled by life's disappointments.

He sits down on the step beside her.

JOHN
Sorry I'm late.

KELLY
I wasn't sure you were gonna make it.

She gives him a warm hug, but immediately senses something's up.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

JOHN
(beat)
Eddie's back.

John watches for her reaction. Kelly takes a moment, letting the information sink in.

KELLY
I knew he'd show up eventually. I just didn't think it'd be this soon.

JOHN
He got an early release.
(beat)
You okay?

KELLY
I think so. I'm just not sure what I'll do if he tries to contact me.

JOHN
He won't. I told him you moved to Jersey.

KELLY
(smiles)
Eddie knows I don't do Jersey.

JOHN
He's not staying around anyway.

KELLY
It doesn't matter. I've got plenty of other things to worry about.

JOHN
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I haven't sold a property in months, John.

JOHN

What about that loft in Cobble Hill?

KELLY

The guy couldn't qualify for the loan.

(beat)

If this keeps up, Michael and I may have to head to Ft. Lauderdale and move in with my mother.

JOHN

That can't be your only option.

KELLY

Every month it's a struggle just to pay the rent. What am I gonna do when Michael needs braces or wants to go to camp? At some point I have to face facts. I'm not making it in real estate, and I'm not making it as a single mom.

JOHN

Maybe I could help with the rent -- just until the market turns around.

KELLY

No -- you've already done too much.

JOHN

This new job at the Eden is looking good. If I get it, money won't be a problem.

BOY (O.S.)

Uncle Johnny!

Kelly and John turn to see the bundle of energy, MICHAEL DIMEO (5), running straight for them.

John lifts Michael into the air and gives him a big hug.

ANGLE ON a coffee kiosk across the park where Eddie, in mirrored aviators and a Yankees cap, watches Michael hugging "Uncle Johnny."

Eddie lowers his sunglasses to get a better look at this Hallmark moment.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - EVENING

John approaches the corner of Mott and Canal. He's startled when Eddie suddenly steps up beside him.

EDDIE
Is he my son?

JOHN
What are you talking about?

EDDIE
I saw you with Kelly and the kid.

JOHN
You followed me?

EDDIE
You told me you hadn't seen her in years.

JOHN
It took her a long time to get over you.
I didn't want you showing up and messing
with her head again.

EDDIE
He's my kid, isn't he?

JOHN
No he's not. Kelly hooked up with this
guy after you split. When she got
pregnant, he suddenly remembered he was
married.
(pointed)
She seems to have a thing for picking the
wrong guy.

EDDIE
And you're Mr. Right?

JOHN
We're just friends.

EDDIE
Looked like more than that to me. And
that kid called you Uncle Johnny.

JOHN
Because I'm like an uncle to him. I'm all
Michael has.
(beat)
Stay away from her, Eddie.

Eddie stares hard at John for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

So what are we doing in Chinatown?

JOHN

Cutting cloth and making plans.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - LATER

John, in a new custom made suit, stands on a fitting platform admiring himself in a mirror.

HENRY, an old Chinese tailor with thick glasses, carefully makes the last adjustment on John's pant cuff as Eddie watches.

EDDIE

Nice fit.

JOHN

Henry's the best cutter in the city.

HENRY

That's not gonna get you a discount.

Henry walks out of the fitting area. Eddie glances at his watch.

EDDIE

I'm outta here.

JOHN

Let's go over the plan one more time.

EDDIE

Don't sweat it. I'll be ready come game time.

JOHN

Where are you going?

EDDIE

To take care of some business.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

NIKKI CHERLIN (34), a beautiful redhead, sits on the dresser. Her mile long legs are wrapped around Eddie's naked ass.

Her hands grip his sweaty, muscular shoulders as he continues to "take care of business."

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wearing his new suit, John steps up to a guest suite door. The door suddenly swings open revealing Natalia carrying out a few dirty towels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA

You are talk of break room. Everyone is making bets on you.

JOHN

What are the odds?

NATALIA

Most bet Kathryn gets her pick.

(confides)

He's concierge at Royale, and...he's her new boyfriend.

JOHN

How'd you get the lowdown?

NATALIA

I have aunt who dates guy who has nephew who works for electrician who has side business with super in Kathryn's building.

JOHN

You ever work with the KGB?

She cracks a smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have you seen Mrs. Martin?

NATALIA

She is on bedroom floor with strange man, but don't let that stop you.

INT. TARA'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John crosses to the open bedroom door and KNOCKS.

TARA (O.S.)

Come in.

John enters to find Tara sitting lotus position on the floor, hands on knees, eyes closed. She's in Juicy sweats.

Next to her is her Guru, a Sikh dressed head to toe in white. A turban covers his head and a long beard covers his face.

NEW AGE MUSIC drifts from the speakers.

JOHN

I just wanted you to know I've taken care of the mix-up over the Eden's private suite for the game tomorrow night. It's all yours.

With Zen calm, she slowly opens her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA
What about my husband?

JOHN
I guess he's on his own, Mrs. Martin.

TARA
Call me Tara.

JOHN
I'll meet you in the lobby at --

TARA
Make it six-thirty sharp.
(beat)
Do you meditate, John?

She gently motions for John to join them on the floor. He gets into the cross-legged position.

JOHN
I've tried, but it makes me too tense.

GURU
Daily meditation brings inner peace and makes one a better person.

TARA
(angelic smile, to John)
Do you know what else makes me feel like a better person?

John waits for her words of enlightenment.

TARA (CONT'D)
I finally have what that snake wants.

The Guru nods, approvingly. Tara and the Guru both close their eyes and go back to meditating.

John gets up to leave and spots Ashley standing in the living room having heard her mother refer to her dad as a snake.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley and John are alone in an elevator that's descending.

ASHLEY
Everything is drama with them. Even getting tickets to my graduation was an ordeal. They had to be in the same row but on opposite ends. Who needs it?

She reaches into her studded Valentino purse, pulls out a couple of tickets and stares at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You know what? They're not coming to my graduation, because they don't deserve to be there.

JOHN

How do you plan on telling them that?

ASHLEY

I'm not -- you are.

(beat)

Then later I'll let them make it up to me by buying me bigger boobs.

Ashley begins to tear up the tickets.

DING -- the elevator stops and the doors slide open. John reaches for the tickets.

JOHN

You can't do that.

ASHLEY

Stay away from me!

Ashley rushes off the elevator right past Kathryn, tearing the tickets into smaller and smaller pieces.

Kathryn turns to John.

KATHRYN

You really have a way with people.

PRELAP the sound of MEN CHEERING.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - PRIVATE CIGAR LOUNGE - LATER

Brian Martin's FRIENDS are smoking cigars, drinking Scotch and CHEERING like the frat boys they once were.

Brian and John are right in the center of the commotion. Brian thrusts his arms up triumphantly.

BRIAN

I get the suite. My wife gets the shaft.
And John Sparks is the man!

The gang CHEERS again. Brian holds out a cigar.

BRIAN

How about a Cuban?

JOHN

Why waste a good cigar when I can just take a deep breath?

(coughs)

I'll pick you up tomorrow night at seven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to leave.

FRIEND #1

No way. We're not missing the Knicks' chicks!

BRIAN

He's right. Better make it six-thirty.

JOHN

No...no, I've already scheduled the limo. If we leave at seven o'clock, you'll still get there in plenty of --

BRIAN

Be here at six-thirty, or my party leaves without you.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

John sits at the bar, deep in thought. He finishes off his Glenfiddich and holds out cash for the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

It's been taken care of.

He points to a table in the corner where Helen sits alone sipping white wine. John walks over to her.

JOHN

Thank you, but that really wasn't necessary.

HELEN

It was so nice of you to help with my bags.

(beat)

Besides it's part of the contest we won. Five nights at the hotel and \$1,500 in food and drinks. I'll never spend it all.

JOHN

Then you and your sister better start ordering champagne with every meal.

Helen's surprised John remembered she mentioned her sister.

HELEN

She...didn't make the trip.

(beat)

My sister passed away a few weeks ago.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN

She was already sick when we entered the contest. But Eileen made me promise to take this trip for both of us...said we deserved a fancy vacation for once in our lives.

(beat)

All I've done so far is take a trip to Ellis Island. Without someone to share it with, it's just not...

JOHN

Is there anything I can do?

Helen thinks for a moment then pulls out her contest gift certificates and puts them down in front of him.

HELEN

Use the rest of my food and drink certificates. I won't need them. I'm cutting my trip short.

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie lies in bed staring across the room with an odd expression on his face.

REVEAL a 90 lb. life-like love doll in Nikki's likeness dressed in a nurse's uniform. This silicone beauty sits in the corner staring back at Eddie with an expression that doesn't change.

Nikki enters carrying a pizza box.

EDDIE

(re the doll)

Florence Nightingale's creeping me out.

NIKKI

She's my partner in crime. It's a competitive world out there. She gives me that little something extra.

She opens the box and offers him leftover pizza.

EDDIE

I see you're still into cooking.

She slips into bed with Eddie.

NIKKI

You don't have to know how to cook in my line of work.

EDDIE

How's Dmitri been treating you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI

I left his sleazy operation. I don't need him taking half my money. I got my own web page now. All my dates call me direct.

EDDIE

You've turned into a real entrepreneur.

NIKKI

Just a girl who likes to hang on to her money.

EDDIE

So what are you saving up for?

NIKKI

A new life...

She touches his face.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You look good, Eddie. Prison didn't mess you up.

EDDIE

Thanks for letting me crash here.

NIKKI

It's funny how things work out. I always figured if you ever came back, you'd hook up with that girl you were so crazy about.
(nuzzles his neck)
I'm glad you showed up at my door instead.

EDDIE

I saw her today.

(beat)

She has a kid, and I got a feeling he's mine.

NIKKI

What difference does it make? You're not the type of guy who's cut out to play daddy.

EDDIE

What kind of guy am I?

NIKKI

The kind who can go at it all night and still leave me wanting more.

She kisses him. He pushes the pizza box aside, wraps his arms around Nikki and rolls on top of her.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - TRANSITION

The lights of the city disappear as night surrenders to day.

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Nikki lies in bed under a sheet. She stretches, waking up.

Eddie comes out of the bathroom, half dressed, with a prescription bottle in his hand. He pops a couple of pills and downs them with last night's beer.

NIKKI

What do you got there?

EDDIE

Your Vicadin.

NIKKI

Don't be stingy.

Nikki holds out her hand. Eddie shakes out a couple in her palm.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I wish you didn't have to leave so early.

EDDIE

People to see, things to do.

NIKKI

You coming back here tonight?

He heads into the bathroom without answering.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You know you can crash here for as long as you want.

Eddie comes out of the bathroom and slips on his shoes.

EDDIE

Gotta run.

He heads for the door.

NIKKI

(coy)
Aren't you forgetting something?

EDDIE

Oh, right.

Eddie pulls out his wallet and lays cash on the dresser. Nikki just stares at the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)
It's three hundred, right?

NIKKI
(disappointed)
Yeah...sure.

Eddie walks out. Nikki stares at the door wishing he'd left her with a kiss instead of cash.

INT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

John heads down an aisle carrying a basket full of supplies -- wire, duct tape. His BlackBerry is pressed to his ear.

JOHN
I've been calling you all night. Where have you been?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eddie strolls down the sidewalk as he talks on his cell.

EDDIE
Making up for lost time.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND EDDIE.

JOHN
We have a problem. Both of the Martins insist on leaving at six-thirty.

EDDIE
We can't have them walking through the lobby at the same time.

JOHN
(sarcastic)
That part I've already figured out.

EDDIE
(thinks)
Let me handle the problem with Mr. Martin. You just make sure Mrs. Martin gets to the game on time.

JOHN
And Cotto's doing this my way, right?

EDDIE
(blows him off)
Yeah, yeah, sure.

JOHN
Eddie, promise me no one gets hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
How would anybody get hurt?

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON two nasty looking street THUGS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. COTTO'S CHOP SHOP - LATER

Cotto, Eddie and the two Thugs are in the middle of the garage standing next to a black limo. Cotto points to the Thugs.

COTTO
These two will bring up the rear if we need backup. We'll have a chauffeur up front ready to deliver the big surprise.

EDDIE
They're expecting the limo to pick them up at six-thirty sharp. We gotta make sure they go MIA.

COTTO
That's not gonna be a problem.

EDDIE
One more thing -- know where I could find a Nerf ball around here?

EXT. ST. JAMES ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Hoads of CHILDREN pour out of the building after school.

Michael bounds down the steps to the sidewalk where his mom is waiting. Kelly puts her arm around him, and they head off.

MAN (O.S.)
Michael!

They turn to see Eddie strolling towards them, tossing a Nerf football in his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I saw this ball, and I thought you might like it.

Michael looks to his mother, unsure.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm a friend of your mom's.

Kelly nods to Michael.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Go out for a pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael runs out for a pass. Eddie tosses him the ball, and he catches it.

EDDIE
You got good hands.

Michael smiles.

KELLY
Why don't you show it to Jamie.

Michael runs ahead and joins a couple of FRIENDS.

Kelly turns to Eddie.

KELLY
Surprising, dramatic...and inappropriate.

EDDIE
You gotta give it to me. I know how to make an entrance.

KELLY
It's the exits you have trouble with.
(beat)
I hear you got an early release.

EDDIE
John didn't waste any time filling you in on the good news.

He turns and looks at Michael playing with his friends.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
He's a cute kid. His father anybody I know?

KELLY
What are you doing here, Eddie?

EDDIE
Trying to start over.

KELLY
Don't you think it's a little late for that?

EDDIE
You know me. I'm an optimist.
(beat)
You look even more beautiful than I remembered.

KELLY
(laughs)
Really? Almost six years, not one word, and that's your best line?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE
Too sincere?

KELLY
And expected.

EDDIE
Give me another shot.

KELLY
Knock yourself out.

EDDIE
(beat)
I'm sorry...for all of it. You deserved better.

They hold each other's gaze for a moment.

KELLY
John wouldn't like it if he knew you were here.

EDDIE
That's why we're not gonna tell him.

Michael runs up to them. Eddie tousles his hair.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Take care, buddy. Maybe we'll throw the football around sometime.

Michael lights up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'll see you around, Kelly.

He walks off. Kelly stares after him, unable to look away.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HELEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Helen answers the door and finds John standing there.

JOHN
I was able to take most of your food and drink certificates and use them to barter for the kind of New York experience your sister wanted you to have.

HELEN
I'm sorry you went to all that trouble, but I'm checking out in the morning.

John pulls an itinerary out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Not until you've stood on the 86th floor of the Empire State Building, taken a private walking tour of Greenwich Village, had high tea at Astor Court, seen Yo-Yo Ma perform at Carnegie Hall and eaten a \$30 hamburger at the 21 Club.

He hands Helen the itinerary.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And that's just tomorrow.

HELEN

I can't do it alone.

JOHN

Good, because all these plans are for two.

Helen's confused.

John's BlackBerry BEEPS. John starts walking backwards.

JOHN

I have to run. But I'll see you tomorrow morning in the lobby.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

John stands in the lobby. He checks his watch...6:29.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - 24TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fueled by a few cosmos, Tara and her three GIRLFRIENDS exit her suite. They strut down the hallway in their six inch Jimmy Choos -- each is sure she's the Carrie of this group.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EDEN HOTEL - 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian and his five rowdy buddies walk towards the elevators followed by Brian's SECURITY MAN, a thick necked guy in a suit.

Eddie suddenly appears, heading right towards them.

EDDIE

Mr. Martin? I'm John Sparks assistant. I'll be escorting you to the game. Right this way.

Eddie leads them in the opposite direction. They round a corner and arrive at the service elevator. Eddie hits the button.

BRIAN

(suspicious)
What's this all about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

We've arranged for the limo to meet us at the rear of the hotel. The service elevator is the fastest way there.

BRIAN

I've always been picked up out front.

EDDIE

Then you're familiar with the backup of limos and cabs. John didn't want to take a chance on you missing the Knicks girls.

Brian stares at Eddie...he doesn't seem convinced.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

John watches the floor numbers descend on two side-by-side elevators. He nervously dials his BlackBerry.

With a DING, the first elevator doors open revealing Tara and her girlfriends.

John keeps an anxious eye on the other elevator that's about to arrive as the women cross the lobby towards him.

JOHN

(whispers, into BlackBerry)
Eddie, where are you?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Eddie, on his cell.

EDDIE

Rounding third and heading for home.

ANGLE ON Brian and his buddies piling into the waiting stretch limo at the rear of the hotel.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

John pockets his BlackBerry as Tara approaches.

JOHN

Your limo is waiting.

A suspicious Kathryn watches John lead them out the front door.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Basketball FANS stream into the round concrete and glass arena that dominates the entire block.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - SUITES LEVEL - NIGHT

John ushers Tara and her friends down the hallway. He stops in front of "Eden Hotel, Suite #923."

John opens the door and ushers the women into the Eden's corporate suite.

INT. LIMO - LATER

Brian's limo is stuck in midtown traffic, and he's pissed.

BRIAN
We're going to be late for the game!

EDDIE
Crosstown traffic is a little heavier than I expected.

BRIAN
Then why are we going this way?

The Security Man yells to the driver:

SECURITY MAN
Make the next left!

EDDIE
No, we should stick to our route. We're not that far from the Garden.

SECURITY MAN
I worked these streets for fifteen years. I know my way around midtown.

EDDIE
Trust me, this is the fastest way.

BRIAN
He's former NYPD. I think his instincts trump yours.

On Eddie, holy shit -- ex-cop?

SECURITY MAN
(orders Driver)
Turn here!

The Driver reluctantly makes the left.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EDEN SUITE - NIGHT

The Black Eyed Peas song, "Boom Boom Pow" blasts through the arena speakers. Tara and her girlfriends are strutting their best dance moves. John stands near the door to the suite. He checks his watch.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - SUITES LEVEL - LATER

We continue to hear the Black Eyed Peas song.

Suddenly, Eddie, Brian and his group round the corner. Eddie taps his leg nervously as he leads them down the same hallway we saw John escort the women down earlier.

Eddie opens the door to the Eden Suite, and the group files in. Eddie takes a deep breath and follows.

As the door slams shut, we hold on the plaque that reads "Eden Hotel, Suite #923."

The "*boom boom pow*" of the Black Eyed Peas keeps us from hearing what the hell's going down in the Eden Suite.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HUNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dressed in a tuxedo, Hunt's adjusting his bow tie in a mirror when his ASSISTANT rushes in.

ASSISTANT

I think there's a problem. Kathryn's on the phone with Mrs. Martin, and Mr. Martin's on line two. He insists on talking to you.

Hunt reluctantly picks up the phone.

HUNT

Hey, Brian. How are you?

Kathryn walks in and listens.

HUNT (CONT'D)

I'm glad you like the suite. You know I'd never let you down. Let's just hope the Knicks are as reliable. Enjoy the game.

Hunt hangs up. Kathryn seems perplexed.

HUNT (CONT'D)

I'm guessing from the look on your face we've pissed off Tara.

KATHRYN

On the contrary. Mrs. Martin is in our suite too. She just called to thank us.

HUNT

(smiles)

We better hire John Sparks before the UN does.

KATHRYN

How did he pull this off?

PRELAP the *"Star Spangled Banner."*

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - ARENA - LATER

The CROWD is on their feet as the National Anthem plays. A MILITARY COLOR GUARD stands at attention center court.

THE CAMERA GLIDES across the court and UP AND OVER the excited crowd as everyone SINGS the last few lines of the Anthem.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the VIP Suites Level, framing two side-by-side suites. On the outside of the suites facing the arena, #923 marks one, and #924 marks the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In #924 Tara's mixing drinks as the women gather around the bar. As far as they're concerned, this isn't a basketball game -- it's a cocktail party.

In adjacent #923 Brian and his gang begin to CHEER as the Anthem ends.

We HOLD on both suites as the CHEERING in the arena builds to a thunderous ROAR.

PUSH IN CLOSER on Eddie and John, standing on opposite sides of the privacy drapes that separate the observation seats in these adjoining suites. A satisfied smile creeps across both their faces as we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - SUITES LEVEL - LATER

John comes out of the women's suite. The door slams behind him, and the "Eden Hotel, Suite #923" sign fall off revealing...

A sign underneath that reads, "Whitman Hedge Fund, Suite #924."

John snatches the sign and looks up and down the hallway as he quickly readjusts the duct tape on the back.

He presses the "Eden" sign back into place over the "Whitman" sign as Eddie rushes out of the adjoining suite.

EDDIE

The guys from Whitman are here.

JOHN

Already?

EDDIE

This was your big idea, remember? I wanted to kidnap them.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Seven irate WHITMAN HEDGE FUND MANAGERS storm towards a TICKET TAKER who greets them as he swipes their passes with a scanner.

TICKET TAKER

Mr. Whitman, you missed a great first quarter. Lotta traffic coming in from Greenwich?

Mr. Whitman stops as the rest of the guys file through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. WHITMAN

The traffic cooperated. But it took our damn driver half an hour to get his boss on the phone to prove to my wife that the strippers in the back of the limo weren't for us.

The Ticket Taker stifles a laugh as the guys clear the turnstiles and head off.

ANGLE on Cotto, wearing a suit that screams limo driver. Next to him is a WOMAN in an outfit that screams stripper. They're standing just outside the entrance watching the Whitman guys rush towards the escalator.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EDEN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

John heads to the bar where Tara's whipping up another round of cocktails for her girlfriends (Mandy, Lila and Dianna)...who have already had plenty.

LILA

(slurs)
Who's winning?

DIANNA

Who knows.

MANDY

Who cares?

TARA

Now I see why you guys like these suites so much.

JOHN

Which makes what your husband did even more amazing.

The women all turn to John. He looks like a deer caught in the headlights. Then...

JOHN (CONT'D)

I may get fired for this, but I don't care. What he did was just so...inspiring.

(beat)

Mr. Martin gave up this suite so you could have it.

TARA

Why would he do that?

JOHN

He did some soul searching...realized your feelings were more important to him than any Knicks game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tara's touched by her husband's about face.

DIANNA
That is so beautiful.

JOHN
And he said if he ever found out I told
you, he'd deny it and I'd lose my job.

Suddenly, the door flies open, and Eddie rushes in.

EDDIE
Mr. Sparks, I got the Stones' passes you
asked for.

Eddie holds up four VIP badges.

JOHN
I don't think we're going to need them.
The ladies are really enjoying the game.

MANDY
Wait a minute! What about the Stones?

JOHN
They're playing a surprise set at a little
club in the Village to get ready for their
North American tour. I got passes in case
you got bored with the game.

DIANNA
We are bored.

Mandy quickly turns to Tara, almost pleading.

MANDY
Your husband gave up the suite -- you won
that round -- and we all hate basketball.

TARA
And I love the Stones.

JOHN
(feigns surprise)
Really?

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - SUITES LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The Whitman guys are hustling down the hallway anxious to get to
their suite.

Eddie leads the women out of the suite. They round the curve
and run smack into the Whitman guys. They struggle to get
around Eddie and the drunk women. The gang of girls momentarily
block the guys' view of their door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John's the last one out of the suite. In one fluid motion he shuts the door and deftly pulls off the "Eden" sign just as he passes the Whitman guys on their way into their suite.

John glances over his shoulder as the last guy goes through the door. He drops the sign into a garbage can without missing a beat.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie leads the chatty women onto the escalator. John brings up the rear, but stops at the top as the women begin to descend.

JOHN
Enjoy the show.

Tara looks back toward John.

TARA
Aren't you coming with us?

JOHN
There's only four passes, and somebody has to close up the suite.

TARA
Thank you, John...for everything.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EDEN SUITE - LATER

Brian and his group watch anxiously as the final seconds tick off. The BUZZER sounds, and it's high-fives all around.

Brian crosses to John.

BRIAN
What a night. You've gone above and beyond.

JOHN
I can't take all the credit. Your wife --

John catches himself.

BRIAN
My wife what?

JOHN
I'm such an idiot. I promised not to...
(beat)
Mrs. Martin realized she made a mistake fighting you over the suite. She knew how much this game meant to you, so she withdrew her request.

BRIAN
(stunned)
She gave it up...for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
But she said if it ever came out, she'd
deny it till the day she died.

BRIAN
(laughs)
That sounds like Tara.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The living room is filled with neatly packed moving boxes.

John looks around the small apartment he's called home for the last eight years. He pulls out his BlackBerry and dials.

JOHN
Eddie, it's me. I've been calling you for
the past two days. If you get this
message...
(beat)
I just wanted to say thanks for giving me
the push I needed to move up.
(heartfelt)
I hope everything works out for you too...
wherever you are.

EXT. CLAYTON PREP SCHOOL - GARDEN - DAY

An ivy-covered Neoclassical building is the backdrop for this beautiful garden. Set up on the manicured grounds are neat rows of chairs and a stage for the graduation ceremony.

John makes his way past STUDENTS and GUESTS who are busy finding their seats. He walks up to Ashley, who's standing with several other students near the front of the stage.

JOHN
Turns out this is a hot ticket. I had to
pull some strings to get seats.

ASHLEY
What?

John points towards the front row where Ashley's parents sit, dead center. Ashley's in shock.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
You just screwed me out of 36D's.

JOHN
Don't worry, I'm sure this truce won't
last long.

Ashley looks at her parents who seem to be getting along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

But while they're staying at the Eden, my job is to make sure they get what they want. They wanted to be here. And you don't know it yet, but this is what you want to. Years from now you'd regret it if they weren't here, and you'd blame me.

Ashley shoots him a defiant look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You're welcome.

He turns and leaves her standing there, steaming.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

John confidently buffs his gold Head Concierge pin as he crosses to the concierge desk where Hunt and Kathryn are waiting.

HUNT

I had an interesting breakfast with Brian Martin this morning.

John waits for the other shoe to drop.

HUNT (CONT'D)

He gave me a recap of the game but never mentioned one word about his wife being in the suite too. And, of course, I didn't ask.

(beat)

But I want to know how you did it.

JOHN

What good is a magic trick if you know how it's done?

He stares at John for a moment, then starts to LAUGH as he walks away.

KATHRYN

You may have fooled Mr. Hunt, but you haven't fooled me.

JOHN

Come on, Kathryn, where's the love?

Unmoved, she hands him a key card.

KATHRYN

Here's the key to your suite. The movers should have everything in by now. But I wouldn't worry about unpacking. I don't think you'll be around that long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

If this is your welcome to the team speech, it needs a polish.

Kathryn turns and walks off.

John spots Helen coming off the elevator all dressed up and all smiles. She wears a colorful scarf around her neck.

JOHN

It's a little early to leave for the theater isn't it?

HELEN

I thought we might grab a couple of slices of Famous Rays.

JOHN

You're starting to sound like a real New Yorker.

Something across the lobby catches Helen's attention. She waves excitedly.

Carla, wearing her best dress, hurries towards them.

CARLA

(to Helen)

Oh, you're wearing the scarf we found.

(to John)

I told her. You can't come to New York and not buy at least something from Bergdorf's.

(beat)

Where are we dining tonight, Helen?

HELEN

How do you feel about pizza?

CARLA

Like Sonny felt about Cher before the divorce. I'll get us a cab.

Carla heads for the door.

HELEN

Your mother's so much fun and so down to earth. You'd never imagine she's a Getty.

JOHN

(smiles)

It's even hard for me to believe sometimes.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - SPARKS SUITE - NIGHT

John opens the door and walks into his stunning new apartment, with sleek Mitchell Gold furniture, Donghia fabrics and a view of Central Park that any New Yorker would die for. His moving boxes are stacked against a wall.

John looks around, finding it hard to believe he actually lives here. He plops down on the couch and starts to LAUGH.

He suddenly springs to his feet, walks down the hall and disappears into his bedroom. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the empty hallway.

A moment later John pops back into the hall, a curious look on his face.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - SPARKS SUITE - SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John steps into the bedroom and stares at the bathroom door. We now hear the source of his curiosity...a RUNNING SHOWER.

The WATER stops. A moment later Eddie emerges from the bathroom, drying himself with a towel.

EDDIE
Welcome home, pal.

JOHN
What are you doing in my apartment?

EDDIE
Since when is it your apartment?

JOHN
Since I landed this job.

EDDIE
You didn't land it -- we did. Which technically makes this our apartment.

Eddie works John like a used car salesman.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Don't you see? This is the perfect setup for you and me. With us working together you're guaranteed to keep pulling off the impossible, and I get to go legit.

JOHN
You're a fugitive, Eddie.

EDDIE
Not anymore.

Eddie pulls out a social security card and New York Driver's license.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now I'm Edward Alan Felson, a 32-year-old male from Warwick, New York.

JOHN

Perfect -- now you can add imposter to your impressive resume.

EDDIE

(barrels on)

Come on, you get to hire your own assistant. And after everything I've done, I figure I'm at the top of your list. You'll work the front of the house while I'm in trenches behind the scenes watching your back, taking care of the tricky stuff.

(re the suite)

Look at this place. There's plenty of room for both of us. We'll live like kings.

John stares at Eddie, dumbfounded. Then...

JOHN

You had this planned from the beginning, didn't you?

EDDIE

No...not from the very beginning.

JOHN

You always come so close to doing the right thing -- then you screw it up.

EDDIE

You're on top of the world right now, because I'm always one step ahead of you.

JOHN

Not this time, Eddie.

EDDIE

If you want to be the best concierge in the city, you need somebody to do the dirty work. I'm that guy.

JOHN

(firm)

It's not going to happen.

John's BlackBerry RINGS. He answers.

JOHN

John Sparks.

(listens)

Yes, Sir. I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John hangs up.

EDDIE
I'll be gone by the time you get back.

Eddie turns and walks back into the bathroom.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM SUITE - MINUTES LATER

John cautiously creeps through the dark living room.

JOHN
Senator Bailey?

SENATOR BAILEY
Get in here, damn it!

John walks into the bedroom to find SENATOR CONRAD BAILEY (64) sitting on the bed, naked, a pillow on his lap. Next to the lumpy legislator, covering her curves with a sheet, is Eddie's friend, Nikki. She's obviously someone John has never met.

One of Nikki's wrists is handcuffed to the metal headboard.

Out of the corner of his eye, John catches a glimpse of another woman hiding in the bathroom.

JOHN
(to the Senator)
Are you okay?

SENATOR BAILEY
I was until my birthday party ran into a snag.

JOHN
How can I help?

SENATOR BAILEY
My wife just phoned. She's in a cab on her way over here -- decided she wanted to surprise me.

The Senator pulls his hand out from under the sheet revealing he's handcuffed to Nikki's other hand.

SENATOR BAILEY (CONT'D)
I think one surprise is enough for tonight. You get my drift?

JOHN
Yes, Sir.

SENATOR BAILEY
Hunt says you're a real Houdini. So I expect you to have us out of this before my wife shows up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Where are the keys?

NIKKI
I guess I left them at home.

The Senator's cellphone RINGS. He grab it off the night-stand and glances at the text.

SENATOR BAILEY
It's my wife -- she's a block away!

John covers his panic -- Senator Bailey doesn't.

SENATOR BAILEY (CONT'D)
You better come up with something fast, or you'll be working at Motel 6 by tomorrow!

JOHN
I know exactly what to do.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

John dashes down the hall, his BlackBerry pressed to his ear. We hear the phone RING and RING and RING. Then, finally...

EDDIE (O.S.)
What can I do for you?

INT. EDEN HOTEL - SPARKS SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie lounges on the couch, holding his cell. As he talks, he casually tosses a tiny object in his hand.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND EDDIE.

JOHN
You were right. We're better together. I need your help with something tricky.

EDDIE
That's what I'm here for. So this makes us partners, right?

JOHN
Yeah, yeah, yeah...you're the new Assistant Concierge.

EDDIE
I like the sound of that.

JOHN
And your first job is to get a guy out of handcuffs -- like immediately!

EDDIE
Not a problem. I can handle that easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Are you sure?

EDDIE
I told you, I'm always one step ahead.

Eddie holds up the handcuff key he's been playing with in his hand and smiles. His plan worked perfectly.

JOHN
You have to get down to 1818 and uncuff Senator Bailey before his wife finds him.

Eddie springs to his feet, shocked.

EDDIE
His wife's coming?!

JOHN
She may already be here.

INT. EDEN HOTEL - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

The Senator's wife, CAROLINE BAILEY, strolls through the lobby, and straight to the elevators. She pushes the button and waits. A moment later the elevator DINGS, and the doors glide open.

JOHN (O.S.)
Mrs. Bailey?

John pockets his BlackBerry and steps off the elevator.

MRS. BAILEY
Yes?

JOHN
I'm John Sparks, the Senator asked me to welcome you to the Eden.

He takes Mrs. Bailey's by the arm and leads her towards the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)
The Senator ordered a bottle of Taittinger. It's chilling at your table. And you have an eight o'clock reservation at Per Se.

MRS. BAILEY
Oh, we just adore Per Se.

JOHN
Perfect place for a birthday celebration.

MRS. BAILEY
It'll be a night to remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
I'm sure the Senator would agree.

MRS. BAILEY
But I think I'll freshen up first.

Mrs. Bailey turns back to the elevators only to see the slightly disheveled Senator hustling towards her.

SENATOR BAILEY
Are we ready for dinner? I'm starved.

MRS. BAILEY
I want to wash up first. Have the nice man get my bags from the doorman.

Mrs. Bailey heads for the elevator. John and the Senator exchange a concerned look.

MRS. BAILEY
Come on, Conrad. I want to make this quick.

SENATOR BAILEY
(whispers to John)
Get her bags and make sure they've cleared out of my room.

The Senator turns and goes after his wife.

John pulls out his BlackBerry and quickly dials. While crossing through the lobby, he puts on a confident front.

JOHN
Eddie, she's on her way up. You gotta get everybody out of the room now.

He hangs up his BlackBerry -- greeting guests and directing staff, all without breaking stride.

John exits through the front doors.

EXT. EDEN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

AS IN THE FIRST SCENE, John steps out onto the sidewalk.

Suddenly, a BODY falls from the sky and SLAMS onto a parked limousine, crushing the roof, stopping John in his tracks.

GUESTS SCREAM...BYSTANDERS rush towards the carnage...the DOORMAN YELLS for help...but John remains frozen.

The CAMERA CRASHES IN ON John's stunned reaction as his world spins out of control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
(under his breath)
Eddie, no...

John begins to fight his way through the crowd towards the limo.

JOHN (V.O.)
I've come to believe that hotels
constitute their own separate moral
universe...

He's shocked to find it's not the redheaded hooker lying dead on the limo -- it's the silicone love doll that looks just like her.

JOHN (V.O.)
...where no matter what you do, someone's
always there to clean up the mess.

The Crowd stares at the doll in disbelief.

JOHN (V.O.)
At the end of the day, it's just good vs.
evil...with a mini-bar.

A smile slowly creeps across John's face as he lifts his head and looks up.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END