

I WANT TO _____ YOUR SISTER

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MUMFORD TRAIN STATION - DAY

The MUMFORD MASSACHUSETTS TRAIN STATION is a hub of activity as people hustle to make the train.

LARRY and PAMELA JEFFRIES, the WASPY-est parents alive, stand with MANDY, 21, a buttoned up version of them. The only thing tighter than Mandy's ponytail is the look on her parents' faces as they pepper her with last minute advice.

LARRY

-- if you need to go to the ladies room, take your purse with you and try and take your carry on too. Or pay the conductor to look after it. But don't give him more than \$5 or he'll think you're rich and want to see what's in those bags.

MANDY

Got it.

Mandy smiles at them. *They're batshit crazy, but she loves them.* Pamela hands her a brown bag LUNCH.

PAMELA

I packed you some devilled eggs. Try to eat before noon because there's mayonnaise in there and you don't want it to go off.

LARRY

Did you pack a sweater?

MANDY

Yes, Dad.

LARRY

A thick one?
(to Pam)
Check her bag.

Pamela opens Mandy's bag and pulls out a cardigan.

PAMELA

Why don't you put this on now? It could be cold in there.

Sweet enough to humor them, Mandy slips the sweater on. Pamela fishes PURELL from her purse; coats Mandy's hands.

PAMELA

Try not to touch things in the city.

Or buy food from outdoor stands. I read that most people eat close to a pound of pigeon shit each year without even knowing it-

LARRY
Your mother's right. There's a lot of germs in Manhattan. Uncle Bert got herpes from wearing short shorts in a taxi.

MANDY
It's Manhattan, not Sodom. I'll be fine.

Pamela and Larry share an unnerved look.

PAMELA
Now, if your brother isn't there when you arrive -

MANDY
He'll be there. He promised.

LARRY
But if he isn't-

MANDY
He will be.
(sighing; off their look)
Can't you give him any credit?

Pamela and Larry share another look. Nope.

PAMELA
Sweetheart, you know we love your brother more than anything, but...

LARRY
He's not really someone we'd like you to emulate. At all.

MANDY
If it weren't for Drew, I'd be spending this summer serving onion rings at TGI Friday's and playing Scrabble with you guys. Instead, I've got a free place to live and an incredible internship.
(loyal to the end)
So far, my big brother's batting a thousand.

Pamela and Larry don't look convinced, but it's out of their hands...the TRAIN's here.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Mandy waves to her teary parents as the train pulls away. Waits a beat, then rips her sweater off; tosses it into the overhead. Checks her lunch; makes a face and chucks it out the window. Shakes her hair loose from her ponytail.

In ten seconds, she's pulled a Wonder Woman -- effortlessly transformed, ready for action and adventure.

A GUY across the aisle checks her out and she shoots him a twinkling smile. He grins, intrigued, as the train hurtles into a TUNNEL. We're plunged into BLACKNESS, and emerge...

INT. PENN STATION - DAY

...into Penn Station. The train slows; doors open. Mandy's first out -- not wanting to delay her arrival by a minute. Waves goodbye to the Guy from the train and she's off!

EXT. PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS

New York in the summer -- a cross between heaven and hell. The city's hot, sticky...and loaded with possibilities.

Mandy emerges, saddled like a pack mule with all her BAGS. She looks around...and around again...

She staggers toward the curb...still looking...and waiting...
Where the heck is Drew?

As she finally fumbles for her cell phone, a JAMAICAN GUY approaches and smiles widely.

GUY
HALLO! I help with bags, yes?

MANDY
Thanks, but I think I've got it.

GUY
I help you with the bags! YES!

Before Mandy knows what's happening, the Jamaican Guy shoulders one of her bags and smiles his wide smile again.

GUY
Now I help you! YES!

He smiles so sweetly, and seems so nice, that Mandy reflexively smiles back. With that, the Guy turns and sprints into the crowd.

MANDY
Sir? Where are you-
(as he races off)
Sir?!!!

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - NIGHT

Still in shock, Mandy sits in the POLICE STATION, staring at her cell phone. She dials Drew's number. Waits, then --

DREW (V.O.)
This is Drew. Leave a message at the beep. Or don't. Either way, I'm good.

MANDY
You are SO NOT GOOD.

Frustrated, Mandy hangs up as LAUREL McMICHAEL, 23, a pretty brunette who radiates street smarts, returns with a SHASTA.

LAUREL
Sorry -- it's all they had left in the machine.

MANDY
Thanks.
(as Laurel sits with her)
I can't believe I got robbed in the first five minutes I was here.

LAUREL
Manhattan Rule No. 1 -- it doesn't count as a robbery if you hand your stuff to the guy.

Mandy gives Laurel a baleful look and passes her the Shasta.

MANDY
Thanks again for coming.

LAUREL
You should've let me pick you up in the first place instead of rolling the dice on Drew.

MANDY
Something must have come up for him at work. Like a super important meeting or client dinner or something.

LAUREL
Sure. That...or some unfamiliar boobs.

MANDY

Don't be like that. He's toned
down his act. A lot.

(stubborn; off Laurel)
You'll see.

Laurel nods, skeptical. We see why as we cut to...

INT. SCORES NIGHTCLUB - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

...DREW JEFFRIES, a player with a heart of gold, dancing the
RUNNING MAN onstage with three laughing STRIPPERS. They
playfully slap his ass -- *clearly used to him putting on more
of a show than they do.*

DREW

My clothes don't come off until we
have a deal, okay fellas? Because
I'm shy like that. I need money in
my pocket to get really free.

KARL and R.J., young hedge fund titans with matching ROLEXES,
MONOGRAMMED SHIRTS and GUCCI LOAFERS, raise shots in a toast.
Winded, Drew hands fifties to the girls.

DREW

Ladies -- show them how you spent
Saturday nights in junior high.

The girls giggle and make out as Drew hops off the stage.

R.J.

It was a mistake to marry young.

DREW

Agreed. It demonstrates a real
failure of imagination.

KARL

Someday love's gonna hit you like a
ton of bricks.

DREW

Hopefully, those bricks'll crush my
skull and leave me too big a
vegetable to know that I'm missing
all this. Not that you guys are
vegetables. Far from it.

Drew gulps his drink and leans in -- *ready for business.*

DREW

So...what's the verdict? Are you
ready to let Blackstone take you
and your money to the next level?

Karl and R.J. exchange an uncertain look.

KARL

I dunno, Drew. We've worked with Goldman since we started our fund -

R.J.

-- we've got a history with them. It doesn't feel right to leave-

DREW

You're loyal. And I respect that. Because loyalty's everything. It means more than money because it's the one thing money can't buy. And when it comes to your family, and friends, it's the one thing that'll always save you. But when it comes to business, sometimes loyalty costs.

(beat)

This is business, Boys. And if you think for one second that you're anything to Goldman besides a pile of spreadsheets, you're wrong. But to me, you are more than that. I'm here because I only care about two things: my clients and their money. Goldman's a great shop for sure. But they aren't hungry anymore. I am. I'm hungry like the wolf. I feed six times a day. Fuck, my stomach's growling right now because I see you leaving money on the table when you could be feasting with me.

(beat)

If you let me, I'll turn you into the guys who have stupid money. Stupid, island buying, super yacht sailing, gold-plated toilet money.

The Strippers lean in -- a practiced part of this pitch.

DREW

All you have to do is say...

The Strippers slide their arms around Karl and R.J.

STRIPPERS

Yes.

Karl and R.J. flush as Drew flashes his smile for miles. We cut off his expectant grin to...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Exhausted from their wreck of a day, Mandy and Laurel struggle out of a TAXI with Mandy's remaining bags. The cab speeds off as they take in DREW'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- a downtown palace that screams Wall Street Money.

MANDY

We're gonna dump my stuff, drink everything my idiot brother has up there and go out for a fabulous first night in New York, okay?

LAUREL

Done and done.

Mandy grins -- *this night's looking up*. They head for the building's entrance as we cut to...

INT. SCORES NIGHTCLUB - CHAMPAGNE LOUNGE - LATER

...Drew, minus Karl and R.J., entering the Champagne Lounge as a group of hard partying WALL STREET WONDER BOYS cheer.

GUYS

DREW!! DREW!! DREW!!

Drew smiles as they pat him on the back, adlibbing congrats. PHIL MARGOLIS, 33, a bear of a man and Drew's best friend, grabs SHOTS from a WAITRESS while Drew points his assistant, THEO, 24, toward the BUFFET.

DREW

Shrimp me.

Theo races off to grab food as Phil hands Drew a shot.

PHIL

How much are they in for?

DREW

Two hundred million.

(doing a Kung Fu move)
Karate Chop that!

PHIL

Dude. Please. That is so gay.

DREW

Phil, it's my *thing*. My *move*.

PHIL
 Unless you're Chuck Norris or Bruce Lee, you can't be busting that move. Bruce Lee's dead, and Chuck Norris would kick your gay, poseur ass if he saw you doing that.

Theo returns with a heaping plate of shrimp for Drew.

THEO
 I think Chuck Norris would appreciate Drew's catlike reflexes.

Drew grabs the plate of shrimp and gives Theo a DEAD LEG.

DREW
 Nobody likes a Kiss Ass, Theo.

Theo walks it off and wisely shuts up. Drew glances at some of his guys engrossed in something at their table; Phil sees.

PHIL
 Today's the final day of the Spring semester, so they're closing out-

DREW
 -- *Intern Bingo*.

With a gleam in his eye, Drew beelines over to the table. It's covered with *Bingo Charts* -- only there are PICTURES of GIRL INTERNS in each SQUARE.

DREW
 Gentlemen. How's it looking?

A HOT GUY holds up a chart with X marks under two names.

HOT GUY
 It's been a little...challenging.

The others nod, sheepish -- hold up charts with minimal X's.

DREW
 Come on guys! Those are rookie numbers! *It's intern season!* Have I taught you nothing? These girls have been climbing out of frat house windows all year, eating frozen corn for dinner and drinking wine from a box when they feel fancy. You've got cash to burn, freshly waxed balls, and the stink of island living on you. You might as well have superpowers as far as these chicks are concerned.
 (stern)

Does a big dumb Bear sit in his
cave when it's Salmon season?

The guys stare at him blankly; he snaps his fingers at Theo.

THEO

No?

DREW

No! Of course not!! Because if he
did, he'd miss out on all the fish
and his coat would get all dull and
he'd starve all winter eating honey
and nuts and shit.

(beat, pointed)

Is that what you guys want? To eat
nuts? Are you nut munchers?

Because if you are, I'll hail you a
cab right up to Manhole and
introduce you to a nice guy named
Chip who's very experimental.

(gently)

Intern season comes but once a
year, Ladies -- so stop acting like
little cubs and be Grizzlies!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're wasting your breath on these
Ass Clowns.

Everyone turns as DAVIS BAKER, 29, Gordon Gekko 2007, steps
up. Drew and Davis eye each other like two Samurai squaring
off -- there's respect, but no love.

Davis pulls out his chart -- it's full of X's and has only
one empty space -- the CENTER SQUARE. The guys whistle.

DAVIS

This big dumb bear ate the shit out
of those interns all Spring.

As Davis smirks, Drew taps the blank center on Davis' chart.

DREW

You missed Gina D.

DAVIS

She's ungettable. She's a Born
Again and her fiance plays for the
Mets.

DREW

I'm a Yankees fan myself.

Drew slaps down his own chart -- then draws a big X under
Gina's name. The guys gasp as Drew winks at them.

DREW
Sharpen those claws, Boys.

Davis deflates as Drew grabs another shot and strolls back to Phil's table.

PHIL
Aren't you getting a little old for
all this Intern Whisperer shit?

SFX: Drew's phone buzzes.

DREW
Never.

He checks the display; sighs and hits silent.

DREW
(off Phil's look)
It's my sister. She's called like
ten times. Nobody in my family
seems to think I'm responsible
enough to remember to pick her up.

PHIL
When does she get in?

DREW
(confident)
Friday.

PHIL
Remind me to always bet on your
family.
(off Drew's blank)
Douche. Today is Friday.

Drew's eyes widen. *OH SHIT. We cut from his panic to...*

EXT. DREW'S BUILDING - NIGHT

...Drew, racing toward his building. His doorman, ROCCO, a
bruiser who's seen it all, meets him at the door.

ROCCO
Drew! We gotta problem. You've
got lady friends who won't leave.
One of 'em said she was your sister
and you were gonna leave the keys-
(as Drew sprints by)
-- but I told her, that's what they
all say.

INT. DREW'S BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Drew groans as he spots a furious Mandy and Laurel.

DREW
I am so sor-

He doubles over as Mandy smacks his GUT with her PURSE.

MANDY
You FORGOT me?!?

Rocco nods, impressed, as she whacks Drew like a champ.

ROCCO
Now I see the family resemblance.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls stare in horror at Drew's apartment. *Shit is everywhere.*

Pizza boxes, pornos and video games litter the floor in front of a 60 inch PLASMA TV. Empty beer bottles cover the coffee table and three week's worth of mail litters the floor.

MANDY
I need to not see you for a few minutes. Which room is mine?

Drew points and Mandy beelines off to check it out. Laurel plops onto the sofa as Drew tosses his pornos into the empty pizza boxes.

DREW
I'm Drew, by the way.
(re: Mandy)
I guess she's too pissed to introduce me.

Laurel stares to see if he's joking, then laughs.

LAUREL
Oh, THIS is great. THIS is the moment I thought about every time I faked having the attention span of a Rhesus monkey to score a fresh prescription of Adderall.
(off Drew's confusion)
It's Laurel, Drew. Laurel McMichael. Or, as you liked to call me -- Oinky Badonkadonk.

DREW
Holy shit. I can't believe it.
You used to be so...fat.
(still taking it in)
SO fat. Wow.
(beat; checking her out)
Now that you're skinny and hot, we
should totally go out.

Laurel eyeballs Drew with naked disgust. Her eyes narrow...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - MANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mandy's room is filled with PACKED BOXES. She's checking out the closet when she hears a YELP OF PAIN and a DOOR SLAM.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mandy races in. Sees Drew on the floor, clutching his nuts. Laurel's gone.

DREW
(agonized)
Don't worry! I'm good!

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - MANDY'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Mandy wrestles a HEAVY BOX away from the closet as Drew lies on the bed, checking his cell phone.

DREW
Mom's already called 17 times and sent a text message. Which, frankly, is something I really thought was beyond the limits of her abilities. Thanks for not telling them I blew you off.

MANDY
That was for *me*, not you. I'd be back in Mumford in about ten seconds if they had any clue how today went.

Mandy finally gets the box pushed to the side. Drew frowns.

DREW
You should really be bending from your legs, not your back.

MANDY
(giving him the evil eye)
When's Phil picking this stuff up?

DREW

Whenever the Succubus gives him ten free minutes to come and get it.

MANDY

She can't be that bad.

(as Drew groans)

Why's Phil with her then?

DREW

Because that's what happens. You girls aren't the only ones who get tired of dating, you know. We get just as exhausted -- and that's the moment when some girl Jedi Mind tricks us into thinking a sexless existence in the suburbs will somehow be easier than soldiering on through one night stands and psycho chicks. Three years later, you're ten miles down the Trail of Tears in a minivan with a wife who hasn't lost the baby weight and the kid she popped out as an excuse to stop working and you can't get out because if you leave her, she'll take all your money and you'll be poorer and balder and more broken than you were when she initially convinced you to quit dating.

MANDY

Speeches like that are why you'll probably die alone.

(re: the unmade bed)

Sheets?

Drew holds up a ratty, suspiciously stained SHEET.

MANDY

I'm not sleeping on something that has more DNA than a crime lab.

She laughs as Drew playfully balls up the sheet and throws it at her. Dodges it as we cut to...

Montage: over music...

A. Drew and Mandy still laughing as he goes long in the BEDDING DEPARTMENT and she tosses a SHEET SET toward him. He dives to catch it and lands hard on a display bed that promptly collapses under him.

B. As Mandy scrubs the FILTHY KITCHEN, Drew casually grabs a BEER and points to where she missed a spot. Annoyed, she launches her WET SPONGE at his head and connects.

C. Mandy emerges from the BARNEYS dressing room; models a DRESS for Drew and a SALES GIRL. The Sales Girl grins as Drew shrugs -- *looks okay to him*. But Mandy sadly points to the price tag and shakes her head "no".

As Mandy retreats to the dressing room, Drew thinks a beat, then hands the Sales Girl his CREDIT CARD and nods "yes."

INT. DREW'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Drew and Phil approach Drew's door, trailed by Rocco with a HANDCART.

DREW

-- I'm telling you -- you're gonna be sad you don't live here anymore-

PHIL

Forget it, Nad Breath. I love living with Jen. She's cool, and hot, and I don't have to deal with you shitting the tub and keeping me up while you violate whatever piece of Slavic arm candy's passed out in your bed. I'm getting my boxes and leaving the memories of this STD clinic behind.

ROCCO

You shit the tub?

DREW

Don't judge me. I lead a complicated life.

Drew opens the door to the apartment and enters...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

...as Phil and Rocco gasp. *The place has been transformed.*

Every surface sparkles, candles and flowers fill the room. Curtains have been hung, and colorful pillows dot the sofa.

PHIL

Your sister's a freaking *ninja*.

Grinning, Drew leads them into his BEDROOM, where...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - DREW'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...order and cleanliness reign supreme.

DREW
Check this out-

He opens his bedside TABLE -- his condoms, lube and fuzzy handcuffs all rest in individual baskets. Points to the DVDs on his bookshelf.

DREW
She even alphabetized my porn. And-
He throws open the bathroom door, revealing...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...a bathroom as white as a NASA LAB. Rocco inhales deeply.

ROCCO
It's like she even cleaned the air.
Drew points to assorted potporri and candles.

DREW
She works some sort of Voodoo in here. I grunted out a two foot coiler this morning, and she *still* made it smell like cake and rainbows.

Drew grins at Rocco and Phil -- *oh yeah...he's got it made.*

EXT. STREET - MONDAY MORNING

Dressed for work, Mandy and Drew exit his building and head for the corner DELI. Mandy stares intently at TYPED LIST. Drew grabs her before she collides with a lamppost.

DREW
What the hell is that? You've been staring at it all morning.

MANDY
I made a list of Blackstone's top clients and the holdings in their portfolios.
(off his look)
I want to hit the ground running with this internship.

DREW
Trust me, Nerd. You're better off studying Yankees stats if you want to get in good with everyone.

Besides...the only person worth
caring about isn't even a client
yet...*Jameson Winters*.
(off her confusion)
He's a hedge fund genius, a total
killer, and my personal hero. And
I'm going to close him this summer.

MANDY

How?

DREW

With black magic and jazz hands.
(off Mandy)
I don't need a plan - I'm a closer-

SFX: Drew's PHONE rings, playing Gnarls Barkley's "Crazy."
He groans as he hears the tune.

DREW

It's Mom. You take it.

MANDY

She's calling you, not me.

Drew sighs; opens the phone, then tosses it to Mandy. She
fumbles to catch it; shakes her head as he smirks at her.

MANDY

Hi, Mom. I'm good. Yes, I'm very
excited for my first day. Yes, I'm
wearing panty-hose.

(beat)

Yes, underwear too... Hey, Mom?
Drew had explosive diarrhea this
morning and he wants to know
what'll help-

Lightening fast, she tosses the phone back to Drew.

DREW

Hi, Mom. No. I'm fine-

(listening)

-- I know bowel health is critical -

Drew slaps at Mandy and she slaps back -- like little kids
again. She leaves him on the sidewalk and enters the DELI.

INT. DELI - CONTINUOUS

Mandy grabs a New York Post -- checks the SPORTS headlines
and heads to the counter where AARJEV, 25, a tall, skinny
Indian guy, mans the register.

MANDY

Just the paper and a cup of coffee,
please.

AARJEV

You really shouldn't drink coffee.
It's terrible for your teeth and it
boosts your cortisol levels.

(re: the Post)

And that's a tabloid, not a paper.
You should try the Times instead.

Mandy stares at him -- *is he messing with her?* Before she
can respond, Drew slaps down a quarter for the paper.

DREW

Hey, Annoying Man! It's not your
job to harass your customers.
Cheap coffee and the New York Post
are what make this city great.
Love it or leave it.

AARJEV

Love it or leave it? What's that
supposed to mean? Hmmm?

(to Mandy)

Your friend here is a racist.

DREW

Oh please. That's way too easy. I
hate you for tons of other reasons.

(counting off)

You screw up my bagel every day,
you burn the coffee, you like the
Mets, and --

(waving the Times)

--you push this pinko rag on
everyone.

AARJEV

Pinko rag? Are you *serious*?

(to Mandy)

Last time he was in here I sold him
six dozen condoms, a forty of malt
liquor and a pack of licorice. He's
trouble! Find another guy!

DREW

She's my sister, jackass! And
that's privileged information.

(grabbing Mandy)

Come on. We're going to be late.

He grabs the paper off the counter as Mandy exits the Deli.

EXT. DELI - CONTINUOUS

Mandy takes a deep breath on the sidewalk.

MANDY

Jeez, Drew. Why didn't you tell me not to go in there?

DREW

Are you kidding me? That place has the best bagels on the block. I go there every day. He can suck it.

Mandy shakes her head as Drew takes a gulp of her coffee and points to the packed SUBWAY ENTRANCE, teeming with commuters.

DREW

(serious; re: the crowd)
Be strong. They can smell fear.

Mandy scrambles after Drew as he fights his way into the subway and we cut to...

EXT. STREET - DAY

...the two of them, emerging from the subway. Mandy looks great -- unfazed by the subway and excited to be in the mix.

DREW

-- okay, so now we're on-

MANDY

(awed; staring around)
Wall Street.

Drew YANKS her back from the SIDEWALK as a CAB flies by.

DREW

That was your one tourist moment for the day. Get your inner New Yorker on the job before you end up a hood ornament on some cab.

He hustles her across the street as the light changes.

DREW

Today's gonna be hectic since all the summer interns are arriving. If you get confused, or you need anything, I'll be right there.

She nods, slightly overwhelmed, as he points down the street.

DREW
That's our building on the corner --
just across from the -

MANDY
(more awed than ever)
New York Stock Exchange.

Alarmed, Drew YANKS her onto the CURB as a BUS flies by.

MANDY
(pleading; re: the NYSE)
Can we go inside? Please?

She gives Drew her best puppy dog eyes. And we cut to...

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE -- LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

...Drew flashing his I.D. Badge to the Security Guard as he
and Mandy pass through the METAL DETECTOR.

DREW
-- we sit across the street, but
our orders get traded here.
(heading to the gallery)
Say you're a hedge fund and you
want a million shares of Google.
You call me and place that order.
Since Google's stock price changes
all day-

MANDY
-- you time the placement of your
order to get you the best
deal...then call your team on the
floor and they trade it. I know
how it works --
(beat; smiling)
-- you're the middle-man.

DREW
I'm the market maker.

He gives her a proud grin as he leads her to the DOOR of the
GALLERY. She peeks through the thick glass at the FLOOR of
the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

DREW
20 guys started it under a cherry
tree, and now it's got a \$23
trillion market cap.
(sighing; happy)
Fuck, I love America.

MANDY
Can we go inside?

DREW
Sorry. You don't have floor
privileges.
(off her disappointment)
Don't worry. One day we'll be in
there together. I promise.

They share a smile and the moment, happy to be together. She follows Drew out of the Gallery and we cut to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

...a packed LOBBY. The crowd rushes forward as the ELEVATOR opens, and Mandy and Drew hustle to get on.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MUZAK plays softly as Drew whispers to Mandy.

DREW
If anyone gives you a hard time, I
sit on the second level. I won't
be here for lunch because I have a
meeting, but --
(handing her a fifty)
-- this should cover you if you go
out with the other interns-

MANDY
Drew, it's okay.
(confident)
I'm going to be the best intern
Blackstone's ever had.

They share a warm look -- excited to be a team. DING!

UP MUSIC: WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE begins. The elevator doors open...and we're thrust into...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...the TRADING FLOOR of BLACKSTONE CAPITAL -- a billion
dollar frat house that runs on stress and testosterone.

Mandy's confident smile falters ever so slightly as she takes in the CHAOS. The air's cranked to "arctic," but guys sweat through their bespoke shirts as they yell at their assistants and place trades.

It's a high-octane, male-dominated SHARK TANK. And as Drew steers Mandy across the floor, heads turn -- *someone just threw delicious INTERN CHUM into the water.*

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drew leads Mandy to the door to an OFFICE.

DREW

- Samantha's a hardass, but she's the Intern Wrangler, so you have to get on her good side.

(as Mandy nods)

If she questions your resume, just roll with it. I might have... embellished a little.

MANDY

What needed to be embellished?!
I'm a finance major with a 3.9.

DREW

Mandy, please. You rode the short bus through half of high school.

MANDY

The short bus to the *gifted* program.

DREW

(pausing)

You could've saved me some teasing on that.

Drew steers Mandy toward the HR office and we cut to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

...Drew's ULTRA MODERN office. PLASMA TVs scrawl the tickers of every WORLD INDEX and MARIA BARTIROMO'S pretty face fills an entire wall of screens.

Like all the heavy hitters, Drew's office is located one level above the trading floor -- a bubble of glass floating above the fray...with a bird's eye view of the action.

Phil stops in the doorway; shakes his head as he sees Drew eagerly scanning the trading floor below for the new interns.

DREW

(as he spots something)

They're coming out!

PHIL
You have real issues.

DREW
Of course. That's what makes me
interesting.

Phil and Drew stare down at SAMANTHA, 36, Intern Wrangler
extraordinaire, as she leads the SUMMER INTERNS onto the
trading floor. A BUZZ of excitement fills the office.

DREW
Welcome to the Thunderdome, Ladies.
(beat; checking them out)
Look at them, all dewy and innocent
and hopeful. By August, they'll be
weathered and chubby from too many
nights of bad decision making and
Free Bagel Fridays. But right
now...they're pure potential.

Phil blinks, surprised, as he spots Mandy with the interns.

PHIL
Is that...your sister?
(as Drew nods)
She looks good. Really good.
(shaking his head)
You're going to have your hands
full this summer.

Phil laughs as Drew stares at him, utterly confused. Phil
sighs; points down below. Time slows and Drew's eyes widen.

SLOW MOTION: every head turns as Mandy strolls behind
Samantha. In this room full of jaded, tired guys, she's a
smiling, shiny, leggy breath of fresh air...and nobody's
immune.

Drew gulps as guys leave their seats and start to swarm her.
OH SHIT. He turns to Phil, wild-eyed.

DREW
What're they doing!?

PHIL
Exactly what you'd be doing if you
weren't swimming in her gene pool.
(off Drew's shock)
Come on, Bro. She's hot. Maybe
even the hottest one down there.

DREW
But she's my sister! She's
supposed to be in the bubble!

Behind protective glass! OFF
LIMITS!!!

SFX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Drew and Phil glance up at the
GEEKY MAIL CLERK.

GEEKY MAIL CLERK
Hot off the presses. Summer Intern
Bingo begins!

He hands Drew and Phil their INTERN BINGO cards -- Mandy's
picture fills the CENTER SQUARE. Drew gasps, horrified.

PHIL
(beat)
You're gonna need a different card.

Drew stares at her photo, as...

LANDON (O.S.)
- you spent \$29,203 dollars at
Scores!--

Drew jumps as his boss, LANDON O'BRIEN, 60, an elegant lion
in winter, enters in a rage. Phil quietly edges to the door;
waves goodbye as Landon launches himself at Drew.

LANDON
--SCORES??!! HOW DID YOU DO THAT??

DREW
Girls, booze, cigars and steaks.
(beat)
Roughly in that order.

LANDON
THIS IS A PUBLICLY TRADED COMPANY
YOU ASSHOLE! WE CAN'T BE SPENDING
THIRTY GRAND ON TITTIES AND
TBONES!!!!!!

DREW
LANDON! YOU CAN STOP YELLING! I'M
RIGHT HERE!

Landon takes a deep breath and starts pacing.

LANDON
Drew. I like you. I really do.
But you are *out of your mind* if you
think you can expense last Friday.

DREW
Landon. The love is mutual.
You're my Boo. But sometimes I
have to spend money to make money.

Landon stabs a finger at Drew's window. Points to Davis on the trading floor.

LANDON

Davis brought in two million
dollars more than you last month
and it didn't cost me a dime in
dinners.

Drew scowls as he sees Davis -- and ten other guys --
chatting up Mandy. Drew squirms as Landon steps in front of
the window, blocking his view.

DREW

You know what makes this all okay?
I know that you know I'm ten times
better than that prick -- even if
he had a lucky month. And if you
have to yell at me a little to keep
it real, at the end of the day,
when I put my head on the pillow, I
sleep easy because I only feel the
love.

LANDON

Drew...Davis wants to try and land
Jameson Winters. And some of the
partners want to let him try.

DREW

But Jameson's *my* fish! I've been
out there like freaking Old Man and
the Sea trying to reel him in.

LANDON

I know. I've got the bills to
prove it.

(re: the receipt)

Look...you're my best guy. But
this is the last bender that I can
push through. Close Jameson, or
Davis is gonna get a shot at him.

Drew frowns down at Davis and the pack of guys hunting Mandy -
- *that guy's not getting any shot.*

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Drew fights through the mayhem of the floor to reach Mandy.
Gives the evil eye to the guys swarming her and they bail.

MANDY

Hey! There you are! This place is
amazing!

I can't believe you didn't tell me the technology on the desk was so advanced. I can see every index in the world! And two different guys already invited me to come to client meetings-

DREW
Yeah, about the guys--

MANDY
Don't worry. I totally get it.

DREW
You do?

MANDY
Sure. I mean, they've been swarming me since I got here. I'm guessing that's not the way a normal intern gets treated.
(beat; grateful)
You asked them to look out for me, didn't you?
(hugging him)
Thank you so much! You're the best big brother ever! I'm just going to let them school me all summer!!

Drew cringes at her choice of words, but she's so excited that he can't burst her bubble. He nods lamely as she grabs a pad and pen.

MANDY
Sorry -- gotta run. Your friend Davis is bringing me to a meeting.

Drew clenches his jaw as Mandy races toward Davis. Davis catches Drew's eye; smirks and traces an "X" in the air before ushering Mandy into the conference room.

Drew starts after them, but Theo stops him with a FOLDER.

THEO
Here's the report you wanted. A car's downstairs for you, and you've got the best table they have-
(off Drew's blank)
Lunch? With Jameson?

Oh shit. Drew hesitates...then grabs the folder. As he scrambles out, we cut to...

INT. THE FOUR SEASONS - DAY

...The Four Seasons -- the epicenter of power lunching.

Drew sits beside JAMESON WINTERS, 38, a billionaire with a bark that makes the other Alpha Dogs whimper, and ten of JAMESON'S ASSOCIATES. Every woman in the place has her eye on Jameson, but he's too used to it to care.

As the guys chat over their end of lunch coffee, a SUPERMODEL approaches and brazenly drops her number on Jameson's plate.

HOT WOMAN

You should call me.

JAMESON

I agree.

He coolly pockets the number and smiles, bemused, as she glides off. Drew shakes his head admiringly.

DREW

It's like you're the Death Star, sucking them in with some sort of invisible tractor beam.

JAMESON

No...it's like I'm a *billionaire*.

Drew sighs; reaches for the CHECK as the WAITER sets it down.

JAMESON

You sure about that? My guys aren't a cheap date.

DREW

I know. But I'm hoping one of these days you'll put out.

(beat; serious)

Blackstone wants to be in the Jameson Winters business. Badly.

JAMESON

I know you do.

Drew stares at Jameson, but he's inscrutable -- no answer today. Drew opens the check. Tries not to scream when he sees the tally - \$15,056.00. Off his worry, we cut to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - LATER

...Drew as he enters and collapses into a chair beside Phil.

DREW

I ate a Porterhouse, creamed spinach and two pieces of cheesecake.

PHIL
Do you want some Alka Seltzer?

DREW
I want my enlarged heart to burst
before Landon sees the bill for
lunch.

Mandy spots Drew and beelines over. He can't help but notice
that the GUYS on the floor are all still eyeballing her.

MANDY
Hey! You're back! How'd it go?

DREW
Eh. I just want to go home, crawl
into bed, and pray that the colon
blow I know I've got coming to me
doesn't arrive until tomorrow.

MANDY
Well you've got three hours to
shake it off. Tonight's kickball.

DREW
What happened to laying low and
getting to know everyone?

MANDY
I *am* getting to know people. Davis
invited me.

Drew shoots Phil a quick glance. *Fucking Davis...*

DREW
I'm not sure kickball's for you.

MANDY
Why not? I've got exceptional
coordination and I'm totally fast.
(to Phil)
Drew didn't get those genes. He
was the school mascot.

Phil snorts as Drew bristles at Mandy.

DREW
Don't brag about sports. It's
dykey.

PHIL
Okay...bring it to the field, kids.

Drew scowls as Mandy beams. We cut off of her smile to...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY EVENING

...Mandy and Laurel hovering on the sidelines of a heated KICKBALL GAME. Phil toots his WHISTLE and waves Mandy in to kick. Drew spots Laurel alone and sidles up to her.

DREW

I'm going to forget that you kicked me in the nuts because you look so cute tonight.

LAUREL

Why do I know that's not the first time you've opened with that line?

DREW

Come on. We both feel it. We could be each other's casual, flirty, totally dirty summer thing.

LAUREL

More like the "I have a mystery rash and burning when I pee" thing. No thanks.

Drew admires her as she struts off. But his smile vanishes as he spots Davis flirting with Mandy at second base. Phil blows his whistle and points to Drew.

PHIL

You're up!

Drew takes position to kick. Scowls as Davis leans close to Mandy. Not on his watch! He waits for the roll...and NAILS it down the line towards SECOND BASE.

The crowd GASPS as the BALL heads straight for Mandy and Davis. But she is coordinated. She spots it at the last moment and steps back -- just as it CLOCKS DAVIS IN THE HEAD.

Mandy screams as Davis drops like a bag of bricks. Not missing a beat, Drew bolts for first base.

DREW

Run, Mandy! Run!

With Drew closing in, Mandy's inner sportswoman kicks in; she sprints to third. Davis groans as Drew gleefully rounds second and hops over him.

INT. DELI - THE NEXT DAY

Aarjev's waiting with a copy of the POST as Mandy enters the Deli. He looks past her to see if Drew is coming in.

MANDY
I'm getting an early start today.
I'm sure Drew'll be in later.

AARJEV
Nah. He never comes in on days the
Mets win. Prick.
(off Mandy)
No offense.

MANDY
He's a very sweet person once you
get to know him.

AARJEV
Yeah...I haven't seen any evidence
of that.

MANDY
Can I just place my order please?

She gives Aarjev a pointed look -- *don't mess with family.*
He backs down; grabs his order pad.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Drew enters the trading floor and stops short as he sees
Davis, with a fat lip, waiting by Mandy's desk with a LATTE.

DREW
Sorry about last night, Dude.

DAVIS
(pissed; lisping)
Yeah, thure. Where's your thister?

DREW
Why do you want to know?
(spotting the latte)
Oh, I get it. You're going to woo
her with lattes. Awesome plan,
Bro. Get her bowels moving and
fatten her up with some whole milk.
Why don't you go for broke and toss
in a pumpkin loaf?

Annoyed, Davis points upstairs.

DAVIS
Landon's waiting in your offith.
Think I heard him thaying
thomething about a bill from the
Four Theasons?

Drew pales. *Oh fuck.*

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - DREW'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Through the WINDOW of Drew's office, Landon is visible as he screams and waves the RECEIPT from The Four Seasons.

Landon sticks the receipt down his pants; rubs it around. Yanks it out and tackles Drew to make him eat it. Davis smiles and sips the coffee; yelps as it hits his split lip.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Disheveled and dragging, Drew sits down with Phil and Theo.

PHIL
How'd it go with Landon?

DREW
I think any time your boss tries to make you eat something that's touched his ass, it's safe to say "not well."

Drew glances over to Mandy's seat -- she's M.I.A.

DREW
She's pretty late. Rookie move.

PHIL
Dude. She's rookie of the year.

They point across the desk to Mandy, handing out MUFFINS and JUICE. Drew groans as all the guys crowd her.

PHIL
It's amazing. She's like Drew 2.0.
(off Drew's look)
You're like the beaten up prototype...the product of parents from the 70's who were out there chain smoking and drinking red wine and popping wheelies without seatbelts...and she's the shiny, better smelling, more outgoing, A++ version they produced once they stumbled onto jogging and Reganomics and Grey Poupon.

THEO
Don't worry, Drew. I don't think you're obsolete-

Drew gives Theo a dead leg without even looking. Frowns as Mandy cheerily hands out food to the smitten guys.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Like an overgrown kid, Drew lounges in his pyjamas watching *Laguna Beach*. He blinks as Mandy emerges totally decked out.

DREW
Where are you going?
(beat; worried)
Not out with Davis, right?

MANDY
No. Why? Did he say something?

DREW
No. Did you want him to?

Drew frowns as she tries to play it cool.

MANDY
No. Whatever.

DREW
So who's the date with?

MANDY
Just this guy I met in the park
during kickball -- J.P.

DREW
J.P.? I don't know a J.P.

MANDY
He wasn't with your group.

DREW
You're going to dinner with a
stranger? Someone with no third
party validation? Alone?!
(as she shrugs)
Half the people in the park are
schizophrenic winos! And that's
the safe half! The other half's
waiting to sell you to a harem in
Dubai or peel your skin off to make
a catsuit to wear when it rains!

MANDY
The fact you can even think that
stuff up is really disturbing.

DREW
I didn't think it up. It was on
the news last night.
(beat)
The catsuit thing -- not the harem.

Although that happens more than
you'd realize! You can't go.

Mandy cracks up. Stops when she sees he's not laughing.

MANDY
Oh, wow. You think you're serious.

DREW
This city's dangerous, Mandy! And
frankly, your lack of awareness of
your surroundings is really
starting to scare me! There are
guys playing intern bingo and
people like Davis trying to "X" the
center square--

MANDY
What's intern bingo?

DREW
Something you should never, ever
play.

MANDY
You know you're acting like a crazy
person, right? Davis is totally
sweet.

DREW
If Sport-fucking was an Olympic
event, Davis would win the gold!-

MANDY
(teasing)
So? Maybe I'd take silver.

Drew shudders; grossed out.

DREW
It's just wrong to say that to your
brother. I don't want to be a
hardass, but I am responsible for
you while you're living here. So
we need a few ground rules. I
don't want you dating strangers.
Or random guys that you meet. Or
guys from work. Or any of my
friends. Or any guys that I know.

MANDY
I think I get it. No strangers,
but also no people that you -- or I
-- know? Basically... nobody at
all.
(thinking; nodding)
Got it. Those are your rules.

DREW
I'm so glad you understand.

MANDY
I totally do.
(grabbing her purse)
Have a great night.

And, BAM! She's out the door. Dumbfounded, Drew stares at the door for a long beat. *She's coming back, right?*

INT. DREW'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drew races down the hall as the ELEVATOR opens for Mandy.

DREW
Drink bottled beer that you see the bartender open -- that way he can't get drugs in it! And don't go into the subway with him after 9:00...or at all. And make him pay! But do not have SEX! Even if dinner's really expensive-

Mandy waves buh-bye as the elevator shuts in his face. Frustrated, he heads for his apartment...but he's locked out.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Rocco lets Drew back into the apartment as Drew rants.

DREW
-- doesn't she get it? This city is scary! She could end up in a dumpster if she's not careful!

ROCCO
What is with you? Two weeks ago, you were paying me to erase security tapes of you humping strippers in the elevator. Now you're home in your faggy jammies, freaking out.

DREW
These are *cashmere*.

ROCCO
What do you tell me every time your parents visit?

DREW
I never let them visit. They're the ultimate fun killers.

ROCCO

Exactly.

Rocco gives him a pointed look. *Fuck. Is he a fun-killer?*
This lands hard with Drew as we cut to...

EXT. CANTINI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

...Mandy, sitting beside J.P. 33, a preppy hunk in a blazer and khakis, on a BENCH in front of a RESTAURANT. J.P. stares intently at the door to the restaurant as her stomach growls.

MANDY

What time's our reservation again?

J.P.

Just a few more minutes. Here.
Have a sip.

He pulls a FLASK from his pocket; she hesitates.

DREW (V.O.)

*Drink bottled beer...that way he
can't get drugs in it!*

MANDY

I'm good.

J.P. shrugs; gulps from the flask a beat too long. Tenses as a WOMAN who looks like Mandy exits the restaurant with a MAN.

J.P.

Kiss me, Mindy. Now.

Mandy scowls - *Mindy?! -* as J.P. grabs her and kisses her passionately. As she tries to wriggle free, the Woman stops.

WOMAN

J.P.? Is that you?

J.P.

Oh! Wow. Hi, Charlene.

CHARLENE

Are you following me again?-

Mandy recoils as J.P. goes from zero to unhinged in a second.

J.P.

I'm on a DATE! A FREAKING DATE
Charlene. JESUS! You RUINED my
LIFE! You slept with my BROTHER!
And now I'm not allowed to DATE?!!
You're such a BITCH.

Mandy tries to ease away, but he throws an arm around her.

J.P.

See how pretty she is Charlene?
Prettier than YOU! YOU SLAG!! I
HATE YOU!!

J.P. launches his flask at the door of the restaurant. The Man grabs Charlene's hand and pulls her down the street.

J.P.

CHARLENE! WAIT! I LOVE YOU SO
MUCH! IT'S LIKE YOU EAT MY SOUL!!

Charlene turns back to him and mouths "*call me.*" Pleased, J.P. takes Mandy's hand; leads her toward the restaurant.

J.P.

She's, uh, an old college buddy.

We cut from Mandy's look of alarm to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

...Drew, tossing a SWIMSUIT into a half-full duffel, as Mandy arrives home. She knocks lightly on his door frame.

MANDY

Hey.
(as he keeps packing)
What're you doing?

DREW

I'm taking tomorrow off and heading to the Hamptons. Because *I am not* a fun killer! From now on, you can do what you want. I'm done being a nag.

MANDY

Thank. God.

Mandy laughs and whacks him with a PILLOW.

DREW

Ow! Gentle with the face -- it's my *second* best feature.

MANDY

(as he keeps packing)
So...you're going to the Hamptons, huh? Now, *that* sounds fun. I keep hoping *someone* will invite me out there.

Drew stops packing as she gives him puppy dog eyes. He thinks a beat.

DREW
You can come if you bring Laurel.

MANDY
Laurel loathes you.

DREW
That's what keeps it interesting.

MANDY
(sighs; he's hopeless)
Deal.

Drew grins, then whacks Mandy back with the pillow. But he
over swings and knocks her off the bed. He flinches.

DREW
You're okay! Walk it off!

EXT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

Drew's Hamptons rental is a single man's wet dream. Sleekly modern, with DECKS on two stories and a huge POOL, it's ground zero for weekend debauchery.

Drew exits the house in a silk KIMONO with a MARTINI. Phil and Theo sit beside DOUG, 32, a bruiser in a tight NYPD T-Shirt. Theo vacates a CHAIR as Drew approaches.

THEO
Sorry, Drew. I didn't mean to sit
in your chair-

Drew absentmindedly pushes Theo in the pool.

DOUG
(re: Drew's kimono)
I busted a tranny last week who was
wearing the same thing in red.

PHIL
Seriously. How badly does your
vagina ache when you put that thing
on?

DREW
It aches alright, but in a good
way.

Drew's CELL PHONE rings. He sighs as he sees the caller ID.

DREW

Hi, Mom. No. She's not here yet.
 Yes. She made it onto the jitney.
 No, the jitney's not run by the
 mob. No. It's really not.

(beat)

Reader's Digest is wrong. No.
 Don't put him on, I've got to-

(beat)

Hi Dad. Yes, I got the shirts you
 guys sent...Yes, I promise we'll
 wear them. And get a picture.

(beat; sighing)

Fine. I super duper promise. Dad?
 I need to go before you make me
 crazy.

(whispering)

I love you too.

Drew hangs up; downs his DRINK. Hands Theo his empty GLASS.

DREW

Go get Mommy a cocktail.

MANDY (O.S.)

Okay, I promise, we'll wear them--

Mandy and Laurel walk on to the deck with their bags.
 Mandy's on the phone; she waves to Drew.

MANDY

-I gotta go, Mom. I'm here. No...
 I don't see Drew yet. But I'll
 tell him you say hi-

(Drew grins, grateful)

-yes, it's definitely his house.
 Bye, Mom.

(hanging up the phone)

They're exponentially more insane
 every time I talk to them.

(to Phil, Theo and Doug)

Hey guys.

As Mandy waves hello, Drew gives Laurel a welcome hug. She
 elbows him, hard, as the hug goes on a beat too long. Drew
 gasps; releases her and points to the house.

DREW

Why don't you ladies get changed
 and we'll go to town for lunch?

MANDY

Actually...we brought lunch to you.

She and Laurel smile and we cut to...

EXT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

...music pumping as a BAR-BE-QUE heats up. Drew's housemates down drinks and grab burgers from Laurel at the GRILL. Doug and Phil tear into LOBSTERS as Theo opens a LOBSTER BIB. Drew squirms in a *super tight* shirt that reads "BIG BRO."

PHIL
(re: the shirt)
Your Dad must think you smoke pole.

DREW
This shirt's vintage, Asshole. We got them on our family vacation to Mystic--

MANDY (O.S.)
-- thirteen years ago. Dad's totally mental.

Looking hot, Mandy emerges in an equally tight "LITTLE SIS" shirt, holding two WATERMELONS at chest level.

MANDY
We soaked this one in vodka, and this one in rum.
(setting them down)
I'll be right back with corn on the cob, so save some room!

She smiles warmly at the gaping guys and heads back inside.

DOUG
(beat)
It's fucking criminal that your Mom got her tubes tied.

Drew frowns; slaps at Theo as he ties the Lobster Bib too tightly around Drew's neck. We cut off poor Theo to...

INT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

...the guys. Dressed and ready for a night out on the town...and also clearly annoyed that the girls aren't ready. Doug opens his mouth to complain, but Drew cuts him off.

DREW
Dude. When your sister visited I held her hair while she puked. No complaints about mine.

DOUG
As I recall, you also nailed her and caused a pregnancy scare.

DREW

While I do feel badly about some aspects of that visit, I think ultimately some good things came of it, right? I mean, she's been sober for two years now, so that's something to celebrate.

Doug gives him a dark look as Mandy breezes out looking... amazing. Her hair's back and she's in a dress that covers everything and nothing. Doug, Theo and Phil gape at her.

DREW

Is that a costume?

MANDY

Well, you said we were going to Cain. Should I change?

THEO

NO! It's perfect.

DOUG

Don't change!

Mandy grins, delighted, as the boys usher her out the door.

DREW

I think you need a sweater.

Drew's jaw drops as Laurel emerges, looking equally hot. She sees the look on his face as she blows right past him.

LAUREL

Don't get your hopes up. I'm probably going to fuck all your friends.

Drew sighs -- *it's going to be a long night*. Shuts the door and we cut to...

INT. CAIN - NIGHT

...CAIN -- the epicenter of chic Hamptons partying -- a tiny space filled with people who are as hot as they are rich.

Drew, Phil, Theo and Doug party at a TABLE with some GUYS from work. Far from sober, Mandy and Laurel dance on a banquette as the MUSIC pumps. A GUY hands Mandy a shot.

GUY NO. 1

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.

MANDY

BE IN LOVE WITH ME LATER. RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT COCKTAILS.

She blows him a kiss and downs the SHOT as the GUYS at Drew's table stare at her admiringly.

Their mouths drop as Mandy grinds with a BIKINI CLAD MODEL.

DOUG
(re: Mandy)
This is -- to quote Van Halen --
"love in the third degree."

PHIL
That's the gayest thing you've ever
said.

GUY NO. 1
You can't argue with Van Halen.
Not unless you're a communist.

THEO
(blurting it out)
I'll pay you guys five hundred
bucks to let me take the first shot
at her!

The GUYS stare at Theo, shocked. He reddens; grabs Drew.

THEO
She's just so great, Drew. I'm
crazy about her. She's smart and
fun and nice to everyone-

GUY NO. 2
And she's smoking!
(beat)
Make it eight hundred!

Drew coughs on his drink; sputters as the GUYS get into it.

DOUG
You can't pay for dibs on her.
That's just wrong.
(beat; thinking)
Why don't we Roshambo instead?

THEO
Now you're talking.

Annoyed, Drew downs his drink and leans in to the group.

DREW
VETO.

The Guys go crazy as Drew's verbal HAND GRENADE lands.

GUY NO. 1
You can't!

GUY NO. 2
Totally unfair!!

DREW
I can and I did and I'll do it
again. VETO.

PHIL
(re: Doug)
Dude, you slept with his sister.

DREW
Not my fault. He had the veto and
chose not to exercise it. I'm the
more vigilant brother.

DOUG
I was passed out!

DREW
And you have to live with that.
Which, frankly, I don't think you
could if you had any idea what your
sister learned while she was
teaching in China.
(beat)
Anyhow...VE-TO. And spread the
word.

The Guys grumble, cowed by Drew. Shocked at the verdict,
Theo musters all his courage to protest.

THEO
Screw your veto!

Drew backs up, sick with shock, as the Guys recoil.

PHIL
You can't ignore the veto, Bro.
It's ManLaw.

DOUG
The last guy to blow off a veto's
living somewhere in Yonkers. He
can't even show his face in
Manhattan anymore.

GUY NO. 2
They close the bridges on him.

Theo gulps; looks at Drew, remorseful. Drew looks away.

DREW
I can't be near you right now, Man.

Theo looks away, ashamed, as Drew and the Guys shun him.

INT. CAIN - LATER

Mandy spots Theo talking with the GUYS; when she walks over, they scatter like roaches. She frowns; sees Doug with GUY NO. 1 in the corner. Heads over and gives him a flirty grin.

MANDY

Hey -- I was looking for you.

Doug and the Guy exchange an uncomfortable look.

DOUG

Um, we're kind of in the middle of something.

MANDY

Oh, sorry.

Hurt, she backs away; sees Drew with GUYS near the bar. As she approaches, Drew's buddies flee for the men's room.

MANDY

I think I'm going to grab Laurel and head out.

Drew raises an eyebrow and points to Laurel, surrounded by MEN, dancing on the speaker. *She's not going anywhere.*

EXT. CAIN - NIGHT

Alone, Mandy waits for a cab. She looks around -- it's all single, unattractive girls waiting for taxis. Grim.

INT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE - MANDY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mandy emerges from the bathroom in a large FLUFFY ROBE as Laurel tiptoes in, still dressed from the night before.

MANDY

Did you just get home?

LAUREL

(flustered)

Oh...no. There was a thing...and the hot tub, and then it got weird-

(beat; blushing)

Why'd you leave anyhow?

MANDY

I felt like I got coated with Man Off or something.

(off Laurel's disbelief)

Seriously. Nobody with a Y
chromosome would talk to me.

Laurel thinks a beat; rummages in Mandy's suitcase. Grins as
she holds up a BIKINI.

LAUREL
So give them something to talk
about.

Mandy slowly smiles back. Grabs the suit and we cut to...

EXT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE - POOL - CONTINUOUS

...Drew, Doug and Phil, sipping Bloody Marys as Theo skims
the POOL. The music's cranked and their other HOUSEMATES
fill the hot tub, pool and deck chairs. Drew surveys the
scene with joy.

DREW
Soak it in boys. This is the best
summer has to offer.

DOUG
What are you so happy about?

PHIL
He nailed Laurel last night.

DOUG
I thought she hated you!

DREW
She does. I think that's what
made it so intense -- years of
black rage mixed with the knowledge
she was making a huge mistake.

PHIL
I wouldn't be so happy, Bro. She's
your little sister's best friend.

DREW
So?

PHIL
So there's no escaping her if she
decides to stick.

DOUG
Besides -- you know what they say --
birds of a feather...and total
sluts...flock together.

Doug points to the deck, where Laurel and Mandy have emerged. Mandy's in the tiniest bikini ever seen north of Brazil and she's walking toward the pool with the confidence of Gisele on the catwalk. Drew chokes on an olive when he sees her.

EXT. DREW'S HAMPTONS HOUSE - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Strutting her (very hot) stuff, Mandy waves to Drew's friends as they gape at her.

MANDY
Morning, Boys!
(sexy; re: the pool)
I think I need to get wet.

All the guys (and girls) stare at her as she gracefully dives in and swims the length of the pool. It's perfect...until she pops up with her RIGHT BOOB hanging out of her suit.

Drew shrieks and covers his eyes. Oblivious, she shakes her head to the side, jiggling wildly in all the right places.

MANDY
Ow. I think I got water in my ear.

In perfect sync, all the GUYS at the pool raise their CELL PHONES to capture the moment.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mandy follows a demoralized Drew into the apartment.

MANDY
-- thanks so, so much for the weekend. It was nice to get away.

DREW
(mumbling; looking away)
Welcome.

MANDY
Okay, seriously? This has got to stop. You haven't looked me in the eye since...well, you know. It's embarrassing, but it's not the end of the world. Why don't we dump our stuff and go get a pizza?

DREW
I'd love to, but I'm going to be busy rinsing my eyes out with bleach.

Drew trudges into his bedroom and slams the door.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - THE NEXT DAY

Mandy and Drew enter the lobby of the office. They wave to Paulie the Security Guard. He blushes; ducks down below the desk. Mandy and Drew share a look. *What's that about?*

They grab the elevator and we cut off the closing doors to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...those same doors opening onto the TRADING DESK.

Mandy and Drew stop short as they see MANDY'S BOOB SHOT on EVERY COMPUTER MONITOR in sight.

PANDEMONIUM erupts as the guys see Mandy and cheer. She takes a beat to collect herself, then holds her head high and waves like Ms. America.

DREW
What are you doing?!?

MANDY
(whispering; tense)
Are you kidding? I have to own
this thing or I'll never live it
down.

GUYS
MANDY!! MANDY!!

MANDY
(yelling to the room)
If I'd known you'd react like this,
I would've shown you BOTH the
Girls!

The guys go nuts, cheering, as she heads for her spot at the desk. We cut off Drew's stricken face to...

EXT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - DAY

...him pacing in front of the COFFEE CART, while Phil and Theo order.

PHIL
-- it's not your fault, Man. She
was sheltered for 21 years, then
set loose -- there's no way it
could be pretty. It's like when
the Amish kids get that year of
freedom-

THEO
-- Rumspringa.

PHIL
-- thank you. The point is,
Western Pennsylvania and Ohio are
filled with wilding Amish meth-
heads throwing raves in the
cornfields and fucking in their
buggies.

DREW
I think my head's going to explode.

PHIL
This city's tough on newbies.
Remember when Liesel moved here and
I took her to Central Park?
(to Theo)
I turned my back for a second and
she got hit by a pedicab and broke
all her teeth. It cost my dad 15
grand to replace 'em and she still
can't eat pretzels.

Phil grabs his coffee and hands the COFFEE GUY a buck. The
COFFEE GUY leans out of his CART.

COFFEE GUY
My sister was a good girl when she
moved here. Then she started
sleeping with this albino hemp
salesman and moved to a commune
near Newark. Now she has three
"husbands" and a kid named
Trainwreck.
(off their dismayed looks)
Yeah. Put that one in your Trapper
Keeper.

Phil and Theo share a troubled look as Drew pales.

DREW
That's it. She's not going Amish
on me without a fight.

We cut from his determined face to...

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

...Samantha, roaring with laughter, as Drew frowns.

DREW
-it's NOT funny!!!

SAMANTHA
Yes. It is. You want to sponsor a
sexual harassment seminar. Here.
(beat; snorting)
You!?

DREW
Stop laughing!

Still giggling, she points to a LARGE FILE CABINET.

SAMANTHA
See that cabinet on the right?
(as Drew nods)
That's where I keep the complaints
about everyone in your division...

She points to an ENORMOUS FILE CABINET on the opposite wall.

SAMANTHA
...and *that's* where I keep the
complaints about you.

He eyes his CABINET. *Oh man.*

SAMANTHA
You know how God punishes bad boys
like you, Drew? He gives them
little sisters.
(grinning)
Hot ones.

She is SO right. Drew gives her a pleading look.

DREW
Please. I'll do anything.

SAMANTHA
(thinking; a long beat)
Including giving up Intern Bingo?
(as he gasps)
For-ever.

Samantha smiles at Drew's stricken look - *what's it gonna be?*
Broken, he nods "ok" and we cut off her satisfaction to...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

...Drew, handing out THICK FOLDERS to EMPLOYEES in a packed
conference room.

DREW
A little reading material...please
familiarize yourselves with the law-

A HOT FEMALE INTERN eyes him as he hands her the folder.

DREW
(sighing; re: the folder)
You should take two.

Drew slips into a front row seat beside Phil as Samantha enters. She's trailed by KELLY CUCHINI, 28, scorching hot. Drew pales and sinks in his chair when he sees Kelly.

PHIL
Oh no. What'd you do?

DREW
(nodding at Kelly)
Her.

PHIL
You had sex with the sexual
harassment expert?
(looking around; confused)
Where? How?

DREW
Not *here*, Jackass. In the bathroom
at Marquee a few weeks ago.
(beat)
And the cab. And her lobby.
Twice. And then I gave her a fake
name and my dry cleaner's number.

Drew gulps as Samantha leads Kelly to the front of the room.

SAMANTHA
Hi everyone. This is Kelly
Cuchini, a noted employment law
specialist who's going to give us a
presentation on sexual harassment-

Drew hides behind his folder as Kelly gives a serious, tight smile to the room. Her eyes land on him, *but she doesn't seem to recognize him.*

KELLY
Good afternoon. I'm here to talk
to you about one of the greatest
hazards you'll ever face at work.
Sexual misconduct.

Drew hunkers down as Kelly glances his way. But she's got the thousand yard stare -- totally focused on her speech. He relaxes slightly -- *this chick doesn't remember him!*

KELLY

In the past few years, employers have paid landmark settlements to employees who've brought successful claims based on overt conduct and hostile work environment.

Kelly paces closer to him; passes by without pausing.

KELLY

Today, we're going to engage in a few role playing exercises to examine what constitutes actionable conduct. But I need a volunteer-
(she glances around)
How about....

She turns on a dime and fixes Drew with a laser like stare.

KELLY

You.

Oh fuck. Phil shoots Drew a shit-eating grin as he stands.

PHIL

(whispering)
Karma is a cruel mistress.

KELLY

(to Drew)
Now, what's your name?

DREW

(croaking it out)
Drew.

She frowns, pissed. *That's not the name he gave her before.*

KELLY

Okay, Drew. The main thing that sets harassment apart from consensual sex - say, for example --
(staring at him)
-- an explosive sexual encounter in a club bathroom with a stranger -- is that, harassment is unwanted. Let's pretend like we work together and you're hitting on me. What would you say?

Drew hesitates, seriously uncomfortable; glances at the GIRLS in the audience -- *most of whom he has hit on.* Kelly senses his weak spot and faces the audience.

KELLY

Maybe some of you have suggestions?

Drew groans as Kelly points to an ANGRY REDHEAD waving her hand.

REDHEAD

Maybe he would say that he feels
like a teenager every time you look
at him?

Half the girls frown, pissed. *They've heard that one.* Kelly gleefully points to different Girls.

BLONDE GIRL

Or that your smile keeps breaking
his heart-

BRUNETTE GIRL

-- or that you hair smells like
rain --

SKANKY GIRL

-- or that it feels like his balls
are going to shoot through the roof
of his mouth every time you make
him cum.

Oh no. He's used that line a LOT.

Mandy cringes, grossed out, as the Girls go NUTS. A SEA of HANDS shoot up as Kelly gives him a SMUG SMILE.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

...everyone leaving the seminar as a shell-shocked Drew staggers out, deflecting elbows from the pissed off Girls. He stiffens as he spots Mandy talking to Davis. Beelines for her as Davis steps into the elevator.

MANDY

Thanks for absolutely the most
uncomfortable afternoon ever.

DREW

Don't. You're the only woman in
this building who's still talking
to me.

(beat; broken)

Can we just get out of here and
grab like 10 pitchers?

MANDY

I'd love to, but Davis sort of
invited me out for drinks already.

DREW

We *just* had the seminar and he's asking you out?

MANDY

It's not like that. He knows I'm new to the city and his friend's having a party. It's all *friendly*.

DREW

(not buying it)

So he won't mind if I come too.

Mandy's surprised he wants in. She hesitates a beat.

DREW

What? I am invited right?

(off Mandy)

Oh. I'm not. Wow. I get it. I mean it *is* surprising given that you turned my Hamptons happy place into the site of some serious mental trauma and I got you this job and I'm thinking you owe me one. But maybe not. Maybe you're selfish like that because you're the baby and I'm the big boy who never gets to cry. Maybe I'm like the Giving Tree and you're like the kid that chops me down and then takes a break on the stump. It could be like that, I don't know. You tell me.

Mandy caves as Drew waits her out and we cut to...

INT. MARQUEE - NIGHT

...the packed bar at MARQUEE. New York's BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE are out in force, and the dance floor erupts as a PACK of DRUNK MODELS takes over.

Normally, Drew'd be in heaven, but tonight he's on guard duty. Mandy leans in to Davis -- are they gonna *kiss*? Not yet. She heads to the bathroom as Davis comes to the bar.

DAVIS

What's up, Party People!?

DREW

Technically, I think you say Party Person -- since I'm only one man. Or, if you weren't a total cock knocker, you could go with "*hi*".

DAVIS

I can't even focus on what you're saying because I've got such a raging boner for your sister.

(off Drew)

Is it weird for you to hear that?

DREW

It is absolutely weird.

Drew downs the rest of his drink. Leans over to Davis.

DREW

Look, Davis. I know we're not exactly friends, but man to man...I'd really prefer it if you didn't try to bang my sister.

DAVIS

Yeah...I can't do that.

DREW

I put a Veto in effect!

DAVIS

Yeah, well, I veto your veto.

DREW

You can't do that!

DAVIS

Sure I can. There's a loophole for true love.

(off Drew's shock)

I know you just think of me as this incredibly good looking guy who just wants to bang the Center Square before you do - although you can't this time because she's your sister and that's against religion. It's kind of hot, and I'd like to see it, but God would hate you.

Drew stares at Davis -- *who is this Sick Fuck?*

DAVIS

Anyhow, what I'm trying to say is that I'm more than just a Cocksman and compulsive pussyhound. I'm a man -- a man who feels like a really horny boy again when I'm with your sister -- and I can't hold the fact that she's related to you against her.

Broken, Drew thinks a beat as Davis chugs his drink.

DREW

How about *balls*, Davis? Can you hold them against her? Because she's got 'em.

(off Davis' look)

Look -- just between you and me -- it's some genetic thing. Trust me, my mom cries real tears about it. She says it's because she ate hot dogs in her first trimester. I'm only telling you because the last few guys she's been with got sorta scary when they hit the pot of gold. And while you seem like the kind of guy who's had the whole surprise balls thing happen before, I'm guessing you liked it, but didn't love it. Am I right or am I right?

We cut off Davis' disgust to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - DREW'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

...Drew, at his desk, poring over a REPORT as Phil knocks.

DREW

I'm trying to memorize Jameson's portfolio before the picnic. I need quiet.

PHIL

Sure. As soon as you tell me why Davis just emailed me a photo of *Mandy's balls*?

Phil holds up a grainy PHOTO of Mandy, with her arms around Pamela and Larry. She's wearing a MINISKIRT, and a set of BALLS hangs down below the hem.

DREW

I might've gotten carried away last night and then been forced to photo shop some backup for my story.

PHIL

(re: the balls)

Tell me those aren't your own.

DREW

No! I used Cisco Adler's.

PHIL

She's going to kill you, Fucktard.
Why would you do something so
harsh? Every guy here's seen it
and I bet you it hits the street by
noon. It's totally viral.

Drew pauses for a long beat, then PUMPS his FIST in the air.

DREW

That is AWESOME! Nobody will date
her! Goodbye Center Square!
(doing his kung fu)
Karate chop that!

PHIL

Did your mom drop acid when she was
pregnant with you or what?

Drew ignores him. Does a KUNG FU kick, then grabs his GROIN
in pain. We cut off Phil's disgust to...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

...a FURIOUS Mandy, ranting to Laurel as they walk home.

MANDY

-- I'm going to KILL him. And not
in some easy, humane way, either.
We're talking third world, tribal
violence here.

LAUREL

Maybe he's got an explanation-

MANDY

For telling everyone I work with
that I'm a HERMAPHRODITE??!!!

Laurel winces; it *is* kind of a bummer.

MANDY

My whole life, I've looked up to
him and tried to be a good sister.
Even when I had to deal with all
his blowback. Do you know I
couldn't get my driver's license
until I was 18 because Drew totaled
three cars and sent our insurance
through the roof? Couldn't go on
Spring Break because Drew broke his
legs parasailing in Cancun.
Couldn't have a graduation party
because Drew burned the garage down
during his.

Couldn't go to sleepaway camp because Drew had an affair with the camp director's wife. For twenty years, I've lived in a bubble because of him! This summer was my chance to have some fun. Only now, everyone I work with *thinks I have a scrotum!*

(furious; determined)
This is WAR. My brother's going down!

Laurel raises an eyebrow - *this should be good.* She follows Mandy into the DELI across from Drew's.

INT. DELI - CONTINUOUS

Aarjev's quietly cleaning up as Mandy and Laurel enter.

MANDY

I know all his moves -- the classic offenses...the defensive maneuvers that never fail...I can totally take him.

LAUREL

Okay, Patton.

MANDY

(thinking)

I'm going start with a classic attack known as "Gag vs. Puke."

(off Laurel's confusion)

I'm gonna break Drew with a guy who makes him puke. After that, all the nice normal guys I date will seem like a treat -- even if they make him gag.

LAUREL

Your family is way overdue for therapy.

MANDY

How about...

Mandy discreetly nods toward a WEIRD guy with a NERVOUS TIC who's fishing a Forty out of the freezer. Laurel shivers.

LAUREL

I guarantee you he has at least 3 heads in his freezer and thinks his penis is a gun.

Laurel deposits a DIET COKE and SALTINES on the counter. Mandy points to a butch WOMAN tying up a PIT BULL outside.

MANDY
(as Laurel laughs)
What? I'm open-minded.

LAUREL
Say "Vagina".

Mandy hesitates; blushes.

LAUREL
Yeah. You can't be a lesbian --
even a fake one -- if you fear the
Vadge. Let's go look for a real
freak in Alphabet City.

AARJEV (O.S.)
What about me?

Mandy and Laurel turn, surprised.

MANDY
What about you?

AARJEV
Nobody pisses your brother off more
than me.

Laurel frowns -- *who is this guy?* But Mandy and Aarjev lock
eyes. Mandy thinks a beat, then smiles for miles. We cut
off her to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL -- DREW'S OFFICE -- DAY

...Drew's surrounded by reports in his office. Phil lies on
Drew's sofa reading a REPORT, as Theo quizzes Drew.

THEO
-- and the average earnings for his
Asian holdings in Q3 were?

DREW
Seven percent.

THEO
Two percent. But *great* try.

Drew drops his head in his hands and groans.

DREW
Jameson's gonna be at the picnic
and I don't know shit about his
portfolio.

THEO
Maybe a little break would help.

Phil chucks a SOFA PILLOW at Theo's head.

PHIL
Don't coddle him. There's a
billion dollar client riding on
this and so far he sounds like he's
dumb as a box of hair. Ask him
another question.

Theo looks at Drew -- *is he ready?* Drew sighs, nods okay.

THEO
How many stocks in his portfolio
had earnings spikes over 4% in 'Q2?

DREW
Hang on...I've got it...

MANDY (O.S.)
Only two -- NetVizor and Reiking
Routers.

Drew glances up as Mandy enters with their LUNCH.

DREW
How'd you know that?

MANDY
I crunched the numbers on most of
the reports you guys are reading.
(to Phil, re: the lunch)
They didn't have the tofu today, so
I got you grilled tempeh and some
steamed broccoli instead.

PHIL
Is tempeh fattening?

Drew rolls his eyes; grabs a REPORT and reads to Mandy.

DREW
How many stocks in his holdings
dropped by 3% last year?

MANDY
Three -- DevelopPro, Argeen
Limited, and Dalcon Industries.
(shrugging; off Drew)
My memory's close to photographic.

PHIL
(laughing; to Drew)
You weren't breast fed, were you?

DREW

You're going to be my human cheat sheet at Landon's picnic, okay? We've got an entire day in front of Jameson and if I don't close him then, I never will.

MANDY

Don't worry about the picnic. I'll be *right* by your side.

She smiles sweetly and heads out the door.

PHIL

You better pray she doesn't find out about her nuts before Saturday.

Phil's got a damn good point. He cracks his report open as we cut to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- THE NEXT DAY

...Drew, dressed and ready for the PICNIC. He hollers to Mandy in her room.

DREW

Hurry up -- we've got to catch the 10:20 out to Greenwich.

MANDY (O.S.)

Yelling doesn't help me get ready faster!

Drew groans and glances at his watch.

SFX: the DOORBELL RINGS. Puzzled, Drew opens the door to find Aarjev -- dressed in way too tight BERMUDA SHORTS and a bright PINK POLO shirt. Drew frowns at the sight of him.

DREW

I can't believe she ordered delivery when we're trying to get out of here.

(digging for his wallet)

What do I owe you?

AARJEV

I'm not delivering anything. I'm your sister's date for the picnic.

Drew steps back, aghast, as Aarjev grins. Mandy emerges from the bedroom, ready to go; waves to Aarjev.

MANDY
Hey! I'm so glad you're here.
(to Drew)
We need to hustle if we're going to
make that train.

Drew grabs her and turns his back to Aarjev. Whispers.

DREW
You're not bringing him.

MANDY
Wrong.

DREW
If he goes, you don't.

MANDY
Tell me -- what percent did
Jameson's ProTem stock drop last
week?
(off Drew's blank)
We better move it if we're going to
make our train.

She smiles sweetly, and we cut off his shock to...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

...the METRO NORTH TRAIN, as it rockets toward Connecticut.

INT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Still dumbfounded, Drew stares at Mandy and Aarjev as Phil --
now looking thinner and totally dapper -- chats with them.

PHIL
-- so you're all done with school?

AARJEV
Oh, I quit school. I'm not big on
formal education.

PHIL
How far did you get?

AARJEV
Eighth grade.

DREW
Perfect. That's awesome. You'll
totally be able to put braces on
the kids.

(to Mandy)
I'm not going to pay your mortgage.

MANDY
You're being really rude.

PHIL
So...do you want to do anything
else? Maybe open your own Deli?

Drew shoots Phil a look -- *what the fuck?* Phil shrugs. *He's trying to make nice.*

AARJEV
Nah. Between working the register
and dancing in the cages at
Rawhide, I do just fine. Besides,
while I'm living in the squat, I
don't need a lot of cash.

Drew blinks -- *living in a squat? Dancing at Rawhide??!* Oh
Jesus. Aarjev peers out the window as the train slows.

AARJEV
Wow. Greenwich. The land of inter-
generational wealth and blondes
with ponies. I don't know about
you guys, but I am psyched to be
here!
(beat; to Drew)
There is an open bar, right?

Drew and Phil exchange worried looks as Aarjev exits the
train with Mandy.

As Aarjev and Mandy reach the door, he flashes her a
conspiratorial smile. They hop off the train as we cut to...

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE -- DAY

...Landon's HOUSE, a manicured mansion big enough to be a
COUNTRY CLUB. Today there's a definite "caddy day" vibe as
the Blackstone employees run wild at the COMPANY PICNIC.

BADMINTON and CROQUET are set up, and people splash in the
Olympic size POOL while a steel drum band plays on the patio.

Still shocked, Drew downs a Bloody Mary with Phil and
eyeballs Mandy and Aarjev on the other side of the pool.

DREW
-- I can't believe she brought him.

PHIL

That's what you get for turning her
into a social leper with a ball
sac.

DREW

Please, Phil. Let's keep the focus
on Mandy. This isn't about me.

Phil elbows Drew and sits up a little taller.

PHIL

Incoming.

Drew glances up as Jameson Winters - dapper as ever - and
Landon approach. Landon's got a CLIPBOARD and WHISTLE and
looks like the world's preppiest (and oldest) camp counselor.

LANDON

Eat up, Gentlemen. Egg toss is in
ten.

DREW

Come on, Landon. Every year it's
like the Special Olympics out there-

JAMESON

Too bad. Competition shows me what
a person's made of. Which is
important since losers don't touch
my money.

Drew jumps as Phil kicks him under the table and nods toward
the lawn. Mandy and Aarjev are headed straight for them.

DREW

Um, maybe I'll just warm up a
little. Excuse me-

Landon and Jameson smile as Drew pops up. As soon as he's a
few feet from the table, he SPRINTS toward Mandy and Aarjev.

EXT. LANDON'S PATIO -- CONTINUOUS

Drew heads off Mandy and Aarjev. Steers them to the bar.

DREW

(to Aarjev)

Keep drinking. I'm still hoping
you'll pass out before anyone
realizes you were here.

(to Mandy)

You. Inside. Now.

Drew yanks open the door and points sternly inside. Mandy sighs and heads in; Aarjev starts to follow her, but Drew shoves him out of the way and closes the door on him.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Aarjev knocks, Drew blocks Mandy from opening the door.

DREW

You are not bringing that freak anywhere near Jameson.

MANDY

He's not a freak, he's my date-

DREW

Please. I *invented* Gag vs. Puke. How long did you think it was going to take for me to figure it out? Now - what are your demands?

MANDY

Huh?

DREW

The name of the game is domination of the enemy and you and the Calcutta catastrophe are the big winners. I'm rolling over. I'll give you whatever you want as long as you get Captain Insane-o out of here - pronto.

MANDY

He's not going anywhere.

DREW

You don't understand. We're talking about Jameson. He's got no patience for crazy people like Aarjev! He's a killer -- and everyone who works for him's a killer too! I need your A game, because he's gone if today gets screwed up.

MANDY

I'm not kicking Aarjev out.

DREW

There's no point in letting him stay!! I know the truth.

MANDY

Yeah? Well so do I. I know all about what you've been up to. And me, my new friend, and my balls are going to hang out and show you the kind of good time you deserve.

Drew stares, sick, as she throws open the door and heads back to the party.

EXT. LONDON'S HOUSE - LAWN - A LITTLE LATER

Mandy and Aarjev head down to the lawn where people are lining up for the EGG TOSS. Mandy's still steaming.

MANDY

-- it's time to Get The Hammer.

(off Aarjev's look)

Drew says the only way to handle a bully is to hit back twice as hard. If someone shoves you, and you hit them with a hammer, the fight's over.

AARJEV

(beat)

Are you guys in the mafia?

MANDY

Do you want to help me or not?

AARJEV

I'm the youngest of 8. I spent my whole life getting hammered.

Aarjev looks at Drew, limbering up. Drew flips him off.

AARJEV

I'm all in.

EXT. LONDON'S HOUSE - LAWN - LATER

Drew and Phil sit in the shade, battered and covered in dirt and bits of egg. *These guys went to PICNIC WAR and barely came back.*

A CLOWN entertains the kids while Landon greases up a WATERMELON with a tub of VASELINE. Drew elbows Phil as Jameson, pressed and perfect, ambles over with a drink.

JAMESON

It's been looking a little rough out there, Guys.

DREW

Well, we manage money a lot better than we play games.

JAMESON

I sure hope so.

(cocking an eyebrow)

What stocks in my portfolio had earnings that were up more than 6% last year?

Drew freezes, unsure; looks around for Mandy...but she's not there. *Oh shit.* Jameson stares at him, expectant.

MANDY (O.S.)

Lichten Limited and Area Aquatics.
Although Magnetek came close with 5.9%.

The guys turn to see Mandy and Aarjev -- who's proudly wearing the tightest, pinkest, most nut-hugging SPEEDO ever.

Aarjev smiles at Drew as he idly strokes his own CHEST HAIR. Drew drops his head, sick, as Mandy shakes Jameson's hand.

MANDY

Pleased to meet you, I'm Drew's sister, Mandy. And this is Aarjev.
(as Aarjev waves hello)
Magnetek's actually ripe for a takeover - half their management quit this week - you could get in there on the cheap and make a killing-

DREW

Easy, little sister.

Mandy reddens; shuts up. But Jameson eyes her thoughtfully.

JAMESON

What about core cost issues?

MANDY

Solid. Long term contracts are locked in, and they revamped their facilities last year, so there's no capital improvements in the pipeline.

Jameson nods, impressed, and turns to Drew.

JAMESON

Looks like your sister's crushing you on and off the field.

Drew's face darkens as Jameson and Mandy share a smile. Landon blows his whistle; waves people to the POOL. Drew stands, but Phil's sizing up Mandy and Aarjev in his Speedo.

PHIL
You're on your own, Buddy.

Perfect. Drew sighs; follows Mandy and Aarjev to the pool.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE -- POOL -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew stands at the pool's edge, surrounded by KIDS. Across the pool, Mandy and Aarjev eyeball him, ready to rumble. A KID shoves Drew.

DREW
Take it easy! It's slick.

KID
You worried about breaking a hip,
Grandpa?

DREW
Cool it, you little punk. We're on
the same team.

KID
Uh-uh. It's every man for himself
out here.

Drew points to his HAIRY BACK.

DREW
You aren't a *man* 'til that's going
on. All over.

Drew turns around; there's a RIPPING sound, and he SCREAMS. The Kid's got a fistful of his back hair.

KID
Fuck you, Mister! This game is for
kids!

Landon BLOWS THE WHISTLE. Tosses the WATERMELON into the pool. Drew shoves the Kid out of the way and dives in.

It's MAYHEM as kids churn the water like sharks after chum. Gasping, Drew reaches the middle with Mandy and Aarjev.

They look down; see the melon at the bottom and dive for it.

Aarjev beats Drew to the bottom. Gets his arms around the melon, but it's too slippery. It shoots out and Drew grabs it. But in a FLASH, Mandy's on him, grappling for control.

A beat later, the KIDS descend. Out of air, Mandy, Drew and Aarjev pop up to the surface. Drew leans in to Mandy.

DREW
You KNOW I'm not a strong swimmer.
Can't you just back off!?

MANDY
Back off *this*!

She kicks him in the stomach as she dives under. Aarjev gives Drew a little wave and follows her. Pissed, Drew dives again. And this time, he means business.

He dives, shoving kids out of the way; rears back as he comes face to face with Aarjev's SPEEDO CLAD CROTCH.

Repulsed, Drew steels himself, then reaches around and gives Aarjev a monster WEDGIE; snags the melon as Aarjev thrashes.

Drew wraps himself around the melon like he's carrying the game ball in the Superbowl and heads for the shallow end. People stare in horror as Drew pops up, bellowing like a wounded water buffalo and swatting kids aside. *He's almost at the pool's edge, when...*

Mandy hops on his back; covers his eyes and tugs at his hair.
The entire party stops to watch their SIBLING CAGE MATCH.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

Davis and some of the GUYS watch the melee in the pool.

DAVIS
See? She even fights like a Dude.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Mandy gets Drew in a HEADLOCK and SQUEEZES his TORSO with her thighs. Drew claws at her, but she's killing him -- until he spots Jameson. *And then it's kill or be killed.*

With a ROAR, he elbows her ribs, then FLIPS her over his head. She springs up and HEADBUTTS him. He stumbles back, then grabs her PONYTAIL; repeatedly DUNKS her underwater.

She thrashes like a hooked shark as he drags her forward. SLAMS the melon onto the side of the pool.

DREW
KARATE CHOP *THAT MOTHERFUCKERS!!!*

He faces the crowd, triumphant. *But it's all crickets...*

EXT. LONDON'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Battered and limping, Drew looks like he's been to WAR as he walks Jameson out to his MASERATI.

JAMESON
You know, Drew, today was quite entertaining. You really struggled out there -

Drew hangs his head -- *fuck*.

JAMESON
- but you didn't quit. You just ducked your head and kept after it.
(holding out his hand)
Congratulations. Blackstone's got my business.

Drew's head snaps back up; he pumps Jameson's hand.

DREW
We're going to make a lot of money together.

JAMESON
We better.

Jameson hops into his car. Leans out the window.

JAMESON
Clear your schedule for the twenty-first. It's Charity Season again, and I'm kicking it off with a tent at the Bridgehampton Polo Match. I want you there.
(beat; as Drew grins)
And bring that firecracker sister of yours too. I've got my eye on her.

Drew's smile falters as Jameson speeds down the driveway, nearly clipping two caterers who jump to get out of the way.

EXT. DREW'S BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mandy and Aarjev pause in front of Drew's building.

MANDY
Thanks again for being such a good sport. And for ruining speedos for me forever.

AARJEV
I had a lot of fun today.
(beat)
We should grab a drink sometime.

MANDY
That could be fun.
(re: the building)
I better go see if Drew is talking
to me yet.

She flashes Aarjev her killer smile as she heads inside.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mandy enters to find Drew laying MASKING TAPE through the apartment. Mandy glances at the tape -- it goes all the way back to their bedrooms.

MANDY
Who are you? Peter Brady?

DREW
I'm your BROTHER. A fact you and
Riki Tiki Tavi conveniently forgot
when you threw me under the bus
today.

MANDY
I've been coughing up chlorine all
day thanks to you. And three
different guys at the pool asked me
if it hurt to tuck my balls when I
swim!

DREW
Oh, Boo Hoo! Telling people you
have a nutsack -- which, by the
way, I did for your own good -- is
not on the same level as trying to
tank me when I'm going after a
BILLION dollar client!

MANDY
But you landed Jameson and got
invited to the biggest event of the
season-

DREW
No thanks to you, Benedict Arnold.

MANDY
Can you even tell me who Benedict
Arnold is and what he did?

DREW
 (he totally can't)
 Just get on your side of the tape
 and leave me alone!

MANDY
 Gladly. Because you are out of
 your mind.

Mandy storms past him; grabs an extra roll of TAPE and chucks it at him, nailing him in the HEAD. She slams her door and we cut off Drew, cursing to himself as he lays down his LINE through the apartment, to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - DREW'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

C.U. Drew, slowly waking. He smiles sleepily...then frowns.

We pull back to see Drew...firmly and completely DUCT TAPED to his BED. Tape runs across his forehead and pillow, and he thrashes like a SILVER MUMMY in bed.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Livid, Drew arrives at Phil's desk, looking for Mandy. He's got a bright red stripe from the TAPE running across his forehead. Phil frowns.

PHIL
 Are you having some sort of
 allergic reaction?

Before Drew can answer, a panting Theo arrives with a LARGE BASKET OF WATERMELONS. He drops it heavily on the desk.

DREW
 Is this a present to celebrate my
 victory? Because if it is, I have
 to tell you, Scotch would be
 better. This much melon's bound to
 give me the runs-

THEO
 It's not for you. It's for your
 sister...from Jameson.

Drew and Phil topple over each other as they scramble for the CARD atop the basket. Drew opens it.

DREW
 "Looking forward to seeing you at
 polo."

PHIL
Jesus. He's pretty vanilla for a
billionaire.

DREW
He didn't write this, Foolio. Some
assistant to the assistant to the
Vice President of Tap that Ass
wrote it. We have to get it out of
here before she sees it.

THEO
She already saw it...when Jameson
dropped it off.

DREW
Jameson's on the premises?

THEO
Not exactly. They just left for
lunch.

Theo braces; covers his arms so Drew can't hit him. But Drew
punches him in the ASS, then runs to the window. Fifteen
stories below, Jameson ushers Mandy into his MAYBACH.

EXT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Like Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*, Drew bangs on the
window...

DREW
(muted by the glass)
Mandy!!! MANDY!!!!

...but it's too late. They speed off. Phil approaches as
Drew bangs his head against the window.

PHIL
It's *just* lunch-

DREW
Lunch with a guy who makes me look
like a virgin.

Drew waits for Phil to comfort him. Phil's silent.

PHIL
(off Drew's pleading look)
Sorry. You're right. You're
fucked. Well...you and her.

Drew groans; drops his head in his hands. And we cut to...

INT. JAMESON'S CAR - DAY

...Mandy, staring out the car window at the HEADQUARTERS of MAGNETEK INDUSTRIES. She shoots Jameson a curious look.

JAMESON

At the picnic, I said you were right about Magnetek...but I didn't tell you that the takeover's already in play. I'm buying a controlling stake and spinning it all off in an IPO.

MANDY

Did you already close the deal?

JAMESON

(shaking his head "no")
The lawyers handle most of the due diligence, but I always take a tour to see what I'm getting before I close. I thought you'd enjoy tagging along.

MANDY

Wow...thank you.

Jameson smiles tightly as his driver opens the door.

JAMESON

(all killer)
Don't thank me. Watch and learn.

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Drew is waiting by the elevator as Mandy returns.

DREW

Where did Jameson take you? What did you do? What did he say?

MANDY

No place I'd tell you about. Not your business. And...it's private.

DREW

Okay, fine. Play it like that.
(pulling out his PHONE)
I'm calling Mom and Dad.

Mandy whips out her own PHONE. It's a STANDOFF.

MANDY

That's so funny! Because I was thinking maybe I should call them and invite them down to visit. I'm sure they'd love to stay with us for a week...or two.

DREW

I call bullshit on that threat. They drive you crazy too.

MANDY

Not when you're around. You're like the tracer rocket that draws all the bombs off target.

Fuck. She's got a point. Drew lowers his phone, defeated.

DREW

How did you get like this?

MANDY

I had a lot of time to watch you.
(pocketing her phone)
Stay out of my business if you don't want trouble.

She flashes her killer smile, then heads down the hall. We cut off Drew's concern to...

EXT. ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

...a nervous Mandy, following Aarjev down a DIRTY STREET. She stops as he turns into a DARK ALLEY.

MANDY

Um, you're not going to skin me alive or sell me to a harem, right?
(off his look)
Sorry. I had to ask.

She follows him down the alley to a RUSTED DOOR. He pushes it open and enters...

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...a wild UNDERGROUND CLUB. Low lights. A riot of COLOR and MUSIC. Floor packed with HIPSTERS grooving to a killer mix that's 2 parts HIP HOP, 1 part BOLLYWOOD. Mandy takes it in.

MANDY

How'd you find this place?

AARJEV

It was easy-
(pointing at the DJ booth)
-- my sisters started it.

Mandy glances up at the DJ BOOTH where gorgeous TWIN GIRLS seamlessly spin records. Aarjev grins at her.

AARJEV

Told you -- I'm the youngest of eight. They're everywhere, so I don't even fight it anymore.

Aarjev grabs her hand; leads her onto the DANCE FLOOR. And we cut to...

...Mandy and Aarjev laughing and dancing...

...Mandy, Aarjev, and the twins, passing food back and forth at an ALL NIGHT DINER...

...Mandy and Aarjev strolling together through BATTERY PARK as the sun comes up...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Mandy tiptoes in. *The coast is clear; no Drew.* She shuts the door quietly...then screams as she turns and collides with him.

DREW

Did you have fun staying out all night?

MANDY

Not that it's any of your business, but yes, I did.

DREW

Were you with Jameson??

MANDY

Not. Your. Business.

DREW

Fine. You win. Have a great day.

He slams the door on his way out and she sighs. *Good morning.* Heads for her room, but stops when she sees it's PADLOCKED and there's a piece of PAPER taped to the door.

INT. DREW'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mandy races out with the PAPER in hand.

MANDY

You're charging me \$1,000 in back rent?!

DREW

I'm afraid so. And you also owe me for food, utilities and the shopping spree when you moved in.

MANDY

What about what you owe me for cleaning and cooking all summer?

DREW

Cleaning and cooking are your hobbies. Do you want me to charge you for the hours I spend watching MTV and drunk dialing Scores girls?

MANDY

I'm your sister! Not some random roommate.

DREW

Wrong. My sister's not a party animal who goes out for nooners with Jameson before staying out all night. She's a good girl.
(he steps in the elevator)
If you see her around, say "hi" for me.

Drew points at the paper in Mandy's hand.

DREW

FYI -- I don't take credit cards or personal checks. Cash is king.

The elevator closes as he waves goodbye to a furious Mandy.

INT. DELI - A LITTLE LATER

A tired Aarjev smiles at Mandy as she enters.

AARJEV

Wow. Did you miss me already?

MANDY

Nah. I need your help.

She grins at him and we cut off his interest to...

EXT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL - DAY

Drew and Phil grab coffee from the Coffee Cart.

PHIL

-- she was probably out dancing all night with her girlfriends-

DREW

-- or getting talked into shooting amateur porn with Jameson.

PHIL

You better ease up before she calls bullshit. If she moves out you really won't know what she's up to.

DREW

If you had a sister, you'd understand.

PHIL

I do have a sister-

DREW

Not a hot one. It's different.

The Coffee Cart Guy shoots Phil a sympathetic look as he hands him his change.

PHIL

Well maybe it is different... because if my "not-hot" sister was dating a billionaire, I'd be turning naked cartwheels all over Manhattan.

DREW

Jameson doesn't "date" anyone. He road tests girls until he cracks their axels, then he scraps them and moves on.

PHIL

So he's the same as every guy in this city. None of them have a billion dollars-

DREW

Exactly!

(off Phil)

Do you really think Jameson will leave his money with us once things get weird with Mandy?

(as Phil starts to answer)

And don't say it might not get weird. It always gets weird.

Phil yanks open the door to their building.

PHIL
You're not worried about Jameson dumping your sister. You're worried about him dumping you.

We cut off Drew as this lands to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

...Drew, still pensive, entering his apartment.

DREW
Mandy? Are you home?

Silence. Drew sighs; drags himself to his bedroom. Sees a note on his door from her: "RENT'S IN YOUR ROOM."

He grins. Amateur. Opens the door and screams as ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN QUARTERS spill out.

INT. MANDY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ears to her bedroom door, Mandy and Aarjev laugh as they hear Drew cursing the TSUNAMI of QUARTERS.

MONTAGE:

A. Mandy and Aarjev play a heated game of AIR HOCKEY in a dive BAR packed with a fun summer crowd. Mandy shoots...and scores. He hangs his head -- *she's smoking him!*

B. Drew enters the apartment with a PIZZA -- a peace offering. But Mandy's OUT. Bummed and lonely, he takes his pizza to the couch. Flips on MTV's *My Super Sweet 16*.

C. Mandy and Aarjev share a blanket with his sisters and their FRIENDS at MOVIE NIGHT in BRYAN PARK. Everyone laughs as a picnic dinner and wine gets passed around.

D. Guys compare INTERN BINGO cards in the BREAK ROOM. They barely look up as Drew enters -- *he's not a grizzly anymore.*

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Drew tosses, totally pretzeled from sleeping on the sofa. His eyes SNAP open as he hears Mandy enter the apartment.

MANDY

Okay, seriously -- you have to stop waiting up. It's too sad.

DREW

What's sad is you running around like a drunk monkey.

(as she rolls her eyes)

I want you home at a decent hour so you're in good shape for the polo match. I don't want to be embarrassed in front of Jameson.

MANDY

How do you know I'm not going out with Jameson?

DREW

Are you? Is that where you were?

Mandy smiles saucily -- *it's so easy to fuck with him.* Heads to her room and slams the door as Drew groans. *What is he going to do with her?!*

INT. TORY BURCH - NIGHT

Still in her work clothes, Mandy browses the TORY BURCH BOUTIQUE in SOHO with Laurel. Eyeballs the PRICE on a dress.

MANDY

I'm going to break out in hives if I see one more thing I can't afford.

LAUREL

Come on...I'll buy you dinner.

MANDY

Thanks, but I'm meeting Aarjev.

LAUREL

New York's so fabulous. You can cover the entire dating spectrum -- from Deli Guys to billionaires-

MANDY

I'm not dating anyone. Jameson's all business...and Aarjev hasn't busted a move.

Laurel raises an eyebrow as Mandy shrugs and opens the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Laurel follows Mandy out of the store.

LAUREL

Do you want Aarjev to bust a move?

MANDY

He's funny. And he doesn't care what anybody thinks about him. And-

LAUREL

He's got no education or career.

MANDY

That part's not ideal. But he *is* smart. The raw materials are there. He's even been talking about taking classes at City College.

(off Laurel; sighing)

It doesn't matter anyhow. I'm stuck in the friend-zone.

LAUREL

Drew really did a number on you. You're not material for *anybody's* friend-zone. I guarantee you, Deli Guy wants to make out -- just give him an opening and he'll take it.

Mandy brightens as they cross the street and we cut to...

EXT. DREW'S BUILDING -- HALLWAY -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Drew and Doug exit the elevator. Doug's dressed up and looking good -- but clearly nervous. He stops; turns around.

DOUG

I can't do it.

DREW

You have to! Jameson's been all over her since the picnic and the polo match is *tomorrow*. I need her thinking about someone else so she doesn't make out behind a hay bale with my biggest client. And that someone else is *you*, Buddy.

DOUG

You are *so* far gone to do this.

DREW

Bro, you don't even wanna know...

DOUG
I don't know if I can be trusted
not to make out if I get a shot.
(eyeing the door; worried)
Mandy's like male kryptonite.

DREW
(sighing; gently)
That kind of honesty is the reason
I picked you for this mission. I
know you can go in there, get Mandy
out the door, and make her like
you. And I know you can do it
without wrecking a friendship
that's lasted almost fifteen years.
Hell, the State of New York trusts
you enough to give you a gun and a
badge and let you loose on the
streets. Did they give me a gun?

DOUG
No...

DREW
That's right. Because I'm a risk
to society. But you're not.
You're one of the good guys. Now
get in there and ask my sister out.

Doug stands tall, encouraged. Marches down the hall.

DREW
One final thing.
(off Doug)
I do have a gun. One that the
government most definitely does not
know about. And I will totally use
it on you if you touch my sister.

Drew pats him on the back as he opens the front door...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...but the apartment's EMPTY. Drew curses -- *where is she?*

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Mandy and Aarjev enter a PACKED GALLERY and wave to Aarjev's
sisters. Push through the party to meet up as we cut to...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

...Drew, pounding on an APARTMENT DOOR.

DREW
Laurel! I know she's in there with
you! Tell her to come out!

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Beat it, Dickhead!!

DREW
Laurel?

The door opens with the chain on and Drew SHRIEKS as he gets
MACED by an OLD WOMAN. He drops, screaming, and she MACES
him again, then kicks him in the ribs and SLAMS the door.

DREW
Motherfu-

LAUREL (O.S.)
Mrs. Melman's skittish with
strangers.

Drew squints across the hall at Laurel as we cut to...

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE LOFT - NIGHT

...Mandy, drags Aarjev toward a makeshift BAR. Fills a CUP
from a PUNCH BOWL and drinks thirstily.

AARJEV
Maybe I should see what's in that-

MANDY
It tastes like it's just Kool Aid.
(off his worry)
Seriously. It's fine.

As Aarjev watches uncertainly, she guzzles down another cup.

INT. LAUREL'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Drew holds ice to his face as Laurel searches for eyedrops.

DREW
-- twice! You let her mace me
twice!

LAUREL
Funny...that's two more times than
you've ever called me.

DREW
I didn't call because you hate me.

LAUREL

True. But it's still bad form.

Drew checks her out -- *does she like him?* Thinks a beat.

DREW

Why don't we have a stiff drink,
get naked and do the handful of
things that are still illegal in
Georgia?

She tosses the eyedrops at him.

LAUREL

What happened between us was a one
time thing. Like Hiroshima, or
catching Ebola.

Drew sighs; sets the ice down and opens the eyedrops.

DREW

You really don't know where she is?
I've been calling for hours and she
hasn't answered once. I'm worried.

LAUREL

I'm sure she's just screening you.

DREW

It's a big city, Laurel. A lot can
happen. She's still got a lot to
learn about this place.

Laurel melts a little as she sees how concerned he is.

LAUREL

You've got to let her make her own
mistakes, Drew.

DREW

Why?

(off Laurel; genuine)

I *had* to learn everything the hard
way because there was *nobody* to
look out for me. It doesn't have
to be like that for her. Not if
she'd let me help.

LAUREL

You really care about her, don't
you?

DREW

Of course. She's my little sister.
I'll be 80 years old and still
worrying that someone's hurt her
feelings or she needs my help. I
can't help it...brothers are hard
wired to care.

Laurel rubs his back, truly touched. There's a beat as Drew
puts a hand on her ass. Gives a squeeze to test the waters.

LAUREL

You never quit.

DREW

I know. It's what sets me apart.

Laurel can't hide a smile. He squeezes again as we cut to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

...Aarjev helping/carrying a wasted Mandy inside.

MANDY

(slurring)

I think the heat got to me.

AARJEV

Or the grain alcohol. Who knows.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- MANDY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mandy kicks off her shoes as Aarjev helps her into her room.
Aarjev pulls the COVERS on her BED down.

AARJEV

Okay, let's get you into bed-

MANDY

Oh, God. *Finally.*

Mandy whips off her SHIRT; TACKLES him like she's Hulk Hogan.

AARJEV

What are you doing?!

(as she tries to kiss him)

Mandy, wait! Stop!

He pushes her away and hops off the bed.

AARJEV

I really like you, but this is all
wrong. You're totally hammered-

MANDY
(stifling a belch)
No, I'm not!

AARJEV
You are. And you'd regret this in
the morning.
(as he sees her lacy bra)
Much more than I would.

Aarjev turns away, shielding his eyes from temptation.

AARJEV
Did you want me to kiss you this
whole time? Or did you not want it
and now you just *think* that you do
because you're drun-

SFX: There's a LOUD THUMP. Aarjev spins and sees Mandy --
PASSED OUT on the floor.

AARJEV
Oh God.
(kneeling)
Mandy? Can you wake up?

Nope. She's out. Aarjev grabs her hands; tries to lift her.
Too awkward. Gets behind her; lifts from under her armpits.

Grunting, he tries to lower her onto the bed, but she ends up
face down, half on, half off. Worried, he lifts her LEGS
wheelbarrow style to try and get her all the way on.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew enters the apartment, disheveled but happy. Pauses as
he hears NOISES from Mandy's room. *What the...?*

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- MANDY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Drew stops in the door, ready to stroke out, as he sees
Aarjev holding the passed out Mandy's legs in the air and
struggling to get her onto the bed.

DREW
What the fuck are you doing to my
little sister??!!

AARJEV
Just trying to get her into bed-

DREW
Did you take her SHIRT off?

Drew shoves Aarjev away. Bigger and stronger than Aarjev, he easily lifts Mandy onto the bed and covers her.

DREW
Dude, you're my worst nightmare.
(grabbing Aarjev)
And now I'm yours.

AARJEV
Nothing happened! She drank too much and took her own shirt off. I swear!!
(as Drew winces)
Sorry. I have sisters too. I'd never hurt her. We really like each other.

Drew considers him for a beat. Laughs and shakes his head.

DREW
Dude. I'm sorry to break the news on this one, but you're delusional if you think you're dating my sister. She's got a *billionaire* after her and I'm sweating that. I'm not letting a high school dropout who pours coffee for a living take a shot. Face it -- she's smarter than you, hotter than you, and the only reason you were ever a blip on her radar is because you were the most horrifying guy she could find to hang out with. What does that tell you about where things are going?

Aarjev recoils like he's been sucker punched. Pushes by Drew and bolts for the door. Drew realizes he took it too far, but it's too late. The door slams. *Fuck.*

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- THE NEXT MORNING

Green, Mandy shuffles in as Drew unpacks a bag of bagels. She stares at him, suspicious, as he pours her some juice.

MANDY
Why're you being nice to me?

DREW
Because we have to be at the Polo match in a few hours and I need you to be presentable.

MANDY

Totally selfish motives...that's
the Drew I know.

DREW

At least I'm not a total loadie who
can't hold her booze. You were a
wreck last night.

Mandy glances away, embarrassed, as he hands her the juice.

MANDY

Was Aarjev upset with me?

Drew's eyes narrow as he senses an opportunity. *She can't
remember what happened!* He waits a beat, then shrugs.

DREW

Since Rocco found you alone, passed
out in the lobby, I'm going to
guess that, yes, Aarjev was upset.

MANDY

(frowning)

Aarjev wouldn't leave me down there-

DREW

Then maybe Aarjev didn't bring you
home, because according to Rocco,
that's what happened. And if I had
to put money on someone, it'd be
the doorman I've known for six
years, not the weird weirdo who got
you hammered and ditched you. But
that's just me.

Mandy takes this in as Drew hands her a bagel.

MANDY

Rocco really found me in the lobby?

DREW

(going for broke)

You want to see the security tapes?
Rocco said you were an
embarrassment.

*That convinces her...and freaks her out. Drew looks away as
he sees how shaken she is.*

DREW

Why don't you get in the shower?
We need to get a move on if we're
going to get to Polo in time.

(beat)

And don't be mad, but I invited
Laurel to come with us. After last
night, I thought you might like to
have a wingman for the day.

MANDY
(pausing; touched)
I know we've been fighting a lot
the past few weeks, but-

She stops, emotional. Drew gives her a gentle shove.

DREW
Don't...you're fugly when you cry.

Mandy gives him a soft shove, then exits. Guilt fills Drew's
face, but he shakes it off as we cut to...

EXT. STREET -- LATER

...Mandy, dressed for the Polo Match and standing outside a
GARAGE a few doors down from the Deli. She thinks a beat,
then heads for the Deli and enters...

INT. DELI -- CONTINUOUS

...but Aarjev's not behind the counter. She looks around --
no luck. As she exits, Aarjev emerges from the back - *just*
missing her. And we cut from the grime of the deli to...

EXT. BRIDGEHAMPTON POLO GROUNDS - DAY

...the glory of the BRIDGEHAMPTON POLO MATCH -- a spectacle
populated with celebutards, glamazons, and minor royals.

Looking fabulous, Drew, Laurel and Mandy approach JAMESON'S
TENT.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Sizzling outfits, perfectly capped teeth and butter blonde
hair dominate here. And Jameson's the most perfect of them
all, holding court at his table. He jumps up as he sees
Drew, Mandy and Laurel.

JAMESON
You made it! Welcome.

MANDY
This is amazing.

JAMESON
I know.

Drew frowns as Jameson kisses Mandy on each cheek, then turns his attention to Laurel.

JAMESON
Hi, I'm Jameson.

LAUREL
I know who you are. Everyone does.

Jameson gives Laurel a devilish smile as Drew grabs CHAMPAGNE from a WAITER. As Jameson heads for his table, Drew whispers to Laurel.

DREW
You better start drinking now if you don't want to remember the dirty things I'm going to do to you later.

LAUREL
(low; unfazed)
Last night was fun, but you're going to need a fistful of Rufies and a Polo Mallet to get me in the sack again.

Laurel shakes him off; follows Jameson and Mandy to the table. Drew sighs, smitten -- *nothing's hotter than a challenge*. And we cut to...

EXT. POLO MATCH - LATER

...the THUNDERING HOOVES of the POLO PONIES racing by Jameson, Mandy, Drew and Laurel. Jameson discreetly points to a MAN across the field.

JAMESON
-- he's the CEO of Filmore Systems -

MANDY
They've increased their foothold in Beijing by 12% this year alone! I'd love to hear how they did it.

Drew and Laurel exchange a look. *These two are soooo boring*. Laurel looks longingly back at party raging in the TENT.

JAMESON
I'll introduce you to him later.
(pointing to a woman)
And that's --

MANDY
Brooke Kessler.

DREW
She's pretty hot.

Mandy and Jameson give him an annoyed look, then ignore him.
Laurel rolls her eyes and waves a WAITER over.

JAMESON
She's the youngest MD at Goldman
and my doubles partner. You should
come to the club sometime - she'd
be a good mentor-

As Mandy and Jameson talk, Laurel and Drew chug CHAMPAGNE.
Each grab ANOTHER GLASS before the Waiter takes off.

INT. TENT -- A LITTLE LATER

The party's WILD. Manhattan's BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE dance, drink
and make out. As Mandy and Jameson enter, a WAITRESS offers
them COCKTAILS. Jameson smiles as Mandy passes.

JAMESON
I like that you keep a clear head.

MANDY
Said the man responsible for the
biggest party of charity season.

Jameson glances around at the drunken revelers. Shrugs.

JAMESON
This is business. The party keeps
me on the social radar...and keeps
people indebted.

MANDY
All killer, all the time, right?

JAMESON
It's critical to stay relevant in
every arena. Professionally...
socially...
(deadly serious)
I think you have the potential to
be relevant too.

He stares at Mandy intently as we cut to...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Drew, banging Laurel's brains out in a BATHROOM STALL.
They collapse against the wall, laughing and tipsy. Drew
brushes a strand of hair off her face.

LAUREL
God -- you're...amazing.

They lock eyes. It's intense...but Drew can't deal - he looks away. Crushed, Laurel yanks her dress down.

LAUREL
I need to get out of here.

She pushes past him, and flees the bathroom.

INT. TENT -- TABLE -- CONTINUOUS

Jameson stares at Mandy, unblinking.

JAMESON
I made my fortune by having an eye for opportunities and talent. The moment you nailed your brother in the neck with that egg at the picnic, I knew. I haven't seen that kind of drive and ferocity since I was starting out. And everything I've seen since then confirms my opinion.

(beat)
Monday morning I'm announcing that we're taking my fund public. I know Blackstone won't be happy to lose their best intern...but I'd like you to work directly for me next year. It'll be entry level, but you'll be getting in on the ground floor of something huge. Sound good... killer?

Mandy screams, thrilled, and throws her arms around him.

INT. TENT -- ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Drew enters, looking for Laurel. As he scans the tent, he sees Mandy and Jameson.

SLOW MOTION: Mandy hugs Jameson as he pats her back and smiles happily. They release each other, then lean close...

Irate, Drew beelines for them and gets in Jameson's face.

DREW
I knew it!

MANDY
Drew! Wait!

DREW

You can't find any other girl in this whole place to hit on? Look around you, Man!

(pointing to random girls)

Her and her and her and...

(re: a chubby girl)

...her -- if you like a little something to grab hold of.

JAMESON

You're drunk and you're rude. I don't like that combination.

(to Mandy)

You should get him home.

DREW

Stop talking to her!

Mandy screams; holds Drew back as he steps closer to Jameson.

JAMESON

I don't know what your problem is, but you better think long and hard before you say another word. I can pull my business from Blackstone as easily as I can kick you out of here.

DREW

I don't care what you do with your business. You're not getting your hands on my little sister.

MANDY

Stop it! It's not like that -

DREW

This is exactly why I told you to stay away from my friends and clients. But you couldn't listen.

(grabbing her wrist)

We're leaving.

LAUREL (O.S.)

You're such a hypocrite, Drew!

Drew, Mandy and Jameson turn, surprised, as Laurel steps up.

LAUREL

How can you possibly be giving her grief when you're sleeping with me?

Mandy gasps. Jameson steps in; puts his hand on Drew's arm.

JAMESON

That's it. It's time to take this
sideshow on the road.

Drew slaps Jameson's hand away. Jameson stares at him,
perplexed -- *nobody does that* -- then socks him - hard.

Mandy and Laurel scream as Drew CHARGES Jameson. They go
FLYING. Overturn Jameson's TABLE.

Horrificed, Mandy tries to pull Drew off Jameson. They careen
toward the MOTHER OF ALL CHAMPAGNE TOWERS -- twenty feet of
BOOZE and GLASS -- so focused on fighting that they don't
even notice it until...

...the entire thing comes CRASHING DOWN...knocking a MODEL
into the tent's sheer CURTAINS.

Her CIGARETTE ignites the curtains, and she screams as
there's a POOF of SMOKE.

Frantic, the Model throws her VODKA on the flaming curtain.
Stupid model. The FLAMES EXPLODE...

...and it's PANDEMONIUM.

INT. SOUTHAMPTON JAIL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Drew and Mandy sit at opposite ends of a CELL, not speaking,
covered in SOOT and FOOD. Every time Drew looks at Mandy,
she gives him a death stare. Finally he breaks the silence.

DREW

It was all for your own good.

MANDY

(beat; smiling sweetly)

Thank you. Thank you so much. I
always wanted to go to prison!
Maybe I should look around for some
lady love while I'm here since you
have such issues with every guy I
meet!

DREW

You're clearly a little crabby. We
can talk when you're calmer.

MANDY

What do you want talk about? How
you burned Jameson's party to the
ground and killed my job with him?
How you slept with my best friend?
How about the way you scared off
every guy I've even talked to-

Mandy pauses, struck by something, then glares at Drew.

MANDY

Did you lie about Aarjev too?

DREW

I don't think I'd say "lied."
That's putting it kind of harshly.
I might rephrase your take on it-

MANDY

Don't rephrase. Don't talk. Don't even think in my direction. Because I've had it with you. How much longer do you think you can act like a dumb 15 year old who doesn't give a damn how his wild ideas play out? Are you going to be reigning as King of the Idiot Degenerate Man Whores when you're 35? 40? Because I don't want to know that guy.

Drew is genuinely stung. Before he can answer, the door at the end of the hall opens. They hear footsteps, then voices.

LARRY (O.S.)

-I hope they got their Miranda rights.

PAMELA (O.S.)

Forget Miranda -- did you bring a cashier's check for bail?

LARRY (O.S.)

I told you! They let you pay by credit card now-

Mandy and Drew's eyes widen as their parents enter.

PAMELA

Do you know how many people could have died? Didn't I always tell you not to play with matches? And to watch out around horses -- they startle easily you know. You could've been kicked in the face! Or worse! Are you listening to me young lady?

LARRY

I can't believe you got your sister into this kind of trouble. It's one thing for you to be a maniac, but why drag her into it? If you've turned her into a female version of you I'm going to have to drive the Volvo into the duck pond. Do you hear me? Are you listening to me?

Mandy and Drew drop their heads in their hands.

INT. DREW'S PLACE - DAY

Mandy furiously packs her bags as Drew enters, dressed for work. As he opens the door, we hear their parents -

PAMELA (O.S.)
Drew, ask your sister if she wants
a scrambled egg before we get on
the train-

LARRY (O.S.)
Don't give her eggs, Pammy. Their
consistency makes her nauseous.

PAMELA (O.S.)
How about a bagel?

LARRY (O.S.)
If she's hungry she can buy food on
the train-

PAMELA (O.S.)
Why buy a train bagel when we have
them here-

Drew shuts the door on them as Mandy gives him a dark look.

DREW
You can't seriously be going home
with them.

She holds up the New York Post -- there's an awful photo of
her and Drew falling into the buffet with the headline
"BURNING DOWN THE HORSE."

MANDY
Honestly, I just want out of the
asylum at this point.

DREW
Okay, it's bad. I know. And I
know that you're pissed, but I
guarantee that if you leave with
them it'll be about three days
before you're like--
(pretending to scribble)
-- "Dear Diary -- there's no way
that Drew sleeping with my best
friend and lighting the party on
fire was half as bad as...life with
mom and dad."

MANDY
Just...get out Drew.

She's done talking to him and he knows it. She turns away and keeps packing. Bummed, Drew slinks out as we cut to...

INT. BLACKSTONE CAPITAL -- LATER

...Drew staring at Landon, dumbfounded.

DREW
-- FIRED???!

LANDON
You burned down the start of
Charity Season! With a fire so big
it's visible on Google Maps! You
got arrested! And you assaulted a
billion dollar client who's
threatening to pull his business!
What did you think was going to
happen here - a parade?

DREW
Can't you arrange a meeting with
Jameson? Let me apologize in
person?

LANDON
I'm afraid the terms of the
restraining order make that
impossible. I'm sorry, Drew.
You're done.

DREW
Who's going to service his
portfolio if I'm gone?

LANDON
The partners are giving Davis a
shot.
(softer; genuinely sad)
I'm sorry Drew...but you tied my
hands.

Drew's face falls as he sees Landon's not kidding. As he
exits the office and slams the door behind him, we cut to...

INT. MANDY'S ROOM - DAY

...Mandy's CHILDHOOD ROOM, as she enters and dumps her BAGS.
She takes it in; face plants on her CANOPY BED.

Montage:

A. Hair greasy, face full of stubble, Drew sits alone, playing VIDEO GAMES. Trash and bottles litter every surface and his place looks as bad as it did before Mandy moved in.

B. Mandy's at the dinner table in a TGI Friday's uniform. Her Mom's busy cutting her Salisbury Steak into tiny pieces, while her Dad sets a glass of MILK on the table. She sighs.

C. Unshaven, Drew watches from the bushes as the GUYS from work play KICKBALL in Central Park. Drew groans as Davis NAILS a winning KICK. A woman hears him; thinks he's a pervert and sets her PIT BULL on him.

D. Mandy sits on the sofa between her parents, playing CRANIUM and looking like she wants to kill herself. She glances at the clock and sighs -- it's only 7:15 p.m.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Doug and Drew are deep in "conversation" with 21 year old twins when Drew spots Laurel across the bar with some friends. She pretends not to see him as he shambles over.

DREW

I know you're still mad at me, but seriously -- won't that just make the sex better?

Laurel's over his B.S. She glares at him; heads for the exit. Drew hesitates a beat, then chases after her.

DREW

Laurel! Wait!
(catching her)
Can we just...talk?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Drew and Laurel nurse cups of coffee.

DREW

-I can't believe she's talking to you and not me.

LAUREL

She's barely talking to me.

DREW

Still, I'm her brother. You can't escape your family. Believe me.

LAUREL

I don't think she wants to escape you, Drew.

She's just sick of you giving her a hard time. Especially when you seem to specialize in bad decision making.

DREW

Look...I know what everyone thinks about me. I party too much, I'm irresponsible and I'll try anything twice. Three times if nudity's involved. I'm the guy other guys call when they need bail money, a doctor who doesn't ask questions, or a place to crash when their ladies kick them out. I like to drink, fuck and eat -- pretty much in that order unless wings are being served.

(beat)

I always thought I'd wake up someday and not want to be "that guy" anymore...but it just hasn't happened.

LAUREL

I give up.

Annoyed, she pushes her coffee aside; Drew grabs her hand.

DREW

Don't you get it? Mandy could do -- or be -- anything she sets her mind to. *I just don't want her to be like me.*

LAUREL

But she loves you. More than anything.

DREW

How could she. I'm a total fuckup.

LAUREL

Only because you care so much. So maybe being like you isn't all bad.

(off his doubt)

Coming to Wall Street, living in New York, trying to impress your friends...all of it should tell you one thing. *Mandy looks up to you.*

(beat)

Go say you're sorry. I promise she'll listen to her big brother.

He smiles at her with a smile that's all heart, no player -- and she slowly smiles back.

INT. MANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mandy is indeed writing in her DIARY when Drew's face pops up at her WINDOW. He's clean shaven, and looking pulled together. Mandy screams, startled, as she notices him.

DREW

Sshhhh!

MANDY

What are you doing?

(as he climbs in)

You could've used the front door.
Mom and Dad are still awake.

DREW

I know. That's what the "shush"
was all about. I'd like to
complete this little prison break
without alerting them. We're going
home.

MANDY

Forget it.

Drew considers her for a beat; opens her bedroom door.

DREW

(imitating Mandy)

Mom? *I can't sleep.*

He waits a beat. Grins as his parents start yelling from the other room.

PAMELA (O.S.)

How about some hot milk?

LARRY (O.S.)

She's bad with lactose. If she
drinks that she'll be farting all
night.

PAMELA (O.S.)

So? It's not like anyone's going
to notice if she's a little gassy.

LARRY (O.S.)

It's an unpleasant feeling, Pammy.
Nobody wants to be bloated-

Drew slowly shuts the door on them as they bicker, oblivious.

DREW

You *can't* tell me you're digging
the Pam and Larry show.

MANDY

I know you've got some deranged
agenda that'll ruin my life.
Forget it. Go home.

Desperate, Drew searches for something to get her attention.

DREW

I went on a real date with Laurel.

MANDY

(beat; shocked)
You did?

DREW

Well, we had coffee and then she
threw me around like a rag doll.
But in between there was talking
with our clothes on, so I think
that should count.

MANDY

Are you going to see her again?

DREW

I hope so.

Mandy makes a face -- not sure what to make of this.

DREW

Ha! You're weirded out because I'm
dating your friend! *Welcome to my
world.*

Mandy stifles a smile...*he might have a point.*

MANDY

One date with Laurel doesn't erase
everything you did.

(beat)

I really need you to stop acting
like a big brother...and start
acting like a friend.

DREW

(grimacing)

Jesus. Did you get that off one of
mom's lame soaps?

(beat)

Before Mom and Dad brought you home
from the hospital, everyone was
worried I was gonna freak out about
losing the spotlight.

For nine months, all I got from Mom was "don't ever shake a baby." But the minute they let me hold you, everyone stopped worrying -- because the only thing I was ever really good at was looking out for you.

(beat)

I know I took things too far, and I'm really sorry for that. But I'm never going to stop being your big brother. And I definitely don't want you to stop being my little sister. Because I love having you around. I loved it when we were kids, and you treated me like I walked on water when everyone else said I was the demon seed. And I loved it this summer -- because you distinguished yourself in the toughest city on earth...even though I was no help at all. Everything about you makes me so proud to be your big brother -- even if I have a demented way of showing you. And nothing's gonna change that. But if you come back, maybe I'll make you proud too.

Mandy stares at him, overwhelmed. Throws her arms around him in a bear hug. *She's already proud.* We cut from their hug to...

EXT. MANDY AND DREW'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

...Drew, below Mandy's WINDOW, as she heaves her SUITCASE into his open arms. Drew grunts, stumbles backwards, then WIPES OUT on the lawn, pinned by the suitcase.

MANDY

(as he groans)

Sorry. My bad.

INT. DREW'S CAR -- A LITTLE LATER

Mandy and Drew speed along towards Manhattan.

MANDY

-- I just don't see Jameson agreeing to talk to you.

DREW

Talk to us. We're a team.

(as she rolls her eyes)

You better get on board with the planning little sister.

Because no job for Drew means no money, which means no rent, which means we *both* end up living with Mom and Dad.

(as she shivers)
Yeah. Karate chop that.

MANDY
(a long, silent beat)
Tell me your ideas again?

Drew grins as we cut to...

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- LATE THAT NIGHT

...Mandy and Drew, sitting in a sea of crumpled paper and empty pizza boxes. *They've got the look of genius -- or madness -- it's a little hard to tell at this point.* Mandy sits back; stares at a sea of DIAGRAMS Drew's sketched.

MANDY
- I don't know...it could work.
But it could also be a disaster.

DREW
You just described every brilliant idea ever.
(off her doubt)
Trust me. It'll work. You might be Jameson's little numbers monkey, but you don't know guys like him the way I do. I embarrassed him in a really big way. *In public.* The only way he'll accept an apology is if it's *just as big.*

Mandy eyes the chart carefully. Grins. *Fuck it. She's in.*

MANDY
Well...this oughta do it.

They share a moment -- nervous and excited -- as we cut to...

INT. DELI -- THE NEXT DAY

...Aarjev, studying a COURSE CATALOGUE for CITY COLLEGE. The BELL above the door tinkles as Drew enters.

DREW
Hey.

AARJEV
Hey.

DREW

Can I get two plain bagels with
cream cheese?

Aarjev nods curtly; starts preparing the bagels.

DREW

My sister's back in town.

AARJEV

(shrugging; over it)
Like you said -- what's the point?
She's out of my league.

DREW

When I was 15, we got a new Spanish
teacher -- Carmen Lopez -- Cuban
and *smoking*. Anyhow, she hitched a
ride out of Havana on a dolphin or
something and ended up in Mumford.
And even though she was pushing 30,
and married, and more woman than a
gringo like me could handle, I felt
the connection.

(beat)

It took a two week study abroad
program in Mexico and a hefty
bottle of tequila, but I sealed the
deal with her.

(beat)

Hold on tight to your dreams, Man --
even when the world says you're
demented.

(re: the bagels)

Can I get lox on one of those?

Aarjev stares, impressed and horrified, as the toaster DINGS.

INT. NYSE -- THE NEXT DAY

The FLOOR of the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE is slowly filling up
as GUYS arrive before the open.

MARIA BARTIROMO stands in front of her CAMERAMAN, rolling.

MARIA

There's a buzz of excitement here
as everyone eagerly awaits the
arrival of Jameson Winters. Today,
Winters takes his privately held
Five Sisters Fund public in a deal
that's expected to net him
additional billions.

We'll have complete coverage of Winters as he rings the bell to open the market later today. But first, there's word coming in from the Nikkei-

And we cut off Maria's pretty face to...

EXT. STREET - DAY

...that same pretty face, filling a WALL of MONITORS in the window of an ELECTRONICS STORE.

Drew and Mandy race down the street, past the store. Drew pauses to glance at the TIME on the T.V.s - 7:49 a.m.

DREW
Double time! We have to be inside
by 8:00 sharp!

They step it up...round the corner...and find themselves in front of the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. Drew's stepping off the curb when Mandy yanks him back -- out of the path of a TAXI. *She's come a long way.* Coast clear, they race to the NYSE.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Panting, Drew and Mandy pound on a RUSTY IRON DOOR. It opens to reveal Phil and Theo. They usher Drew and Mandy into...

INT. NYSE -- BOILER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...the NYSE BOILER ROOM. Theo holds up two POWDER BLUE BLAZERS (the jackets issued to NYSE PAGES). Drew sniffs his; grimaces. Slips it on -- it's way too small.

THEO
Sorry. It was all they had in the
Lost and Found.

Phil pulls out a PASSCARD; hands it to Drew.

PHIL
This'll give you access to the
floor and balcony. But I've gotta
report it missing in a few minutes
so I don't get fired. That means -

DREW
We have to hustle. Got it.

The four share a nervous look...but there's no time to waste.

DREW
We'll see you on the other side.

He and Mandy take off as we cut to...

INT. NYSE - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...Landon and Davis, pacing inside the lobby, waiting.
They're visibly relieved as they spot Jameson, his BODYGUARDS
and FIVE WOMEN IN SUNGLASSES, coming through the FRONT DOOR.

Jameson steps through the metal detectors and crosses to
Landon and Davis.

JAMESON
Sorry we're late. My sisters
needed a little more prep time.

The GUARD stops Jameson's sisters at the METAL DETECTORS.

GUARD
Ladies, you need to remove your
glasses before you go through.

The Guard, Landon and Davis all gasp as the FIVE SISTERS pull
off their SUNGLASSES -- *they're hideous*. Jameson frowns -
he's seen this reaction before...and doesn't like it one bit.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mandy and Drew race down a hallway; pause as it branches off.

MANDY
Remember...you're a closer.

They bump fists and she races down the hall as Drew beelines
for a FLIGHT of STAIRS. We stay on Drew as he uses Phil's
PASSCARD to open a door. He pushes it open; steps onto...

INT. NYSE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

...the BALCONY overlooking the FLOOR of the NEW YORK STOCK
EXCHANGE. A huge BANNER hangs across the back wall with
Jameson's PHOTO and the LOGO of his FUND.

Drew pauses for a holy shit moment -- *maybe this was crazy?*

INT. NYSE -- GALLERY ENTRANCE -- DAY

But it's too late now...

Mandy races up to another INTERN in a BLUE COAT.

MANDY

I'm so glad I found you! Security sent me down. The back steps are out of order, so you're gonna have to take Jameson across the floor to get him up to the balcony.

INTERN

How can a *staircase* be out of order?

Mandy's stumped - but regroups. Flashes her killer smile, all charm.

MANDY

Let's try and figure that out over a drink tonight.

The Intern checks her out; beams. *Fuck yeah.*

INT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Drew jumps as there's a KNOCK at the door. Takes a deep breath -- waits for the second knock. Exhales, and yanks Mandy in. She stares around, utterly awed by the size and scope of the exchange. *It's her dream come true.*

She spies the OPENING BELL. Reaches out to touch it. Drew gasps -- yanks her back at the last second.

DREW

We'll *definitely* be in trouble if you open the market.

Ooops. Sheepish, she backs away and glances down at the floor. Elbows Drew as she spots Jameson and his entourage below them.

MANDY

Game time.

INT. NYSE - FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jameson, Landon, Davis and the Sisters cross the floor, headed for a STAIRCASE in the corner.

DREW (O.S.)

Can I have your attention please?

Landon freezes as he hears Drew's voice. No. No way. He clutches his chest as he sees Drew. Jameson slowly looks up - not wanting to believe what he's seeing.

DREW

Hi everyone. I just need a minute
of your time to apologize to the
big guy-

(pointing to Jameson)

-and then we're good.

Mandy and the Intern make eye contact; she gives him a
sheepish wave as he pales.

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Security mobilizes as Maria Bartiromo grabs her Cameraman.

DREW

I know this is a *little* unorthodox-

Drew gulps as he sees Jameson's face darken with fury.

DREW

-- but please, you have to
understand. I did something
stupid...but who hasn't gone
bonkers because of family? You
have sisters! You know -- it's
IMPOSSIBLE!

(desperate; to the other
men)

Raise your hand if you have a
sister and you've had to save the
day.

(as the guys hesitate)

If you have a sister, you know what
I'm talking about. Older, younger,
it doesn't matter -- the first time
someone makes them cry, the "gotta
protect her gene" gets activated!
Right?

DOWN BELOW: There's a RIPPLE of assent amongst the GUYS on
the floor. Jameson looks around, surprised.

DREW

So be honest! Who's shoved a guy
into a locker? Who's erased
messages from some loser? Who's
let the air out of some asshole's
tires before his sister's prom?

Mandy frowns -- *that's what happened to her prom date??!*

DREW

Who's flinched every time she had
to pick up the tab for some mooch
who couldn't keep a job?

Who's had to listen to his sister
cry her eyes out because some
douchebag never called after
rounding home?

(re: Mandy)

Not that that's happened to my
sister. She's very pure.

DOWN BELOW: The GUYS on the floor CHEER as Drew picks up
steam. Maria Bartiromo leans over to her Cameraman.

MARIA

Keep rolling. This is screaming
Daytime Emmy.

ON THE BALCONY: Drew's channeling Evita Peron...

DREW

Some baaaad stuff happens in Man
Land. Some dirty, filthy, super
fun, but morally suspect, stuff.
But for every guy that's out there
getting into trouble, there's some
double-jointed, sexually
experimental chick with abandonment
issues who's willing to be a
partner in crime. And we don't
want our sisters to be those girls,
do we?!

GUYS

NO!! NO WAY!!!

DREW

Exactly! Because it's our job to
care about them when they go out
into the world and meet all the
guys...like us.

(pointing at Jameson)

Did you know he has five sisters?
That's five times the laughs...and
five times the tears. Am I right
or am I right?

GUYS

YOU'RE SO RIGHT!!

DREW

(to Jameson)

I know I went crazy trying to
protect Mandy, but you of all
people should understand why.
There's no way you haven't been in
my exact same position. I mean,
look at you!

You're a fine specimen of a man
 who's clearly got genetics on his
 side -- your sisters are probably
 total show-stoppers --

Landon and Davis exchange a nervous glance; wave to Drew to
 stop. He thinks they're cheering him on; winks at them.

DREW
 -- you've probably been an army of
 one all these years trying to
 protect them.

Landon and Davis drop their heads in their hands.

DREW
 Where are they? Jameson's sisters -
 - please step forward. Come on.
 Show your beautiful faces!!

DOWN BELOW: The FIVE FUGLY SISTERS step forward. Maria
 Bartiromo elbows her Cameraman and he PANS to the Sisters.
 He and Maria JUMP BACK as they get a close look. *Jesus!*
 Maria elbows him to cut back to the balcony.

ON THE BALCONY: Drew gulps when he sees how beat the sisters
 are. Tries to regroup.

DREW
 Tell me you didn't mess with the
 guys that chased these gorgeous
 girls?

Drew pauses; waits for Jameson to respond.

DOWN BELOW: Jameson hesitates, glances at his sisters. They
 look confused, but also hopeful. *Did guys chase them? Ever?*

Maria Bartiromo hands Jameson her MICROPHONE; adjusts it.
 His voice BOOMS across the floor of the Exchange.

JAMESON
 I...might have meddled a little.

The sisters gasp -- more pleased than outraged. Jameson
 sees; presses on.

JAMESON
 Maybe I lost a message here or
 there...or gave out some fake phone
 numbers...or, uh, uh...

DREW
 (as Jameson falters)
 Don't be modest man -- you're the
 biggest cockblocker in New York.
 (to the sisters)

You don't even know what this guy
will do to look out for you.
Supposedly he even told a bunch of
people one of you had balls.

Jameson blanches; then rolls with it and points to his
ugliest sister.

JAMESON
That'd be you, Lorraine.

LORRAINE
(loving it)
Mom's going to kill you!

ON THE BALCONY: Drew beams at Mandy -- *it's working!* All of
a sudden, they're both tackled out of frame by SECURITY.

INT. NYSE LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

Jameson pushes through the CROWD of onlookers and Security.

He passes Maria Bartiromo and her Cameraman. She grabs him
and hands him her CARD; mouths "*call me.*" Jameson gives her
a dazzling smile, then presses on like the Terminator. The
crowd parts, revealing a guilty Drew and Mandy.

JAMESON
What kind of a crazy family do you
come from?!?

Drew and Mandy share a look -- *if he only knew.*

JAMESON
You burned down the polo match,
harassed me, and stormed the New
York Stock Exchange...all to
protect your sister? Who -
incidentally - seems like she could
take you on her worst day.

DREW	MANDY
Why does everyone say that?	Thank you. That's very kind.
I don't see it that way.	

Jameson sighs as he considers them.

JAMESON
I definitely didn't expect to take
on this particular brand of crazy
when I started working with you
two. But there's a significant
part of me that admires your
tenacity. And more importantly...

Mandy and Drew hold their breath as he considers them.

JAMESON

...I think today was the first time
my sisters ever felt... pretty.

(to Drew)

I never had to fight off guys who
wanted to date them -- just the
guys who wanted to make fun of them
and hurt them. And believe me,
that was a lot of fighting.

DREW

Things get messy when people screw
with your family.

Jameson stares at him for a moment, brother to brother.

JAMESON

Yes. They do.

(beat)

Can you promise me they won't stay
messy if Mandy works for me?

Drew thinks for a long beat. Incredulous, Mandy kicks him.

MANDY

He promises!

DREW

I promise.

JAMESON

(thinking a beat)

I'm sure I'll live to regret this
but...

(sighing)

I'll ask Landon to reinstate you.
And Mandy, you'll have a spot when
you graduate next spring. But
trust me -- you'll both be looking
for jobs again if I see that your
crazy quotient hasn't dropped.

Mandy can't contain herself -- she squeals; jumps up and hugs
Jameson. Drew smiles; hops up and gently separates them.

EXT. DREW'S PLACE -- DAY

Wrecked, Mandy and Drew arrive home. But Mandy brightens as
she sees Aarjev waiting with a bottle of TEQUILA.

AARJEV

You guys okay?

MANDY

We sort of had a long day.

AARJEV
Yeah, I caught part of it on CNN.
(re: the booze)
I thought this might numb the pain.

Drew eyeballs the TEQUILA. Gives Aarjev a sly smile.

DREW
Well played.
(grabbing the bottle)
Why don't I whip up some margaritas
while you two kids catch up.

As Drew heads inside, Aarjev and Mandy face each other,
sparks flying. And we cut to...

INT. BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

...Drew and Rocco guzzling tequila. Drew's back is to the
door, but Rocco watches Mandy and Aarjev.

ROCCO
-- yup. They're kissing.

DREW
She's definitely getting get her
own place next summer.

Rocco pats him on the back, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.