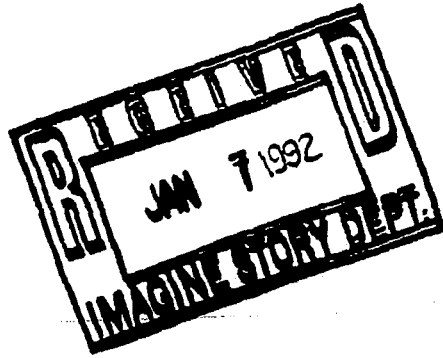


FOR LOVE OR MONEY
~~THE CONCIERGE~~

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - MORNING RUSH HOUR - VARIOUS SHOTS

Traffic chokes the streets. Ten thousand drivers leaning on horns. A nerve-frying din echoes up through concrete canyons.

Aggravated PEDESTRIANS pack the sidewalks. Jostle each other at corners. Avoiding eye contact. Heads bowed. Hearts hardened.

COMMUTERS push and shove onto jammed BUSES. A LADY gets her handbag caught in the door. The bus driver pulls away, tearing the bag from her hands.

Anxious RIDERS inch down teeming subway steps. Two young FREELoadERS leap over the station turnstile. A well-dressed WOMAN sees them, hikes her skirt and jumps over, too.

All this to a cacophony of a million voices -- snapping, complaining, accusing. Welcome to the rat race.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE

A group of BUSINESSMEN try to flag cabs flying up Canal Street. Yelling, whistling, waving arms. Finally a CAB stops. They rush for the door. One GUY reaches out; ANOTHER knocks his hand away. One shoves; the other shoves back. A FIGHT breaks out. Envelops the crowd. Briefcases as weapons. Brawling in designer suits -- all in the middle of the street. FAVOR ONE BUSINESSMAN -- watching the melee in disbelief.

ONE BUSINESSMAN

(shouts)

Wait a minute here ... hey, hey, ease up! ... What are we fighting for?

(everyone freezes)

How about a little common courtesy?

The men stop fighting, fidget, guilty, embarrassed.

ONE BUSINESSMAN

Is this any way to live? I mean ... we're all in the same boat, right?

A HORN SOUNDS to part the crowd. INTO FRAME -- a gleaming white stretch LIMOUSINE cruises past.

ANOTHER BUSINESSMAN

Not that rich bastard ...

2

The limo pulls away, leaving the men stuck in the middle of the street. A beat -- and they all rush the cab again. Fighting harder than ever.

We catch up with the LIMOUSINE as we --

BEGIN CREDITS

INT. LIMO

The chauffeur, ELIOT (55), a stocky, white-haired ex-Teamster, watches the brawl in his rearview.

ELIOT

It's brutal out there, Mr. Ireland.

In the back seat: DOUG IRELAND (29) gives a cursory glance. He's an elegant young man in an Armani tuxedo. Prosperous. Clean, sharp.

DOUG

What's a rat race without rats?

(checks his watch)

Today we'll take Fifth Avenue. I need to make a few stops.

ELIOT

You got it.

CREDITS CONTINUE

INT./EXT. LIMO - MOVING UPTOWN

The limo weaves through traffic. Doug dials the car phone, switches on a miniature TV, scans the Times and the Wall Street Journal.

DOUG

(into phone)

Good morning, Albert. What do you have to trade? ...

(beat)

I'll buy four ...

(beat)

... buy twelve ...

(surprised)

... Excellent.... I need six by the end of the day.... Nothing is 'impossible.' Don't count pennies, Albert. You know my motto, 'Go big or go home.'

Doug dials again.

EXT. MIDTOWN

Computers rush from the subways. The limo turns a corner and hits a wall of traffic. Dead stop.

DOUG

(on the phone)

Good morning, Ruben. Did we buy?
... What price?

(notices they're
not moving; leans
forward)

Eliot, use the Liberty Alley
shortcut. Here, turn here, Eliot.

ELIOT

Yes, Mr. Ireland.

The limo swerves around a delivery truck and barely squeezes down a narrow alley.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE

Emerging from steam clouds the limo slips out of the alley and turns up the avenue. Moves quickly.

The limo swerves across traffic and stops in front of --

TIFFANY

Two WORKERS wash down its million-dollar windows. Doug jumps from the limo.

INT. TIFFANY

Doug breezes through like it's his living room. Several SALES PEOPLE offer 'Good morning, Mr. Ireland.' Doug returns an easy smile. He stops at a long counter. A handsome SALESWOMAN with frosted hair lifts a black velvet box from behind the display case.

SALESWOMAN

We're ready for you, Mr. Ireland.

She opens the box. INSIDE THE BOX: an emerald BRACELET and matching droplet EARRINGS. Doug holds them to the light. The Saleswoman watches nervously.

DOUG

(finally)

They're beautiful. She'll adore
them.

SALESWOMAN

(relieved)

You have exquisite taste. She's a lucky woman.

EXT. STREET - FAVORING LIMO

Doug runs from Tiffany with the velvet box under his arm. Jumps into the back seat. They take off again.

EXT. FAO SCHWARZ

Doug stands anxiously looking at his watch while two store CLERKS load a life-sized GIRAFFE into the limo. Eliot opens the sun roof to let the giraffe's head poke through.

CREDITS CONTINUE

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

The limo complete with giant giraffe sticking out wheels around the Plaza fountain, past horse carriages and taxis.

Making a dramatic U-TURN, the limo stops in front of a bright red CANOPY with the letter 'B' written in gold. CHARLIE (47), a black DOORMAN in a top hat and tails, hurries to open the back door -- and as Doug steps out we slowly TILT UP to take in the full height of --

THE BRADBURY HOTEL

a shining Beaux Arts building looking out over the park. Six gold BANNERS wave from six angled flagpoles. All proudly display the Bradbury crest. This is a four-star hotel in its prime. A grand doyenne of the row of hotels on Central Park South.

CHARLIE

Looking good, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG

Hey, Charlie.

Charlie runs to open the main door for Doug.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY

Pastel rugs, deco antiques. Off to one side is a piano bar. Upscale boutiques on the other side. Doug hurries across with the Tiffany gift box. Two BELLBOYS, CARMEN (25) and TONY (20), snap to attention.

CARMEN

Nice to see you, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG
'Morning, gentlemen ...

TWIN ELEVATORS

The doors open on the right. Doug steps in.

PENTHOUSE LEVEL - AS ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

Doug steps off. There are four doors. He knocks on 'C.'
Adjusts his tie.

The door is opened by a willowy BLONDE with sleepy blue eyes.
One hand holds a silk kimono closed over her soft bosom, her
translucent skin. Doug bows slightly, presents the box.
Flips it open.

DOUG
I hope you like them.

BLONDE
(touching the bracelet,
lifting the earrings)
Oh ... they're beautiful ...
(dazzling smile)
They'll be perfect with my gown.
Thank you so much for bringing them,
Doug.

MOVING INTO FRAME behind the blonde is a beefy GUY in a terry
cloth robe. He peeks over her shoulder.

BLONDE
Do you like them honey?

GUY
Fine ...

The Guy hands Doug a leash attached to two very large
GREYHOUNDS.

GUY
It rained all weekend, so make sure
they get a good workout.

DOUG
(stroking him)
I'll see to it myself, sir. I have
a special rapport with animals ...

GUY
(cuts him off)
We could use more towels. Not the
little ones. The big ones.

DOUG
Big towels.

GUY
And lots of them.

DOUG
Right away, sir.

The GUY holds out his big paw. Doug flashes his professional smile, shakes.

PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE TWO HANDS

This is the most important ritual in Doug's life. A benediction, a sanctification. Two hands joining as one. In friendship, in understanding -- in pluribus unum. The exchange is quick, tasteful.

DOUG
Enjoy the rest of your stay at the Bradbury.

Door closes. Doug checks his hand. FIFTY dollars. He crimps it with a flair before sliding it into his pocket.

INT. ELEVATOR

Doug holds the leash as they ride down. The dogs GROWL.

DOUG
Shut up and sit your ass down.

They do.

DOUG
(continuing)
What the hell are you guys complaining about? I wish I had your gig.

INTO THE LOBBY

as Doug steps off with the dogs. He calls Carmen over immediately. Slaps the leash into his hand.

DOUG
Aerobicize the little mongrels.

CARMEN
Of course, Mr. Ireland.

But Carmen doesn't move. Doug and Carmen look at each other. Doug takes a ten from his pocket.

CARMEN

(reacts)

It's only ten bucks to walk a dog?

DOUG

It's the trickle-down theory in action, Carmen. And you get the last drops.

END CREDITS

CLOSE ON - A LITTLE GIRL

her eyes bright like moonlight. We HEAR a bunch of kids SINGING.

WIDER TO REVEAL - HOTEL BANQUET ROOM

Birthday decorations overkill. EDDIE (35), a stockbroker with premature gray hair, sits with his six-year-old DAUGHTER and 30 of her little FRIENDS around a big table. Some poor ACTOR dressed as WINNIE THE POOH is leading the kids in nursery songs. A sweet and gentle scene.

CAMERA MOVES PAST THE KIDS AND THROUGH THE WALL STOPPING IN A SPLIT SCREEN

What WE SEE on the other side of the wall is CHAOS: two CHEFS frantically finishing the icing on a three-tiered birthday CAKE. Cooks stuffing hot dogs in buns. Bellboys blowing up balloons. A GUY shimmying into a CLOWN costume while he finishes his cigarette. Everything moving at the speed of light. And in the center of it all, Doug bellowing orders like Schwartzkopf in Kuwait.

(Camera never stops moving. Chasing Doug.)

DOUG

(from man to man)

How many we got singing happy birthday!? Carlos, just move your lips. Because you're tone deaf! ... Bubbles! Who's blowing bubbles? ... Jackie, baby, you can't serve Grey Poupon to seven-year-olds. It's too spicy. Do you know what 30 puking six-year-olds can do to a rug? ... Where are the candles? Hans, I need candles here.... Whatdays mean we're short three? Grab the candles left over from the Fleischman's Hanukkah party... OK, OK, line up, line up.

FOLLOW THE CAKE -- as it's lifted onto a cart even as the last candles are being lighted. In a blur this army of employees forms a dignified procession of food, gifts and favors behind it. Doug uses a napkin to pat the sweat from his brow. Takes a deep breath. Steps over and hefts the giant Giraffe from FAO Schwarz into his arms. Gives a sharp whistle.

DOUG
(like John Wayne)
Forward, Ho!

SPLIT SCREEN CLOSSES AS WE MOVE THROUGH THE DOOR

And 30 small faces turn to watch Doug lead the juggernaut into the party. Eddie's daughter squeals. Kids explode, jump from their seats and rush Doug. He's pummeled, knocked to one knee. Finally, squirms out. Doug coolly brushes off his tux.

DOUG
(to Eddie)
Great party, sir.

EDDIE
Another bribe for the kid.

DOUG
You want her to love you.

EDDIE
Money can't buy love, Doug.

DOUG
No ... but it makes shopping for it
a hell of a lot easier.

Eddie offers his hand to Doug. Doug shakes. PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE EXCHANGE. A \$100 bill. Eddie's daughter is poking a fork into the giraffe.

EDDIE
(sighs)
I'm spoiling her.

DOUG
(putting tip in
his pocket)
Think of these as the good years,
sir. By the time she's 16 she'll be
sharing your gold card with a roadie
from Mottley Crue.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Hidden away from the hotel's bustle. WE FIND Doug opening jars of Paul Newman's BARBEQUE SAUCE and pouring them into white take-out CONTAINERS.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Filled with smoke. Doug carries a silver tray with the take-out containers through French doors onto the balcony. MR. DUWAYNE (55), cowboy hat and jogging suit, is tending steaks on a Webby barbeque.

DUWAYNE

The cavalry arrives in the nick of time.

Duwayne opens a container. Dips his finger in. Tastes.

DUWAYNE

(in heaven)

Oh, yes. Only Grumpy's barbeque on 18th Street in downtown El Paso tastes like that. How the hell d'you do it, son?

DOUG

I know a stewardess owes me some favors. Called her on the jet-phone. It was airlifted out of Texas fresh this morning.

DUWAYNE

You are somethin'. Pour it on, son, pour it on.

Doug fumbles with the containers on the tray. Thick, red barbeque sauce oozes over his hands, down his sleeves, splashing his shirt. Smoke blinds him, tears his eyes. Duwayne offers his hand to Doug. CLOSE ON DUWAYNE'S HAND -- a \$100 bill. Doug's hands are coated with goo. He takes it anyway.

INT. HOTEL RESTROOM

Doug washes his hands. Smells them. They still smell like barbecue. He rushes to put on a fresh tux SHIRT. Fixes his tie. Then takes the \$100 bill and washes barbecue sauce from it. Holds it under the hand DRYER.

INT. HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE

Doug sprints up the stairs by two's. Puffing hard on a cigarette. Five flights, round and round. But it's faster than the elevator.

DOUG

(sings out loud)

'Every step you take ... every move you make ... I'll be watching you ...'

Stops on the landing to catch his breath and take one more long drag. Throws it down, stamps it out.

INT. ROOM

Doug watches two Puerto Rican SEAMSTRESSES rushing to alter the designer WEDDING GOWN on a large young girl, BONNIE (22). Bonnie tries to hide her freckle-faced embarrassment. Her society MOTHER looks on. Doug's walking on eggshells here.

MOTHER

I don't understand it.

(false smile)

She must've put on a few pounds.

DOUG

Really? I don't see it ...

They both let his lie drift away. One of the seamstresses signals Doug. The zipper won't go up. Doug has no choice.

DOUG

(continuing)

If I can make a minor adjustment ...

Doug kneads in gooey layers of blubber while he tries to yank the zipper up. Bonnie sucks in her gut. Doug grunts, sweats, finally gets it up. Bonnie turns to her mom with a beaming smile.

BONNIE

It's a perfect fit.

MOTHER

You're a miracle worker, Doug.

DOUG

That's my job.

She reaches out her hand to Doug. CLOSE ON HANDSHAKE. He takes his tip. Leaves the bedroom.

On the way through the front door is a room-service WAITER pushing a cart. Doug stops it with his foot. Lifts up the silver tray. Eclairs.

DOUG

I want this room sealed. Nothing gets in till after Shamu gets married.

WAITER

Yes, Mr. Ireland.

A loud RIP echoes in the bedroom. Doug winces.

INT. HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE

Doug bounds the stairs by two's. Leaps the last six steps to the landing like Baryshnikov.

DOUG

(takes a bow as he catches his breath)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

INT. LOBBY

Doug stands by a mahogany desk in the middle of the lobby. A brass plaque reads:

DOUGLAS IRELAND
CONCIERGE

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

A very tall and very sexy young BRUNETTE enters the lobby. We watch her walk slowly across the room like it was a runway at a Paris fashion show. She takes a seat on a divan. Crosses long, slender legs. Looks around, lights a cigarette. It's an amazing effect.

CONCIERGE DESK

Doug swivels in his chair as he talks on the phone.

DOUG

(into phone)

I'm tired of excuses, Ahmed, the last belly dancer you sent me was anorexic. I could play 'Feelings' on her ribs. If you can't come through, I'll call Pantopoles ... I know you'd understand. And you'll give me a discount ...

Doug continues turning in his chair until he SEES the Brunette. He reacts.

DOUG
(into phone)
Let me get back to you, Ahmed.
Salaam alekhem.

Doug gets up, shoots the cuffs of his tuxedo and takes a pass by the young woman.

CLOSER ON BRUNETTE

She can't be more than 19 but she is a world-class beauty. Cutting-edge fashion, lots of makeup. INCLUDE DOUG as he passes by. The Brunette meets his eye for a second. Doug offers his official smile. She puts on dark glasses.

Doug walks quickly on to --

REGISTRATION DESK

Doug nonchalantly steps behind the computer where NORA (25), the desk clerk, is working.

DOUG
(casually)
Any cancellations?

Nora punches up a screen on the computer.

NORA
Room 3106, room 1714, and suite
4100.

(rips off computer
sheet)
Mr. Ireland, I'm worried about 1703.
The room was originally booked as a
honeymoon package but she showed up
alone. She's been seen crying on
the elevator ...

DOUG
(quickly)
Send her roses and champagne
compliments of the hotel ... and
tell Antonio to seat her next to
that Evian sales rep at breakfast.
We'll let nature take its course.
(then)
If that doesn't work, tell
maintenance to bolt her windows
shut.

Nora gets busy with GUESTS checking in. We WATCH DOUG as he quickly moves to the CARD KEY machine. PUSH IN CLOSER as Doug punches in room number 4100 and presses out a CARD KEY. We can tell by the look on his face that he's playing some angle.

Doug turns to leave but is stopped by MR. FORSCH (58), the hotel manager. Peppered gray hair and starched collar, Forsch is paranoid about Doug's power. Doug SLIPS the card key into his pocket.

FORSCH

Are you busy?

DOUG

I'm always busy, sir.

FORSCH

I have a special assignment for you. The Wegmans ... out from the Midwest. Second honeymoon. He's a banker. Nose-to-the-grindstone kinda guy. Trying to save his marriage. The wife is a society wannabe. She loves bright lights and flash.

DOUG

Madame Bovary, got it.

Standing in the middle of the lobby is a very tall MAN IN A BLUE WINDBREAKER. Bright, freckled face, healthy Midwest looks. But despite his size he seems very uncomfortable. Painfully self-conscious standing in the fancy hotel. Like a child lost at a carnival. MR. WEGMAN (46) is taking a whispered beating from fancy MRS. WEGMAN, a very handsome (40). She's laden with shopping bags from expensive stores.

DOUG

Look, Mr. Forsch, I'm not Oprah Winfrey. If their marriage is on the rocks, gee, that's tough. But all I'm going to do is run around for a few days and, if I can level here, when it's time to pay off, these Midwestern guys don't know the rules of the game. They don't tip. I'm not wasting my time for bupkis.

FORSCH

I told him you could work wonders.
(patronizing smile)
Don't make me a liar, Douglas.

DOUG

You don't need a concierge for that,
sir.

There's a battle in their voices.

FORSCH

You've been here longer than me.
But I'm your boss. Just do what I
say and we'll be one big happy
family.

He walks away.

DOUG

... with a dysfunctional father.

Forsch pushes all of Doug's buttons. Doug calms himself.
Straightens his tie.

ON THE WEGMANS

Mr. Wegman has his hands buried in his pockets.

MRS. WEGMAN

So I bought a few things. Aren't I
a horrible person. I just can't sit
in my room all day. I'm bored.
I've got to have some fun.... I
don't even know why you brought me
to New York.

Doug surprises them both.

DOUG

I found tickets, sir ...

WEGMAN

(confused)

Uh, thanks ...

DOUG

I could only manage fourth row
orchestra. A little off center, but
'Miss Saigon' is tough at the last
second. Don't be angry with me.

(before Wegman can
reply)

And I took the liberty of making
reservations for a late dinner at
the Rainbow Room. My friend Gigi,

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
 the maitre d', is expecting you.
 I'll have the hotel limo meet you at
 the theater. That's if it's OK with
 you, Mr. Wegman ...

Wegman is bewildered by Doug's servility.

WEGMAN
 Great.

Mrs. Wegman looks at her husband. All he can do is smile and shrug.

MRS. WEGMAN
 My god, I have to steam my face.

She kisses him on the cheek, leaves beaming. Doug relaxes. Pats Wegman on the back.

DOUG
 You came through like a pro.

WEGMAN
 How'd you figure it out?

DOUG
 I'm the concierge. I know
 everything.

WEGMAN
 Then you know I'm a hick from
 Indianapolis....
 (softly)
 She hasn't kissed me in public in a
 long time. Thanks a lot.
 (awkward)
 I'm not sure how to do this ...

He holds up a FIVE-DOLLAR bill to Doug. Doug winces. Doesn't take it.

DOUG
 You don't want to get all confused
 by little denominations. You want
 to wait till the end when I've
 become the best friend you've ever
 had ... and then you want to give me
 a tip so big it feels like passing a
 kidney stone.

WEGMAN
 (laughs)
 That bad?

Doug spots someone.

DOUG

Excuse me, sir.

Doug takes off.

POV

Taking a seat in the lobby is a well-dressed, paunchy young businessman. GARY TAUBIN (32) powers through life on high idle. Even sitting still we can see his engine running. He opens a Vogue but doesn't read it.

FOLLOW DOUG

across the lobby. He stops Carmen.

DOUG

Call Albert. Tell him there's a swap meet in ten.

STAY WITH DOUG

as he sits down in the chair next to Gary. They try not to act it but these guys know each other. Gary sets down his magazine. Doug slips the CARD KEY under Gary's Vogue. Gary puts the key in his pocket. Turns to look at the sexy young Brunette sitting across the lobby. He folds back a page of the Vogue.

GARY

Check this out ...

INSERT: MAGAZINE

A two-page fashion layout of the Brunette in the lobby. Falling out of her bustier. Big red letters announce:

'I LUST FOR BYRON RUSSELL'

Gary looks back and forth between the ad and the real girl.

GARY

That's the new Byron Russell girl. Hottest designer. Hottest model. Not many guys have their fantasies come true, Doug. I get mine today.

DOUG

Not my type. Too much makeup.

GARY

It comes off. Everything comes off.

DOUG
You know how risky this is? I could
get fired ...

GARY
I really owe you.

DOUG
(pats Gary's knee)
And I'm really going to collect.

Gary stands up. Doug stands, too.

GARY
(sotto)
That would be suite ...?

DOUG
4100 ...

The Brunette puts out her cigarette, stands casually and stretches like a panther. She's a head taller than Gary. They both watch her.

GARY
There are some things a guy doesn't want showing up on a major credit card. Not when his wife does the taxes.

DOUG
That's why a million guys have asked me to do this form them. And I always say, 'No.'

GARY
Hey, you didn't go to high school with a million guys.

DOUG
I'm not doing this for our alma mater. I'm doing this because, through no fault of your own, you're working for a major player.

Doug looks over his shoulder. The Brunette follows at a safe distance. She's a libido with legs.

DOUG
(continuing)
You spoke to him about me yet?

GARY

Sure, sure ... he said he wants to meet you.

DOUG

This is the guy I've been looking for. Hanover found Byron Russell schlepping suits in the garment district and made him a star. He raises the money. Makes the company go. That's what I want him to do for me.

GARY

I put you on the ten-yard line with this guy. You got to score yourself.

DOUG

Just get me the ball.

Gary offers his hand. Doug looks at it, coughs. Gary quickly fishes in his pocket for money. Offers his hand again. This time with a \$100 bill. Doug takes it. The elevator DOORS open. Gary gets on. Holds the right elevator door open.

DOUG

I need the room back by two.

GARY

No problem.... Look, I forgot something, Doug. I was supposed to pick up some perfume at Bendel's for Mr. Hanover on my break. A present for his wife.

DOUG

For Christ's sake ...

GARY

You won't regret our arrangement, Doug. Thanks.

The doors CLOSE. Now the young Brunette arrives. She follows Doug into the left elevator. Casual, cool. Not a bit self-conscious. Doug smiles. She POPS a bubble-gum bubble. Doug reacts, PUNCHES the floor button. Just before the doors close, he steps off.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN

Doug stops long enough to chugalug a big cup of coffee, gets the buzz, winds his way through the kitchen and out the back entrance.

EXT. BACK ALLEY

Doug surprises Carmen smoking on his break. Doug takes out a ten.

DOUG

I've got to run out. Go to my desk.
Pretend you're me for a few minutes.

CARMEN

(snatching the ten)

How do I do that?

DOUG

Big smile, lots of charm ... and
don't tell the IRS you only declare
30% of your tips.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

Doug sprints across the street.

TRACK WITH HIM AS he jogs PAST the line of horse carriages.
STOPS at ...

HOT DOG CART

... where we MEET: ALBERT (45), tuxedo, goatee and glasses;
CHARLOTTE (50), smart suit and heels, hair pulled back by a
big red ribbon; and RUBEN (60), tuxedo, Ray Bans. They're
all concierges. And competitors.

The VENDOR has a hot dog with the works waiting for Doug.
It's amazing how fast these elegantly dressed officials bolt
down their food. These are people who always eat on the run.

DOUG

(mouth full)

I love dining al fresco.

In a flash the food is gone and cigarettes come out. They
smoke as intensely as they eat.

ALBERT

Anybody hear about Jean-Claude over
at the Clairmont? ... He's gone.

CHARLOTTE

(stunned)

But he's been there for 20 years.

ALBERT

(wrists together)

They took him out in handcuffs.

DOUG

Who?

ALBERT

IRS ... Undeclared gratuities.
There's a field agent named
Drinkwater up from D.C. Sweepin'
through the city like Terminator 3.
Busting people for not reporting
tips.

RUBEN

My stomach hurts.

DOUG

Why the hell are they wasting time
on us? I got three investment
bankers in my lobby right now who
all together paid 36 dollars in
taxes last year.

CHARLOTTE

We're not bookkeepers, we're
artists. We wear the clef d'or ...
the golden key.

They all finger GOLD PINS in their lapels.

ALBERT

(points to Ruben)

This man closed down Fifth Avenue on
a Saturday so Diana Ross could shop
in peace.

RUBEN

But Albert, what about you? You
rounded up 400 white roses in the
middle of a snowstorm for Malcolm
Forbes. The Plaza would shrivel and
die without you.

CHARLOTTE

(re: Doug)

What about this kid?

DOUG

I merely took advantage of a situation ...

ALBERT

Kissinger and Donald Trump booked into the same suite, same day. The concierge freezes. So this 25-year-old ballhop whispers to Trump that the Plaza might be for sale. The rest is history.

CHARLOTTE

You're a legend, Dougie.

DOUG

No, I'm not. I'm a gofer. We all are. Gofers in monkey suits.

RUBEN

Here we go again. The concierge is gonna build his own hotel.

Doug endures the teasing.

DOUG

Some guys take orders, some guys give 'em.

ALBERT

Yeah, but Doug, it's always the same drill. You need three million dollars just to get started.

DOUG

I got it.

RUBEN

You got it?

DOUG

Well, I got a guy who's got it.

CHARLOTTE

This guy's for real?

DOUG

I haven't actually met him yet ...
 (the concierges
 groan)
 ... You guys live with the curse of
 small minds.

ALBERT

No offense, Dougie, but who's zoomin' who?

DOUG

This time it's real, Albert.
(passionate)

I spend all day long around rich guys. They like me. I use their first names. We hang out. I give them advice. What's the difference between us? They got money. But I'm as good as them. All I want is one favor from one guy. Cash in one chip. One teensy tiny goddamn boost up. And this time I'm on it. Whatever it takes. Whoever I got to plow over. I'm not chasin' up hotel stairs with barbeque sauce for the rest of my life.

CHARLOTTE

You sound like an infomercial. I thought we were here to have a swap meet.

They all take out stacks of TICKETS and rolls of cash. It's a formidable sight.

ALBERT

Here we go ... four Tommy Tunes.

DOUG

(reacts)

I need two Miss Saigons tonight.
Front row center.

Rapid fire.

RUBEN

I got two Phantoms.

ALBERT

I need four.

RUBEN

You said four?

CHARLOTTE

I got six Will Rogers.

RUBEN

I don't need Will Rogers. But I need Yankees-Bosox.

DOUG

My clients don't buy baseball tickets. They own teams.

ALBERT

Can we stop pissing around the fire hydrant and deal?

DOUG

Look, Albert, you take your Tommy Tunes and give them to Charlotte. Charlotte, you want Yankees? ...

(she nods)

Give her Yankees. Now Albert, you buy my Will Rogers, and Ruben, you sell me your Miss Saigons ...

(tickets, money start flying back and forth)

I swap two Phantoms to Albert and the Yankees from Charlotte, and Charlotte, you sell me two extra Will Rogers and owe Albert four ... that's six, four, and two. Done.

(checks watch)

I got to get to Bendel's. Later.

He runs off. They all check their tickets and money.

RUBEN

He did it again.

(at Doug)

... He made money off this.

INT. HENRI BENDEL'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Swank, swell. Upscale women with blazing charge cards. Pretty clerks dressed in high fashion.

MOVE DOWN THE MAIN AISLE

to a SALESGIRL with a short haircut and heavy makeup that sets off dreamy big eyes. Dressed a little bit more hip, more funky than the other girls. She wields a spritzer, offering perfume samples from a basket. But the fancy women mostly ignore her. ANDY HART (26) spins from one customer to another like a silly ballet.

ANDY

... Hello, ma'am, would you like to
try ... Excuse me ... Hi ...

(women treat her like
she's invisible)

How 'bout a spray of ... Hey, there
... Want a spritz? ...

(finally frustrated)

Anybody want to get high?

They all push past her. Then a PREPPY EXECUTIVE stops to watch Andy for a beat. She's a delicious beauty. He smiles, steps in and nuzzles Andy's neck intimately from behind.

PREPPY EXEC

Mmm, smells scrumptious.

(whispers in her ear)

What is it?

ANDY

Black Flag ...

(spritzes him)

Kills pests on contact.

Andy shoves the guy out of the way and storms off down the main aisle.

FOLLOWING ANDY

It's not the first mauling she's had to endure. But it's never easy. She's angry and embarrassed and just wants out. Shoppers slow her way. MOVING INTO FRAME -- DOUG -- walking innocently behind Andy. Someone bumps him and he grazes Andy's back. She looks over her shoulder at him. Walks faster. The crowd pushes Doug along. He seems to be dogging her. But Doug isn't paying attention. Just lost in his daydreams. He's jostled forward again, right on Andy's heels. Andy spins sharply.

ANDY

You want to take a sniff too?

DOUG

(startled)

Excuse me?

Andy has a flashing, feisty temper.

ANDY

Go right ahead, smell me.

DOUG
(what planet is
she from)

Where?

ANDY

Jerk.

She leaves Doug completely confused.

PERFUME COUNTER

Andy sets down her basket of samples. The other SALESGIRLS are all with customers. A snappy East Side WOMAN pokes Andy.

WOMAN

Do you work here?

ANDY

Actually, ma'am, I'm on my break.

WOMAN

You can help me, first. I'm looking for the five-ounce bottle of Bal a Versailles. That's it ... there ...

Andy gets the perfume but hesitates before giving it to the woman.

ANDY

(sharing a secret)

Can I suggest the Candida instead? I use it myself and it's cruelty free to animals. You'll feel better about yourself.

WOMAN

(cold)

I feel fine about myself. And who could possibly be interested in what you think about things?

Doug RAISES HIS HAND. She turns to Doug.

WOMAN

(continuing; snaps)

And who wants your opinion?

Now Andy RAISES HER HAND.

She stalks off.

DOUG

Who knew Godzilla had a sister?

Andy puts on a brave front as a tough New York working girl, but Doug sees her mouth quiver.

ANDY

Son of a bitch ... I'm going to get fired.

(almost to herself)

Why can't I hold onto these jobs?

DOUG

C'mon, you don't really want to work here anyway.

(trying to cheer
her up)

You're an M.A.W., right?

ANDY

What's an M.A.W.?

DOUG

A girl who when you ask her what she does say, 'Oh, Modeling, Acting, Whatever.' ... So what do you really do?

ANDY

Modeling. Acting. Whatever ...

Doug's made her laugh. Now he's got an opening.

DOUG

(leans in very close)

That is one world-class smile. You know, with a little help from a caring, concerned, sensitive guy ... like me ... I bet you can go pretty far.

The FLOOR MANAGER appears with the Woman. He points to Andy.

MANAGER

I need to talk to you in my office. Right away.

The Woman smirks. Andy looks defeated.

DOUG

(stops her from
leaving)

She was helping me.

MANAGER

Of course, sir. I'll call over one of our other girls.

DOUG

I don't want another 'girl.' I'm here for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanover. They're pretty good customers, right? ...

(the name has its effect)

A guy like you knows the rules of the game. If you don't want their business, fine. But we deal with her. Am I making my point here?

MANAGER

I believe so, sir.

DOUG

Then turn around and slime your way out of here.

MANAGER

Of course, sir.

(to the woman)

Excuse me, ma'am. There's a crisis in lingerie.

He leaves. Doug hisses at the woman. She hurries off. Doug turns his attention back to Andy.

DOUG

I guess you're eternally grateful to me.

ANDY

Not really.

DOUG

But you think I'm cute.

ANDY

(breathtaking smile)

Maybe ...

DOUG

I can live with maybe ... and the package for Mr. Hanover.

(she just stares at him)

You're holding something for Richard Hanover, right?

Andy kneels down and picks up a crystal phial of perfume, extravagantly wrapped.

DOUG
This is a man who spoils his wife.

ANDY
You know Mr. Hanover?

DOUG
Not exactly ... well, sort of ...
through my hotel. You've heard of
the Bradbury?

ANDY
You own the Bradbury?

DOUG
(laughs)
I'm the concierge.

ANDY
The doorman?

DOUG
~~Con-ci-erge~~. Look it up. It's
French for 'grovel.' ... Come visit.
I'll comp you ... lunch, dinner, a
show. And you get me in the
bargain.

He very smoothly takes her hand.

ANDY
(gently pulling her
hand away)
I can't ...

DOUG
You have a boyfriend?

ANDY
Sort of ...

DOUG
'Sort of' doesn't sound like forever
and always.

ANDY
Look, thanks for helping me out ...

DOUG
Just think about it.

ANDY
I ... I better get back on the
floor.

Andy picks up her basket and heads back down the aisle. Turns once to blow a kiss. It's silly and old-fashioned and melts Doug's heart. He looks at her long legs, then at his watch.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

Suite 4100. A Haitian house maid, MARIE (40), is pacing by her cleaning cart. She cradles a set of clean linens in her arms. Doug steps off the elevator with Hanover's perfume. Marie confronts him in her thick accent.

MARIE

I need time to be making the room.
It can't be ready by three if it's
occupied.

DOUG

He's still in there?

MARIE

I can't be doing this. My
supervisor wants to know why I'm
behind. They count my towels ...

She strikes a dramatically aggrieved pose. Doug sighs, takes out a stack of tickets from his pocket.

DOUG

OK, Marie ...
(flipping through
tickets)
Baseball you hate. You saw Les Mis
twice ...

MARIE

Rangers. Opening night.

DOUG

Impossible. Nobody can get them.
(Marie starts to
push her cart away)
OK, Rangers. Opening night. On the
ice.

MARIE

(big smile)
I'll come back to do the room.

She leaves. Doug goes to the door. Knocks loud.

DOUG

(shouts)

We're taking on water ... women and children to the lifeboats.

The door finally opens. The young Brunette is standing there with bedroom eyes and messy hair. She stifles a yawn and nonchalantly breezes by Doug. Gary steps out after.

GARY

Sorry I'm late.

(mano-a-mano)

These young ones don't know when to stop. It's like my own private beer commercial.

DOUG

You were supposed to be out an hour ago, Gary. I've got newlyweds coming in at three.

GARY

Doug, I did it.

DOUG

Spare me the details.

GARY

No, I mean I called him ... He's coming here tomorrow to meet you ... Hanover.

It sinks in as Gary holds up his palm for a high five. Doug slaps him, then punches his arm.

DOUG

You came through. I'm proud of you.

(pumped up)

The big man. OK. I've made contact.

GARY

... um, the perfume?

Doug hands him the package. Gary takes it to the elevator with his Brunette. She pops a chewing gum bubble.

GARY

(thumbs up to Doug
as doors close)

Tomorrow.

EXT. BRADBURY HOTEL - RUSH HOUR

Midtown madness. Doug steps out into the daylight after another exhausting day. At the curb two airline PILOTS are being loaded into their shuttle van. One pilot, GIDDINS (50), gray crewcut and aviator glasses, stops Doug.

GIDDINS

Thanks for giving us a break on the rate, Doug. On our per diem we usually stay at the Ramada. A room at the Bradbury makes turnaround a hell of a lot more fun.

DOUG

(salutes)

Anything for our boys in uniform.

Doug runs on to where the hotel limo is parked. Knocks on the window. Eliot lowers it.

DOUG

Going downtown?

ELIOT

Sorry, Mr. Ireland. I got a run to JFK.

DOUG

No problem, I'll grab a subway.

CLOSE ON - A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN MEN'S UNDERPANTS

-- and nothing else. Her wide-mouth laugh shows not a hint of embarrassment. Only her hands conceal her breasts. It's the young Brunette we saw with Gary.

WIDER TO REVEAL - SUBWAY CAR: we're looking at a transit AD.

'BYRON DRESSES ME TOP TO BOTTOMS'

FIND DOUG packed in the middle of the car. Big smile. He's wired about his meeting with Hanover. But all he sees around him are grumpy faces, dead eyes. Nobody appreciates an optimist in a tuxedo. He winks at the model in the ad.

INT. PLATFORM

Doug jumps off at the Canal Street stop -- another big leap like Baryshnikov. He's flying. A completely talentless MIME IN A TUXEDO is working the rush-hour crowd. He exchanges a look with Doug. Duelling tuxedos. The Mime holds out empty pockets.

DOUG
 Speak for yourself.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mess. The home of a man with no life but his job.

Doug pulls his tips from his pocket, throws them crumpled on the sofa. So tired, he undresses as he walks through the apartment.

Doug opens an empty fridge. Tries the freezer. A Stouffer's box wedged in an ice block. Doug tries to chip it out. Won't budge. Exhausted, he shuffles into his bedroom.

Doug falls against his pillow. On the nightstand are a few framed PHOTOS -- Doug lifts one. INSERT -- PHOTO -- Doug and his FATHER. From the early 70's. A smiling MAN with curly hair in a dirty white apron standing in front of a Catskill resort. Next to the man is the young Doug (8) in an old Yankees T-shirt and cap. All energy and charm even back then.

Doug rests the photo against his chest. Closes his eyes for just a second.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The phone RINGS. Doug twitches awake, fumbles for it. Eyes still closed. The clock on the night table reads 1 AM.

DOUG

(dead)

Concierge ... um, hello ... Yes, Mr. Nakato, I know a place to go dancing after hours. I'll have the hotel car take you ...

(beat, then he opens his eyes)

If that would make you feel better ... of course, sir.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Deco-trashe palace with a deafening thump-thump-thump sound system. SIX JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN are on the floor doing jerky dance steps. Some with partners, some by themselves. Doug is in the middle. In his tuxedo. Yawning. Checks his watch. He falls asleep on his feet -- until Mr. Nakato slaps him on the back.

NAKATO

Boogie, boogie, boogie ...

DOUG

You bet, sir.

Doug surrenders to the noise.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Doug is giving instructions to Nora. He can't stop yawning.

DOUG

(reading from his
notebook)

... 2104, fresh peaches, peeled, and
the Manchester Guardian every
morning ... 6611, a baby-sitter to
cover Sunday brunch ... 5720, Mr.
Muhammed wants a translator to go
with him to Jackie Mason ...

There's a knock at the door. Gary peeks his head in.

GARY

Where the hell are you? You can't
keep him waiting.

INT. LOBBY

Carmen stops Doug as he hurries across.

CARMEN

There's a Mr. Drinkwater wants to
talk to you, sir.

The name stuns Doug.

DOUG

Drinkwater? ... Son of a bitch ...

Standing at Doug's desk is DRINKWATER (50), a bear in a boxy
suit and wire-rimmed glasses. Fifty pounds overweight and
well over six feet, he still sports the white-walled haircut
of an ex-military man. Doug backs away with Carmen.

DOUG

You were a great 'me' yesterday. Be
me again. Just blow the guy off.
Tell him ... tell him I'm not free
till later in the week.

Doug hurries off. Carmen puffs himself up like a concierge.
Confronts Drinkwater.

CARMEN

Mr. Ireland isn't available at the moment. But I'm sure I can help you.

DRINKWATER

(hard)

And I'm sure you can't.

Drinkwater looks over Doug's desk like a predator. Finally grabs Carmen by the sleeve. Leans in his face.

DRINKWATER

You tell Mr. Ireland I'll catch him another time. And if I see you again, cut the bullshit, son. It pisses me off.

He hands Carmen his card as he leaves. CLOSE ON CARD:

Internal Revenue Service

HOTEL PIANO BAR

Doug stops at the door to shake off another yawn. Pinches his face to wake up and hears 'Someone To Watch Over Me' being played on the piano. Poorly. But when he goes in he sees Gary sitting at a table with the hotel's paid PIANIST, a young kid in a vest and white shirt. Gary motions behind the piano to -- RICHARD HANOVER (55), a youthful, easygoing, successful man. He's fumbling over the Gershwin song, finally breaking himself up. Gary applauds.

GARY

That was great.

HANOVER

Really?

(turns to Doug)

What do you think?

DOUG

It really ...

(searches for word)

... sucked.

HANOVER

(smiles)

I know. No one ever lets me play at their parties ... Except him.

He points to Gary. Gary forces a smile.

GARY
You've got a nice touch, really,
sir.

HANOVER
Shut up, Gary.

Hanover offers his hand to Doug.

HANOVER
Rich Hanover ...

DOUG
(shakes)
Doug Ireland.

HANOVER
It's great to be back at the
Bradbury.
(looks around)
I courted my wife at this bar. I
think she said 'Yes' to get me to
stop playing piano for her.

Gary laughs too hard.

GARY
You're a funny guy, Mr. Hanover.

HANOVER
WASP's are never funny on purpose.
We were invented not to get the
joke.
(looks at his watch)
Don't you have to meet Byron at the
agency?

GARY
I've got time, sir.

HANOVER
(now it's an order)
No, you should go now....
(Gary jumps up, his
feelings hurt)
Tell Byron I was tied up at a
business meeting or something.
Don't let him get into one of his
'nobody loves me' moods.

GARY

No sweat. I know how to handle Byron.

(slaps Doug on the back)

Take good care of my boss.

Gary offers a thumbs up. Hurries off. Hanover sits down next to Doug.

HANOVER

Let's talk business.

DOUG

That's why I'm here, Mr. Hanover.

HANOVER

Call me Richard.

Doug takes out a dollar BILL. Sets it on the piano.

DOUG

Sir, do you know what this is?

HANOVER

Subway fare?

DOUG

Actually, it's a buck and a half. No, Mr. Hanover, it's all it'll cost for me to create the most exclusive hotel in Manhattan. See, my friends at City Hall turned me on to this arrangement ... I know a lot of guys downtown ...

HANOVER

I'm sure you do.

DOUG

Next month the city's selling a few old buildings for one dollar ... if you can afford to fix them up. Proof of resources, that's called. It's all legit. Now I have my eye on this place ... it doesn't look like a hotel ... but I can see it.

(Doug's voice takes on a tone we haven't heard before)

... I mean, I have this idea. I can make it special. Put it together

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

right. The kind of hotel they'll hear about in Europe. Guys will set novels in it. People will fall in love there. It'll feel like home. I mean, I've stood on the street for hours, just staring at it. They say God exists in the details. I'm a details guy. I know how to do all the little things. I know how to do this ... All I need is my dollar ... and my proof of resources.

HANOVER

What would those resources be?

DOUG

You.

Doug hands Hanover a FOLDER.

DOUG

(continuing)

I've just sketched out the start-up figures ...

(fidgets)

I think we're in the three million ballpark.

HANOVER

That's a major-league ballpark.

DOUG

It's foolproof, sir. 'Cause you're investing in me.

Hanover looks a little overwhelmed.

HANOVER

How long have you been at the Bradbury, Doug?

DOUG

Four years in March, Mr. Hanover.

HANOVER

Richard ...

DOUG

Richard ...

HANOVER

Burned out?

DOUG

Nah, I thrive on work. That's why I'd like a place of my own.

HANOVER

Of course you do. I don't trust a man who doesn't want to be his own boss. Why should I be the only one with a bleeding ulcer?

(looks at his watch)

It's one o'clock, isn't it?

DOUG

(realizing)

You're hungry. We can eat right here. What can I get you? Some caviar? A shrimp cocktail? ...

HANOVER

A room ...

Doug's smile remains but his heart skips.

DOUG

Excuse me?

Hanover is uncomfortable.

HANOVER

Gary told me you could arrange a room ... off the record.

(Doug stares, a little in shock;

Hanover picks it up)

I seem to be making a fool of myself. I thought ... I'm very sorry, Doug.

DOUG

(rallies)

No, no, sir. A suite. With a view of the park. No problem.... I'll, uh, check the computer.

HANOVER

It's just that the young lady will be here any moment.

DOUG

Right away ... Richard.

Doug springs from his seat.

FOLLOW DOUG INTO THE LOBBY

Doug walks quickly to the Registration Desk. Mr. Forsch is standing off to the side with clients. Doug acts quickly. Adrenalin rush.

DOUG

OK, Dickie, I get you a room ... now you really owe me.

He finds a room, makes a card key. He's coming around the desk when he sees --

AT THE FRONT DOORS -- ANDY

The young Salesgirl from Bendel's walking into the hotel. Big straw hat and a flowing skirt. She looks sensational.

DOUG

(pleased with himself)

So knows women.

Doug dashes across the lobby. Surprises her.

DOUG

I knew you'd come. Actually, I didn't think for a second you'd come. But this is great. I'm in the middle of a meeting. Could you wait a couple minutes? Just sit here.

ANDY

Oh ... I'm not ...

Doug pulls her down on a divan. She's startled.

DOUG

I knew you'd come. Relax and I'll be right back.

(pecks her cheek)

You look incredible. Don't disappear.

Doug springs up. Floats across the lobby. Stoked. He greets guests as he walks. Then he bumps into Hanover.

DOUG

It took a little longer than I thought ...

HANOVER

No problem ...

(hooking Doug's arm)

I want you to meet someone, Doug.

Hanover walks Doug back through the lobby. MOVING POV -- Doug isn't sure who they're looking for. He's not used to being in the dark. Doesn't like the feeling.

Doug is amazed to find himself suddenly standing in front of Andy.

HANOVER

Doug, this is Andrea Hart, an incredibly talented actress on the verge of a breakthrough. Very soon we hope.

DOUG

(recovering, holds out his hand awkwardly)

Hi.

ANDY

(flustered)

Hi.

Hanover sits down across from Andy.

HANOVER

Andy is the one good thing in my life. I'm crazy about her.

He beams unabashedly at Andy. Doug averts his eyes. Hanover catches it.

HANOVER

(continuing)

I know this is awkward for everybody. I apologize. But Andy and I won't have to keep up this silly charade much longer.

Hanover smiles at Andy. Doug holds out the card key.

DOUG

Suite 8600.

ANDY

(uncomfortable)

Excuse me ...

Andy stands, heads for the elevator. Hanover reads the expression on Doug's face. He's holding Doug's folder.

HANOVER

Doug, I promise I'll read your proposal. I know it sounds like I'm blowing you off but that's the way I talk. I can't get the insincerity out of my voice. Too many prep schools ...

(frustrated)

Hell, I'll say it anyway. We'll have lunch. I mean it.

He sounds genuine. Doug is relieved.

DOUG

I'll look forward to it, Richard.

Hanover holds out his hand. CLOSE ON HANDSHAKE -- Doug sees a \$100 bill in Hanover's hand. For the first time we see him pull his hand back without taking the money.

DOUG

No way.

HANOVER

Take it. It's only fair.

DOUG

Not a chance.

(winning smile)

... I'm softening you up for a big kill.

HANOVER

(pockets the money)

Good. You know how to handle me.

DOUG

That's my job.

Doug walks Hanover to the elevator. Hanover and Andy ignore each other. Hanover steps onto the left elevator. The doors close. Andy follows Doug into the right elevator. She's hiding under her hat. Tense, awkward. Even Doug can't find the will to say anything. Doug pushes the floor button. Andy lifts her hat to reveal her deeply brown, deeply wonderful eyes. Doug can't stop it -- he yawns. She finally smiles. Then the doors start to close. Doug has to jump to just barely squeeze through.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Midtown. A dirty blue VAN is parked on the sidewalk. T.K. (24), a black kid in a Giants T-shirt, slides a rack of tuxedos out the back of his van. Doug, Albert and Ruben rifle through them.

RUBEN

44 short ... I don't see any 44's.

T.K.

Yo, yo, open your eyes ... right here, Hugo Boss, San Remo ... and, yo, check this out, double-breasted Armani, four ninety-five, plus alterations while you wait. How does he do it!

T.K. is on his knees pinning hems on Albert's pants. Doug slips into a jacket.

DOUG

Drinkwater came by to see me today.

RUBEN

The IRS guy? On our block? ... Jesus ...

ALBERT

(scared)

This is not good, Doug. Today you, tomorrow us.

DOUG

Don't panic.

(intense)

I'm this far from gettin' my own place. The guy's at the hotel right now. As we speak. No 18K a year apparatchik's gonna get in my way. If he calls, ignore him. It'll all blow over.

(buttons tux jacket)

Homeclub members! We have a sale!

EXT. STREET

Doug is hurrying back to the hotel with his tuxedo in a garment bag when he sees Mr. Wegman through the window of an upscale jewelry store. Doug checks his watch, does a quick about-face.

INT. JEWELERS

Wegman pours over a half dozen watches. A SALESMAN in a vest and tie looks on. Doug appears next to Wegman.

DOUG

Hey, Mr. Wegman ... so what's goin' on?

WEGMAN

(holds up a Rolex)

I'm buying this watch for my wife. She's been hinting around and ...

(it hurts to admit it)

You have to understand something about us. My wife was a beauty queen in college. I was amazed I won her. I think she's amazed, too.

Doug hefts the watch.

DOUG

How much?

SALESMAN

Twelve thousand.

DOUG

(whispers to Wegman)

You want to take a four-block walk? I'll save you a grand a block.

EXT. WEST 48TH STREET - DAY

Wegman walks quickly to keep up with Doug.

DOUG

New York's the wholesale jewelry capital of the world. Nobody pays retail but yokels from Indiana.

(looks at Wegman)

Cops, sorry.

Doug heads into a store with cardboard boxes piled in the window.

INT. STORE

A tiny, cluttered shop with discount electronics. A Hasidic Jew, JOEY (32), hands Wegman the exact same watch he was looking at before. Doug stands off to the side. Takes out his gold lighter and a cigarette.

WEGMAN
 (shows Doug watch)
 What do you think?

DOUG
 (lighting up)
 Sir, I think this one's like
 obvious.

JOEY
 I got the box. I even got fancy-
 schmancy wrapping. Same watch.
 Eight thousand dollars.

WEGMAN
 Can't beat that ... can I?

EXT. WEST 48TH STREET

Wegman is delighted with his purchase.

WEGMAN
 This is great. She's going to just
 squeal.

DOUG
 She'd better.
 (pats his pockets)
 Forgot my lighter. Be right back.

INT. STORE

As Doug walks back in Joey is already holding out four one-
 hundred-dollar BILLS.

DOUG
 (as he swipes them)
Schvever tzu machen a leben.

JOEY
 (surprised)
 Where'd a guy named Ireland learn
 Yiddish?

DOUG
 C'mon, in New York everybody speaks
 Yiddish.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR

Hanover steps off by himself. Doug is waiting for him.

HANOVER

Doug, I want you to know I'm in love with Andy.

DOUG

Hey, none of my business.

HANOVER

I like to hear myself say it ... I feel like a cliché. Midlife crisis, my wife doesn't understand me ... the usual drivel.... Sometimes I think I'm pathetic. Then I think about Andy. And I don't care.... You're making it easier for me. I repay my debts.

DOUG

And I collect mine.

Doug looks right at Hanover. So they understand each other. They walk through the lobby -- now with a secret to share and to bind them.

HANOVER

You'll see she gets a cab home?

DOUG

I'll give her the hotel limo.

HANOVER

You should run my life.

DOUG

(charming smile)

That's what I'm trying to do.

HANOVER

(smoothes his hair
in lobby mirror)

Give her a chance to get dressed.
She has to be seen without her
makeup.

Doug stares at Hanover's hand. Hanover opens it to show there's no 'tip.' Doug shakes it.

INT. SUITE

Doug stands with Marie. Her arms filled with clean linen.
Doug knocks on the door.

DOUG

Hello? I have a car waiting for you

...

(unlocks the door)

The ball is over Cinderella.

INTO THE SUITE

Marie follows Doug in. Andy is stripping the bed. Folding the sheets.

DOUG

What are you doing?

ANDY

I don't want to make extra work.
Sorry.

MARIE

You've got nothing to be sorry
about.

Marie smiles boldly at Andy. And at Doug. Makes them both uncomfortable.

DOUG

I have a ride home for you.

ANDY

I don't want to bother you.

DOUG

Stop apologizing. It's my job.

AT THE ELEVATOR

They wait in silence. Doug is relaxed. Andy is tied in a knot. No one ever thinks truly beautiful women can be self-conscious -- but Andy is supersensitive. The doors OPEN. They step on.

Just as before the doors close a short, bearded BUSINESSMAN dashes down the hall.

BUSINESSMAN

Hold that door!

He jumps on.

INT. ELEVATOR

The businessman smiles at Andy. That only makes her more nervous. Doug acts casual. Andy can barely breathe. Doug begins singing along with the elevator muzak: 'Material Girl.' Andy suddenly SLAMS the Emergency Stop button. The ALARM RINGS, shrill, loud.

ANDY

Who the hell are you to judge me?

DOUG

(covering his ears
from the din)

Excuse me?

The businessman's jaw drops. PLAY off the businessman's reaction --

ANDY

I know what you're thinking. Well,
I'm not a bimbo.

DOUG

(embarrassed, through
clenched teeth)

I didn't say ...

ANDY

(won't be stopped)

Richard's marriage has been dead a long time. We're going to get married when his divorce goes through ... I mean after he asks her ... for a divorce ... which he will. Soon. So get off my case. You don't even know who I am.

(punches button again;
alarm stops; they
start moving)

And I looked up 'concierge' in the dictionary. It's French for asshole.

The elevator door opens. STANDING IN FRONT OF THEM IS A SMALL CROWD. Carmen poised with a fire extinguisher. Nora, a few curious guests, and Mr. Forsch.

BUSINESSMAN

(to Doug)

Excuse me.

He pushes out as fast as he can. Forsch looks at Andy, looks at Doug. Andy pushes her way through.

FORSCH
 (suspiciously)
 Is there a problem, Douglas?

DOUG
 Everything's taken care of, sir.

FORSCH
 I'll bet it is.

Doug chases after Andy.

EXT. BRADBURY

Eliot waits in the hotel limo. Charlie opens the door for Doug.

DOUG
 Where'd she go?

POV -- ACROSS THE STREET -- a hackney DRIVER has packed so many tourists into the carriage that his horse has simply stopped.

Andy is wading through traffic.

DOUG
 Hey! ... Where are you going?

ANDY
 (stroking the
 tired horse)
 You poor baby ...
 (shouts to driver)
 Unload this carriage.

DRIVER
 Who made you mayor? Mind your own
 business.

He whips his horse. It starts to take off. Andy jumps in front. The DRIVER has to reign in his horse.

DRIVER
 Are you crazy?! Move!

ANDY
 No! You're hurting him!

He cocks the whip behind his shoulder. Then it's gone.

DOUG

(holding the whip)

One phone call and you kiss your license good-bye. Now unload the carriage and give the horse the day off.

He throws the whip back.

DRIVER

(backing down)

OK, OK ... but she's a lunatic.

Doug takes Andy by the arm and pulls her out of the street.

ANDY

(calling back)

I'm watching you!

DOUG

Will you keep your voice down!

He leads her back to the hotel. Doug takes out a cigarette.

ANDY

Well ... that's for helping me out there.

DOUG

Look, can we make a deal here? I'm not trying to push you around. I'm just trying to keep Hanover happy.

ANDY

So am I.

DOUG

OK, then. We got an understanding? Let's stay out of each other's way. Deal?

He holds out his hand. Like we've seen him do with clients. Andy SHAKES it.

ANDY

OK ... and stop smoking. It's not very attractive.

Doug opens the door to the limo. Andy climbs in. It pulls OFF. Doug looks at his cigarette. Drops it under his heel.

EXT. STORM FRONT PASSING OVER MANHATTAN

A driving summer squall. Dark clouds hide the tops of the skyscrapers. Rain slants down in sheets.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Charlie holds a big red umbrella for guests running in from the rain. Last one in is Drinkwater, clutching his briefcase under a bureaucrat's trenchcoat. His shoes squish as he walks across the lobby.

CONCIERGE DESK

Doug is saying good-bye to a gray-haired French COUPLE.

DOUG

Jusqu'a l'annee prochaine, bon chance.

HUSBAND

(heavy accent)

Thank you again.

They shake hands. \$50 BILL exchanged. Doug waits for them to leave. He's about to slip the bill in his pocket when he notices Drinkwater watching.

DOUG

Can I help you?

DRINKWATER

(holds out his hand)

Drinkwater ... Internal Revenue Service ...

Doug puts the \$50 bill in Drinkwater's hand. Drinkwater boggles.

DOUG

Relax, it's a joke.

Drinkwater slaps it on Doug's desk. He's not amused.

DRINKWATER

We're reviewing selected cases of gratuity intensive occupations. We believe that some individuals have been disingenuous about reporting the full extent of their additional income.

(MORE)

DRINKWATER (CONT'D)

(a crocodile smile)

In plain English, there's a bunch of freeloaders in New York City. Guys pocketing heaps of cash. Not declaring it. So how's 'bout you make time for an interview ... it'd make my job a joy to behold.

DOUG

Things are kinda complicated right now.

DRINKWATER

Let me simplify your life.

The threat in his voice throws Doug. The PHONE RINGS. He sets the \$50 bill on his desk.

DOUG

Just a second.
(answers phone)
Concierge

INTERCUT WITH: HANOVER

in the plush bathroom of his Upper East Side apartment. We can peek through the door into the bedroom and see a WOMAN bent over brushing her long hair.

HANOVER

Doug? Richard Hanover.... I'm sorry I haven't called. It's been crazy all week....

(whispers)

You've got to help me.

DOUG

(looks at Drinkwater;
this is the last thing
he needs right now)

Yes, Richard.

HANOVER

The thing is ... I was supposed to take my friend to the doctor. It's nothing serious. A little cosmetic surgery. You know how vain women are. Anyway, I just can't get away.... I thought you could hold her hand. Doctors make her nervous.

DOUG

(turns his back to
Drinkwater)

I'm not so sure this is a good idea,
Rich. I don't think she likes
having me around.

Hanover's bathroom door opens. ELEANOR HANOVER (39), fading-
socialite good looks, wearing a short robe, searches for her
hairbrush.

HANOVER

(loud)

If Women's Wear wants to do an
interview with Byron, tell them they
can come to the party and wait in
line like everyone else.

ELEANOR

(kiss on the cheek)

Take no prisoners, darling.

She leaves.

HANOVER

(a beat)

Sorry, my wife ...

DOUG

I'm with you Rich ...

HANOVER

It would mean a lot to me, Doug.
She gets so emotional. Don't let
her out of your sight today.

DOUG

(reads between the
lines)

I'll do my best.

HANOVER

Doug, what can I say?

DOUG

(blurts it out)

You can say three million dollars.

Hanover is caught off guard. But then he laughs.

HANOVER

You keep your end of the deal and
I'll see about mine.

Doug hangs up. Drinkwater is staring at Doug. He unwraps a hard candy from the dish on Doug's desk. Pops it in his mouth.

DOUG

Can I get back to you later?

DRINKWATER

Mr. Ireland, look at me. Who d'you see?

DOUG

I don't have time for games ...

DRINKWATER

You think you see some civil-service wage slave. Some sad sack who hates his job. Wrong. I love my job. I love bustin' fast Eddie's and scam artists. Seeing them sweat and lie and try to wriggle their way out. Watchin' all their easy money go bye-bye, their fancy homes, their businesses. Witness all their plans and dreams sink beneath the sludge of their greedy little eyes. Most of all, I love driving them to jail. It turns me on.... You get my drift here, Mr. Ireland?

DOUG

(forces a smile)

Are you always such a cheery guy?

DRINKWATER

You caught me on an 'up' day.

DOUG

I'm going to answer all your questions. I just need some time. Hey, you like baseball? How about tickets to a ball game?

DRINKWATER

Agents of the service are not allowed to receive gifts, donations, premiums or favors ... but I'm sure a guy like you understands the rules of the game.

(looks around the hotel)

Fancy place. I'd love to inject a little terror in a joint like this.

Drinkwater looks at the \$50 bill on the desk. Picks it up. Grabs Doug's hand. Doug feels like he's been caught by a bear. Drinkwater slaps the bill into Doug's palm. Crunches his fingers closed. Doug has no choice. He pockets it. Feels like he's just committed a felony.

DRINKWATER

I'll count the hours till we meet again. Have a nice day.

It sounds like a curse. Drinkwater stalks away.

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT DOOR

Doug waits on the second-story landing. His hair and tuxedo dripping from the rain. Andy opens the door. Dressed up. Lots of makeup. She's got a tabby CAT cradled in her arms. She stares at Doug like she's woken up in the wrong country.

ANDY

Where's Richard?

DOUG

Byron Russell had a nervous breakdown and ... I tried to call but your phone's been disconnected ...

ANDY

(cuts him off)

He sent a stranger to take me to the doctor?

DOUG

I'm not exactly a stranger ...

He notices a second cat peeking out from behind Andy. He picks it up, stroking it.

DOUG

(continuing)

Mr. Hanover give you this guy?

Andy takes the cat. She's distant, upset.

ANDY

No. Richard's allergic to cats. Would you excuse me?

She tries to close the door. Doug catches it.

DOUG

But I thought we ... had a deal....
He wants me to take you. I got to
take you.

ANDY

No ... I'm not going. Thanks
anyway.

This time the door closes. Hold on Doug's reaction.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Upper East Side. Women of various ages but all well-to-do.
A door opens and Andy walks out slowly. She stands still for
a beat. Distracted, faraway.

Doug surprises her.

DOUG

(cheery)

Everything turn out OK?

ANDY

What are you doing here?

DOUG

I followed you. Look, I had no
choice.

She shakes her head as if it could make him disappear.
Breezes right by Doug and leaves. He bolts after her.

INT. HALLWAY

Doug catches up. Andy is leaning one hand against the top of
the staircase.

ANDY

(more to herself)

I wasn't even pregnant.

Doug reacts. Andy fights back tears, then hurries down the
stairs.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - DAY

Still raining hard. Andy is walking down the street trying
to catch a cab. Getting soaked. Eliot appears with the
hotel limo. Doug lowers the back window. Calls out.

DOUG
I'll give you a ride.
(no response)
Will you just get in?

ANDY
(waving)
Taxi ...

DOUG
You're in the middle of the street.

ANDY
Leave me alone ...

The limo inches along, following her. Doug leans halfway out the window.

DOUG
Why are you so stubborn? ... Hey, if it was up to me you could paddle a canoe home.

Another cab passes Andy by. Doug needs the right approach.

DOUG
(continuing)
Just think about this, OK? He wouldn't have sent me if he didn't care about you.

The magic words. She stops. The rain pours over her.

DOUG
(continuing; he sees his opening)
You should've heard him. 'Don't let her be alone. Stay with her. Protect her.' ... He worries about you. All the time. I've never seen anything like it.... C'mon, just get in.

He opens the door. Andy hesitates, then slides inside.

INT. LIMO

Andy's beautiful face is water on stone.

DOUG
Look at you. You're gonna catch cold.

Doug reaches over and squeezes water from her hair. Andy leans away. A reflex.

ANDY

Are you making a pass at me?

DOUG

(reacts)

First of all, you are not my type. Too expensive, no warranty. Second, one thing I learned from Al Pacino, nobody messes with the don's girl ... So relax.

ANDY

I need to check my messages.

Doug hands her the car phone.

DOUG

My pleasure ...

He watches as she dials. She's really beautiful. So he turns his body away from her. So he can't look at that face, those eyes.

ANDY (O.S.)

Oh, my god ...

Doug turns back.

DOUG

What?

ANDY

I have to do the matinee. I thought I had the day off.

DOUG

You didn't tell me you had a gig. That's great. We'll take you.

ANDY

(looks out window)

Richard thinks I'm wasting my time. I have a lousy agent. I hardly work. He says it's too tough.

DOUG

Tougher if you don't try. Expect success ... that's the first rule of the game. It only takes one break ... this could be yours.

ANDY
 (catching his
 enthusiasm)
 It is a speaking part.

ELIOT
 Where to, Mr. Ireland?

INT. BACK STAGE - DAY

The show's well into the first act. Doug runs with Andy to the wings. Behind the set wall is a brass bed on a REVOLVING STAGE. Doug can HEAR the play going on the other side of the curtain.

ANDY
 (to Doug)
 Excuse me ...

There's an ACTOR sitting in bed, reading the Daily News. Andy takes off her clothes and crawls into bed with the actor.

FIRST ACTOR
 Hi, Andy.

ANDY
 Hi, David.

LIGHTS go up and the bed REVOLVES around OFF SCREEN. Now Doug can only HEAR them.

ANOTHER ACTOR (O.S.)
 Then one night I came home and found
 her in bed with Tony. Something
 deep inside me just snapped ...

DAVID (O.S.)
 Johnny, no!

Doug HEARS Andy give a piercing SCREAM. A fake GUNSHOT. Then the bed REVOLVES back stage again.

Andy gets out of bed, starts putting her clothes on. The whole thing lasted fifteen seconds. HOLD ON Doug's reaction.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Doug follows Andy up three flights of steps.

DOUG
That was it? The whole thing?

ANDY
It's a speaking part.

DOUG
Look, some of the big producers in town are clients. I'll make a few calls.

ANDY
I don't need your help.

DOUG
Sure you do.

ANDY
I'm doing it at my own pace.

DOUG
Open your eyes, kid. Everything happens fast today. My whole life they said there was this Red Menace, right? I blink ... no more Communism. Blink again. The Teamsters are honest. Next time I blink I expect Geraldo to get a real job.

ANDY
(to something else)
Dammit ...

ANDY'S APARTMENT DOOR

There's a bright orange RENT OVERDUE notice posted. Andy ignores it. Opens the door. Doug yanks it off, follows her in.

INT. APARTMENT

The two cats press against Doug's pant legs.

ANDY
Excuse me, I'm tired. Don't you have someone to go home to? Or do you just live other people's lives for them?

That catches Doug off guard.

DOUG
(defensive)
I'm just doin' my job, lady.

He looks at his watch. Holds out the notice in his hand.

DOUG

You're behind on your rent. How can that be?

ANDY

I have an arrangement with the landlord. I don't pay the rent, and he hassles me.

DOUG

Did you tell Hanover? He's a generous guy, right? He's not going to let you get thrown out of your apartment ...

Andy turns on him. Passionate.

ANDY

I'm not with Richard for his money.

DOUG

OK, OK, I'm sure he needs to know that.

ANDY

No. I need to know that.... I'm home, I'm safe, you did your job. Can I be alone now?

DOUG

Right ...

(starts to leave,
then, awkwardly)

I think you were good. I mean, that scream scared me and ...

ANDY

(interrupts; her
voice soft, scared)

Is Richard going to break my heart?

Doug is thrown by her sudden vulnerability.

DOUG

No, no. He's nuts about you. He told me so. He wants to marry you.

ANDY

You're lying.

DOUG

OK, don't believe me. Just stop acting like a little girl. You want to be Mrs. Hanover?

(snaps his fingers)

Do something. That's how I live my life. I got a process. Visualize. Analyze. Actualize. It works. I'm living proof. Or I will be soon.

ANDY

Close the door behind you.

She's already taking off her clothes as she moves into the bathroom. Turns on the bath and closes the door.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Doug steps off the train. Exhausted. The same Mime's asleep on the platform bench. Doug passes by. Then he stops and slips a twenty in the guy's hat.

A DOZEN CHICKENS

shrieking and fluttering back and forth like banshees. Feathers flying.

WIDER TO INCLUDE BACK OF BRADBURY HOTEL

We're just inside the hotel's loading ramp. Carmen and a few bellboys are trying to catch the screaming birds. And screaming on top of them is Doug. His attitude directed at O'BRIEN (28), a Brooklyn boy with a Mets cap backwards on his head.

DOUG

(his New York accent
coming out strong)

Swans. Big, white swans. I say swans, you give me chickens. What is this? America's Funniest Home Videos? I got 180 homesick limeys inside celebrating the Queen's birthday. They want to see swans in the fountain. Not Jersey chickens laying eggs under the tables.

O'BRIEN

They ain't got chickens in England?

DOUG

Don't advertise your ignorance, O'Brien ... what else you got on the truck?

O'BRIEN

(shrugs)

I got four ponies going to the Plaza
for a birthday party.

Doug rocks on his heels, thinking. He takes out a FIFTY
dollar bill.

DOUG

You give Ruben the chickens. I'll
take the ponies.

(screams)

Carmen!

(Carmen runs over)

Cancel the swans. We'll dress the
ponies up like racehorses. Do an
Ascot thing. Day at the races. A
'My Fair Lady' thing ...

(O'Brien's shirt)

O'Brien, next time I ask for swans,
don't bring me goddamn chickens.

FOLLOW DOUG BACK INSIDE

We see him immediately change his street-tough walk to the
more refined demeanor of the hotel's public rep. He greets
guests formally, politely.

DOUG

Hello ... nice to see you ... good
day, madam ...

As he passes by the registration desk Mr. Forsch intercepts
him.

FORSCH

(in a fury)

What the hell are you doing?

DOUG

Back ... off.

FORSCH

I've had some goon from the IRS on
me all morning ... 'what does he do,
how much does he make?' ... I played
dumb, but don't think I'm going to
hurt the hotel, or myself,
protecting you.

DOUG

I've got everything under control.
He's coming by to look at some
receipts. It's nothing I can't
handle.

FORSCH

It's how you handle it I'm worried
about.

Nora plugs in a telephone near them.

NORA

Mr. Ireland, there's a phone call
for you.

Doug grabs the phone.

DOUG

(to Forsch)

Excuse me, sir.

(into phone)

Hello? ... concierge.

INTERCUT WITH: HANOVER'S BEACH HOUSE - HAMPTONS - DAY

Hanover cradles the phone from inside a kitchen closet. Door
half shut. Big, loud party going on outside.

HANOVER

(hot)

What are you trying to do to me?

DOUG

(fights to keep
his smile on)

I'm not sure what you mean, Richard.

HANOVER

Bullshit. She's on a jitney to the
Hamptons. She's decided to confront
Eleanor. She said it was your idea.
Now you get out here and make sure
she does not step foot in my house.

DOUG

I can't leave now, sir. I got this
guy coming to see me in an hour.
It's pretty important.

HANOVER

More important than me? Doug, I've got reporters here from every paper in town. I can't afford a scene. Doug, you can't afford a scene.

DOUG

It takes three hours to get to the Hamptons, sir ... with no traffic. And she's had a head start.

HANOVER

Gary said you can do miracles. I need a miracle.... Dune Road in East Hampton. And hurry.

Hanover hangs up. Doug puts on a false face for Forsch.

DOUG

1460 is in the drunk tank. I've got to bail him out.

FORSCH

(reacts)

OK, but remember, no publicity.

Behind them we can see Carmen tugging on the leash to a PONY.

EXT. HELIPORT - 34TH STREET AND EAST RIVER DRIVE

Service to JFK. The blades are spinning on a Sikorsky HELICOPTER. A yellow TAXI careens down the ramp onto the pier. Horn blaring. Doug jumps out. Sprints to the helicopter. Whirling gusts from the blades buffet him. He pounds on the door. As it opens we recognize Giddins, the PanAm pilot.

GIDDINS

Mr. Ireland?

EXT. HANOVER'S BEACH HOUSE

A TAXI pulls up to the front of the house. Valets handle an overflow of cars. Andy steps out into the ocean breeze. Short bright red dress. Slips on big sunglasses. Nervous. Walks past the valets.

FIND HANOVER among a group of high-powered fashion REPORTERS. Hanover is distracted. Keeps checking the front door anxiously.

WOMAN REPORTER

I've seen Byron's sketches. This collection is going to put you on top, Richard.

HANOVER

We're very optimistic.

SECOND REPORTER

Hell-o, Richard. Modesty is boring. Wake up and smell the money. I've never seen a guy like you. I bet you never even had a pimple growing up. Face it. You're Mr. Lucky.

HANOVER

(relaxing)

I'll drink to that.

They all raise their glasses.

Hanover turns to grab a drink from a passing WAITER.

POV -- ACROSS THE ROOM he notices a sensational pair of long LEGS on a young woman. She turns. It's Andy. Hanover drops his drink on the tray.

HANOVER

Excuse me ... I need to find my wife.

He bolts away.

AERIAL SHOT

Skimming tree tops across Long Island. On one side the blue Sound. On the other, white beach. MOVING INTO SHOT -- HELICOPTER -- The big whirlybird rides low over the water. Doug sits with Giddins and some stewardesses.

DOUG

(motions)

Set down on the beach. No one's supposed to see me.

GIDDINS

Then why'd you take a helicopter?

Giddins relays the directions to the pilot. LONG SHOT -- as the chopper banks steeply and drops towards a point at the end of the beach. It sways and sets down at the water line. The door slides OPEN. Doug dangles his feet. Takes off his shoes and socks. Rolls up his trousers. Gives a thumbs up to Giddins and slips onto the sand.

The chopper glides away. Doug starts running along the beach. Carrying his shoes under his arms. He slogs through deep sand past the backyards of great beach mansions.

POV -- BEACH HOUSE GARDEN

Doug sees two WAITERS IN WHITE JACKETS standing by a giant stripped backyard TENT. Doug hustles up. Brushes his feet. Puts on his shoes. Adjusts his tie. Strides into the tent.

INT. TENT

Doug finds himself face-to-face with a TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE.

TURTLE

Kowabunga, dude! ... Welcome to Danny Miller's bar mitzvah. We're serving pizza at the buffet ...

BACK OUTSIDE

A band breaks into 'Hava Nagila' as Doug flees the tent. Continues running down the beach.

INT. HANOVER'S HOUSE

Andy is pushing her way through a traffic jam of people. She stops a female BARTENDER.

Andy throws back a full flute of champagne. MOVES OFF. A beat, then Hanover appears from the other direction. Goes to the same Bartender.

HANOVER

Did you see a young girl with short hair, red dress ...?

BARTENDER

(points)

That way, sir.

Hanover PANICS. Heads after Andy.

EXT. DECK

Built on stilts above the beach. Buffet, lots of people. Andy drinks another glass of champagne. Hanover surprises her.

ANDY

Richard ...

HANOVER

Don't say a word.

A HAND appears on the rail. Then a foot.

DOUG SWINGS UP ONTO THE DECK

Bounds to his feet. Brushes off sand. Smiles at them.

HANOVER

Your ride home.

ANDY

(reacts to Doug)

Him again?

DOUG

Great party, sir. Well, we gotta go.

He grabs Andy's hand.

ANDY

No ...

HANOVER

Oh, god ... here comes my wife.

Eleanor Hanover, a glowing hostess, appears on the deck.

DOUG

(quickly)

I'm on damage control.

Doug is quickly across the deck. Intercepts Eleanor.

DOUG

(startling her)

You can't go out there now.

ELEANOR

Do I know you?

DOUG

(walking her back into the house)

I promised I wouldn't ruin the surprise.

ELEANOR

(suspicious)

Where's Richard? ... What surprise?

Doug leads her up the STAIRS.

DOUG
If I told you it wouldn't be a
surprise.

He OPENS a bedroom door.

DOUG
It'll just be a few minutes.
Knowing what I know you'll be really
... surprised.

Beat, then she smiles.

ELEANOR
You know he's always been
extravagant. I wonder what it is
...

Doug just ZIPS his lips shut. CLOSES the door. Looks at his
watch. RACES down the stairs -- leaping the last four the
way we've seen him do. Grabs a SERVER.

DOUG
A phone ... I need a phone.

SERVER
In the den, sir.

Doug flies into the DEN. A GUY is on the phone. Doug groans
-- races into an adjoining room. PUSHES through a CROWD,
only to see a young WOMAN on that phone. Doug is frantic.
He RUNS BACK through the party INTO THE KITCHEN. Another GUY
is on the wall phone.

DOUG
Are you gonna be long?

GUY
(screams into phone)
Not if my ex-wife gets rid of her
shyster lawyer!

Doug careens back into the living room. Lots of guests. No
phone.

DOUG
(finally)
Does anybody have a cellular phone?

A dozen GUESTS turn -- women reach into handbags, guys into
pockets. Out come a dozen PHONES.

DOUG
 (takes one)
 Thank you ...

Dials quickly.

INTERCUT WITH: HOTEL

The concierge desk phone RINGS. Standing by himself at the desk is Drinkwater. Phone continues ringing. He PICKS it up.

DRINKWATER
 Yeah ...

DOUG
 (reacts)
 Drinkwater?

DRINKWATER
 You're not here.

DOUG
 I'm on my way. I've got
 everything.... Oh, no ...

THROUGH WINDOW -- POV -- Doug sees Andy break away from Hanover.

DOUG
 (into phone)
 Hold on a sec, OK?

Drinkwater HEARS Doug set the phone down. He's not a patient man.

BACK TO DOUG

chasing after Andy. He intercepts her on her way in.

DOUG
 Why are you doing this to me?

ANDY
 What are you talking about?

DOUG
 You came out to cause a scene,
 right? And I'll get blamed for it.
 So just be quiet. Stay put. Then
 we're leaving.

Doug OPENS a DOOR to a room and PUSHES Andy through.

BACK ON THE CELLULAR PHONE

resting on a table. A BALD MAN sees it. Picks it up.

BALD MAN
(into phone)
Hello?
(beat, then shouts)
The IRS is looking for somebody!

The room scatters in an instant. Doug dashes back in. Grabs the PHONE.

DOUG
Hello? Hello? ...

The line's DEAD. Before Doug can dial again Hanover runs in. Pulls Doug out.

HANOVER
Is she gone yet?

DOUG
I'm working on it.

HANOVER
Just get her out of here.
(leaves, returns)
And what 'surprise' am I giving Eleanor?

DOUG
I don't know yet. I'll think of something.

Hanover leaves. Doug DIALS.

DOUG
Hello? -- Carmen? Give me Drinkwater.... What do you mean?
(upset)
Why'd you let him go! ... Just cover. I'm on my way.

INT. ROOM

Window shades drawn.

Andy sees a decanter on the table. Pours a glass. Drinks. Coughs as she cries.

VOICE
Do I have to come out now?

Andy sees a pale, slim YOUNG MAN in a sweatshirt and torn jeans come out of the shadows. Looks like a college freshman.

YOUNG MAN
Am I in trouble?

ANDY
No ... but I think I am?

YOUNG MAN
I tried to go out ... but ... it's not my fault. I'm agoraphobic. But Richard thinks I'm just crazy.

ANDY
Well, he thinks I'm crazy, too.

The Young Man looks at Andy. Smiles as if he's found a friend.

YOUNG MAN
Cool.

INT. ROOM

Andy and the Young Man are standing on a sofa like kids. Singing a duet of "Every Breath You Take" on a home karaoke system.

ANDY
(over music)
I loved this song when I was little.

YOUNG MAN
Me too. It's so paranoid.
(sees Hanover and
Doug walk in)
'Course, I do have somebody watching me all the time. Isn't that right, Richard?

HANOVER
I'm in no mood, Byron.

Andy lifts her dress. Hikes one long leg on the vanity. Her pale blue panties have 'BR' stitched across them. But it's her leg that makes the impression. Hanover looks at Doug desperately.

DOUG
(steps forward to Andy)
Why don't I give you a ride back to the city?

BYRON
Take me, too! This party sucks.

HANOVER
It's YOUR party. I did it for you.
I do everything for you.

ANDY
Why do I have to go?

HANOVER
You're being self-destructive. And
I can't deal with it now.

The door opens. Eleanor Hanover walks in.

Hanover turns pale. It's beyond tense.

ELEANOR
OK, I know what's going on. I'm not
waiting anymore. What's my
surprise?

Hanover is ready to collapse. He can't speak. Doug sees his
fish on the line getting away. So he takes over.

DOUG
I'll tell her.... They made an
offer ... for Andy to be the New
Byron Russell girl. But I won't let
her ... I want her to stay home ...
and have my babies.

Before Andy can open her mouth Doug grabs her and kisses her
long and hard on the mouth. Andy finally pushes away. So
stunned -- she SLAPS Doug across the face. Looks wildly at
everyone and runs out crying.

DOUG
She gets this way on champagne. I
better get her home.

He chases after her. Byron looks panicked.

BYRON
I'm not staying. I don't know these
people! And even if I did ... I
wouldn't know what to say to them.
I'm going! I mean it!

HANOVER
You can leave, Byron.

BYRON
(beat, then)

Cool.

He RUNS out.

Eleanor wraps her arms around Hanover.

ELEANOR
Poor Byron. What would he do
without you? ... What would any of
us do without you?

Hanover can only hold on.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Doug pulls Hanover's Jaguar in front of a posh apartment house. Andy is slumped in the front seat. Mascara melted from her eyes. Byron is in the back.

DOUG
Door-to-door service, Byron.

BYRON
Drive around the block. I can't go
in yet.

In the lobby a group of Byron's NEIGHBORS have returned. They're chatting with the DOORMAN.

DOUG
Why not?

BYRON
There are people in the lobby. They
know me. They'll say 'Hello' to me
...

DOUG
So you say 'Hello' back.

BYRON
Right, and who knows where that can
lead to ... Richard would tell those
people to go away.... Believe me, I
wish I could do it.

DOUG
You can do it. It's a three-step
process. Visualize. Analyze.
Actualize. See yourself walking
through. Figure out what you can
say. Then just do it!

BYRON
(thinks about it, then)
OK, I'll go through the service
entrance.

He jumps out of the car. Andy gives Doug a look.

ANDY
You really inspire people.

DOUG
I inspired you, didn't I? I mean,
you talked to me ... you want to
make a scene with Mrs. Hanover.

ANDY
(stunned)
What makes you think ... I did not
go out to see Eleanor.. I went to
the party to model clothes. My
agent sent me.

DOUG
(off-balance)
But ...

ANDY
(puts down vanity
mirror)
I'm a mess. I want to go home.

DOUG
Fine. I'll drop you downtown.
You'll never have to listen to me
again. No problem. Next stop,
Midtown.

ANDY
No ... not home. Home.

Doug reacts.

ANDY
(continuing)
I don't want to go home.

DOUG
It's late, I'm tired and I haven't
been at my desk all day. My boss is
gunning for me. The IRS wants to
crucify me. And we're standing on
the goddamn Long Island Expressway!
So where do you want to go now?

ANDY
(softly)
I want to see Holly.

EXT. PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Small street of modest working-class homes. The whole block tucked in and asleep. Andy is ringing the doorbell on the front porch of the last house on the block. Doug stands on the lawn watching her. Andy knocks loudly.

DOUG
Easy ... you'll wake the neighborhood.

ANDY
Holly never goes to sleep before dawn. She's probably got her headphones on.

The LIGHT on the porch startles them all. The door OPENS. Andy backs away as if suddenly scared by what she's done. At the door is a tall -- over six feet -- middle-aged WOMAN in full makeup, her hair in a girlish long braid. Now in her late 50;s but with the afterglow of a once-famous beauty. Smoking a long Virginia Slims in a black cigarette holder. Tight clothes revealing a still va-va-voom figure. And stereo headphones draped around her neck.

HOLLY HART stands regally, flicks the ashes of her cigarette theatrically.

ANDY
I came home, mama.

HOLLY
(soft, sexy voice)
So I'll throw a ticker-tape parade.

INT. HOUSE

Holly is throwing food noisily on the kitchen table. Doug sees how anxious Andy is. Holly slams down half a jello mold.

HOLLY
We're not exactly the Judds, but I ain't the Wicked Witch of the West either. I call my daughter Santa Clause 'cause she visits once a year.

ANDY

I invite Holly into the city every weekend. She won't come.

HOLLY

I spent twenty-five years working on that nasty little island. It's got nothing new to show me.... Hell, I owned that town.

ANDY

Holly was a Rockette.

DOUG

(polite)

That's really interesting.

Holly reacts. An audience.

SQUARE OF LIGHT

on the living room wall. Grainy images out of focus.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Just a sec, kids.... Here we go.

A small cloud of smoke from Holly's cigarette wafts into the light. The super-8 film comes into focus. We see a LINE OF ROCKETTES performing MOS in front of the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. Short-short, Santa's Helpers' costumes. Jumpy, amateur photography.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Eddie Edwards took these ... no ... it was Tommy MacInernny ... NO, Preston Carter ... what a dreamboat ... bluest eyes I ever saw on a man. His wife was a shrew. Never would give him a divorce. He liked to sing to me in bed. God rest his soul.

We PAN down the Rockette line and hold on a Nordic goddess with gold hair and a mouthful of bright white teeth.

ANDY (O.S.)

That's Holly.

DOUG (O.S.)

My god, you're gorgeous.

HOLLY (O.S.)

You think the kid got her looks from the milkman?

File JUMPS. ON SCREEN -- the YOUNG HOLLY throws a kiss to the camera. Now ANOTHER SHOT jumps on. A 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL in a bathing suit trying to give a bath to three squirming dogs. —

ANDY (O.S.)

Mama, you kept this?

HOLLY (O.S.)

Andy was a sucker for a wet nose and droopy eyes. Used to pick up every stray in the neighborhood. I knew then she'd get her heart broken a few dozen times ... I think your prom's on this reel ...

Doug leans forward, mesmerized by the young Andy. ON SCREEN we see Andy in her prom dress. Eighteen, fresh and pure and beautiful. Her smile is dazzling.

(O.S.)

HOLLY

I paid for the dress but Andy refused to go. She said she didn't love the boy who asked her. Can you believe it? Too damn serious about falling in love.

Holly walks into the light as the film runs out. She's a silhouette until Andy turns the room lights on. Doug applauds.

HOLLY

Aren't you a sweetie-pie.
(puts a new cigarette
in her holder)

My daughter thinks she invented men. there's nothing you two are doing now that I didn't do first.

DOUG

Whoa ... we're not doing anything.

HOLLY

Why not!

(beat)

I know Andy. She wouldn't come unless there was a guy.

ANDY

(looks away)

Well, there is a guy.

HOLLY

Is he married?

DOUG

He's a really great guy. Just ... great.

Holly FLICKS ashes like a whip.

HOLLY

I had a hundred married men promise me the world. All I got was Jersey. Know what? Jersey ain't so bad. Find a single guy who's a pain in the ass. Marry him. He'll be there when your skin wrinkles and your tits sag.

(winks at Doug)

Not that mine have lost their perky attitude.

ANDY

Now I remember why Holly and I never see each other.

(turns to Doug)

I can go home now.

HOLLY

Don't listen to me, go on, but I told it straight.

Andy and her mother stand and look at each other. Each too proud to take a step closer..

HOLLY

(continuing; to Doug)

Keep an eye on her, OK?

DOUG

That's my job.

HOLLY

She looks sophisticated ... but she's still the same little girl with a big heart ...

(sudden switch)

Are you married?

DOUG

Me? I got things to do.

HOLLY

It's no fun doing things if you do them alone. Listen to Holly. I'm one smart broad. The stars look a lot brighter when your head's resting on somebody's shoulder.

EXT. BRADBURY - NIGHT

Doug pulls up in the Jag. Charlie opens the door for Andy. Doug comes around and hands Andy the keys.

DOUG

I could get used to driving one of these.

ANDY

I hope I didn't ruin anything for you ... I mean with Richard. I won't be a problem for you anymore.

DOUG

No, no ... you're not so bad ...

Maybe it's the night or the soft street light, but Andy is radiant. Doug's confused by what he's feeling. The master charmer himself. He licks his finger, reaches out and cleans a smudge of makeup from her face. Andy's big eyes hold in their glow.

DOUG

I mean, I kinda had fun tonight. You're alright ... for an M.A.W.

But Andy is looking past him. Doug turns to see two well-heeled older women GUESTS in FUR COATS walking into the hotel. Andy starts past him but Doug grabs her arm.

DOUG

(before Andy can make a scene)

Oh no you don't ...

He hustles her to the Jag.

ANDY

I just want to ask them if it's real fur.

DOUG

(closing the door)

Definitely fake ... cheap imitations. I can tell.

ANDY
 (stands up in the
 seat; shouts)
 Real furs are murder ...

DOUG
 (pushes her back
 down)
 Those ladies have been coming to my
 hotel for three years. You can't
 harass them. They're big tippers.

ANDY
 That's all you care about ... how
 much does Richard tip you to watch
 me?

DOUG
 (beat, then smiles)
 Not nearly enough ...

She guns the engine and squeals off down the street.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

By the horse carriages. Doug, Charlotte and Albert near the
 Plaza Hotel.

CHARLOTTE
 Here he comes ...

ALBERT
 I can't believe what I'm seeing.
 It's a nightmare.

POV -- FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE PLAZA

Ruben comes down the steps wearing street clothes and
 carrying a cardboard box of effects. Without his tuxedo he
 looks like just another New York guy trying to get by.

CHARLOTTE
 The IRS filed a complaint yesterday.
 The hotel let him go this morning.

ALBERT
 A windbreaker ... Ruben Belassario
 is wearing a windbreaker.
 (shakes his head)
 How the mighty are fallen.

DOUG
 This guy Drinkwater is on my case
 now.

Doug lights a cigarette.

DOUG

(continuing)

Why now? I got the man. But he's not staking me if the IRS gets me fired.

ALBERT

What are you gonna do?

Doesn't know.

INT. BRADBURY LOBBY - DAY

Doug walks in a daze through the lobby. Mr. Wegman startles him.

WEGMAN

Can I bother you? ...

DOUG

(trying to be patient)

Yes, Mr. Wegman?

WEGMAN

Tomorrow's our anniversary. I want to do something special. I just get the feeling that she'd rather be with someone else.

Doug grabs Wegman roughly by the shoulders.

DOUG

Then be someone else. Mr. Wegman, what you have to realize is that in New York, bankers are sexy.... Power ties, power lunches. Wall Street is an aphrodisiac.

Wegman manages a little smile. Doug writes something on the back of a card.

DOUG

(continuing)

It's time I introduced you to Alberto.

WEGMAN

(unsure as he takes the card; reads)

'Ultimo Machismo' ... I don't think I can ...

DOUG
 You can. Visualize. Analyze.
 Actualize.

WEGMAN
 That's all I need to do?

DOUG
 That ... and drop two grand with
 Alberto.

DOUG'S POV

He sees a tall young beauty with long legs and short hair far
 across the lobby. It's Andy. It electrifies him.

DOUG
 (excusing himself
 to Wegman)
 Good luck ...

Doug sprints across the lobby. Andy is walking with her back
 to him.

DOUG
 Did anybody tell you today that
 you're beautiful?

She turns. It's not Andy.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
 (big smile)
 Thanks! ... I don't usually move
 this fast, but in your case I'll
 make an exception.

Doug pulls back.

DOUG
 I'm really sorry. I thought you
 were somebody else.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
 (sexy)
 I can be somebody else.

But Doug's thoughts are elsewhere.

EXT. ANDY'S APARTMENT

Andy runs down the steps of her building. Dark glasses and
 shorts. Goes in the street to hail a cab. Traffic is heavy.
 A cab passes her by. She hears a horn.

DOUG
(leaning against
the hotel limo)

Hi ...

ANDY
Did Richard send you?

DOUG
What do you think? ...

Doug opens the door. Andy hesitates, then dips into the limo.

INT. REHEARSAL STAGE - DAY

A big, brick room with about a hundred actors and actresses massed against the wall. A piano in the middle. The DIRECTOR is a small, bearded man in his 50's. The piano PLAYER is a black woman. Performers are whisked through. Each given a few bars of a song at the piano.

Doug watches Andy inch along with the others like cannon fodder.

A young SINGER finishes and Andy walks out onto the stage. The DIRECTOR calls from his seat in the shadows

DIRECTOR
Name ...

ANDY
Andrea Hart ... The song I'm going
to do is ...

DIRECTOR
Just do it, kid.

The PIANIST plays two bars' intro of 'Jamaica Farewell.'
PUSH IN CLOSE ON DOUG as he listens to Andy sing. She has a lovely, sure voice. Doug is amazed that people continue to talk. The Director isn't even looking.

DIRECTOR
(never looking up)
Thank you. Next.

INT. LIMO

Andy is quiet. Doug is enthusiastic.

DOUG
You got a great voice.

ANDY

It doesn't matter. All I do is go to auditions. I'll never get to sing in front of a big audience.

DOUG

You want to sing in front of a crowd? Visualize.

CLOSE ON -- MICROPHONE

Andy steps up nervously. Wind blows her hair. We HEAR an organ intro.

ANDY

Testing ...

And her voice ECHOES like thunder.

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- YANKEE STADIUM

as Andy starts to sing the National Anthem. Her voice rockets over the hallowed baseball diamond. Maybe 10,000 fans in the stands.

INT. LIMO

Doug watching Andy bounce with laughter.

ANDY

But how did you do it?

DOUG

Please. A day game against Cleveland. The concierge at the Best Western could've got you the gig. Besides ... you think Steinbrenner doesn't come to me like the rest?

Andy and Doug are completely relaxed with each other. It's unnerving.

ANDY

Am I going home now?

DOUG

Well ...

(he seems to be
deciding something)

You hungry?

Andy and Doug lock eyes for a beat.

ANDY

Sure ...

DOUG

Good. I know a place with a nice view.

INT. ELEVATOR

Doug holds a pizza and a six-pack. Andy smiles at JOSEPH (28), a rasta with dreadlocks in a maintenance man's outfit.

JOSEPH

We're really closed now, but for Mr. Ireland, I break the rules.

ANDY

(looks at Doug)

And what did Mr. Ireland do for you?

JOSEPH

(big smile)

Ice Capades.

ANDY

Ice Capades?

DOUG

Go figure the melting pot.

The doors OPEN. A strong wind buffets them as they step out onto --

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING OBSERVATION DECK

at dusk. The city below them.

JOSEPH

Just give a buzz when you want to come down.

Doug and Andy sit down to watch the sunset.

ANDY

OK, I'm impressed.

DOUG

(staring out)

Yeah, I really love this city. It makes you think you can do anything.

(beat)

But it's missing something.

What? ANDY

Lights ... DOUG

In a flash the city LIGHTS flicker on like the world's biggest train set. Andy is stunned.

No way ... ANDY

DOUG
I told you I can do anything.
(beat, then looks
at watch)
Nah, lights always come on six
minutes after official sunset. I
know the way this city works.
(opens pizza box)
Pepperoni or plain?

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Storybook towers, magical glow.

EXT./INT. LIMO (MOVING)

Along the West Side Highway.

ANDY
Is it time for Cinderella's carriage
to turn back into a pumpkin?

DOUG
First you have to visit the palace.

EXT. PIER 104 - NIGHT

As the limo pulls up alongside an enormous building. The river shimmers in the moonlight.

INT. NAVAL STORAGE FACILITY

Doug walks Andy through the empty structure. The carcasses of a few old harbor ships in the shallows.

DOUG
Right here is my oyster bar. With a
view right down the Hudson. You'll
be in the city but it won't feel
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

like the city. The Navy doesn't want it. The city doesn't want it. And I'm happy to take it off their hands.

ANDY

Shouldn't you be scared?

DOUG

Not about this ... I grew up in a hotel. My old man was a cook at Joe Hurley's resort in the Catskills for 27 years.

ANDY

Joe Hurley ... the guy on the billboard?

(sings)

'Every day's a Holiday at Hurley's!'

DOUG

Dad took home 114 dollars and seventy-three cents for a sixty-hour week. I know, because I deposited the checks for him. He never got to eat in the main dining room. Never could afford it.

(beat)

Now I'm going to own the whole hotel.

They're at the end of the pier. Overlooking the water. The moonlight dances off Andy's face. Doug can't look away. He reaches out to touch her cheek.

ANDY

Richard didn't ask you to baby-sit me today, did he?

DOUG

No.

ANDY

I thought we had a deal.

Doug is surprised to find himself off-balance. He steps back finally.

DOUG

You're right.

EXT. BRADBURY - NIGHT

The limo pulls up. Doug and Andy sit silently in the back seat. There's an enormous tension between them. He knows he can't but -- he turns her chin towards him. Leans slowly to her. She closes her eyes.

And then the door OPENS. Andy turns. It's Hanover.

HANOVER

(big smile)

Hello, darling.

He leans in and kisses Andy. Doug jumps out the other door.

WEGMAN

I told Eleanor I had a dinner meeting in town. I couldn't steal away.

He leans in to kiss her again. Doug coughs to remind them he's there. Hanover smiles at him.

HANOVER

Can you get us a room?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Doug waits with Hanover and Andy. The door to a suite is open. Marie, the housekeeper, fumbles through her cart for linens and towels. She looks at Doug, then at Hanover, then at Andy. She nods to herself as if she just figured out a riddle.

MARIE

Almost ready, Mr. Ireland.

(to Andy)

You can use the bathroom now.

DOUG

(softly)

Thank you, Marie.

Andy follows Marie back into the suite.

HANOVER

Doug, you're angry.

DOUG

No, sir.

HANOVER

Doug, you don't have to placate me. I've been using you like a houseboy.

DOUG

It's no problem.

HANOVER

I said we have a deal and I mean it.
I looked over everything. We'll
work out the details....
Congratulations ... partner.

Hanover holds out his hand. Doug looks at it, shakes it.

DOUG

Thank you, sir.

Doug steps onto the elevator.

INT. SUITE

Marie is making the bed. Andy leans against the wall. Marie looks at Andy. Their eyes lock for a second. Marie finishes. Hanover holds out a twenty-dollar bill.

HANOVER

Thanks.

Marie looks at it, passes it by. Leaves the room.

HANOVER

(to Andy)

I'll be right out.

Hanover takes off his shirt as he goes into the bathroom. Andy looks at the bed. Then she steps out into the hall.

IN THE HALL

Marie is at her cart. She sees Andy move down the hall towards her.

ANDY

Is there a fire alarm?

MARIE

Is there a fire?

ANDY

Not a spark.

INT. LOBBY - CONCIERGE DESK

Doug sits at his desk in a daze. He's not sure what he's feeling. Or maybe he's sure but doesn't want to feel it. Then he realizes a heavyset BUSINESSMAN is standing in front of the desk. The Businessman whips the WATCH off his wrist. He's loud, gruff.

BUSINESSMAN

I have meetings all week. I can't believe this happened.

He drops his watch on the desk in front of Doug. Doug just looks at it.

DOUG

Can I help you, sir?

BUSINESSMAN

It's broken. You're the concierge. Get it fixed.

Doug just stares at him. Then he stands up slowly. Prods the guy in his arm.

DOUG

What's this?

BUSINESSMAN

What?

DOUG

(prods him again)

I said what's this ... this ... I'll help you out ... it's your arm. You got arms, you got legs ... then tomorrow morning take a walk down the block and get it fixed yourself.

The Businessman is so taken back he starts to sweat.

BUSINESSMAN

(grabbing his watch)

You can't treat me like this.

He marches off. Doug can't believe what he just did. He's wound up, flying. Suddenly he HEARS A LOUD RINGING in his ears. Shakes his head. It doesn't go away. Then he sees people running in the lobby. Nora rushes up to him.

NORA

Were we scheduled for a fire drill?

Doug realizes he's listening to the FIRE ALARM. The entire lobby's in chaos.

DOUG

No ... nobody said anything to me.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Guests come pouring out. Spill off the sidewalk, blocking traffic on Central Park South.

AROUND THE CORNER -- FIRE TRUCKS with sirens screaming try to get through the heavy traffic. Cops try to push their way inside. It's a mess.

INT. HOTEL - STAIRWAY

Guests are running down from the floors.

Doug runs up the stairs against the flow.

INT. SUITE BEDROOM

Hanover meets Doug at the door. He's getting dressed frantically. Andy sits calmly on the bed.

HANOVER

(losing it)

You've got to sneak us out!

DOUG

I'll take care of everything.

HANOVER

Where there's fire there's news media. I can't just waltz out and wave to the cameras.... Hurry up, darling. You'll go first.

Andy stands slowly. Fixes an earring.

ANDY

Yes, Richard.

EXT. HOTEL

A crowd of people surrounds the entrance. Local TV CREWS are setting up mini-cams. A bright cold light shines on the main doors. The alarm still rings harshly.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOTEL

Andy stands in the narrow delivery alley. She can see Doug on the cross street flagging down a taxi. He whistles sharply and directs it into the alley. Runs back to Andy.

DOUG
(opening taxi door)
C'mon ... hurry up.

ANDY
Doug ... I got to talk to you.

DOUG
I know, I know. We almost blew it tonight. I got distracted. It won't happen again.

He closes the door behind her. Reaches in his pocket and takes out a \$50 bill.

DOUG
(holds it out to her)
This should get you home.

ANDY
You don't understand.

DOUG
Yes, I do. I'm not gonna make any mistakes here.

Andy looks deeply hurt. She just rolls up the window. The taxi takes off.

INT. IRS OFFICE - DAY

Doug sits in Drinkwater's tiny glass cubicle. Office workers pass by on both sides. Drinkwater's bulky body is wedged behind his desk. Flipping through Doug's receipts. Makes little vocalizations as he reads.

DRINKWATER
This doesn't convince me. I believe your cash intake far exceeds what you've admitted to. That is undeclared income and ... that is against the law.

DOUG
You don't understand. sometimes it costs me 300 dollars to get a 100-dollar tip.

Drinkwater stares. Not amused.

DRINKWATER

That's not very good business.

DOUG

Not in the short run. Look, my clients are movers and shakers. I spend out of pocket to get them what they want ... it's like an investment in the future. I'm not making money of this. Not now.

DRINKWATER

Very interesting in theory. But a bit of a stretch.

He punches his SPEAKER PHONE. Someone answers 'Hello.'

DRINKWATER

John? Bill ...

JOHN (O.S.)

Hey, Bill.

DRINKWATER

I need to do a bank check.
(to Doug)
It's routine.

DOUG

C'mon, you're getting carried away.

DRINKWATER

First name, Douglas. Last name, Ireland. Like the country.

Doug is dying.

JOHN (O.S.)

OK ... Enjoy yourself last night?

Doug immediately detects a slight change in Drinkwater's voice. Drinkwater swivels so he's not looking at Doug.

DRINKWATER

It was a wonderful evening. It was nice of you and Barbara to invite me.

JOHN (O.S.)

When those Rockettes went into that high kicking ... I thought you were gonna bust a blood vessel. I didn't think an old bachelor like you still had the hunger.

A loud man-to-man laugh. For the first time Doug sees Drinkwater crack a smile. A tiny one -- but a smile nonetheless.

DRINKWATER

I'll bring up the paperwork.

JOHN (O.S.)

You bet.

Drinkwater punches off the speaker phone.

DRINKWATER

I'll be in touch, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG

You're being kinda dramatic.
(no reaction; Doug stands)

I mean, why don't you tell me not to leave town?

His sarcasm does not affect Drinkwater.

DRINKWATER

Go ahead. Leave town.... We're everywhere.

INT. LOBBY

Doug rushes in. A crowd of GUESTS checking in, checking out -- but he's not paying attention. Carmen startles him.

CARMEN

(excited)
Mr. Ireland, Mr. Ireland ... you disappeared.

DOUG

Presto, I'm back.

Carmen waves a STACK of message SLIPS at Doug.

CARMEN

What do we do?
 (flipping through
 them)
 4106, lost his hairpiece ... won't
 leave the room. 5307, wants to go
 bungee jumping ... in a hot-air
 balloon.

DOUG

Calm down. A good concierge never
 loses his cool.

Now Doug sees Gary enter the lobby.

DOUG

(continuing)
 I'll be back.

CARMEN

But Mr. Ireland ...

Doug meets Gary. Gary is upset.

GARY

I don't know what you did, but he
 wants to see you, right away.

DOUG

I can't leave now.

GARY

He wants to see you.

Doug checks his watch.

TWELVE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

in their underwear. Being fitted with dress PATTERNS. It's
 a vision of heaven.

FIND DOUG following Hanover through his factory.

HANOVER

Come on back. We're a little
 disorganized today..

The Brunette we saw with Gary the first time brushes by Doug.
 She's naked except for panties. Doug reacts.

HANOVER

(re: Doug's reaction)
 On, I hardly notice anymore.
 They're like tools of the trade.

Hanover OPENS his office door. Doug steps in.

HANOVER

(continuing)

I'm sorry to drag you down here.

DOUG

No problem.

Hanover CLOSES the door. Turns to Doug. And EXPLODES.

HANOVER

Are you trying to ruin me?

DOUG

(startled)

Excuse me ...

HANOVER

First, you make my girl crazy. Then you make Byron crazy. He's been walking around saying he could 'visualize' himself without me. He says you told him to be more self-reliant.

DOUG

It was a figure of speech.

Hanover grabs a file on his desk.

HANOVER

Then, I put my people on our deal. Spent a fortune in legal fees. This morning I get a call ... the IRS is investigating you.

DOUG

It's just a bureaucratic snafu ... a technicality.

HANOVER

The IRS doesn't deal in technicalities. They launch search-and-destroy missions. I can't be involved with you if you have tax problems. I don't want them sniffing around me.

DOUG

I can handle things.

HANOVER

I used to believe that, Doug. Now

...

(shrugs)

... prove it to me again.

Doug nods. Gets up. Moves to the door.

HANOVER

(continuing)

One more thing. Stay away from
Andy. You seem to upset her.

EXT. BRADBURY - NIGHT

Lots of activity by the front doors. GUESTS in evening
clothes arrive. We pick out Drinkwater in his business suit
hurrying past them.

INT. ELEVATOR

Drinkwater stands with three society COUPLES -- loud,
laughing. The DOORS open. They hurry off. Drinkwater steps
off tentatively. Moves down the corridor to a door. A
gilded sign reads:

AVALON ROOM
featuring Bobby Short

Drinkwater looks confused. He peeks in. POV -- A well-
dressed CROWD fills the dance floor. High-powered,
intimidating people.

Drinkwater is about to walk away when the MAITRE D' appears.

MAITRE D'

Can I help you, sir?

DRINKWATER

I made a mistake. I received a call
that Doug Ireland would be here ...

MAITRE D'

(brightly)

You're Mr. Drinkwater. We're
expecting you. Mr. Ireland will be
along any moment. He wants you to
wait. Come this way.

Drinkwater follows the Maitre d' into the club. He feels out
of place. They head for the best table in the restaurant.
Right in front of the orchestra. The Maitre d' holds back
the chair.

DRINKWATER

I'm here on business.

MAITRE D'

Please, sir, Mr. Ireland said he'd meet you right here.

DRINKWATER

(looks around,
suspicious, finally
sits)

I won't wait long.

Drinkwater fidgets by himself. Checks out the orchestra. A WAITER stops by.

WAITER

A drink, sir?

DRINKWATER

How much is a diet coke?

WAITER

Compliments of the Bradbury, sir.

DRINKWATER

Not a chance.

(tough)

Now how much?

WAITER

Six dollars, sir.

Drinkwater reacts. Puts down six ones.

DRINKWATER

I hate this hotel.

He checks his watch. The floor is packed with society couples in fancy clothes. Drinkwater straightens his tie. The waiter comes back and sets down his drink. Drinkwater takes a big gulp. He almost gags.

DRINKWATER

(coughing)

Hey! This has booze in it! ...

(the waiter is already
gone; looks at glass)

A ton of booze ...

Drinkwater slides the glass to the other side of the table. Checks his watch again. He's just deciding to leave when Doug runs in.

DOUG
 (sitting down)
 Am I late?

DRINKWATER
 Later than you realize. I've been talking to your ball captain, Carmen. He had a lot of interesting things to say about your operation.

DOUG
 Why don't we eat first? I hate to spoil a good meal with business.

DRINKWATER
 Save your breath. I'm not some tourist from Podunkville. You don't really think you can snow me with your little favors.

DOUG
 Of course not. I just wanted to have a talk.

DRINKWATER
 I'm not staying.

Drinkwater stands as --

ANDY

appears at the table. She's dressed sensationally.

ANDY
 Doug! Hi, this is a surprise.

Drinkwater waits.

DOUG
 Hi, a nice surprise. Why don't you sit down for a second?

He pulls a chair out for her. She looks up at Drinkwater. Holds out her hand.

ANDY
 I'm Andy ...

DRINKWATER
 I was just leaving ...

ANDY
 (quickly)
 Oh, here's mom ...

They all turn.

MOVING TOWARDS THEM -- HOLLY

parting the crowd. She walks slowly, the old showgirl's stature accenting her grace and her figure. Hair up, slit gown, stage eyes and fake jewels. It's a powerful effect.

At the table, she offers her hand to Doug. He kisses it.

DOUG

Holly, you look ... fantastic.
(turns to Drinkwater)
Doesn't she?

Holly looks right at Drinkwater. Demanding a reply. He's very uncomfortable.

DRINKWATER

Sure ...

Doug pulls a chair out for Holly. She sits. Andy sits. Doug sits.

HOLLY

(looking at
Drinkwater)
Isn't your friend going to sit?

DRINKWATER

I was just leaving.

HOLLY

That would be rude.

DRINKWATER

I'm here on business.

HOLLY

That's not an excuse to be rude.
Don't any men have manners today?

Doug shrugs at Drinkwater. Drinkwater sits down.

HOLLY

Doug, are you going to introduce us?

DOUG

Holly Hart, Bill Drinkwater....
He's with the IRS.

HOLLY
 (extends her hand)
 Nice to meet you, Bill. Can I call
 you 'Bill'?

He shakes her hand.

DRINKWATER
 (to Doug)
 Look, I'm not staying. And I don't
 like having my time wasted.

HOLLY
 Then leave.

DRINKWATER
 I am.

He stands.

HOLLY
 People say New Yorkers are crude,
 but in 20 years with the Rockettes
 I've never seen such despicable
 etiquette.

Drinkwater reacts.

She flashes her still-powerful eyes at Drinkwater.

HOLLY
 (continuing)
 Go on ... vanish ... melt away ...
 disappear.

Drinkwater can't get words out. He backs away. Runs out.
 Andy looks at Doug.

ANDY
 Well, we tried.

DOUG
 It was a long shot. Well ... that's
 that.

HOLLY
 I don't find pessimism attractive.
 Let's enjoy ourselves. It's a
 lovely evening.... And besides, I
 slipped him my number when we shook
 hands.

DOUG

(reacts)

Smooth ...

Now a MAN shows up at the table. Slick wet-look hair, Italian double-breasted suit. He stands uncomfortably in front of Doug.

MAN

How do I look?

DOUG

Excuse me?

MAN

(crestfallen)

That bad?

Now Doug realizes it's Mr. Wegman.

DOUG

Mr. Wegman? ... You look great. Is your wife here?

Andy watches Doug handle Wegman.

WEGMAN

We're sitting up front, over there.

(points to where his
wife is sitting)

I think she's having a nice time.

(feeling his slick
hairdo)

I don't think it's working, Doug. I'm trying to be who she wants. Go where she wants. I'm spending a fortune. The more I try, the more I think she's disappointed with me.

DOUG

Mr. Wegman, don't underestimate yourself.

WEGMAN

(wistful)

I'm a banker. I know when to cut my losses. Thanks for trying, Doug.

He leaves. Doug watches him for a beat. Turns to Andy.

DOUG

Go ask him to dance.

ANDY

What for?

DOUG

So his wife will see you.

Andy is struck by Doug's passion. She gets up and hurries after Wegman.

ANGLE

At the table Wegman's wife is missing him. She stands to look around. POV -- as she spots Wegman and Andy on the dance floor. She stands up. Bewildered.

WEGMAN AND ANDY

They dance in the middle of the crowded floor. Wegman is all nerves. Tries to keep his back to his wife. Andy feels sorry for him.

WEGMAN

I'm sorry ...

ANDY

You're doing fine. Which one's your wife?

WEGMAN

(peeks)

The one with the bubble dress ...
She staring at us.

ANDY

I see her. She looks like she's going to pass a small cow.

WEGMAN

Doug's trying to make her jealous, isn't he? He's been doing everything possible to keep my marriage together. Who thought I'd meet a real romantic in New York City? It's like ... like he was from Indianapolis.

ANDY

Don't give him a swelled head....
Now don't be afraid, just relax, I'm going to try something.

Andy snuggles closer to Wegman and rests her cheek on his. It has the intended effect on Wegman's wife.

AT THE BANDSTAND

Doug is shaking hands with Bobby Short. Short acts like an old friend. Doug leans over and whispers in his ear. Short nods. —

ON THE BANDSTAND

Bobby signals his orchestra for a drum roll.

SHORT

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight a very special friend of mine is here with us. Someone I admire greatly. We used to do some pretty wild things in our days. Can we have a warm round of applause for ... Bob Wegman!

People applaud. The floor clears, leaving Andy and Mr. Wegman dancing alone. Wegman cringes.

WEGMAN

(terrified)

What did I do?

ANDY

Smile and wave.

Wegman turns, recognizing the applause. When he turns back, Doug is standing there with Mrs. Wegman. Andy steps aside. The Wegmans look at each other. Doug takes Mrs. Wegman's hand and places it in her husband's. This is the moment of truth most couples never manage to survive. But the band starts a wonderful ballad and Wegman pulls his wife to him. She rests her head on his shoulder and they dance off into the crowd.

PICK OUT DOUG AND ANDY -- standing in the middle of the floor as the crowd starts dancing again. They kind of slide into dancing themselves.

ANDY

That was sweet of you.

DOUG

Don't be naïve. I did it for the tip.

(beat, then)

Thanks for bringing Holly. I was desperate.

ANDY

So the famous concierge finally
needs a favor from someone else.
Does that mean I get the tip?

DOUG

Sure ... only schmucks buy retail.

They suddenly find themselves holding each other kind of
close. Andy is soft as a cloud. Andy looks at Doug. A
challenge in her eyes. The moment seems endless.

Then Doug steps back.

DOUG

(awkward)

I hope things work out with Mr.
Hanover.

ANDY

Yes.

DOUG

I mean ...

ANDY

He's spoken to a divorce lawyer.

DOUG

Great, great ... So ... take it
easy.

ANDY

Bye.

FIND HOLLY at the table. Watching Doug leave. It seems to
trigger a memory.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights out. Doug eats Chinese takeout in his underwear.
Cigarette in the other hand. Stares at the PHOTO of his
father.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - DAY

Doug is at his desk. Dials the phone.

DOUG

Eliot? Bring the car around.

A MAN IN A BLAZER comes up.

MAN IN BLAZER
Doug Ireland?

DOUG
What? ... Yes ...

MAN IN BLAZER
Are you the concierge? Doug
Ireland?

DOUG
What can I do for you, sir?

MAN IN BLAZER
A room. I need a nice room ...

DOUG
All the rooms are nice at the
Bradbury. If you'll check with our
registration desk ...

Then Doug sees the fifty-dollar bill in the Man's palm. The
stealth and the leer on his face. DOUG'S POV -- sitting
across the lobby is a slightly plump YOUNG WOMAN.

MAN IN BLAZER
(laughs, puts the
money in Doug's hand)
Right, Gary Taubin sent me. I'm on
a 'breakfast meeting' so I got to
get started. OK?

He winks. Presses the money in Doug's hand. Lowers his
voice.

MAN IN BLAZER
(continuing)
Can you get me a condom?

Doug hands back the money.

DOUG
Get out.

MAN IN BLAZER
Excuse me?

DOUG
(loud)
Go home to your wife and stop
fucking around.

MAN IN BLAZER

You think I'm gonna let some schmuck
in a monkey suit talk to me that
way? ... You're history, pal.

He stalks away.

EXT. PIER - DAY

The Bradbury limousine parked by the river. Doug sits in the
back.

Through the window they can SEE a few CITY OFFICIALS huddling
near the Navy building. Another LIMO is parked across from
them.

The door OPENS and Hanover gets in back with Doug.

HANOVER

I'm sorry, Doug. They're going to
give it to someone else.

DOUG

(looks at watch)
We have a few minutes.

HANOVER

It's a government building. The IRS
won't let them.

Doug nods silently.

DOUG

I need some air.

He gets out and walks over to the end of the pier. Turns and
looks back at the city. WIDE ANGLE -- the daylight makes a
million windows burn. They seem to be his dreams on fire.

ANGLE

As a plain old Ford turns onto the pier. Doug SEES
Drinkwater get out of the car. They look at each other.
Drinkwater seems uncomfortable -- like a schoolboy at the
principal's office. He walks around to the passenger door.
Looks at Doug again.

ON DOUG -- not sure what's happening.

BACK TO DRINKWATER -- as he OPENS the passenger door. First
we see a shapely LEG in high heels slide out. Stepping from
the car is Holly. With a look she makes Drinkwater close the

door for her. Another look makes him remember to offer her his arm. And arm-in-arm they walk towards the City Officials.

Doug sprints to meet them.

DOUG

Hey, Drinkwater! Nice to see you!

Drinkwater just scowls.

HOLLY

Go on, Bill.

DRINKWATER

(to city officials)

The Internal Revenue Service has concluded its investigation of Douglas Ireland. There will be no penalties ... the case is closed.

HOLLY

Good boy.

Doug quickly fishes in his pocket. Pulls out a ONE-DOLLAR BILL. Passes it to the city officials.

DOUG

I believe we have a deal.

A DOZEN CHAMPAGNE GLASSES

clinking in a toast. Lots of laughter; someone switched on music.

WIDER TO REVEAL -- HANOVER'S OFFICE

A celebration party. The room is packed. Doug watches Andy across the room. He puts down his drink, slips out.

FOLLOW DOUG

through the door into the fitting room. He lights a cigarette. Trying to figure out how he feels.

HANOVER (O.S.)

Doug?

Hanover joins him. Doug lights his cigarette.

HANOVER

You'll have to learn to stop doing that. It's not becoming to a man of importance.

DOUG

Right.

Hanover takes a CONTRACT from his pocket.

HANOVER

Once I sign the letter of intention,
you can go to the bank and start the
paperwork.

Hanover pats his coat. But Doug is already holding a fancy
PEN.

DOUG

I've been saving it for this
occasion.

HANOVER

(taking pen)
You have expensive taste.

DOUG

You bet.

Doug offers his back. Hanover starts to sign.

HANOVER

You didn't think I'd come through.

DOUG

I had my doubts.

HANOVER

I'm a jerk sometimes ... but a jerk
who always keeps his word.

Finishes signing. Doug turns back. Hanover hands him the
contract.

DOUG

This ... this is ...
(finally smiles)
... unfuckingbelievable.

HANOVER

I expect you'll build a special room
for Andy and me.

Doug looks away -- and in that moment he tucks away his
feelings. When he looks back he's good old charming Doug
again.

DOUG

(puts check in his
pocket)

Hell yeah ... I hope you'll stay
over on your honeymoon.

HANOVER

(laughs)

If I can get another room for my
wife.

Doug stares. Hanover shares a big, boys-will-be-boys grin.

DOUG

Excuse me?

HANOVER

C'mon, Doug.

DOUG

I'm usually pretty sharp, but I'm
missing something here.

HANOVER

Andy's delicious, but this is a
community property state. You don't
think I'm going to start all over
again for an actress. Not that I
intend to let her go. A man needs
someone to remind him of his
youthful dreams. Someone like Andy.
That's what they invented hotels
for. After you've been married as
long as I have you'll understand.

Doug stares -- suddenly numb. Through the glass he can SEE
the party in Hanover's office. People laughing -- but not a
sound escapes.

Doug looks back at the manly smirk on Hanover's face. Doug
reaches in his pocket. Takes out the contract. Tears it in
two.

HANOVER

You're kidding.

DOUG

(tears it into smaller
pieces, lets them
flutter to the ground)

Believe me now, Richie?

HANOVER

Don't be a schmuck in a monkey suit.

DOUG
I think I'm getting typecast.

HANOVER
Money is what matters, Doug. Don't be one of the unwashed masses who've bought the lie that the rich are miserable with their wealth. We just want them to think that so we can get richer.... You want to be partners in a hotel? Play the game. Or you might as well work in the kitchen of some Catskill resort.

DOUG
Richard ... go fuck yourself.

Doug rears back and PUNCHES Hanover square on the jaw. Hanover drops to one knee. Doug grabs his hand.

DOUG
(in agony)
Goddamn it ...

He cradles his hand as he stops over Hanover.

HANOVER
(calling after)
You're a loser, Doug. You'll never have another chance....
(one last taunt)
I'll just book a room at the Morgan for Andy and me tonight. The concierge there will do anything for me!

Doug stops, then lets it go and hurries through the door.

INT. BRADBURY - LOBBY

Carmen is sitting at the Concierge Desk. He's wearing a tuxedo. Talking to a middle-aged COUPLE. He looks like a kid on Christmas morning.

CARMEN
I can get you orchestra seats for the matinee or the balcony for tonight ...

ACROSS THE LOBBY

Doug heads for his desk like he's in a dream. He's surprised to see Carmen there. Carmen seems embarrassed but he doesn't budge.

CARMEN
Hi, Doug. Mr. Forsch wants to see
you.

DOUG
(reacting to
Carmen's tuxedo)
I'll be right back.

INT. FORSCH'S OFFICE

Forsch is pouring Scotch into his coffee when Doug walks in.

FORSCH
I hope it's been hotel business that
kept you away from your desk.

DOUG
(distracted)
No, sir, it was personal business.

Forsch leans back in his chair. Full of himself.

FORSCH
A hotel and its concierge are like
... a husband and wife. When the
magic goes, it's time for a divorce.

Doug finally focuses his attention. Like someone's slapped
him.

DOUG
Are you firing me?

FORSCH
You let us down, Doug. I've had
complaints about you insulting
guests, being unhelpful ... and
there are rumors about other things
... I'll be discreet ... this is a
four-star hotel, not a brothel.

Long beat, then Doug smiles.

DOUG
You're wrong, sir. It's a brothel.
And I'm the biggest whore.

Doug walks out.

INT. LOBBY

The lobby is crowded with Guests. Doug looks around, realizes that the place functions just fine without him. He stops by his desk again. Carmen flinches as if Doug were going to hit him.

DOUG

(beat, then)

You'll need this.

Doug removes the clef d'or from his lapel. Pins it on Carmen's jacket.

CARMEN

Thanks, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG

Doug ...

CARMEN

Doug ...

(as Doug starts
to leave)I forgot ... Mr. Wegman left this
for you.

He hands Doug an ENVELOPE. Doug starts walking across the lobby. INSIDE THE ENVELOPE -- are five \$100 bills. Doug puts the envelope in his pocket. Finally, Doug comes to the front door. Charlie opens it for him.

CHARLIE

We got a pretty day, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG

Yes we do, Charlie. Thanks.

(stops)

Charlie, how long have you been
working here?

CHARLIE

Ten years, Mr. Ireland.

DOUG

Keep up the good work.

He holds out his hand. Charlie shakes it. Looks down. The white envelope now in his hand. Doug walks on. Charlie opens the envelope. Shakes it. The hundred-dollar bills flutter out.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

The way we imagine it in a Cole Porter song. Clean and glittering. The world's largest private club.

Red taillights for twenty blocks. Nothing is moving. Gridlock the way only Midtown Manhattan can accomplish it. DISCOVER A TAXI --

INT. CAB

Hanover and Andy sit in the back seat holding hands.

HANOVER

Eleanor wants to go to Europe to do some shopping. I don't want to be a spoilsport. As soon as she gets back, I'll tell her.

ANDY

Whatever you say, Richard.

He slides over close and begins to nuzzle her.

HANOVER

I'm feeling very lovey-dovey.

ANDY

(deadpan)

Me, too.

HANOVER

I've arranged a hotel suite. So we can celebrate our engagement-to-be.

Andy is drained of emotion. But Hanover doesn't notice. The din of honking horns outside makes him lean forward. Look out the window.

HANOVER

We can walk faster than this.

He pays the cabbie. Helps Andy out.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE

Hanover takes Andy's hand, and they walk down the sidewalk past the bumper-to-bumper traffic.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

Doug is slumped in the back of a horse carriage. Smoking a cigarette.

DRIVER

You sure I can't take you anywhere, sir?

DOUG

I got nowhere to go. And no one to go there with.

DRIVER

There must be some lovely lady you can ask.

DOUG

She already turned me down.

DRIVER

No offense ... but sounds like you didn't put up much of a fight. I've been driving lovebirds around this park for twenty years. A lady needs to know you'll fight for her.

Doug stands up in the back of the coach. Takes a long drag. Flicks his cigarette away.

DOUG

Get me down to the Morgan as fast as you can.

The Driver frees the brake and wheels into the street. But as they turn onto Fifth they stop dead. The Driver stands to take a look.

DRIVER

(turning back to Doug)
We're boxed in.

Doug climbs down. A sea of cars on the avenue.

DOUG

Can't we go around?!

DRIVER

I'm sorry, sir.

Doug is frantic. He sees a MESSENGER ON AN OLD SCHWINN coming down the street. Runs to block his way. Hands on handlebars.

MESSENGER

Hey!

DOUG

How much for the bike?

MESSENGER

(taken back)

This old thing?

Doug peels off TWO HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS. Slaps them in the messenger's hand.

DOUG

Is that enough?

MESSENGER

It's all yours!

Doug leaps on and starts pedaling furiously through traffic. Weaving around the cars. Dodging potholes.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE

Andy walks like a zombie with Hanover. He's feeling great.

HANOVER

It's only a few more blocks.

ANDY

(finally looks around)

This isn't the way to our hotel.

HANOVER

Yes it is. Oh, we're not using the Bradbury anymore. It's gone downhill. I'm afraid they had to fire the concierge. He wouldn't play by the rules.

Andy comes alive.

ANDY

He wouldn't?

HANOVER

Not that it makes a difference. I wouldn't pushed him out eventually.

It takes a moment for Andy to process everything. She stops walking.

ANDY
I ... I can't do this.

HANOVER
What are you talking about?

ANDY
I'm not sure.

HANOVER
You're acting silly. It's been a long day. I'm tired. Now come on.

ANDY
I think ... I mean ... I don't love you, Richard.

HANOVER
(in a foul mood)
What the hell does love got to do with it?

He grabs her hand, but Andy **PULLS** back -- and breaks away. She starts to **RUN**. Kicks off her shoes.

DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

Doug is flying on the bike. He shoots over a pile of broken **GLASS** -- and the rear tire **BLOWS**. Doug loses control. Smacks into a curb and falls off. He's torn his pants at the knee. Now he half runs, half hobbles down the street.

ACROSS THE STREET

Doug sees Andy on the other side of the wall of traffic. He shouts.

DOUG
Hey!

Andy turns. Sees him.

ANDY
Hey!

Now Doug and Andy try to get to each other. In the middle of the street are four **LIMOS** nose to bumper. So Doug **OPENS** the door and climbs through.

INSIDE THE LIMO

Three startled Japanese **BUSINESSMEN**. Doug greets them in Japanese, then **OPENS** the other door. Andy climbs in.

They fall into the opposite seat from the businessmen. One of the BUSINESSMEN leans forward.

BUSINESSMAN

(accented)

Go ahead ... kiss her.

Doug undoes his bow tie. Takes her in her arms and kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

WEGMAN

sitting at his desk as the phone RINGS.

WEGMAN

Bob Wegman ...

(surprised)

Doug Ireland? Hell, this is a spectacular surprise ... What in the world can I do for you?

INTERCUT WITH DOUG

talking into a cellular PHONE.

DOUG

I have a question for you ...

Andy leans in and puts her arms around Doug as he speaks.

We begin to WIDEN TO REVEAL that far from a rinky-dink bank, this is a big operation. An opulent office. Giant PHOTOS of grain silos on the walls. A picture of Wegman's wife on his grand desk.

WEGMAN

How many hotels? ... One? ... Well, I don't usually deal with loans that small, but for you, Doug ... I think I can arrange something.

ON DOUG -- he kisses Andy and we --

PULL BACK

and see we're in the helicopter. Doug leans forward to the pilot.

DOUG

Let's take a spin around town.

LONG SHOT

as the chopper banks and soars over the city.

FADE OUT.