

1 INT. MOHONK MOUNTAIN LODGE KITCHEN-NIGHT

A LINE OF SOUS CHEFS behind a high metal counter. Some with scarves tied over their heads. Some with blue tattoos or gold hoop earrings. Some with tall white paper chef hats. In front of the counter is a board with a DOUBLE ROW OF SPIKES; top and bottom. Guest orders with "2 Lamb" or "4 Salmons" are haphazardly thrust upon various spikes. Waiters line up along a huge long table to pick up orders.

EVE MILLER, a 28-year-old waitress. She is attractive with very large eyes, long lids, silky dark lashes and arched eyebrows. Her eyes give her an exotic appearance. Her flawless olive complexion shines from within. Her dark brown hair is tied up but a few strands of hair hang saucily in front of her face. She blows the hairs out of way but the strands defiantly return in front of her eyes.

Eve carries her tray of meals on her shoulder heading to the swinging kitchen doors. Off to the side of the doors stands MIKE, 30, with sandy hair and athletic build. He beckons to her with his hand. He keeps glancing to the side where the chefs are, trying to stay hidden behind a stack of cardboard boxes. He drops a SILVER KEY into her front apron pocket.

Mike

You forgot it. Don't worry, I locked up.

Eve

Tsk. I always do that. Thanks. (moves with tray)

Mike

(excited)

See you tonight then. There should be a lot of people coming. I've told everyone.

Eve

(calling back to him)

Sounds like you've got it all under control.

She exits with the meals upon her shoulder. Mike turns and quickly leaves.

CUT TO

CU of two parallel swinging doors, one of which BURSTS OPEN, from the POV of Eve, as she travels through them to reveal...

2 INT. MOHONK MOUNTAIN LODGE UPSTATE NY-DININGROOM-NIGHT

An explosion of music, color and activity. A buzz of voices as every table is occupied. Huge high ceilings. Tall arched windows line the wall, reflecting lit chandeliers. A grand piano, center stage overlooks the central dance floor. Mostly Asian couples swirl and spin harmoniously.

The camera follows Eve into the room and down the aisle as she passes the festivities. Captain Waiters getting their palms greased for the best tables. Tuxedoed men holding out seats for finely dressed ladies. Couples, holding hands, pick their way to the dance floor. Waiters presenting bottles of wine. Trays of colorful cocktails in different shapes and sizes. Busboys with polished wine buckets.

Eve bends down and lands her tray of food upon the solid waiter station. She carries two plates upon one arm and the third plate with her other hand. The piano music begins to swell.

CU hands of a pianist dancing over the keys as he plays Beethoven's Sonata No. 23 in F minor.

Eve looks up as she serves the next plate. SHE CATCHES THE EYE OF--

CUT TO:

GLENN FARWELL, a 33-year-old CLASSICAL PIANIST who faces her from stage. Glenn's body slowly twines as his fingers expertly ascends the octaves. His longish taupe hair has a mind of it's own and swoops over his right eye. He tosses it back while his whole body pronounces numerous double fortes. He gently leans back and FLASHES EVE A SMILE during a slow methodical impasse of the music. She quickly returns the same.

Eve finishes serving the plates and refills glasses of wine. The PIANO MUSIC SWARMS around her. She stops and leans against the waiter station a moment. She LISTENS to the music with half closed eyes. The MUSIC keeps SWELLING like waves being sucked back to shore.

OPEN SKIRTS create a FEATHERY FLORAL BOUQUET upon the dance floor. Jewelry sparkles. Eyes shine. Eve's body relaxes. She leans back a bit. She tilts her head back, lost in the titillation of the TRILL OF NOTES. Her body moves slightly, like an imaginary hand is caressing her.

CUT TO

CU EVE gently OPENS HER EYES and is met by ...

CUT TO

CU GLENN'S LONG INTENSE STARE.

CUT TO

CU Eve STARING back at him. CAPTIVATED.

KEVIN, a 29-year-old bus boy from New Zealand with blond hair and straight bohemian hair cut. The rawhide tied about his neck peeks up above his white collarless Chinese-style jacket.

Kevin
 (catches her drifting off)
 Eve, come on. Table *siven's* calling you.

Eve STARTS instantly and looks over her shoulder at Kevin. She shakes her head in acknowledgement and begins to walk away. She is quickly stopped by Kevin.

Kevin
 (awkwardly)
 Oh I guess I'm wrong. (smiles) Sorry.

Eve
 (Collecting herself)
 It's okay.

Eve starts to look over at Glenn again.

Kevin
(quickly)

So how long are you and Lynne going to be bombing around Europe for anyway? Four, five months?

Eve returns her gaze to Kevin.

Eve
(proudly)

Five months.

Kevin
(serious)

Yeah, that's ...a long time.

Eve
I can hardly wait. I've only got tomorrow to finish up my packing. You're coming to my good-bye party tonight, aren't you? At the pub?

Kevin
(eagerly)

Of course. Yeah. (looks at customer) Okay now they really are calling you. (faltering) I mean, this time for sure they're...*difinitely* calling you on table *siven*. (as Eve goes to leave) You have to save me a dance.

Eve smiles at Kevin then turns back and gives Glenn another GLANCE before SHE WALKS AWAY. Her hands are scrunched in her white apron pockets.

CUT TO

Glenn FOLLOWS HER with SMOLDERING EYES that TURN SAD as he looks at the keys and begins PLAYING Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

3 INT. MOHONK MOUNTAIN LODGE DININGROOM-LINE TO CASH REGISTER - NIGHT

There's a back up of waiters waiting to punch up orders on a cash register. LYNNE, a tall blond with a short blunt haircut that matches her no nonsense manner, comes up behind EVE in line.

Lynne
(coyly)

Hmm. I would say you have an admirer on stage.

Eve
(bit of a smirk)

You caught that did you?

Lynne
He performs at Julliard too. You ought to ask him about it. (grins) I've got the feeling he might be very helpful.

Eve looks in the direction of the stage where...

CUT TO

..Glenn plays piano.

CUT TO

CU Eve pondering Lynne's suggestion.

4 INT. MOHONK MOUNTAIN LODGE DININGROOM - NIGHT

The customers are gone. EVE is setting the last few white linen covered tables with silverware that she mechanically polishes and places. The occasional BOISTEROUS LAUGH of the Latvian MAITRE'D is heard in the background along with the bartender's RATTLING OF BOTTLES and CLINKING of glassware being restocked.

GLENN quietly approaches Eve from behind, MUSIC BINDER in hand.

Glenn
I hear you leave for Europe soon.

Eve jumps slightly. She turns around smiling.

Eve
Hello. (shakes head) In two days.

Eve continues polishing and placing SILVERWARE on the table as she converses.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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