

SC 1: TONY TEST SIDES

INT. RITZ CARLTON - MARGOT'S SUITE - DAY

DIRECT PICK-UP FROM EP. 102: **MARGOT** holds a GUN on **TONY**. Tony holds her phone with the incriminating photo of he and Noah together at the coffee shop.

START

MARGOT

So tell me, who are you *really*?

TONY

I can explain. Just put the gun down.

(beat)

You're not putting the gun down—

MARGOT

This isn't a game—

TONY

I'm who I told you I am.

MARGOT

That's the best you can do?

TONY

It's the truth.

MARGOT

I don't believe you. Who's your friend in the photo?

TONY

I have no idea. Swear to God.

MARGOT

Maybe I don't believe in God. Find some other way to convince me.

TONY

You're asking me to prove a negative.

MARGOT

You're asking me to trust you with my life. Now who is he?

Tony struggles to come up with a way to answer her.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

It's not a trick question, Tony.

MARGOT.

TONY

Okay, look... I'm kind of a local celebrity now. The guy recognized me and wanted an autograph. I was being polite. It's that simple.

MARGOT

(scrutinizing)

Uh-huh. And does this sort of thing happen to you often?

TONY

No, never... The fact is, if I'm going to be completely honest, it was kind of cool to be recognized in public like that.

(beat)

My whole life, I'm just some street kid from East LA. Now all of a sudden I'm... more.

It seems Margot buys Tony's "honesty" and is starting to waver.

TONY (CONT'D)

I don't blame you for being on edge. You've been through a lot in the last 48 hours.

Margot blinks, barely keeping pent-up emotions at bay.

TONY (CONT'D)

But you have to believe me. The guy in the photo... He's a coffee-drinking, soccer-loving hotel maintenance worker. It's all a coincidence.

MARGOT

I don't believe in coincidences. I can't. Not in my line of work.

TONY

Okay, now I'm confused... You told me you work for the Smithsonian.

(sarcastic)

Unless... working for the Smithsonian's your cover! You're really a spy!

Margot cracks a smile despite herself, wipes her eyes.

MARGOT
Don't make fun of me.

TONY
(gentle)
I'm sorry. But why do you even
have a gun?

Margot lowers the gun to her side; she won't be needing it.

MARGOT
The international art market can be
a ruthless place. All the cash
floating around, lack of trust in
paper assets... I have colleagues
who've been robbed. And worse.
You can't be too careful.

TONY
You know, you're right.

Tony begins to unbutton his shirt.

MARGOT
What are you doing?

IN THE SURVEILLANCE STATION

NOAH
What is he doing?

IN MARGOT'S SUITE, Tony continues unbuttoning his shirt.

TONY
I could be some international art
mole... How do you know I'm not
wearing a wire?

MARGOT
(smiling)
Now that you mention...

Margot looks on appreciatively as Tony TOSSES his SHIRT to
the floor; KICKS off his SHOES; STEPS out of his SLACKS;
YANKS off his SOCKS. He's down to his BOXER-BRIEFS.

Margot takes Tony in. Likes what she sees. But wants to see
more. She's still holding her gun as she approaches him.

IN THE SURVEILLANCE STATION, Noah swallows hard.

IN MARGOT'S SUITE, Tony and Margot stand face-to-face. He feels her warm breath. She'd feel his... if he were able to breathe. Margot nudges the barrel of her weapon inside the elastic band of Tony's boxer-briefs.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Could be a wire in there, too.

TONY

Would you take my word for it?

MARGOT

Nope.

TONY

Then you leave me no choice.

END
Tony holds Margot's gaze as he drops his drawers to the floor. Margot can't resist checking out Tony's rig. She's impressed.

Tony KICKS his briefs, bending them like Beckham so they block the surveillance camera.