“Pilot”

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Adapted from the Argentinean format Lalola

Production Draft - White  1/21/09

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EVA ADAMS
“Pilot”
1/21/09

CAST LIST

EVA ADAMS .......................................................... RHEA SEEHORN
CONNOR STIKES ................................................... JAMES VAN DER BEEK
PAUL BYRNE ......................................................... DAVID DENMAN
BRIAN THORPE
GRACE WAINRIGHT
ADAM EVANSTON
VICTORIA GLEEM
ALLISON
SUZANNE
MICKEY
JENNA
GAVIN MILES
H.R. WOMAN
JANICE MILES
HOTTIE
WAITRESS
CHRISTA CALDWELL
TARYN
SECURITY GUARD
DAY DRINKER
BARTENDER
BLUE BLAZER
MAN’S VOICE (DEREK JETER)
LOCATION/SET LIST

INTERIORS

SHARPE MANAGEMENT
  Elevator Bay
  Brian Thorpe’s Office
  Executive Offices
  Adam’s Office
  Elevator
  Men’s Bathroom
  Outside Bathrooms
  Outside Adam’s Office
  Assistant’s Area
  Outside Brian’s Office

WESTSIDE PUB

GRACE’S APARTMENT
  Living Area
  Bathroom
  Bedroom

HALLWAY

ADAM’S APARTMENT
  Living Area
  Shower
  Bedroom

THERAPIST’S OFFICE

SPORTS CLUB

BMW

LAW LIBRARY

DEPARTMENT STORE
  Dressing Rooms

ARENA
  Lakers VIP Club
  Woman’s Bathroom
  Outside Bathroom
  Ladies Room Powder Area
  Mezzanine

EXTERIORS

SHARPE MANAGEMENT ROOFTOP

DARK STREET

ADAM’S APARTMENT BUILDING

PARKING GARAGE

BASEBALL FIELD

LAW LIBRARY

MOUNTAINVIEW COUNTRY CLUB

CLUB DRIVING RANGE

SHARPE MANAGEMENT (EST.)

STAPLES CENTER

SHOPPING COURT YARD
ACT ONE

CARD NUMBER ONE:

“What is most beautiful and virile in men is something feminine; what is most beautiful in feminine women is something masculine.” --Susan Sontag

CARD NUMBER TWO:

“You don’t know anything about a woman until you meet her in court.” --Norman Mailer


H.R. WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

Gestures of stroking, pelvic thrusts, sucking noises all fall within harassment parameters...

EXT. SHARPE MANAGEMENT ROOFTOP - DAY

Overlooking the sun-bleached village of Beverly Hills, EXECUTIVES and EMPLOYEES ‘enjoy’ lunch in the firm’s rooftop garden. PAN the stoic faces at this ‘mandatory attendance’ Sexual Harassment Seminar. An attractive 40-year-old WOMAN from Human Resources drones on. Next to her, leaning against the wall, is the firm’s founder, BRIAN THORPE, 45, ex-NFL linebacker, California casual in suit, but no tie.

H.R. WOMAN (O.C.)

Pervasive and severe contact of any kind, including rubbing, brushing, fondling and groping.

FIND ADAM EVANSTON, 30, a handsome, charming, ambitious, terminal narcissist, looking very Bond in his dark suit and crisply knotted tie.

H.R. WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sharpe demands professionalism toward their clients in fashion, sport and entertainment. But we must also demand it toward our colleagues in the work place...

WE PUSH INTO ADAM. Adam feels his BLACKBERRY vibrating.

ADAM (V.O.)

In my perpetual postmortem of how I lost it, I always go back to the day of the sexual harassment seminar. It seems a poetic place to start...

(CONTINUED)
Adam discreetly checks the messages.

ON SCREEN:  *H.R. Babe is hot. I want to tap it.*

Adam glances over at the sender, CONNOR STIKES, 30’s, looking at the H.R. Woman while using one hand to type on his iPhone. Connor is a raging metrosexual, a former frat boy.

Now we’re on Adam writing back on his Blackberry.

ON SCREEN:  *Luv the concept, but career suicide.*

TIGHT ON Conner’s fingers typing...

ON SCREEN:  *This from the man who slept with his shrink.*

Adam sneaks a discreet peek at his BB.

Answers ON SCREEN:  *Paul help me out.*

PAUL BYRNE, 30, glances at his vibrating Blackberry. He’s a single dad, second-string handsome, flat-lined self-esteem, a qualified success at the firm, but every victory is a grind.

PAUL
(whispers)
Leave me out of it.

STAY ON VICTORIA GLEEM, 40, cool, with an acerbic wit, rose up the ranks the hard way and knows these boys all too well. The Woman spots Victoria’s raised hand.

VICTORIA
Excuse me. Sorry. What about inappropriate office e-mails?

H.R. WOMAN
Not only are they actionable, it’s the dumbest form of harassment because exchanges are recorded and retrievable on the company’s servers.

Adam and Connor discreetly pocket their technology.

ADAM (V.O.)
*Now, I’m not a ‘why me?’ kind of guy. I can take a punch. I don’t throw pity parties. But for the love of all things holy, why in the hell did this happen to me?*
INT. SHARPE ELEVATOR BAY – TEN MINUTES LATER

The doors flow open and the suits file out. The men immediately pull out communication devices.

ADAM (V.O.)
Because of the way I treated women?
Come on, there are a million more men far more deserving than me.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Well, I’m cured.

CONNOR
They make a nice little word like 'fondle' sound dirty. You want to grab a beer after work?

ADAM
Sure, but I can’t stay long.
Grace's birthday.

Victoria catches up with Adam who is reading his Blackberry.

VICTORIA
Brian wants media exposure for the Lexus fashion show.

ADAM
Okay.

VICTORIA
Our big name clients are urged to attend. If we get star presence, InStyle will kick in for the party.

ADAM
A fashion show? I represent male professional athletes, Victoria.

VICTORIA
So?

ADAM
So, if any of my clients come out of the closet in the next 24 hours, I’ll give you a call.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Adam.

ADAM
Wish I could stay.
Adam moves toward his boss' offices, Victoria's eyes burning holes into his back.

INT. BRIAN THORPE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian's art is collected from his many travels abroad. Golf clubs rest in a corner. Even though he rarely wears a tie, this guy means business. Right now he's checking e-mail on his computer.

ADAM
Did you get your partner for Pebble?

BRIAN
John Daly. If he makes bail.

ADAM
Yeah, no kidding. Hey, thanks for the harassment seminar, because I could do that everyday. Instead of, you know, going out to expensive lunches on your dime.

BRIAN
Yes, let's talk about that. Your expense report is like beach reading. Is there a club you haven't closed this month? And how's the food at...

(reads the report)
Gasm?

ADAM
I entertain professional athletes, Brian. The kids play hard.

BRIAN
Yeah, well, I'm not getting a return on my investment. And frankly, rolling in around noon isn't exactly leading by example.

ADAM
No one here brings in more bank.

BRIAN
That's right, for six quarters straight--

ADAM
You can lick it up.
ENDING WITH THE LAST ONE. I DID.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THERE'S A NEW LEADER IN THE CLUBHOUSE.

(ROUND)

CONNOR?

THIS IS NEWS TO ADAM. BRIAN DOESN'T TIP HIS HAND, HE JUST WANTED TO GET IN ADAM'S HEAD.

STEP IT UP.

ADAM MUMBLES CONNOR'S NAME AS HE EXITS.

INT. SHARPE EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY

ADAM STANDS THERE A BEAT, ABSORBING HIS TUMBLE OUT OF FIRST PLACE. THE STARES OF THE FEMALE ASSISTANTS WAKE HIM UP. HE SLAPS ON HIS CONFIDENT SMILE, SNAPS HIS FINGERS, THEN SMACKS HIS RIGHT FIST INTO HIS LEFT PALM--HIS SIGNATURE THING. ADAM CONTINUES ON, WALKS THE GAUNTLET OF ASSISTANTS' DESKS.

ADAM (V.O.)

AND IT'S NOT BECAUSE I DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX. JUST ASK ANY OF THE FOUR ASSISTANTS I'VE HAD OVER THE LAST THREE YEARS...

ALLISON, 25, APPLE PIE CUTE, MISS ORANGE COUNTY RUNNER-UP TEN POUNDS AGO, SITS NEXT TO AN EMPTY DESK NEAR ADAM'S OFFICE. ADAM WALKS UP.

ADAM (CONT'D)

WHERE'S JESSICA?

ALLISON

HAVEN'T SEEN HER ALL MORNING.

ADAM

ARE YOU OFF THE MARKET? BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE WHAT'S GROWING ON YOUR LEFT HAND. WHEN WERE YOU GOING TO BREAK IT TO ME?

(CONTINUED)
ALLISON
(charmed)
You want a coffee, don’t you?

ADAM
No way, I’ve had three cups.
Engaged? I can’t believe it. If
you’re going that way though, can
you drop in two Splendas? Oh, and
I believe you might be missing
these...

Adam discreetly places a pair of PANTIES on her desk.
Horrified, Allison scoops them up. Adam starts walking
again, stops--

A HOTTIE, 30ish, sits at her desk across the way typing.
She’s seven levels of heat and mystery. She locks eyes with
Adam and smiles.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Who’s the new girl?

ALLISON
What new girl?

ADAM
Next to Jen--

But the desk where the Hottie was is now vacant. There’s no
way. Adam looks around.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Never mind.

As Adam moves toward his office, he takes one last room scan
for the Hottie.

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Maybe it’s because I’ve had the
audacity to be ambitious, the
motivation and desire to succeed at
all costs...

INT. ADAM’S OFFICE – DAY

An office with a view, befitting his success. There’s
pictures of Adam on the wall with athletes and politicians,
smoking cigars with his buddies at Cabo or posing on a
mountain top in Deer Valley. Adam enters and his smile
vanishes.

(CONTINUED)
ADAM
Connor. Really?

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Okay, sure, maybe I stepped on a few toes in my climb to the top--some of them pedicured. But still, the cruel and unusual punishment handed down to me does not fit the crime. I mean, she stole my best friend in the world from me...

Adam kicks a small soccer ball out of frustration. Connor? Adam plops down at his desk deep in thought.

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT’D)
And although there really is no good day for a man to lose his penis, this was an especially bad one to lose mine...

Adam’s buddy Paul enters, agitated. Paul touches his moist forehead.

PAUL
Adam, got a minute?

ADAM
Not really.

PAUL
Man, I’m sweating something wicked.

ADAM
Why?

PAUL
I don’t know. Maybe because Gavin Miles and his wife are on their way here.

Adam spins in his chair to face Paul.

ADAM
Gavin Miles, Cy Young Award winner represented by HRC?

PAUL
He’s leaving HRC.

Adam is on his feet, puts his coat back on.
PAUL (CONT'D)
Gavin’s son goes to my kid’s school. His wife likes what I had to say about Sharpe.

Paul lifts a tie with a small stain on it.

ADAM
How on-the-way-over are they on-the-way-over?

PAUL
They’re in the building. Perfect day to spill hummus on my tie, huh?

ADAM
Jessica.

Paul downs a bottled water. Allison enters with Adam’s coffee.

ALLISON
Jessica quit.

ADAM
Quit? Why?

ALLISON
I don’t know. Why do they all quit?

Adam starts picking up newspapers, cleaning up.

PAUL
We can use my office.

ADAM
No, we need a closer’s office. Lose the tie. If I’m going to do this we need to talk commission--

PAUL
Splitting the commission doesn’t seem fair.

ADAM
I know, but I don’t feel right taking sixty percent.

PAUL
No, I mean, I’m not asking you to help me sign him.

(CONTINUED)
ADAM
Then why are you here?

PAUL
I thought maybe you could, ya know, psyche me up.

ADAM
Dude, I psyche you up anymore you’ll lose control of your bowels.

PAUL
I’m just a little nervous, this is kind of a huge get.

SUZANNE, 30, African-American, arrives.

SUZANNE
Paul.
(Excited)
Gavin Miles is here. I don’t believe it!

This just spikes Paul’s anxiety. Adam puts on his jacket, straightens his tie. Adam starts to leave.

ADAM
You can use my office.

PAUL
No. Don’t leave--

ADAM
Sixty-forty.

JANICE
Hi, Paul.

GAVIN and JANICE MILES arrive. Gavin is about thirty and could model underwear. As talented as he is, he’s even more humble. His wife is pretty, but sweet, with a body hardened by yoga.

PAUL
Hey, there.
(to Adam)
Deal.
(back to Janice)
Guys, I want you to meet--

ADAM
Adam Evanston.

(CONTINUED)
Adam is as cool and confident as Paul is unhinged.

INT. ADAM’S OFFICE – THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Janice and Gavin hold lattes, Paul and Adam sit across. Paul is calm now, but Adam is in the zone.

ADAM
(coolly)
HRC is going to fight to keep you.
Marcus Hickman will take you to
some fancy dinner. He’ll squeeze
the guilt tendon and talk about all
the years you two spent together
and how he’s the godfather to your
oldest. And then he’ll tell you
about the surge of agents he’s
going to put on Team Gavin and
emerging revenue streams--the same
desperate ditty he’s used on all
the clients who have inevitably
dumped him. But after he’s
finished, Gavin, I want you to ask
Marcus Hickman this:

Adam leans forward. Gavin leans forward.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Why didn’t he promise all those
things when he signed you.

Gavin nods, looks at his wife. Janice just listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And then ask him, ‘How come I’m
only making ten million a year when
Adam Evanston over at Sharpe can
get me thirty.’

GAVIN
Yeah. Good question. Right, hon?

JANICE
Gavin has foundations for inner
city schools--

ADAM
More reason to maximize earnings.
Can’t forget the kids.

Gavin is mesmerized. Janice’s smile betrays nothing.
INT. WESTSIDE PUB - THAT NIGHT

Raised cocktail glasses CLINK, hoisted by Adam, Connor and Paul.

CONNOR
To Gavin Miles.

ADAM PAUL
Salute. Long way to go.

A favorite hang for the Westside professionals, mostly men. Adam and Connor are standing at the bar, scanning the scene.

ADAM
Where were we?

PAUL
Manscaping.

CONNOR
Right. Over a third of Cho’s male clients wax and I’m a firm believer that trimming the hedge makes the tree look bigger.

ADAM
I don’t need forced perspective to sell the wares.

CONNOR
Whatever. Nothing is going to happen here tonight. My infrared isn’t picking up any heat sources.

ADAM
I’m not feeling it, either. Very weak field. Why’d you pick this place, Paul?

PAUL
Half-price Happy Hour.

CONNOR
Dude, you’re about to bag the biggest free agent in all of sport. Open up the throttle.

PAUL
Okay, first, I haven’t bagged Gavin Miles, I got a weird vibe there at the end. Second, this place is close to my kid’s dance class...

(CONTINUED)
CONNOR
Dance class--That's why we're at this dry hole?

PAUL
Sorry, downside of having a single Dad as a your wing man.

ADAM
And besides, Connor. Not everyone is having a quarter like you. I hope I can stay in your rearview mirror.

CONNOR
Please. I learned from the master and I value this friendship more.

Adam appreciates this, taps Connor's fist. Paul's cell BEEPS. He reads the text.

PAUL
Annabel just got out of dance early. I gotta bounce.

Paul leaves, they AD-LIB GOOD-BYES. Adam and Connor wait until Paul's out of earshot.

CONNOR
Nice guy.

ADAM
But no stones.

CONNOR
Divorce just gutted him.

ADAM
I'd rather die old and alone.

CONNOR
We're half-way there.

ADAM
Amen.

The WAITRESS steps up with a martini that she puts down in front of Adam.

WAITRESS
This is from table four.
Adam has no idea where Table Four is, but something has caught his eye.

ACROSS THE WAY

Adam target-locks on the Hottie sitting alone in a booth. It’s the young woman we saw at Sharpe.

ADAM
It’s her. The temp...

The Hottie smiles a smile that could smelt pig iron—and then she’s eclipsed by two other patrons and then--gone.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Where’d she go?

CONNOR
Where’d who go?

ADAM
The work day’s over. Time to play.

Adam takes the MARTINI with one olive, picks it up, moves to where the Hottie was...

Adam arrives at the empty booth where she was sitting. Adam plucks the olive impaled on the toothpick and bites it.

HOTTIE (O.S.)
Hi.

Adam spins around and sees the smoldering Hottie standing before him. There’s something about her that exudes mystery.

EXT. DARK STREET — ONE HOUR LATER

Adam and the Hottie are going at it on the hood of Adam’s Porsche. They’re dressed, but seem ready to take it to the next level. There’s a PING. Adam, breathing hard, checks his BlackBerry.

ON THE DISPLAY — REMINDER: GRACE’S BIRTHDAY

ADAM
Damn. I forgot. Grace...

HOTTIE
The wife? Because I can work around that.
ADAM
No, a friend. I've known her since we were kids. It's her birthday.
I have to go. Rain check?

HOTTIE
I don't honor rain checks.

ADAM
All right, fine. We can do this now, but it's going to have to be quick with no post-coital clinging--

HOTTIE
Good. And don't be insulted when I won't give you my number afterwards because you're going to beg for it.
This is what it is. Disposable. Understand?

Adam isn't used to responses like this.

ADAM
Uh, yeah.
(beat)
Are you a hooker?

HOTTIE
If I was, you couldn't afford me.

The Hottie looks at Adam, pulls him back down--

FROM DIRECTLY OVERHEAD - On the hood of a silver Porsche, she wraps her legs tightly around Adam...like a vice...

EXT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mid-Wilshire. Of course, it's understated cool.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - TWO MINUTES LATER

GRACE WAINRIGHT moves to answer a KNOCK. She's the same age as Adam, attractive in a tom boy kind of way, with a positive, energetic vibe. She opens the door. Adam holds a wedge of cake with a lit candle and raises his Blackberry that's on SPEAKER. The VOICE on it SINGS:

MAN'S VOICE (BLACKBERRY)
(singing)
Happy Birthday, Dear Grace. Happy Birthday to you...

(CONTINUED)
GRACE
Who's that?

ADAM
Wait for it.

ADAM
Say hello to Derek Jeter, Grace.

GRACE
Hello, Derek Jeter.
(to Adam, in sotto)
Hockey?

ADAM
(into phone)
Hey, thanks, D-J.

DEREK (O.S.)
No problem. Go tear it up--

ADAM
Still on speaker, talk to you later.
(hangs up)
Sorry, I'm late.

Adam gives Grace a big hug. Grace likes this hug, probably wanted it to last longer than Adam who releases and then hands her a GIFT BOX.

GRACE
No problem. I only had twenty other people who wanted to do something with me tonight.

ADAM
Except you'd rather stay home and study, anyway.

He's right. Grace opens her gift. It's a PRADA WALLET.

GRACE
Very nice, tell Sara she did good. Thank you.

ADAM
Sara quit. I had to pick it out myself.

Adam helps himself to a scotch bottle in a cupboard.

GRACE
Did you sleep with her?
ADAM
(busted)
Hmm?

GRACE
You’re an idiot.

ADAM
Hey, I didn’t leverage sex from her or make her cry. I say worse things to you.

GRACE
You’re not my boss, Adam. And I’ve known you since we were both in diapers.

ADAM
You’re the only woman who gets me, Grace.

GRACE
No. No, I don’t get you, Adam. I find your behavior baffling, gross, but oddly compelling. I keep you in my life for the same reason some people own geckos as pets.

Adam moves to the living area.

ADAM
I’m feeling a little weird. I’m going to pass on the cake.

GRACE
Thanks. Since you only brought one slice.

Adam plops down on the chair and turns on the TV, exhausted.

ADAM
My next assistant is going to be a man. Preferably gay. I’ve had it with female mood swings every 28 days and fearing litigation every time I compliment a woman on her looks.

GRACE
Yeah, it’s all our bad.
ADAM
I'm serious. I'm for equal rights and equal pay, but the truth is women aren't there, yet. You're not genetically engineered to be our equal.

GRACE
(growing indignant)
I'm just going to pretend this is the scotch talking.

ADAM
Until you can nut up and act like men, will you truly be equal in mind, spirit and body and not just by law. Man, I am beat.

GRACE
I ran six miles and studied five hours for the bar. You nut up. And what you're really saying is being a woman is easier than being a man.

ADAM
No. Wait. Yeah.

GRACE
You're not even going to give us the pain of child birth?

ADAM
Please. Try standing on our end and watching the baby come out. About as joyful as the garbage disposal backing up...

Grace can't believe what she's hearing.

GRACE
The fact that my gender actually chooses to have sex with you makes me wonder if we are indeed inferior.

ADAM
Frankly, I wish more women were like you.

GRACE
Like me?
ADAM
(closes his eyes)
More like a guy.

And that stung more than Adam will ever know...

GRACE
I think the world would be better
off if you were more like us. But
thanks.

No answer. Adam is sound asleep.

Grace moves to Adam, picks up a sofa pillow and pretends to
smother him with it, then puts it behind his head. She
unfurls a pashmina and covers him. She turns off the TV and
now the only light comes from the candle. She looks at Adam
and we can tell there's a pull there for her... She quickly
blows out the flame. DARKNESS.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT/DAY

That night, while Adam is asleep on the couch, a
transformation takes place:

The hair on Adam's legs withdraw into his skin while the hair
on his head suddenly flows and falls around his neck. His
chest will rise like baking bread and almost spill out of his
shirt. Adam is having a nice dream and his hands begin
exploring his breasts, then his thighs. He laughs or rather
she laughs and her hand disappears under the pashmina and the
smile gets bigger and the eyes open because it's now morning.
The Woman looks at the clock on the wall--

WOMAN
Ten-thirty?
(that voice!)
Hello, hello, hello. Testing, one,
two, three. Testing, one, two,
what-the-hell--

The Woman looks at her hands, feels her breasts, runs into--

INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The suit pants almost fall off her hips. The WOMAN, even in
this state--hair mussed, no make-up, in a heightened state of
panic--is attractive, but a diamond in the rough.

She looks in the mirror and sees herself and immediately
thinks someone's behind her. She whips around--no one's
there--then turns back to the mirror and sees Adam.
ADAM (IN MIRROR)
Thank God.

But the Woman isn’t relieved. She looks at her hands, then looks down and reaches inside her baggy pants and searches for something that is no longer there.

ADAM (IN MIRROR) (CONT’D)
Where is it? Grace?

She looks back into the mirror and sees the Woman again.

WOMAN
GRAAAAAACCCCEEED!!!

You could hear her on the moon, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

13 EXT. ADAM’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY
14 INT. GRACE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Grace is sleeping when the Woman runs in.

WOMAN
Wake up!

Grace rolls over, sees the stranger standing over the bed and bolts upright.

GRACE
Who are you?

WOMAN
You’re not going to believe this--

GRACE
Oh, I believe it. But I just usually meet the booty calls at his place, not mine. Adam!

Grace throws back covers, moves into the--

15 INT. GRACE’S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

The Woman is nipping at Grace’s heels.

WOMAN
I’m not a booty call--

GRACE
I swear to God, if that couch is ruined--

WOMAN
I went to sleep as Adam, I’m waking up as...something else.

GRACE
Something else?

WOMAN
Look at my clothes, Grace, they’re Adam’s.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GRACE
Did he give you the line about how
hot you look in a man’s dress
shirt?

WOMAN
Grace, I’m not hot enough to sleep
with Adam. I’d throw me back.
Look into my eyes. It’s me.

Grace steps back from the approaching stranger, runs out--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Grace starts banging on Adam’s apartment--

GRACE
Adam! Open up!

The Woman calmly pulls out Adam’s keys, opens the door, lets
Grace in--

INT. ADAM’S APARTMENT - DAY

Grace is running through the apartment calling Adam’s name.
The Woman stands in the middle, patiently waiting. Grace
grabs Adam’s land-line phone, dials. The Woman pulls the
RINGING BLACKBERRY out of Adam’s suit pocket and answers.

WOMAN
(answers)
Morning. Guess who has a vagina?

Grace drops the phone like it was on fire. The Woman moves
toward Grace.

GRACE
What did you do with Adam? Is this
a burglary? A kidnapping?

WOMAN
No. Something terrible has
happened to me.

GRACE
Stay there.

Grace runs out. The Woman follows Grace out the door.

WOMAN
I’ve known you since we were two--
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Grace enters her apartment, SLAMS the door, we hear dead bolts slide just before the Woman gets there. She rests her head against the door.

WOMAN
Damn.

INT. ADAM’S SHOWER - DAY

The Woman is soaping up, half-washing, half-exploring, all out of sheer wonder and abject horror. She rinses, then shuts off the water and just stands there.

INT. ADAM’S APARTMENT - ONE HOUR LATER

The Woman is in a robe, hair wet, pacing, closing shades.

Adam’s BLACKBERRY starts vibrating. The Woman picks it up and reads the message:

Paul writes ON SCREEN: Where are you?! Brian’s pissed!

She clutches her head, then thinks of something. The Woman pounces on the phone, dials.

WOMAN
Christa? It’s Adam--’ss assistant...uh, Eva. Adam is wondering if he could squeeze in a session this morning... Oh, yes, it’s an emergency--

INT. ADAM’S BEDROOM - ONE MINUTE LATER

EVA, we’ll call her that from now on, is rummaging through drawers, tossing out men’s clothes...

EVA
I know you left something--Yes.

Eva pulls out women’s SWEATS.

EXT. ADAM’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Eva walks tentatively into daylight wearing colorful yoga tights, sweatshirt, no make-up, her hair a crumbled jail break. A neighbor passes by and Eva hides her face as if she were in drag. She moves to Adam’s Porsche, the alarm CHIRPS.
INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - DAY

An anxious Eva in yoga attire sits across from a nonplussed, but very skeptical DOCTOR CHRISTA CALDWELL, 35, sexy in an I-wonder-what-she-looks-like-without-her-glasses kind of way.

CHRISTA
You think you’re Adam?

EVA
Yes.

CHRISTA
Adam Evanston?

EVA
Just go with it for a second, as if you were, say, I don’t know, a shrink who’s paid to listen.

CHRISTA
Okay.

Eva catches her REFLECTION in a GLASS PICTURE FRAME on a credenza and sees--Adam again. (Adam is always in suit and tie. Forever a well-dressed alpha-male preserved in amber)

ADAM (IN PICTURE)
You’re losing your mind, but you have to admit Christa’s looking hot. Uh-oh. This is weird. I believe you’re having a phantom erection. Like when an amputee can still feel the leg--

Eva turns away from the picture.

EVA
Maybe I’m having a psychotic break. Maybe I’m just imagining I’m a woman and the rest of the world sees a man?

Eva looks back at the picture and sees herself in the reflection. Christa clocks this.

CHRISTA
No, you’re definitely a woman.

EVA
(touches her arms, upset)
I feel like a hairless Chihuahua.

(MORE)
EVA (CONT'D)
I’m weak, I mean, car keys are heavy. I could get hurt out there!

CHRISTA
Settle down. Tell me what happened?

Eva’s legs are crossed like a guy and her foot wiggles.

EVA
I’m not sure. I went out last night with some buddies, crashed at a friend’s place and woke up with fun bags—
(touches them, then--)
Wait, breasts, there was this woman at the bar. She bought me a drink.

CHRISTA
Did Adam hurt you in an emotional way?

EVA
Huh? No. No. I’m Adam, Christa. I swear. I’m coming to you because you were a great therapist until we, you know, became intimate.

CHRISTA
(horrified)
I’d never sleep with a--I would lose my license--It was after he left me as a patient.

EVA
Honey, you have me confused with someone who cares.

CHRISTA
Are those--Are you wearing my clothes?

Eva looks down at her sweats.

EVA
Yes. I believe I am.

CHRISTA
Who are you? Are you stalking Adam? Or me?

EVA
I’m not a stalker.
Eva stands--

CHRISTA
No, wait. There's someone I want you to talk to at UCLA. He's an expert in identity displacement. I think he could help you. I'd like to get you in there today, but you should bring some clothes along. Preferably, ones that aren't mine.

Red flag.

EVA
In case they need to keep me overnight for observation?

CHRISTA
Yes.

EVA
Great. Thanks. I'm just going to go home and pack. I'll call ya back. This time.

Eva leaves. Christa watches and knows this woman will not be coming back.

INT. WESTSIDE PUB - SAME DAY

It's busy with a lunch crowd. Eva follows the Waitress from the night before to her station. There she waits for the Bartender to finish her order of drinks.

WAITRESS
Yes, I remember Adam.

EVA
Great. A woman bought him a drink last night, you brought it over. I need to know who she is.

WAITRESS
Why do you need to know? You his girlfriend?

EVA
No. Adam didn't get her name. I've been sent to get her name.

WAITRESS
It wasn't a woman at table four. It was some guy in a suit.
The Waitress nods toward a table in the corner, definitely not the table the Hottie was sitting at the night before...

EVA

A guy?

Eva’s phone RINGS. Eva winces when she sees who is calling, but decides it’s time to check back into the world. She sits down and that’s when we notice Adam’s boxers peeking out the back of her tights.

EVA (CONT’D)

Hello?

INT. BRIAN THORPE’S OFFICE – SAME TIME

Brian stands in front of his desk.

BRIAN

Is this--Is Adam there?

INTERCUT

EVA

No.

BRIAN

Where is he?

EVA

Sick.

BRIAN

Oh, yeah. What’s wrong with him?

EVA

Food poisoning. Shellfish. I’ll spare you the details.

BRIAN

Sounds to me like one of the details you’re leaving out is that he’s in a bar--You tell Adam he better be in here tomorrow morning. I’m throwing him one last life line. He can either grab hold on or wrap it around his neck.

Eva knows her boss is dead serious. Eva hits speed dial.

CONNOR (RECORDING)

This is Connor. Leave a message.
EVA

Connor, it’s...

Eva hangs up. She realizes a DAY DRINKER with a two-quart face has sat down right next to her.

DAY DRINKER
I don’t want nothing ambitious.
What can I get for twenty bucks?

Eva turns and leaves.

INT. SPORTS CLUB - DAY

On the first floor Eva stealthily spies Connor Stikes biking in a spin class. He’s target-locked on the WOMAN in front of him pedaling off-saddle.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Connor is walking to his car wearing his cycling tights. He BEEPS open the doors to his BMW and gets in, just as--

INT. BMW - DAY

Eva opens the passenger side at the exact same time and falls in next to him. Connor is startled--

CONNOR
What the--who the hell are you?

EVA
I won’t be long. You’re Adam’s best friend.

CONNOR
Yeah, so what.

The car’s SUN VISOR has a SMALL MIRROR right in front of Eva’s face. In the reflection, we see Adam’s eyes.

ADAM (IN MIRROR)
You have no choice. Play the Sasha card.

Eva smacks the visor out of the way so she doesn’t have to see Adam.

EVA
You guys hung out, did a lot of crazy stuff together. I mean, if people knew about Eli’s bachelor party in Vegas--

(CONTINUED)
CONNOR
What do you know about Vegas?

EVA

CONNOR
Guy Code?

EVA
You entrusted Adam with a big secret of a Vegas weekend that he’s never shared with anyone. Fortunately, Sasha didn’t have a camera phone.

Connor jumps out of his car, spooked. Eva does, too.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Connor steps back from his car, looks at Eva.

CONNOR
Who are you?!

EVA
Adam just said to remind you how understanding he was when you told him about Sasha and how he said that there wasn’t a straight guy who wouldn’t have made the same misread sober, let alone the state you were in, but I don’t know any details except Sasha had big hands.

Connor is horrified, confused...

CONNOR
What the hell do you want?

EVA
I need you to help me find somebody, the woman Adam left with from the bar last night. Did you get a good look at her?

CONNOR
We’re not talking anymore until you tell me what the hell’s going on here.
EVA
Fine. But it’s so secret, it exceeds even your stupid Guy Code.

There’s desperation in this woman’s voice. Connor stands there, looks at this disheveled, tortured woman. Connor studies her, then cools.

CONNOR
And you are the keeper of this secret message?

Eva nods, almost emotional. Connor smiles.

CONNOR (CONT’D)
If you really knew Adam, you’d know his number one mantra: Never trust a woman with a secret. Now, I don’t know what your agenda is, but you come near me again, I’ll call the cops.

Connor jumps into his car, power locks the doors and fires it up. The BMW screeches away. Eva stares straight ahead, never feeling so alone and helpless. Eva’s BLACKBERRY RINGS.

EVA
Go away.
(answers)
What?

MAN’S VOICE
Uh. Is Adam around?

EVA
No, Adam is definitely not around. Who’s this?

MAN’S VOICE
Gavin Miles.

Eva snaps to attention.

EVA
Gavin. This is Adam’s assistant Eva.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - THAT MOMENT
Gavin has just finished running laps. He picks up a mitt.

GAVIN
This is the number he gave--
INTERCUT

EVA
You have the right number. Adam just isn’t here right now.

GAVIN
Okay, I’ll try to reach Paul.

EVA
No.
(soothing and feminine)
Nooo, sorry, Adam just stepped away from his desk. Can I help you?

GAVIN
Yes. Tell Adam I want to do this. But we have a couple of questions. I’d like to get this done today.

EVA
(excited)
I’ll set something up, Gavin.
(looks at phone)
I have your number here. Let me get right back to you...

GAVIN
Good. Thank you, Eva.

Eva hangs up, suddenly has a second lease on life.

EVA
Okay, we can do this.
(reality setting in)
How the hell are we going to do this?

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO
INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Grace is studying when Eva sits down across from her. Grace slams her book, backs away.

GRACE
How did you find me--?

EVA
Ask me who the first girl I kissed was?

GRACE
I called the cops, they filed a report.

EVA
Ask me who the first girl I kissed was.

GRACE
Who was the first girl you kissed?

EVA
You. Camp Golden Arrow, we were ten.

Rattled, Grace stands to leave, but Eva grabs her by the arm and pulls her back in the chair—hard. A LIBRARIAN notices.

EVA (CONT’D)
I wasn’t a girl then. I was Adam.

GRACE
Let me go--

EVA
You were born in Modesto on the Fourth of July. You have Boyz II Men and the Macarena on your iPod and you lost your virginity to a guy named Jason Kemper--

GRACE
(hurt)
Jason Kemper?

EVA
You keep single malt scotch for me over your microwave and you were right, I lied, Amy isn’t A.T.F., she’s a stripper.

(CONTINUED)
GRACE
But the windbreaker--

EVA
Come on, Grace. Costume.

SECURITY GUARD
(to Eva)
Ma'am, you're going to have to leave.

The Librarian is next to a beefy SECURITY GUARD.

GRACE
Adam told a one-night-stand slut about me losing it with Jason Kemper?

EVA
No, because Adam would be far too busy talking about himself to ever get around to discussing you.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am--

The Guard tugs Eva's arm, she yanks it away.

EVA
You really want a piece of me?

SECURITY GUARD
Depends what piece you want to break off, baby.

And Eva pushes him--the Guard grabs her, he's strong, leads her out. She struggles as they move out to--

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EXT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

The Security Guard pushes Eva outside, then stands in front of the door, arms folded.

EVA
When I get my stones back, I'll--he'll--DAMMIT.

Eva kicks a trash can, starts to walk away. From behind her:

GRACE (O.S.)
What did Jason Kemper say?

Eva stops, looks back at Grace.
GRACE (CONT’D)
That night, after we had
sex...Jason said something that I
only told Adam...

Eva knows she has to stick this.

EVA
You wanted Jason to re-assure you
that you weren’t going to get
pregnant. You were just seventeen
and scared. And he rolled over,
looked up at the stars and said ‘I
can’t remember if our school mascot
was a cricket or a spider.’ And
you said from then on, no more dumb
guys...

Grace thaws at the memory, looks at Eva differently.

GRACE
Oh my God...Adam. What in the hell
happened? Are you dead? Did you
re-incarnate?

Relieved to have a friend, Eva pulls Grace into her arms.

EVA
I don’t know. Last night, there
was this woman I met at the bar, we
went out to the parking lot, then
we, you know...After that, I
started feeling weird.

GRACE
This isn’t happening. Maybe I’m
losing my mind, studying too much.

Eva grabs Grace by both shoulders.

EVA
I’m already around the bend, Grace,
one of us has to stay up river.

GRACE
Okay.

EVA
Now, listen. Why this happened has
to wait for a day. Because I have
to keep my life from unraveling so
I have a job to come back to.
GRACE
So what do you want me to do?

EVA
I want to be Adam’s new temp.
    (beat)
But I need you to help me be a woman.

GRACE
You think that’s something I can just teach you on my lunch hour?

EVA
    (exasperated)
No, Grace. I don’t. Because your gender is so much more complex.
    Just forget it. I’ll figure this out myself. I’ve seen Project Runway.

Grace watches Eva walk away and knows what she has to do.

GRACE
Wait.

Grace follows an old friend....

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Grace and Eva walk into this high-end department store. They brave the vacant stares of the reed-thin Lancome saleswomen holding cosmetic samples and wearing porcelain smiles. Eva snaps her fingers and smacks a fist into her palm.

GRACE
Oh my god, you are him.

Eva furiously flicks through a rack of suits with a saleswoman named Taryn, 25, a wispy fashionista. Grace stands there, arms folded.

GRACE (CONT’D)
You don’t have any idea what you’re getting into, do you?

EVA
Men will check out my boobs, heels are hard to walk in, putting on make-up is a drag.
    (re: jacket)
This is too tight.
GRACE
Do what we do, have a rib removed.

EVA
Really?

GRACE
No.

They move toward--

INT. DRESSING ROOMS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Eva is in Adam's boxers and T-shirt. Taryn is hanging SUITS and BLOUSES for Eva to look at. Eva tries on suit pants.

TARYN
This has sensuous lines. And you have very, very nice lines.

EVA
(flawing)
Well, thank you, very, very much.
(re: her breasts)
Should I let the dogs run?

GRACE
No, you need to be taken seriously.

Taryn walks away. Eva catches Adam's reflection in the dressing mirror, mimicking Eva's moves. He speaks.

ADAM (IN MIRROR)
Dude, you're an expert at taking women's clothes off, not putting them on. Delegate here.

An attractive WOMAN in another dressing room is handed some clothes and peels her jeans off on the spot. Eva and Adam are damn near leering.

ADAM (IN MIRROR) (CONT'D)
Not gonna lie to you. There's an upside to all this.

EVA
(to Grace)
Talk to me.

Grace tosses the blouses and suits she deems unworthy. Eva peeks back in the mirror, sees only herself.

(CONTINUED)
GRACE
Men don’t hear the first few words
women say because they’re too busy
processing your looks—eyes on me.
And you don’t want to alienate the
women in your workplace.

Grace has Eva’s ear.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Now that you’ve shed your gender
and your power ranking, all the
women in your company are going to
treat you differently. You know
how men think and you know how
women act towards men, but you’ve
never been a woman around women.
And that’s no place for a rookie.

EVA
What should I do?

GRACE
Keep your head down and for once in
your life, listen.
(re: suit)
And go with the black. Makes your
ass look good.

Eva sheds the suit pants. Just then, a half-dressed Janice
Miles walks out of a dressing room wearing an open blouse, we
can see her bra. A SALES PERSON hands her more blouses, she
retreats into her dressing room.

EVA
Janice Miles. I just spoke to your
husband Gavin on the phone. I’m
Eva. Adam Evanston’s assistant.

Janice looks through the half-open door at the woman in men’s
boxers and T-shirt.

JANICE
Right. Gavin and I are hoping to
meet with Adam today.

EVA
I’m racing into work to make it
happen. But—

Janice takes off her slacks. Eva is momentarily derailed,
tries not to stare. What a body.
EVA (CONT'D)
But, uh...is there any question I
can answer for you now? I'm very
well-versed in all things Adam.

JANICE
No, thanks. It can wait.

EVA
Okay. Let me just say your rig is
even more killer in person than in
the Sports Illustrated swimsuit
issue.

Janice, self-conscious, casually flips the blouse on the
hangar in front of her chest and retreats.

GRACE
Okay, you can’t do that anymore.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Eva is completely transformed in work clothes. Not hot, but
an upgrade over the original.

EVA
Grace.

GRACE
Hmm?

EVA
What do think I am? A seven,
maybe?

Grace doesn’t say anything, keeps walking.

EVA (CONT’D)
Come on, no lower than six.

GRACE
You’re...a handsome woman.

EVA
Oh, no. Ow. That drew blood.

GRACE
How’s this: My friend Adam would
say you’re ‘Last Call Pretty.’

Eva stops walking, not amused. Grace keeps going.
INT. SHARPE ELEVATOR - HALF-HOUR LATER

Eva is in the elevator alone, nervous. The PING tells her she’s arrived. She inhales some confidence, snaps her fingers and taps her fist into her palm as the doors flow open--

INT. SHARPE - CONTINUOUS

Eva walks tentatively into the bustling workplace, feels people checking her out. She digs at the thong riding up her butt. Paul notices her walking by his office, like, who’s the new girl? Eva steps up to MICKEY, 28, Brian’s assistant.

EVA
Hey, Mickey, I’m Eva. I need to see Brian right away.

INT. BRIAN’S OFFICE - THIRTY SECONDS LATER

Brian is talking with Victoria and Connor when the stranger is allowed in by Mickey.

MICKEY
This is Eva, Adam’s new assistant. She says she has an urgent message from Adam.

EVA
I’m really sorry to interrupt.

CONNOR
Wait. You’re the woman I met--

EVA
In Vegas?

CONNOR
(beat)
Sorry, must have been someone else.

BRIAN
Where’s Adam?

EVA
What I’m about to tell you cannot leave this room.

Brian flicks a chin at Mickey who retreats and closes the door. All eyes are now on Eva.
EVA ADAMS  "Pilot"  PRODUCTION DRAFT  1/21/09  39.

EVA (CONT’D)
Adam checked into rehab this morning.

CONNOR

VICTORIA

No.  Really?

VICTORIA

For what?

EVA

He wouldn’t say, but it’s an experimental facility in San Diego. An outpatient thing. He could be discharged in a day. Or longer.

BRIAN

His behavior’s been erratic. Drugs or alcohol? Or both?

CONNOR

Adam’s not into drugs.

VICTORIA

Porn?

EVA

He’s not addicted to porn. He can stop any time he wants. Here’s the good news. Adam is about to close Gavin Miles. He’s going to sign him today.

BRIAN

Sign him? From where?

EVA

Well, he wants me to be his surrogate. He’s uploaded me on everything Gavin.

BRIAN

Right, we’re going to let some temp close the most sought-after pitcher in baseball?

EVA

Only Adam knows how to work this guy and he’s told me everything.

CONNOR

Actually, I talked to Adam this morning on the way in, Bri.
EVA
What?

CONNOR
He handed it off to me. We were working together on this.

Connor’s betrayal has rocked Eva.

EVA
That’s not true. And aren’t Wednesday mornings when you get your perineum bleached?

CONNOR
Who the hell--

VICTORIA
(to Connor)
Does that burn?

BRIAN
Quiet. Eva, I need you to give Connor Gavin’s phone number. Do you have it?

Eva reluctantly pulls out her Blackberry and punches buttons.

EVA
It’s sent.

BRIAN
Thank you. You can go now.

Eva, feeling very self-conscious, leaves. After she’s gone:

VICTORIA
I hope Adam’s going to be okay.

BRIAN
That’s funny. The only better news for you would be Adam sporting a toe tag. Christmas came early for you, Victoria.

Still, Victoria takes the news in stride, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITES - DAY

Eva walks along, pulls out her phone.

EVA
(on phone)
Hey, this is Eva in Adam Evanston's office.

She enters--

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva steps right up to the urinal, distracted, talking.

EVA
Adam needs to postpone his haircut with Nancy today--

Eva reaches into her pants, realizes PAUL is next to her.

EVA (CONT'D)
(to Paul)
S'up.

PAUL
Hey.

Eva backs up, moves to the stalls, kicks the door open out of frustration and embarrassment.

STALL

Eva peels down her pants and sits--but her ass falls all the way in because the toilet seat was up. Perfect.

INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOMS - ONE MINUTE LATER

Eva runs into Paul, waiting.

PAUL
You realize you were in the--

EVA
Sorry. First day. I'm Eva, Adam's new assistant.

PAUL
Oh. Oh. I need to talk to Adam.

(CONTINUED)
EVA

Why?

PAUL
Because Gavin said he talked to
Adam's office about coming down for
a meeting. But Adam never called
and told me.

EVA
Okay.

PAUL
Is Adam in?

EVA
Sorry, Paul. He's still sick.

PAUL
Really. I don't know if I believe
that. Tell him to call me now.

EVA
Will do.

Eva leaves Paul, hurries away, snapping her fingers and
tapping her fist into her palm.

PAUL
Wait. How did you know my name?

Paul stares after her.

INT. OUTSIDE ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Eva walks toward Adam's office. A HOT INTERN passes her.
Eva stops, turns to check out the Intern's legs. Eva bites
her lower lip longingly. Only then does Eva notice the
ASSISTANTS watching her.

EVA
Hey. Hi.

The Assistants coldly check her out.

SUZANNE
Morning.

There's a new one, JENNA, edgy, with long sleeves that hide
tattoos and Suzanne and Allison we already met. Eva forces
aplomb, walks into her office--
INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Finds Victoria standing there, checking out the office.

EVA
Help you with anything?

VICTORIA
Just kicking tires.

EVA
Hey, what would you say if I told you I could get Gavin Miles to come to your fashion show?

Eva takes off her shoes, finds candy in a drawer, sits at Adam’s desk.

VICTORIA
I’d say I handle fashion, not felons.
(re: feet on desk)
Make yourself at home.

EVA
Gavin’s a Cy Young winner, soon to be free agent and we’re trying to sign him.

VICTORIA
Not interested.

EVA
But you said InStyle will pick up the tab if we get a celebrity--

VICTORIA
Hey, Bridget Jones, stop. You’d be annoying even if I had to listen to you.

Eva figures it out.

EVA
You don’t want him to sign Gavin Miles because you want Adam to fail.
(beat)
You want my office.

VICTORIA
Your office?

Suddenly, Victoria is fully engaged with this temp.

(CONTINUED)
EVA

I meant--

VICTORIA

Pilates?

EVA

Huh?

VICTORIA

Bikram yoga? Spinning? Where do you get the energy for all this...pluck?

EVA

I, uh, just work out. Some cardio. Free weights.

VICTORIA

So do I. It's just this fashion show. I haven't gone to my trainer in five days...weeks. Last night dinner was some red wine and a bowl of Raisin Bran.

EVA

What do you have against Adam? He's never hit on you.

Who is this chick?

VICTORIA

Listen, I hope Adam comes out on the other side of his problem a better human being, but I won't cry if he ends up sleeping under a bridge because that means he won't be working here. So, don't get too comfortable.

(beat)

And your desk is out there.

Victoria starts to leave, comes back, swipes a piece of candy and then exits.

INT. ASSISTANT'S AREA - DAY

Eva walks out, watches as the assistants pass along a fancy bag while each person drops an item into it: cosmetics, magazine, scarf, clock radio...
JENNA
...Nothing good ever comes from the husband seeing credit card statements.

SUZANNE
That’s why I’m the Minister of Finance in my house.

ALLISON
Oh, I’d never do that. I wouldn’t keep anything from Eric.

EVA
Why? He keeps things from you. You’d be surprised how many husbands have black-op credit cards.

They turn to see Eva. The conversation stops. Eva feels the chill and sits down at her modest desk.

SUZANNE
We didn’t catch your name.

EVA
Eva.

JENNA
You a temp, Eva?

EVA
No.

SUZANNE
You might as well be.

Knowing smiles. Tenure is power.

ALLISON
Well, even if you’re not a temp, you’re gonna be tempted. But FYI, he’s not half as good as he thinks he is...

Eva forces her own smile.

EVA
Really? What do you mean?

ALLISON
He’s been known to soft pickle in the red zone.
ADAM’S DISTORTED REFLECTION resides in the base of a shiny silver vase on Eva’s desk.

ADAM (IN VASE)
That was after a bottle of Grey Goose and on the day we lost out on Teixeira. It happens to every guy at some point.
(weakly)
Right?

Eva grabs the vase, shoves it in a drawer.

EVA
That’s so funny. But while we’re on the subject, was there a temp or intern working here yesterday; tall, black hair, kinda hot. Sat over there.

The assistants all look at one another.

SUZANNE
The only new temp is you.

Connor can be seen approaching, as he passes Jenna:

JENNA
You have your facial at two-thirty and a tee time with Gavin--

CONNOR
Jenna, what did we talk about?

JENNA
Volume and discretion. Sorry.

Jenna follows Connor into his office and closes the door. Eva rolls her chair to Jenna’s desk, reads Connor’s schedule on Jenna’s computer.

EVA
Tee time at four and dinner at seven-thirty at the club.

Eva processes this, stands and abruptly walks away.

EXT. MOUNTVIEW COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Brick and ivy, screams exclusivity. One of the last all-men’s clubs in the country.
EXT. CLUB DRIVING RANGE – DAY

TWACK! Gavin finishes his swing, but doesn’t like his shot.

GAVIN

Damn.

EVA

Your right knee is swaying and that’s causing you to open up.

Gavin just looks at Eva next to him. She’s wearing her suit slacks and white blouse with the sleeves rolled up. She swings beautifully and sends a drive 200 yards down the middle.

EVA (CONT’D)

Not making excuses, but these clubs are a little long for me now...

Eva’s long drive gave her some swing cred. Gavin addresses the ball again, swings, TWACK--Straight down the middle.

GAVIN

Thank you, uh...?

Eva steps up, shakes Gavin’s hand firmly.

EVA

Eva. I’m with Adam Evanston. We talked on the phone today.

GAVIN

(warming up)

Oh, right.

EVA

Adam was called away on business--(shrugs)

Manny. Anyway, he just wants you to know that he’ll be your point man at Sharpe, not Connor, and to call me if there’s anything you need while he’s gone.

Eva hands Gavin an iPhone.

EVA (CONT’D)

Press this icon, that’s my number. I’m under your thumb, 24-7.

(MORE)
EVA (CONT’D)
What you’re really getting is two-for-one because we’re both going to start our day wondering what we can do for Gavin Miles and end it asking whether we’ve done enough.

A smiling, winning Eva looks at Gavin, who seems impressed.

GAVIN
You gotta take your foot off the gas. I appreciate the two-for-one thing, but I’m looking for one agent, not an agent and a ball--

Gavin stops.

EVA
A ball what? Ball...buster?

GAVIN
Forget it.

EVA
Because what you liked about Adam was how aggressive he was. But with me...this is a packaging issue.

GAVIN
Oh, God. When is Adam getting back?

CONNOR (O.S.)
When he beats his addiction.

They turn to find Connor sitting in a golf cart behind them.

CONNOR (CONT’D)
Adam’s in rehab. Didn’t Eva tell you?

GAVIN
No.

CONNOR
We’re next up, Gav.

Gavin grabs his bag. Eva moves to Connor. They attempt a quiet but strained conversation.

EVA
That was confidential information.
CONNOR
Gavin should know Adam’s in rehab before he hears it on the street.

Gavin is listening while he secures his bag to the cart. Connor pulls Eva by the elbow away from Gavin.

EVA
We can handle Gavin. We don’t need your help.

CONNOR
We? You are the help. Look, I don’t know if Adam’s gotten to your heart through your panties, but if the situation was reversed, Adam would be doing the same thing to me. Because he’s a snake wrapped around a rat, stuffed into a weasel and no one trusts Adam Evanston as far as they can throw him.

EVA
Oh, man, you are an epic dick. I had no idea.

(she claps)
It’s kind of breathtaking, actually.

Connor is a little thrown off by the clapping. Gavin takes his bag off the cart, shoulders it.

GAVIN
You know what, Connor, I think I’m going to take a rain check.

CONNOR
What?
(to Eva)
Nice job.

Connor hurries after Gavin. And Eva knows she just screwed the pooch.

EXT. SHARPE MANAGEMENT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. BRIAN THORPE’S OFFICE - DAY

Eva is standing there, knowing the end is near. Brian is shirtless, but in pants, having just showered. He tears the plastic off a fresh blue oxford.

(CONTINUES)
BRIAN
What you did today was crazy in thirty-one flavors.

EVA
I’m sorry.

BRIAN
Beyond reckless and insubordinate, this was institutional. We’re talking restraining order behavior.

EVA
Please, just kick out the chair and let me hang. These shoes are killing me and I have a bottle of scotch waiting with my name on it.

BRIAN
My pleasure, Eva.

Brian opens the door, finds Connor waiting there.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I hope in your next job, you use better judgement. Please, leave the building immediately.

Eva absorbs this, lifts her chin and takes it like...a woman.

EVA
Your loss, boss.

Eva squeezes past Connor who ignores her and leaves...

CONNOR
I might be able to pull this one out, Bri. I’m taking Gavin and his wife to see the Lakers in the box tonight...

INT. OUTSIDE BRIAN’S OFFICE - DAY

The door closes behind Eva. She stops. There’s a dozen eyeballs staring at her. Allison stands and offers her a GIFT BAG from the fashion show. Their attitude is don’t let-the-door-hit-you-on-the-way-out.

ALLISON
A parting gift. Travel alarm, hair dryer, key chain, perfume.
Eva sighs, walks the gauntlet of snake-eyes, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

51 INT. ADAM’S OFFICE – DAY

Eva is cleaning out her office, grabs some cigars, throws them in her purse. Eva looks up, sees Paul.

PAUL
I just heard.

EVA
Man, news travels fast here.

PAUL
I also heard that Adam and Connor are trying to steal Gavin from me. I only wish it was them getting the boot instead of you. I’m sorry.

EVA
Don’t be. Adam is the one who’s sorry. You wanted to sign Gavin for all the right reasons, and I just wanted to win.

PAUL
You wanted to win?

EVA
Adam. I was just repeating his message to you. Quote. Un-quote.

PAUL
Thanks, but I’m going to have to hear that from him.

Eva grabs her purse, they exit--

52 INT. OUTSIDE ADAM’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Eva sees Connor laughing it up with some colleagues in his office. They’re clearly talking about Eva. Connor gives her a patronizing thumbs up.

53 INT. ELEVATOR BAY – DAY

Paul walks Eva to an open elevator. She gets in.

PAUL
I’ve never seen an assistant go to the mat for her boss like you did. And you just started working for Adam. Why?

(CONTINUED)
EVA
I seem to be the only one here fond of him.

Eva slaps back the elevator doors, steps out.

EVA (CONT’D)
You know, if there’s anything I can do for you, Paul, let me know. I feel responsible for what happened.

PAUL
You were just doing your job.

Eva knows that’s not true, has a spasm of guilt.

EVA
You have to finish this.

PAUL
Finish what?

EVA
Signing Gavin Miles.

PAUL
He’s not returning my calls.

EVA
Connor’s taking Gavin to the Lakers game tonight.

PAUL
(pissed)
That’s why Connor traded me tonight’s Lakers-Clippers for his Lakers-Celtics in February. He said he felt bad about Gavin.

EVA
Paul, Paul, Paul. You have to stop trusting people.

PAUL
Connor’s a friend.

EVA
Especially friends. They’re the worst. You don’t trust enemies or strangers, right? Who’s left not to trust? Friends.

Paul’s not tracking the logic.

(CONTINUED)
EVA ADAMS "Pilot" PRODUCTION DRAFT 1/21/09 54.

CONTINUED:

EVA (CONT'D)
Okay, listen to me. I’m going to get on Stub Hub, you get us passes to the VIP lounge for half-time. Can you do that?

PAUL
Yeah, I think so.

Eva steps back onto the elevator. Before the doors close:

EVA
Meet me in front of Staples at seven. And don’t be late.

EVA’S POV - PAUL

Paul smiles, his eyes linger with hers until the doors close and Adam’s REFLECTION in the shiny elevator doors is suddenly staring at Eva.

ADAM (IN REFLECTION)
Okay. That’s not the kind of smile you want from your wing man.

EVA
sighs.

INT. ARENA - THAT NIGHT

Kobe on the break. Slam dunk. Thunderous roar. We love it. HORN blares for half-time.

INT. LAKERS VIP CLUB - NIGHT

The rich and famous rub elbows, and the rest try to rub up against them. At the bar, Paul and Eva get their drinks. They’re trying to keep a low profile as they scope their target.

PAUL
There they are...

CONNOR, GAVIN AND JANICE

Connor Stikes, looking sartorially splendid, chats with Gavin and Janice at the other end of the bar.

(CONTINUED)
CONNOR
More and more men are exfoliating.
Gav, you can do for men’s facial
creams what other athletes have
done for men’s shaving creams...

EVA AND PAUL

EVA
We don’t have to sign Gavin
tonight, just as long as Connor
doesn’t. This is about climbing
back in the game.

PAUL
Good luck, because Connor has fused
himself to Gavin’s hip and half-
time is almost over.

EVA
We have to pry him loose. Thought
about what you’re going to say?

Gavin has turned to Janice for some money. She digs into her
purse...

PAUL
Not really. I’m a wing-it kind of
guy. I don’t like to do anything
that’s too pre-mediated.

EVA
(beat)
Good God, how do you make rent?

Janice hands Gavin cash, he stuffs some DOLLAR BILLS into the
BARTENDER’S TIP JAR. Janice leaves.

PAUL
By treating my clients like people,
instead of cash cows.

Janice walks right past them. They have to turn away. A
revelation forming for Eva, gaining momentum.

EVA
She’s the hammer.

PAUL
Huh?
EVA
Janice is the hammer, she carries the cash, she’s the Minister of Finance.

PAUL
You think--

EVA
You have to talk to her, you have to go talk to her now. You have to move.

Paul grabs cocktail napkins to blot his forehead. They watch Janice disappear into the bathroom.

EVA (CONT’D)
Rapid response. That was nicely done.

PAUL
Relax. I’ll get her on the way out. Man, it’s like an oven in here.

Paul looks around, but Eva is gone. She’s heading toward the women’s bathroom.

INT. WOMEN’S BATHROOM – NIGHT

Eva enters, sees Janice Miles open her purse, pulls out some cosmetics. Eva attempts to ape Janice, since she’s never ‘freshened up’ before. Eva finds some lip gloss in her purse and squeezes the tube. Pink goo shoots onto Janice arm.

EVA
I am so sorry.

Eva grabs paper towels, wipes Janice’s arm and sleeve.

JANICE
It’s okay.

EVA
We met in the dressing room today. I’m Adam’s assistant.

JANICE
Right. I heard about Adam. How’s he doing?
EVA

*Fantastic.* Totally recovered.
Leading group.

JANICE
That’s wonderful.
(starts to leave)
Well, take care--

EVA
Did I see--are you and Gavin with
Connor Stikes tonight?

JANICE
Yes. Why?

EVA
Nothing. Nothing, I need to be
Switzerland on this. You know,
because Adam’s at Sharpe. And
Paul.

The hook has been set. Janice lingers...

JANICE
I understand. But Adam and Paul
are out of the picture now.

EVA
Not Paul. He’s here with me
tonight.

JANICE
(sharing)
I don’t like that Connor guy.
Although, he’s got the most amazing
skin. I just wish Gavin...

Janice is trying to keep it together emotionally.

JANICE (CONT’D)
Sorry. We’re just going through a
tough patch right now. Everyone
wants a piece of my husband.

EVA
You’re worried Gavin’s being pulled
from you.

JANICE
I’m worried he’s being pulled from
himself. I want him to stay the
man I married.

(MORE)
JANICE (CONT'D)
But I think he’s buying into his own hype. And before these agents ever get to know us, they tell us what we need.

Eva smiles reflectively, hands Janice a Kleenex. She wipes a tear and collects herself.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Are you and Paul...?

EVA
Huh? Oh, God no. He’s not my type.

JANICE
Ah, you like bad boys. Be careful, bad boys are a time hole. Take care.

Adam is in the MIRROR again. Eva looks at her old self.

ADAM (IN MIRROR)
Yeah, but bad boys make you money. You don’t want a nice guy managing your career. Tell her that. Hurry, she’s leaving.

Eva looks at her reflection, but only now it’s Eva. And it seems she’s having a major revelation.

EVA
No.

Eva turns to Janice as she’s about to leave.

EVA (CONT'D)
Paul’s too nice.

Janice stops.

EVA (CONT'D)
I mean, do I really want to be with a single Dad who puts his daughter first and whose idea of a fun Saturday is painting a community center?

JANICE
Sounds like the kind of man a girl would want in her life.

(CONTINUED)
EVA
(swoops in)
Exactly. And that’s why it’s your lucky day. Paul is a nice guy and he didn’t vanish from your life, he got hip-checked by Adam and Connor. But he came here tonight to make a last stand.

JANICE
Paul?

EVA
Yes. Paul. Give him five minutes. Five minutes and he’ll change your life.

Off Janice’s surprised but intrigued look, we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul downs a shot of tequila and chases it with a beer as Eva approaches.

PAUL
You go Paulie Girl, you go catch Jose. Come on, girl, you can get him. Hustle--
(ecstasy)
Mmm. Oh, yeah. Nice tackle.

EVA
What are you doing?

PAUL
Calming the nerves.

EVA
You’re on. Janice is waiting for you in the women’s bathroom. Gavin will be there soon.

PAUL
You’re joking.

EVA
It’s perfect. A fortified bunker. Connor Stikes can’t get to you in there.

PAUL
Oh, yeah? How you getting Gavin in?

GAVIN AND CONNOR

Gavin’s cell is RINGING.

GAVIN
(re: phone)
Excuse me. It’s my wife. Hi, hon. Uh, okay, sure. Where are you?...What? Why?
(looks at Connor)
Okay, okay.

Gavin hangs up, turns to Connor.

GAVIN (CONT’D)
I have to go to the bathroom.
CONNOR
I’ll be right here.

Gavin leaves, we TRACK with him through the tight crowd, but
STAY ON Paul and Eva at the bar. Eva takes a pull from a
Rolling Rock.

PAUL
This is insane.

EVA
Adam thinks being nice is a
character flaw, but there are
exceptions. Janice Miles came to
Sharpe because she liked you and
what you had to say. So just be
yourself.

PAUL
But a ladies’ bathroom? That
doesn’t seem legal.

EVA
Get in there and spill it.

PAUL
Okay, all right.

He starts to leave, comes back.

PAUL (CONT’D)
You look pretty tonight.

EVA
(uncomfortable but
flattered)
Thanks.

BARTENDER
Last call!

Eva tosses an unappreciative look to the Bartender. Paul
sighs, swallows the shot and beer, bangs down the glasses on
the bar and heads into the breach.

INT. LADIES ROOM POWDER AREA - DAY

Gavin and Janice smile uncomfortably as suspicious Women
enter and exit. Finally, Paul enters. He starts out
tentatively.
PAUL
Hey. Sorry, we had to do it like this, but desperate times call for, you know, desperation. I’m a Third Grade Room Dad and I have to find parents to bring cupcakes for the parent-teacher conferences next week. Do you guys bake?

A beat. And then Janice smiles. Followed by Gavin. The ice is broken. We hear a HORN sounding the end of half-time.

INT. VIP AREA – NIGHT – FIVE MINUTES LATER

Connor is looking around, wondering where Gavin went. Half-time is over and the place is clearing out and it makes it easier to spot Eva near the rest rooms. Connor smells a rat.

Eva is surprised when Connor walks up.

CONNOR
How did you get in here?

EVA
Connor. Hello there--

Connor moves into the men’s room and exits moments later.

CONNOR
Where’s Gavin Miles?

EVA
Half-time is over. Maybe he took his seat.

CONNOR
I swear to God, if you messed with him again...

Connor glares at Eva then leaves for his seat. Seconds later Janice, Gavin and Paul emerge from the Ladies Room laughing.

GAVIN
What time tomorrow?

PAUL
Encino I-Hop, nine AM.

Eva steps up. Janice gives Eva a hug.

JANICE
Thank you for being a good listener.

(CONTINUED)
EVA
You know, I never get tired of hearing that.

Eva is enjoying the hug on a level that would disturb Janice.

INT. VIP CLUB - NIGHT

Connor has moved to the edge of the club that overlooks the court. He is trying to spot Gavin. Connor’s phone RINGS. He looks at the DISPLAY, sees ADAM’S NAME and NUMBER. Odd.

CONNOR
Brah?

EVA (O.S.)
No, but I have a message from him. Look down.

Connor, puzzled, looks down.

Below on the mezzanine about twenty yards away, Eva is walking with Paul, Gavin and Janice.

EVA (CONT’D)
Adam just wanted to thank you for all your help with Gavin. But he says Paul can take it from here.

INT. MEZZANINE - SAME TIME

Eva pulls a cigar out of her purse and puts it in her mouth. She bites down, smiles and looks up at the suites.

INT. VIP CLUB - CONNOR’S POV - EVA

Eva returns the thumbs up Connor gave her when she was fired and then escorts Paul and Mr. and Mrs. Miles out of the building...

As Connor stews in his own bile...

EXT. STAPLES - NIGHT

Once away from Gavin and Janice, Eva and Paul smack high-fives--

PAUL
Nice job.

EVA
All you, dawg.
And then Paul takes Eva into his arms and swings her around. WE SEE in the glass at Staples that Paul is swinging Adam around.

ADAM (IN GLASS)
Okay, not working for me. There’s package-to-package contact.

EVA
Paul, hey. Dude, stop.

PAUL
Sorry.

Paul puts Eva on her feet. Eva gathers herself, smacks Paul on the back like a guy.

EXT. SHARPE MANAGEMENT - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY

INT. SHARPE - DAY

A new piece of Fijian ART is being taken out of a crate by Mickey. It looks like either a four-foot totem or a cigar—or worse. Brian is supervising.

BRIAN
Easy. That’s seventy-five grand.

PAUL
And yet, no bonuses this year.

They turn to see Paul standing there.

BRIAN
Someone is feeling secure about their job.

PAUL
I just had breakfast with Gavin Miles. He’s decided to sign with me.
(nods at the art)
Turns out you can now afford the next size up in the...giant striped turd thing.

BRIAN
You serious?

PAUL
Yes. But the signing is conditional.
BRIAN
We’re not cutting commissions.
That’s precedent.

PAUL
It’s not Gavin’s condition. It’s mine.

Brian laughs. Then realizes Paul isn’t kidding.

EXT. SHOPPING COURT YARD - DAY

Grace is sipping coffee outside. Her BLACKBERRY VIBRATES.
She looks at the message. It’s from Adam’s Blackberry. ON
SCREEN: You were right. Grace types back ON SCREEN: About
what?

EVA
That I had no idea what I was
getting into.

Eva is standing right behind Grace and it startled her.

GRACE
Hey, let’s not do that again.

EVA
(re: coffee)
Oh, I could use one of those bad.
I’m beat.
(re: boobs)
I’m having trouble sleeping with these...

GRACE
Wear a bra.

EVA
No, I mean, I can’t stop playing
with them.
(to Waitress,
flirtatiously)
Hi. Could I get a coffee, please.
Thanks.

GRACE
You okay?

EVA
What if I’m like this forever,
Grace?
GRACE
Well, if it's karma, it could be a very long journey.

EVA
Oh, come on, I wasn't that bad.

Grace’s long silence speaks volumes. Finally:

GRACE
You weren’t a great guy, Adam.

EVA
(stung)
Really? Then why did you like me?

GRACE
I’ve asked myself that on many, many occasions. It helps that we go way back. Maybe you’re the cool guy a girl like me would never have had a chance to hang out with. Or maybe I see potential in you...

That could go either way.

EVA
I need to find out who did this to me and why. And I don’t know if I can do it without you.

GRACE
You can’t do anything without me, Adam.

Small smiles, the coffee arrives as Eva’s cell phone RINGS.

EVA
Hello. Hey, Paul...
(smiles)
You’re kidding? Really?...Thanks. That’s...unbelievably nice...Bye.

GRACE
What?

EVA
Paul got my job back. He leveraged it out of Brian...

And Eva suddenly turns her back to Grace, because...

(CONTINUED)
EVA ADAMS  "Pilot"  PRODUCTION DRAFT  1/21/09  67.

CONTINUED:

GRACE
You okay?

EVA
Yeah.

Eva thumbs away a tear, spins back around to face Eva.

GRACE
You’re crying.

EVA
I am not.

Eva pushes Grace--

GRACE
You’re crying like a girl.

Grace pushes Eva--

EVA
I was going to sneeze.

GRACE
Adam Evanston is crying like a little girl.

EVA
What the hell’s this about? You have a small happy moment and it instantly converts to liquid?

ANGLE REVEALS Adam in the reflection of the CAFE WINDOW, also a little teared up.

GRACE
Just think of it like laughing. Only wetter.

EVA
Oh, this is going to suck.

Grace and Eva stand to leave.

ADAM (IN WINDOW)
My life as I know it is over.

Adam walks with them.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey, what are you doing, where you going?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ADAM (CONT'D)
Is she going to take you shopping?
That’s what women do when the going
gets tough. Like that will solve
everything. You know what you
could use right now? A lap dance.
That’s where we should go. That
will calm the nerves--

Adam DISAPPEARS when Eva walks clear of the window, but it’s
going to be a long, long time before she’ll lose the man in
her life altogether, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW