

GOING!!

She points up at the street sign -- 57th and 5th. Oops.

PARKER

Come on!

Parker leads her into traffic, HORNS BLARING, as they weave their way across. On the far side, a HORSE CARRIAGE pulls away from the curb and at the last minute, Parker spots a fresh pile of...

... HORSE SHIT, which she manages to leap. Drew, however, ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT OVER. She closes her eyes.

PARKER

Jump!

Drew stumbles, wrong-foots the takeoff but somehow manages to get across it to the curb. For just a BEAT, we see her surprised face. Hm. I did it. Then they see Bennie crossing in traffic, huffing and puffing after them and not seeing the pile, which he hits in full stride, slips on, and PLOPS INTO on his ass. This gives the girls the opening they need and they ditch inside some revolving doors.

36.

INT. THE PLAZA - GIRLS' POV - DAY

IN THE STREET, Bennie's getting up, brushing the crap off. When a CAB HONKS at him, he gives it an Italian salute and slaps the hood, but when he reaches the curb it's clear: He's lost the girls.

DREW AND PARKER

DREW

I don't want to do this anymore.
I want to be done. No more rats,
no more mob hit men.

PARKER

Well, Cinderella, your wish has
come true.

(gesturing)

Voila, La Plaza, mademoiselle.

DREW

So? Hello? No dinero?

PARKER

Yeah. I've got what I'd like to
call a 'creative solution' to
that.

DREW

No. I'm calling Mom.

PARKER

What good will that do?

DREW

(beat)

I'll have her... uh...

PARKER

Have her what? Hi, Mom? Could
you leave that baby halfway outta
there and drive into the city?

DREW

Dad, then.

PARKER

Dad, hey. Drew. Complete loser.
Couldn't get to an interview by
myself, need full bail out. Yeah.
I'm the one who was going to
change the world, I just couldn't
get across town.

(CONTINUED)

37.

CONTINUED:**DREW**

Damn it, Parker, my itinerary is
shot to hell! Blue, red --

Her WATCH ALARM BEEPS.

DREW

I don't even know what that means!
I'm running out of time.

(noticing)

Is that guy looking at me?

Parker starts to look.

DREW

Don't look.

PARKER

When you ask a question like that,
the person is going to look.

Drew drags her behind a palm. Sure enough, across the
lobby, a guy dressed as PLAINCLOTHES HOTEL SECURITY
(MORTY SESTERO) now pretends he wasn't keeping an eye on
them.

DREW

I think he was.

PARKER

Drew, we haven't done anything.

DREW

Yeah, but I'm standing in the
lobby of the Plaza looking like a
deranged street person who might
attack at any moment. In fact, I
might attack at any moment.

The ELEVATOR behind them opens.

PARKER

Let's go.

The girls slip into the elevator. When it closes,
Morty's watching.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PLAZA - DAY

The girls climb out of the elevator and sneak to the end
of the hall where Parker stops and peers back around the
corner.

(CONTINUED)

38.

CONTINUED:**DREW**

(whispering)

What are we doing? And why am I
whispering?

PARKER

We're getting you a shower. Blake
Greer pulled this at the Sheraton
after the prom.

DREW

Great. Now we're emulating Blake
Greer, voted most likely to commit
a felony before having to shave.

PARKER

We're not going to steal anything.
We're just going to sneak in, use
a little soap and water and get
out.

DREW

Oh, we're not going to steal

anything. Super. Just a little
'breaking and entering.'

PARKER

We're not going to break anything.

(beat)

We are going to enter, however.

DREW

No. No. No.

PARKER

Shhh... here comes somebody.

DOWN THE HALL a door swings open and MR. AND MRS. LO
BIANCHO, wealthy Bostonians, EXIT their suite.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALS -- at the opposite end of the hallway, Parker and
Drew aren't the only ones watching. A PAINTER with one
lazy eye, ROGER, pauses with his roller and carefully
peeks around the corner.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

It's the New York Kennel Club,
Emile, not the New York
Knickerbockers. Please call the
caterer and cancel the beer.

(CONTINUED)

39.

CONTINUED:

The ELEVATOR OPENS for them and they step in. Parker
RUNS LIKE HELL for the door of their suite... it's just
about to close when she SLIDES LIKE PETE ROSE INTO FIRST,
just getting a hand on it.
She lies there on the floor, holding the door and
WHISPERS LOUDLY to Drew.

PARKER

Hurry up!

DREW

No!

PARKER

(beat)

I didn't want to have to do this,
but... look in the mirror behind
you.

ON DREW -- bracing herself, she turns slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE - DAY

Practically sewn to Parker, Drew follows her into the
suite, both nervous, tiptoeing.

PARKER

(tentatively)

Housekeeping?

CUT TO:

INT. THE PLAZA - HALLWAY

At the end of the hallway, the PAINTER watches the suite
door close. Hm. What are those girls doing?

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE

It's lavish, yaddada yaddada.

DREW

I can't do this.

PARKER

Drew, you're not a criminal. You
just smell like one. This way.

(CONTINUED)

40.

CONTINUED:

Parker leads her to the big double doors of the master bedroom and slowly OPENS them. There, on the bed, is THE EMPEROR, defending champion of the New York Kennel Club Dog Show. A CHINESE CRESTED HAIRLESS with his little crown sticking straight up, he may be the most absurd-looking dog in history. He simply eyes them. He might even be smiling.

DREW

Oh, no. Oh my god. A... a...
(puzzled)

What the hell is it?

PARKER

A dog?

DREW

I'm itching already. See? Are my arms red?

Drew backs away -- she's about to break for the door.

PARKER

Key down. I'll take him in the living room and keep a lookout. You just get in that shower.

Parker approaches The Emperor.

PARKER

(baby talk)

Hi, little guy. You don't look so tough, huh? You don't look much like a dog, actually. More like Woody Woodpecker.

Happy to give the company, The Emperor practically jumps into Parker's arms.

PARKER

You're cute, aren't you, in a freakazoidal kinda way.

She takes him into the living room and moves to the door.

PARKER

Was your daddy a rat? Is that it? Well, I still like you.

Parker, holding The Emperor, opens the door a crack to keep a lookout.

41.

PARKER'S POV

The hallway's empty.

But The Emperor, feeling frisky, leaps from her arms into the hallway, then turns TO face her. Come on. Let's play!

BACK TO SCENE**PARKER**

Come back here, little ratdog.
Come to Mommy Parker.

Parker pulls off a shoe and sticks it in the doorway to keep it from closing, then, hesitantly, trying not to spook him into running away from her, she steps into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PLAZA

But sure enough, just as she gets close, he turns and dashes down the hallway.

PARKER

Bad ratdog!