

NEW YORK MINUTE

by

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REVISED SECOND DRAFT

February 27, 2003

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

CLOSE ON the anxious, sweating, frightened face of DREW MacLEOD, 17, running to save her life. Think Dustin Hoffman in Marathon Man -- someone, something -- is after her but UNSEEN.

She glances fearfully behind at her mysterious pursuer, her BREATHING becoming more labored.

Cutting through a deserted park, she leaps a bench. Above her, the thin morning sun has only begun to lighten the leaves.

Around the corner, she's back on a sidewalk lined with beautiful homes, all quiet at dawn, the only noise her racing FOOTSTEPS and quickening BREATHS.

DREW'S POV - HER OWN FRONT DOOR

and safety loom half a block down. She pours on the effort, hurdles a hedge, jumps the stairs and makes the door, rips it open, bolts inside and SLAMS it shut.

ANGLE ON THE SHRUB

where, with the CAMERA AT GROUND LEVEL, a GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY, unable to leap the hedge, PLOWS INTO IT HEADFIRST and disappears. YELP!

INT. MacLEOD HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Drew, wheezing from the exertion, pulls an ASTHMA INHALER from her pocket, takes a hit, then peeks out the window in the front door and sees...

DREW'S POV

The puppy squeezes through the hedge, wiggling its bum to extricate itself. A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL picks it up, hugs it close:

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL
Where are you going, Jelly Bean?

CUT TO:

INT. MacLEOD HOUSE - PARKER'S ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON A JAPANESE EXECUTIVE (with a CLOCK in his belly) which suddenly begins SCREAMING IN JAPANESE, ITS JAW WAGGING.

From under piles of clothes and sheets, PARKER MacLEOD, 17, Drew's twin sister, opens one eye, shuts OFF the shrieking ALARM CLOCK.

With a SIGH, she throws her feet over the edge of the bed. Her room is a train wreck. Grabbing a MatchBox 20 T-shirt from the pile on the bed, she gives it a sniff. Good enough. Pulling it on, she pauses, looks a bit concerned down at her navel.

A recent belly-button piercing looks a little red. She touches it. Ouch. When a RINGING is heard, she begins tossing clothes, blankets, shoes, trying to unearth the source.

She pulls her BLACKBERRY from under the covers:

THOREAU 786: MADE CRITICAL ERROR LAST P.M.

Parker snickers, types her return from...

NOTATWIN: CONFESS

THOREAU 786: DROPPED TRIPLE DEPTH CHARGE AFTER DINNER.

NOTATWIN: THAT MUCH CAFFEINE IS ILLEGAL IN UTAH.

THOREAU 786: THEN BOUGHT 'NO MONEY DOWN' REAL ESTATE COURSE AROUND 3:00 A.M.

This makes her smile.

NOTATWIN: A CAREER MAN. I LIKE THAT.

CUT TO:

INT. MacLEOD HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Drew stands before the mirror, perfecting perfection. In a tasteful suit, hair just so, she opens the drawer...

... which is hyper-organized, everything in a little labeled nook. She pulls out tweezers and we see beneath where it says, "tweezers."

She leans into the mirror very close, spots a stray eyebrow hair, plucks it. Pulling back, she raises her other eyebrow. Huh. Now they're not even.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans in again and plucks one from the other eyebrow.

Uh-oh. This is like when your mom cuts your hair and keeps cutting to get it even until you're shaved. She reaches for the other side... but suddenly catches herself and stops. Deep breath. Let's not get too psychotic.

She dunks the tweezers in the alcohol jar, then replaces them.

Checking her teeth, she spots a stuck bit. Grabbing her WATER PICK she begins cleaning her teeth.

PARKER (O.S.)

Morning.

Startled, Drew shoots herself in the eye with the water pick. Parker's ENTERED from her side. Drew shuts off the water pick, dries her face.

PARKER

Why the young executive look?

DREW

I have my interview at NYU today.

Parker, sleepy, stretches, unaware she's exposing her new belly ring.

DREW

No way Mom knows about that.

Self-consciously, Parker drops her arms, pulls her shirt down.

PARKER

And she never will. At least until after I'm married.

DREW

Didn't it hurt?

PARKER

Like hell.

Drew shivers.

DREW

Piercings are so... unhygienic.

A little BEEP BEEP from her preset WATCH ALARM goes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Breakfast.

Drew turns on her heel and EXITS. When Parker sets her Blackberry down we get our first glimpse of...

... HER SIDE OF THE BATHROOM which resembles a post-apocalyptic toiletry landscape. There's a very clear line of demarcation on the counter like the demilitarized zone separating the Koreans.

Parker reaches among the rubble for her toothbrush but notices another message on her Blackberry:

THOREAU 786: KNOW WHAT TODAY IS?

NOTATWIN: ANOTHER DAY IN HELL?

THOREAU 786: TWO WEEKS SINCE OUR FIRST CHAT.

NOTATWIN: OUR ANNIVERSARY. HOW SWEET.

THOREAU 786: SINCE IT'S A SPECIAL OCCASION, MY REAL NAME'S WARREN COLLIER. IF YOU'RE EVER IN THE CITY, I'D LOVE TO MEET. GOTTA GO.

Accompanying the text, a PICTURE Warren has sent finishes downloading -- eighteenish, the shaggy chic, Calvin Klein model-type.

PARKER

(suddenly wide-awake)

Helloo, Warren.

Distracted, Parker drops her toothbrush, which bounces off the counter and PLOPS into the toilet.

ON THE TOILET BOWL -- there it is, slowly sinking.

Parker is stone-faced. She looks to her sister's side of the counter where a fresh brush sits in the flowered holder. She's considering... she's reaching... then... nah.

Instead, she squeezes the tube straight into her mouth, brushes with a finger and spits.

INT. MacLEOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Drew's seated, napkin on lap, eating granola and studying her open DAYBOOK.

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CONTINUED:

DR. QUINN MacLEOD, dressed professionally and obviously together even at this hour, pours coffee for herself and her husband, PROFESSOR CHARLEY MacLEOD, who ENTERS still in his ratty old bathrobe and outrageous bed-head.

As a matter of routine, Quinn holds out his cup and he takes it, kisses her and sits down to the paper.

DREW

Morning, Dad.

CHARLEY

Morning, baby.

DREW

How's the book coming?

CHARLEY

(sigh)

Well, sweetie, my writing process is a lot like a giant hydroelectric dam. For a long time I just let the great ideas build up and build up until the sheer weight of them spills over and the words just come pouring out.

DREW

Still stuck, huh?

CHARLEY

Not a word.

Parker ENTERS with her Blackberry in hand, smooches her pop, then takes a sat.

Parker's clearly a chip off her Dad's block. Both pour milk first into their bowl, then Charley drops in Super Sugar Crisp while Parker pours in Count Chocula. Both hit 'em with a couple of spoons of extra sugar.

Mom takes a seat, too, primly eating a piece of dry wheat toast that she slices in half first. Like Mom, like Drew.

Drew spots the BLACKBERRY JPEG of Warren before Parker can turn it over.

DREW

Another one for the trophy room, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Boys can be fun. You should try one some time.

QUINN

(to Drew)

You ready for your interview?

DREW

(funny you should ask)

I've prepared a color-coded itinerary based on dividing the day into fifteen minute increments alternating blue/red, double-checked the train schedule, confirmed with the Weather Channel and rehearsed a couple of alternate scenarios last night, you know, just to account for all the possible glitches.

PARKER

We'll take that as a yes.

CHARLEY

I'm proud of you for sticking to your plan all these years, sweetie.

PARKER

I still don't understand why you want to finish college in two years? What's the big hurry?

DREW

I want to hit the ground running. All those football games and the partying and the whole dating scene. It just seems like a lot of wasted time that could be spent more productively.

QUINN

The Accelerated program would look great on your med school application.

PARKER

Football games I get. But partying? A waste of time?

Parker looks to her dad. He shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLEY

To each her own.

QUINN

Well, Drew. I have a surprise.

Everybody stops what they're doing for a BEAT.

QUINN

I took the day off.

(excitedly)

I'm going into the City with you.

DREW

(panicked)

What -- ?!

Drew CHOKES on her granola and a little milk trickles out her nose.

QUINN

Isn't that great! We can do some shopping, have lunch, real girl stuff. Won't that be fun?

PARKER

If you want to have fun, I'm the one who should go, not Mother Teresa over there.

Drew is still choking -- pretty badly.

PARKER

Let me know if you want me to do the Heimlich. It'd be cool to have you owe me your life.

WHOOSH! The granola goes down and she sucks air.

QUINN

You okay?

DREW

(still clearing)

No... I mean, it's... impossible. I've got every minute accounted for right up to the interview. Blue and red! It won't work.

QUINN

I just thought... you know... I've been working and we haven't had a chance to spend much time together...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn, the normally thick-skinned M.D., is tearing up.

QUINN

... and both my babies are going
away to college next Fall.

She takes her plate and goes to the sink and Parker
follows her, putting an arm around her shoulder.

PARKER

Don't be sad, Mom. Just think,
when Drew leaves for school, you
won't be losing a daughter, you'll
be losing an anal-retentive social
misfit who will be voted most
likely to die a virgin.

Drew throws an arm around Quinn's other shoulder.

DREW

I'm sorry, Mom. It's really sweet
of you. But don't worry. Parker
will be living here with you
forever since no college on earth
will ever take her.

QUINN

Stop it, you two.

Mom blows her nose.

PARKER

It's not fair you guys get to go
into the City and I don't.

CHARLEY

Don't you have a chem test, young
lady?

PARKER

Chemistry? Please. Name one time
you ever used chemistry in your
life.

CHARLEY

(beat)

Good point.

QUINN

(adamant)

I use chemistry every day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

You're a doctor, Mom. I'm not going to be a doctor. I can't even say the word 'orifice,' let alone put a finger up one.

The BEEP BEEP of Drew's alarm WATCH signals time to go. Drew is trying to cover up, but she's reeling from the news that her mother's going to accompany her.

DREW

(worried)

Time to go.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - MORNING

Drew's room looks like a four-star hotel suite. Almost trembling with tension, she ENTERS and immediately sits down at her desk with her DAYPLANNER, turning to the present DATE:

CLOSE ON THE PAGE, WHERE EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES IS COLOR-CODED AND ACCOUNTED FOR RIGHT UP TO...

2:07 -- PROFESSOR QUE SPAULDING, CHAIR, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY ACCELERATED STUDIES PROGRAM, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SUITE 101.

QUINN (O.S.)

Come on, honey! Let's tear up Manhattan!

With a shiver, Drew closes the book, looks up into the mirror, takes a squirt off her inhaler to calm herself and tries some self-reassurance.

DREW

You're smart. You're resourceful. You'll find a way to make it work.

She tries to sell herself on this by smiling, but something in the smile suggests SHE'S SCREWED.

Collecting her Dayplanner, purse, interview file and cell phone, she drops them into her matching Coach shoulder bag.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MacLEOD HOUSE - MORNING

Quinn hops in her Saab.

ANGLE ON the doorway, where Drew pauses, takes a deep breath to brace herself, then walks like a condemned prisoner to her mother's car and climbs in.

INT. QUINN'S SAAB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

RING! Quinn's CELL PHONE goes off. Quinn looks annoyed, checks the incoming number. Drew closes her eyes and prays.

QUINN
 (to phone)
 Doctor MacLeod...
 (beat; winking
 at Drew)
 I'm sorry, but my itinerary is
 booked solid today. Call Dr.
 Wessels. He's covering for me.
 (beat)
 He did?
 (beat)
 Are you sure it's the baby's head?
 (beat)
 All right. I'm coming.

Frustrated, Mom hangs up and with a look of profound disappointment, turns to Drew.

QUINN
 I'm sorry, hon. It's a Blue Light
 special in Maternity. Every bed's
 full and some poor woman is about
 to give birth in the gift shop. I
 have to go in.

Drew musters her best sad, sad face for her mom.

DREW
 Ah, darn it, Mom. That's a shame.
 It's like fate is conspiring
 against us.

QUINN
 I know.

DREW
 You absolutely, positively have to
 promise me we'll do it another
 time.

QUINN
 I promise. I better hurry. Have
 Parker drop you at the train
 station on her way to school, will
 you?

Quinn gives her daughter a smile and a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Kill 'em in that interview.

DREW

(beat)

Mom, you know, I might not get in.

QUINN

Are you kidding me? You're Drew MacLeod. Nobody's smarter, nobody works harder and nobody, and I mean nobody, is ever more prepared.

Drew smiles, hugs her mom and jumps out, waving as her mom backs down the drive and disappears down the street.

With the weight of the world suddenly lifted from her shoulders, Drew looks to the sky and mouths, "thank you."

This is when Parker comes hauling down the driveway in her Honda Accord. Drew signals her to stop, so of course her sister IGNORES HER and jets into the street.

DREW

Hey! Stop!

Drew takes off running after the car!

DREW

PARKER!!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Commuters all jump from their cars and into the station.

INT. THE GIRLS' HONDA - MORNING

Parker pulls up to the curb at the station. Drew collects her bag.

PARKER

Good luck with your interview.

Drew pauses, holding the door open.

DREW

You know, Parker. Chemistry is important. When you think about it, everything's made of chemicals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Oh, I'm interested in chemistry.
Just not the kind with all the
numbers and stinky test tubes.

Drew shuts the door and hustles off into the train station. Parker SIGHS, looks to the BLACKBERRY on the seat next to her.

PARKER

Ah, chemistry.

INT. FIRST TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Drew finds a seat. She neatly folds her jacket and sets it next to her.

She pulls out a lumbar support pillow and tucks it behind her -- just right. Next, she takes out a tiny inflatable lap desk, blows it up and sets it across her lap. A pen goes in the little holder. Coffee from her Thermos. After laying out her interview materials, she turns to her reflection in the window.

DREW

(low; rehearsing)

Professor Spaulding. Good
afternoon. I'm Drew MacLeod.

An EXECUTIVE takes the aisle seat next to her, and after a sideways glance at Drew's portable office, opens his Wall Street Journal as the train begins to pull away.

EVERY COMMUTER is quietly reading the paper or staring off into their own world, wondering why their life has lead them to this sad moment when...

... they're all distracted by an AWFUL, AWFUL VOICE singing Sheryl Crow's "Soak Up the Sun." It's Parker, wearing her headphones and looking for a seat in the full train car.

Drew stares at her, dumbfounded.

DREW

What do you think you're doing?

PARKER

(too loud; with
headphones on)

Looking for a seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

This can't be happening. Wait, I know. This is one of those Ground Hog Day dreams, isn't it?

Drew pinches herself too hard.

DREW

Ow!

(to Parker)

I'm awake now. You're supposed to disappear.

PARKER

(still too loud)

You know, I just got this itch.

DREW

Then scratch it and get back to school.

PARKER

I couldn't concentrate anyway. I'm too... distracted today.

DREW

You're *permanently* distracted. It's called Attention Deficit Disorder.

(spotting her
Blackberry)

Is this about that chat room guy? It is, isn't it?

A look from the Exec reminds Parker of her headphones and she pulls them off.

PARKER

No! It's about spontaneity, which you obviously wouldn't know anything about.

DREW

I swear to God, Parker, you go through boyfriends like Junior Mints. It's pathetic.

PARKER

Pathetic? You want to talk about pathetic?! At least I don't count getting accidentally felt up in dodge ball as my first date!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER (CONT'D)

You're going to be eighteen and
you've never even HAD a boyfriend!

The EXECUTIVE furrows his brow at Drew -- never?

DREW

Is this any of your business?

He goes back to his paper.

DREW

This is ridiculous. I don't have
time for this today. Fine. Don't
graduate from high school. Make a
mess of your life over some
complete stranger. I don't care.
But leave me out. I have
something important I need to
accomplish today, so please go
away.

EXECUTIVE

(to Parker)

Would you like this seat so you
two can fight?

DREW/PARKER

No thank you.

Drew's ALARM WATCH BEEPS.

DREW

I have to mentally preview my day
now. I can't talk anymore.

Parker turns to go, then remembers something.

PARKER

Uh, Drew? Do you have any money?
I don't have enough for a ticket.

Drew just rolls her eyes and turns her back on her
sister.

The Executive peers over his spectacles at Parker with
the old paternal reprimand look.

PARKER

Please. Like you never ditched
school.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Parker's got her headphones back on and is SINGING Uncle Cracker's "Follow Me," torturing everyone in her car.

PARKER

'You don't know how you met me...'

But when she spots the CONDUCTOR ENTERING the front of the car, she abruptly stops, slips down in he seat and slides past the COMMUTER LADY next to her into the aisle.

PARKER

Excuse me.

Parker heads the opposite direction from the ticket-taking Conductor and out the back of the train car.

INT. THE TRAIN - WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Parker stands by the door, waiting, listening to hear if the coast is clear.

Sounds good. She cracks the door, steps out on tiptoes, closes the door and THERE'S THE CONDUCTOR. He smiles.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket, please.

PARKER

Why don't I save the b.s. story
and just ask you to cut me a break
this one time because I know
you've got a big heart and you
remember what it was like when you
were young and... and...

(off the Conductor's
look)

... randy?

EXT. TRENTON STATION PLATFORM - MORNING

Parker's on the platform. The Conductor climbs back on the train into the FIRST CAR.

PARKER

(calling after)

I guess you were never young and
randy!

This is when she sees Drew sitting in the train window, smiling and giving her a little victory wave.

INT. FIRST TRAIN CAR - MORNING

The Conductor heads up the aisle -- does a double-take when he sees Drew.

CONDUCTOR
Very funny.

DREW
Excuse me?

CONDUCTOR
Let's go.

He takes her by the arm.

DREW
What are you doing?

Drew scrambles to grab her bag, jacket, the little inflatable lap desk falling to the floor.

CONDUCTOR
I tried to be nice about it, but if you want the police involved, this is the way to do it.

DREW
Police? I didn't do anything.

CONDUCTOR
No ticket, no train ride.

DREW
(realizing)
No! That's not me! That was my twin sister you threw off!

CONDUCTOR
Young lady, in thirty years I have heard every possible line but that's the lamest ever.

DREW
(pointing)
She's right there!

ANGLE ON THE PLATFORM

No Parker.

He hauls Drew down the aisle but as they EXIT THE CAR, SHE BUMPS HEAD-ON INTO BIKE MESSENGER/PRE-MED/MOUNTAIN CLIMBER/MALE MODEL GUY -- they really do CRACK FOREHEADS, OUCH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IS DREW SEEING STARS? OR IS IT THE MAGIC OF THIS INSTANT
IN TIME WITH DREAM GUY?

BOTH OF THEM SHAKE OFF THE WOOZIES. He smiles:

DREAM GUY

You okay?

DREW

I'm... ouch.

CONDUCTOR

She's fine, considering she should
be in jail.

As the Conductor escorts her down the stairs, she and
Dream Guy share a last look before she's...

... left on the platform just as the train's pulling out.
Still no sign of Parker and Drew doesn't have all her
wits about her.

DREW

This can't be happening! I have
a... a... little paper thingy.
What are they called? Ticket! I
have a ticket! It's right...

She drops her bag, contents spilling willy-nilly. On her
hands and knees, she frantically searches for her ticket
in the mess.

The Conductor, however, is already on the train stop as
it pulls away. He just waves, victorious.

Parker steps back out onto the platform and the Conductor
spots her. He looks from one sister to the other --
oops, mistake. But it's too late. Sheepishly, he climbs
inside and the train is gone.

DREW

(to the gods)

AARRGGH! PARRR... KERRR!

Parker steps up from behind her.

PARKER

You get kicked off, too? Why
didn't you just buy a ticket?

Parker stoops to help collect a couple of things but
Drew, mad at hell, swats her hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Don't.

PARKER

What happened to your head?

DREW

Oh, just a minor concussion I sustained while the Conductor was throwing me off the train because he thought I was you sneaking back on the train!

PARKER

Sorry.

DREW

I'll bet.

Drew throws her bag over her shoulder and heads for the ticket counter. The WELT on her forehead is gonna be a doozey.

PARKER

(calling after)

I am! Where are you going?

DREW

To see when the next train leaves.

PARKER

I already --

But Drew's inside the stationhouse.

PARKER

-- did. They said something about a delay.

Parker follows into the stationhouse.

INT. TRENTON TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Packed with frustrated COMMUTERS. Drew's standing in a long line at the ticket counter, steaming, turning a cold shoulder on...

... Parker, who walks right through to the street side.

EXT. TRENTON TRAIN STATION - STREET SIDE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Parker steps outside where it's just as crowded. She scopes the situation, which isn't good -- stranded COMMUTERS jostle for the few remaining TAXIS.

TWO EXECUTIVES get into a shoving match.

To the left, a couple of BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CARS -- standard car service rigs -- sit IDLING, each with a DRIVER next to it, holding up his sign with his client's name scratched on it.

An EXECUTIVE (#2) passes her, finger in the air, signaling the FIRST DRIVER who holds a sign that read: "Wilcox."

EXECUTIVE #2

That's me.

With no further ado, the driver opens the back door for him, the Exec climbs in, the driver hustles around to his side and in an instant, the car leaves the chaos behind.

Parker raises an eyebrow. Hm.

The second driver (BENNIE) with a head like a cinder block and no neck, is talking on his cell phone and holding up a sign, "SCARPELLI."

Parker shoots a finger into the air. This barely gets his attention but he nods, nonchalantly. Parker signals again -- one minute -- then turns back inside.

INT. TRENTON TRAIN STATION

Drew has reached the counter, where a bitter TRAIN CLERK who wishes he'd paid attention in school is tired of angry commuters.

DREW

That can't be. I have to be there before two!

TRAIN CLERK

Well, maybe if you flap your arms real fast you can fly there, because you won't get there on a train.

DREW

(about to explode)
What did you just say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parker arrives in the nick of time, pulling her by the arm.

PARKER

Come on. Hurry. I got us a ride.

DREW

Let go of my arm.

But Parker drags her away. Drew shoots a look back at the Clerk, who sticks out his tongue at her.

EXT. TRENTON TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Parker pulls Drew toward the Town Car.

DREW

What's this?

PARKER

A car service.

DREW

Car service? You couldn't have called for a...

But Bennie opens the door for Parker like he's done it a thousand times.

BENNIE

Morning, miss.

PARKER

Good morning. Thank you. My sister's coming, too.

Drew KNOWS SOME SKETCHY SHIT IS GOING DOWN buy she's only got this instant to consider. She glances at the STRANDED MOB descending on a lone approaching CAB, engulfing it.

PARKER

You want to make that interview, or not?

Drew lets herself be pulled inside. Bennie shuts the door and waddles around to his side.

INT. TOWN CAR - MORNING

Parker tries to play cool -- Drew's rigid -- angry and afraid. Bennie checks his invoice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNIE

So you're headed to the Teamster's
Hall on Second Street?

PARKER

(chewing a lip)

You know, Mister...

She checks his Chauffeur's License up front: Benjamin
Loyola.

PARKER

... Loyola.

BENNIE

Bennie.

PARKER

Mr. Bennie? We have a slight
change of itinerary. We need to
go into Manhattan. 57th and 5th
will be fine.

Bennie doesn't seem perturbed a bit.

BENNIE

It's pre-paid. No skin off my
nose.

DREW

(whispering
throughout)

Pre-paid? What's 57th and 5th?

PARKER

(whispering
throughout)

Barneys.

DREW

Not Barneys.

PARKER

We've got five hours. Relax.

He FIRES UP the LINCOLN and off they go.

Drew now has a pretty clear inclination as to what's
going on. She leans into her sister and WHISPERS.

DREW

This was supposed to be someone
else's car, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

So?

Just then, Bennie tosses the sign, which he'd stashed on the dash, onto the seat next to him, face up so Drew can read:

DREW

'Scarpelli'? We're supposed to be Italian?

PARKER

Northern Italian.

DREW

This is so... wrong.

PARKER

What? You need to get to that interview. We now have a ride. We will pay for the ride. End of big deal.

This is when Bennie's CELL PHONE RINGS and he answers it.

BENNIE

Yeah?

(beat)

No. The city.

(beat)

What'a you talkin' about?

Bennie glances into the REARVIEW MIRROR, smiling at the girls...

BENNIE

I already got 'em.

... but his smile TURNS DOWN AT THE CORNERS as he listens. The girls exchange doubtful looks. It gets worse.

BENNIE

They're right here in the car.

(to girls)

'Scuse me.

Bennie RAISES THE PRIVACY GLASS but doesn't realize he's left the intercom button on so they can still hear his half of the conversation.

The girls are PETRIFIED.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. JERSEY SIDEWALK - MORNING

They hit the sidewalk and without breaking stride, race around the first corner, looking back over their shoulder.

PARKER

He's stuck at the light!

VRROOOM! Here comes the Lincoln storming around the corner.

DREW

He has no respect for traffic laws!

They run into the first ALLEY and hunker down by a GARBAGE CAN. The Lincoln flies past. They dash back out, the same way they came.

SCREECH! Bennie LOCKS UP the WHEELS!

They round the same corner going the opposite way and Parker pulls them into the first door...

INT. MINI-MART - MORNING

... where they crouch down the magazine rack. Among the magazines is DOG FANCY with a picture of a Chinese Crested Hairless on the cover and the headline: "EMPEROR DEFENDS CROWN."

Parker peers over the top and out the window.

PARKER'S POV -- slowly, the Lincoln cruises the street, Bennie scanning the neighborhood for them.

DREW

Is he gone? I can't believe this.
What did you get us into?

PARKER

We lost him. Wow. That was a rush.

DREW

A rush? Are you out of your mind?

BUM (O.S.)

Hey. Give me a quarter, will ya?

Spooked, they both turn to find a scraggly HOMELESS GUY with a Slushee in his hand. They stand. Parker reaches in her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINI-MART CLERK

Get outta here, Uncle Jerry!

PARKER

(to Homeless Guy)

I don't have any change, but here.

Parker starts to find the Homeless Guy a dollar but Drew reaches over to stop her...

DREW

Parker, you're only feeding the poor man's disease. Buy him a healthy snack.

... just as the Homeless Guy reaches for the dollar and the SLUSHEE IS KNOCKED FROM HIS HAND.

We watch in SLOW MOTION AS THE SLUSHEE TAKES FLIGHT, THE CAP FALLING OFF AND THE STICKY, CHERRY RED MESS FANNING OUT UNTIL...

... BACK TO FAST MOTION -- SPLAT! IT CATCHES DREW FULL-FACED, DRENCHING HER.

The Homeless Guy snags the dollar.

HOMELESS GUY

I gotta go.

And he EXITS. Parker SNIFFS.

PARKER

Ew. That stinks. That's not just Slushee.

The MINI-MART CLERK approaches them, shaking his head.

MINI-MART CLERK

It's Mad Dog. Look at that mess. It's gonna smell up the store all day.

Drew appears STUNNED, unable to form words so Parker speaks for her.

PARKER

May we use your bathroom please?

The cherry syrup and cheap wine concoction drips down Drew's blank face.

MINI-MART CLERK

Gas station at the end of the block. Have a nice day.

INT. BURT'S PUMP 'N' GO - MORNING

BURT, who has no teeth, hands over the restroom key to the girls. The key is attached to a full-sized STEERING WHEEL. Burt SNIFFS, wrinkling his nose.

BURT

You know, it's not my place to say, but you young girls got your whole lives ahead of you. You shouldn't be drinkin' at this hour of the day.

PARKER

That's what I keep telling her.

BURT

'Round the side.

EXT. BURT'S PUMP 'N' GO - MORNING

The girls practically have to drag the key around to the restroom on the side.

Parker puts the key in and slowly... slowly...
CREAKING... opens the GATES OF HELL

ON THE GIRLS -- WHO STARE IN HORROR INTO THE ABYSS FOR A BEAT, THEN:

GIRLS

AHHHHHHH!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

Sitting side by side. A YOUNG MOTHER sits in front of them with her NINE-MONTH-OLD BABY who's standing on the seat facing the girls.

Drew's BUMP on her forehead is large and inflamed, her hair a stringy, ratty mess of booze and red-dye number four and glucose. She is in a REALLY BAD MOOD, only staring straight ahead.

Parker's playing peek-a-boo with the baby and trying to lighten up her sister's mood.

PARKER

Everything's going to be fine.

(to baby)

Peek-a-boo!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER (CONT'D)

(to Drew)

We're practically there. We'll get you cleaned up, you'll get into the program and...

(to baby)

Peek-a-boo!

(to Drew)

... we'll both look back on this and laugh our butts off.

BLECCH! The BABY PUKES all over Drew. She looks sideways at her sister.

DREW

I will never, ever, forgive you.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

The bus pulls over then pulls away, leaving the girls on the sidewalk.

PARKER

See? New York. We made it.

DREW

I could be arrested for vagrancy looking like this.

PARKER

Listen. I've got an idea.

DREW

No. No ideas. I'm going straight to that interview and wait, without moving or speaking, especially to you, for four hours.

PARKER

(ignoring her)

Come on! We're going to the Plaza! We can be Eloise! We'll get a nice room, you can take a shower and I'll swap clothes with you! Simple as that!

DREW

Do you have the slightest clue what that would cost?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

So? You've got the emergency
credit card Mom gave you, right?

Drew's suddenly looking at her EMPTY HANDS.

PARKER

What's wrong?

DREW

(dawning realization)

Oh. My. God.

PARKER

Where's your, uh, stuff?

DREW

(near coma)

I left it in his car.

PARKER

Oh.

DREW

He knows where I live. He's going
to hunt me down and kill me.

PARKER

Come on, Drew. I don't think even
the Mafia kills people just for
scamming a ride. Quit being
paranoid.

(beat)

So, we don't do the Plaza. I've
got...

Parker digs in her pockets.

PARKER

Six dollars and thirty-two cents.

DREW

That won't get me hosed down at a
car wash.

PARKER

What are we thinking? You've got
your secret-safety twenty!

DREW

(beat)

My secret-safety twenty. Of
course. But it's only for
emergencies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parker looks her sister right in the eye.

DREW

Yeah.

Drew takes off her shoe, lifts the inner sole and pulls out a twenty, then realizes:

DREW

Hey, how'd you know about my secret-safety twenty?

PARKER

That's not important now. But let's just say that it's a good thing for you I think those shoes are so ugly I never borrowed them.

(pointing)

Hey, how about there?

Parker points to hotel where the dilapidated sign reads: THE RITZY PLAZA -- HOURLY RATES, HOT TUBS.

DREW

No. I want to get clean, not contract hepatitis.

PARKER

(sotto voce)

Twenty-six dollars and thirty-six cents.

DREW

We touch nothing.

Parker leads them inside.

INT. THE RITZY PLAZA

This looks like a good place to get your throat cut fighting over a dime's worth of crack.

There's no real lobby, just a small area to stand at the "desk" which is behind iron bars. Behind the iron bars a rabbit-eared TV with a busted-in tube houses a dead houseplant. An old easy chair leaks stuffing.

PARKER

(swallowing)

Hello? Anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Above, a BABY SCREECHES. Something BREAKS. Then a DISEMBODIED VOICE SPEAKS to them.

DESK CLERK (O.S.)
Keep your pants on. What'dya
want?

The girls look behind them, nobody. Behind the bars?
Still nobody. What the hell?

DESK CLERK (O.S.)
I don't got all day.

PARKER
(uh...)
We need a room... with a shower.
Just for an hour.

There's the sound of something SCRAPING across the floor
and then the MIDGET HOTEL CLERK appears behind the
counter. Now he's standing on a STOOL and we don't know
what he was doing behind the counter.

DESK CLERK
Sixty bucks.

PARKER
(getting oriented)
Hi.

DESK CLERK
You want the room or not?

DREW
Sixty dollars an hour for this --

PARKER
(interrupting;
covering)
-- really nice place. How much
for half an hour.

DESK CLERK
Maybe if you two were in school
you could figure out that half a
sixty is thirty.

PARKER
We've only got twenty-five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESK CLERK

You think because I'm short you can just charm me into making some deal, is that it?

PARKER

No, not at all.

DREW

It's all we have. Twenty-six dollars and thirty-six cents.

DESK CLERK

Are you the one that stinks so bad?

DREW

(insulted)

I had a little accident, okay?

DESK CLERK

All right, all right, don't get your underwear in a bunch. As a public service, just 'cause you stink so bad, you can have it for twenty-five.

He retrieves a key and holds it up just out of reach between the bars.

DESK CLERK

Ten-dollar deposit on key.

DREW

What part of 'That is all the money we have' didn't make sense to you?

PARKER

Sir, that's every last cent we have in the world. I swear to you, we aren't planning to steal your key.

DESK CLERK

I give you some special deal, the next thing you know, you two are telling everybody, hey, this midget was a real sap. We gave him some sob story and the little guy just busted up into crocodile tears and handed over the key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

I promise we won't tell anyone.
Will we, Drew?

DREW

Not a word. Girl Scout's honor.

He grudgingly holds out the key for Parker, who takes it and hands it to Drew while she gets the money out.

ON DREW -- sensing something, she looks down at her feet where a HUGE RAT is licking the sweet stuff off her shoes.

There's a rather LONG BEAT while this horror sinks in, then:

DREW

AHHHHHH!!!!

Key in hand, Drew makes a beeline out the door.

PARKER

Drew?! DREW?!

Parker follows her.

DESK CLERK

Come back with my key!

The Desk Clerk jumps off his stool, opens his cage and follows them into the street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - DAY

Panicked, Drew sprints down the sidewalk with Parker and the Desk Clerk in tow.

Laying the hammer down, the Desk Clerk blasts past Parker -- he's a midget, but he's got wheels.

PARKER

Drew! STOP!

CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WARD - MORNING

A WOMAN is giving birth. Her husband holds her hand. Quinn and a nurse are at her feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Mrs. Greenspan? You're going to
have to help. I need you to push.

But they don't have her attention which is riveted on...

... A TV TUNED TO "THE TODAY SHOW" WHERE WHACK! THE DESK
CLERK DROPS DREW LIKE A SAPP-SACKING GANNON, THROWING
THEM BOTH INTO THE LINE OF AUDIENCE MEMBERS, WHO THEN
TOPPLE LIKE DOMINOES.

MRS. GREENSPAN

Did you see that?

MR. GREENSPAN

Honey? The baby? Please?

CUT TO:

EXT. "TODAY SHOW" SIDEWALK - MORNING

"TODAY SHOW" SECURITY GUARDS and NYPD descend on the
crowd.

NYPD OFFICER

All right. Who's the wise guy?

Parker pulls Drew out of the pile-up and grabs the key,
tossing it away from them, sending the Desk Clerk
scrambling after it.

The two girls HIGH TAIL IT around the corner. Winded,
they stop.

PARKER

Man, that little guy could really
motor. Why'd you bolt?

DREW

There was a rat, Parker. A rat
the size of a Doberman eating my
foot.

PARKER

That was all our money.

DREW

Our money? OUR MONEY?!

PARKER

Key down, you're going to have an
attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew's sucking on her inhaler but is so irate she spits out the words.

DREW

Parker, it was not 'our' money and this is not 'our' day in New York. What it is, is quite possibly the most important day of *my* life. I've resigned myself to the fact that you don't give a crap about what you do with yours, but if you could find it in your heart, your tiny, cold steel heart, to respect what this means to me, I would appreciate it.

But Parker's not listening. She's staring intently...

... ACROSS THE STREET where several TOWN CARS are parked, the DRIVERS chatting next to a HOT DOG/PRETZEL CART.

Among them is Bennie, sipping coffee. Parker spots him and freezes.

DREW

You're not even listening. That's typical. Look, we're splitting up. Give me back my secret safety money.

PARKER

(still looking past
Drew)

You know how I told you not to be paranoid?

DREW

Paranoid?

PARKER

What I meant was, it isn't paranoia if someone really *is* chasing you.

Parker tries to subtly indicate with her eyes that Drew should look across the street.

DREW

What's wrong with your eyes?

PARKER

(whispering)

It's him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew finally turns and she, too, freezes.

PARKER

Quiet. Don't run. He'll see us.

Not wanting to draw his attention, the Girls shuffle off quickly down the street.

ON Bennie -- squinting across at them. Can he make them out in the crowd? He nods to ANOTHER DRIVER, tosses his coffee cup and climbs in behind the wheel.

DREW

HE SAW US!

The girls break into a run.

DREW

How'd he find us?

PARKER

Maybe it's just coincidence!

DREW

Or maybe WE TOLD HIM WHERE WE WERE GOING!!

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

PARKER

Come on!

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

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

PARKER

Jump!

Drew stumbles, wrong-foots the takeoff but somehow manages to get across it to the curb. For just a BEAT, we see her surprised face. Hm. I did it.

Then they see Bennie crossing in traffic, huffing and puffing after them and not seeing the pile, which he hits in full stride, slips on, and PLOPS INTO on his ass.

This gives the girls the opening they need and they ditch inside some revolving doors.

INT. THE PLAZA - GIRLS' POV - DAY

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

DREW AND PARKER

DREW

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

PARKER

Well, Cinderella, your wish has
come true.
(gesturing)
Voila, La Plaza, mademoiselle.

DREW

So? Hello? No dinero?

PARKER

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

DREW

No. I'm calling Mom.

PARKER

What good will that do?

DREW

(beat)
I'll have her... uh...

PARKER

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

DREW

Dad, then.

PARKER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

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

Her WATCH ALARM BEEPS.

DREW

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

(noticing)

Is that guy looking at me?

Parker starts to look.

DREW

Don't look.

PARKER

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

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

DREW

I think he was.

PARKER

Drew, we haven't done anything.

DREW

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

The ELEVATOR behind them opens.

PARKER

Let's go.

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

INT. HALLWAY - THE PLAZA - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
 (whispering)
 What are we doing? And why am I
 whispering?

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

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

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

DREW
 Oh, we're not going to steal
 anything. Super. Just a little
 'breaking and entering.'

PARKER
 We're not going to break anything.
 (beat)
 We are going to enter, however.

DREW
 No. No. No.

PARKER
 Shhh... here comes somebody.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She lies there on the floor, holding the door and WHISPERS LOUDLY to Drew.

PARKER

Hurry up!

DREW

No!

PARKER

(beat)

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

ON DREW -- bracing herself, she turns slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE - DAY

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

PARKER

(tentatively)

Housekeeping?

CUT TO:

INT. THE PLAZA - HALLWAY

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

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE

It's lavish, yaddada yaddada.

DREW

I can't do this.

PARKER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parker leads her to the big double doors of the master bedroom and slowly OPENS them.

There, on the bed, is THE EMPEROR, defending champion of the New York Kennel Club Dog Show. A CHINESE CRESTED HAIRLESS with his little crown sticking straight up, he may be the most absurd-looking dog in history. He simply eyes them. He might even be smiling.

DREW

Oh, no. Oh my god. A... a...

(puzzled)

What the hell is it?

PARKER

A dog?

DREW

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

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

PARKER

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

Parker approaches The Emperor.

PARKER

(baby talk)

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

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

PARKER

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

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

PARKER

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

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

PARKER'S POV

The hallway's empty.

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

BACK TO SCENE

PARKER

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - THE PLAZA

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

PARKER

Bad ratdog!

She chases him down the hallway and then around the corner where they have to dodge cans of paints, a ladder, until finally The Emperor slides on some plastic sheeting, careens into a can of mauve paint and is COVERED.

Arms reach down, pick him up and Parker looks up to see the Painter (ROGER) with the now-mauve Emperor in his arms.

PARKER

(breathless)
Wow. Thank you.

ROGER

No. Thank *you*. Bye bye.

He turns and RUNS for the stairwell door marked EXIT. Parker, completely baffled, finally calls after him:

PARKER

That's not your dog! Hey!

ANGLE ON THE ELEVATORS AROUND THE CORNER

as they open and the HOUSE SECURITY GUY (Morty) steps out, looking both ways and spotting one thing awry...

... a shoe holding open the door to the Lo Bianchos' suite.

CUT TO:

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE - MASTER BATH - DAY

Drew finishes struggling out of the last of her sticky clothes and gets ONE FOOT IN THE SHOWER WHEN SHE HEARS:

HOUSE SECURITY GUY (O.S.)

Hello? Mrs. Lo Bianco? House security!

POOR NAKED DREW FREEZES. THE WORLD STOPS SPINNING ON ITS AXIS. Panicking, she grabs the shower curtain, pulling it off its hanger and covering herself.

INT. LO BIANCHOS' SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The SECURITY GUY snoops toward the bedroom doors. Just as he reaches for the handle, the door swings open, SHADOCK, clocking him and dropping him.

Wrapped in the shower curtain, Drew races across the living room. Just as she reaches the hallway, Parker's there, also at a dead run and they don't even break stride.

INT. THE PLAZA - HALLWAY

DREW

(panicked)

There's a man in there!

PARKER

Somebody took the dog!

They reach the end of the hallway and are TRAPPED.

Only one out. Parker HUFFS OPEN the window to the fire escape and they climb out...

EXT. PLAZA ALLEY FIRE ESCAPE/ALLEY - DAY

... and scurry down the stairs only to find that THE LADDER DOESN'T REACH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parker hangs and then drops onto the top of a DUMPSTER with one side of the lid still closed, then jumps to the alley.

PARKER

Hurry up!

But DREW'S FROZEN WITH FEAR and to complicate matters, she's struggling to keep the curtain wrapped around herself.

DREW

I'll, uh, go around.

PARKER

Are you out of your mind?! It's only a little ways! JUMP!

INT. THE PLAZA - HALLWAY

Rubbing his sore head, Morty the Security Guy lumbers down the hallway.

BEHIND HIM Mr. and Mrs. Lo Bianco get out of the elevator:

MRS. LO BIANCHO

(peevied)

When competing in a dog show, best to bring one's dog along, yes?

MR. LO BIANCHO

I thought you had him, dear.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

(holding up her hands)

See? Empty.

But now they both notice the DOOR to their suite is wide open.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Oh, dear God!

The elderly couple do their version of a panicked run inside.

MRS. LO BIANCHO (O.S.)

(screeching)

AHHHH!! MY BABY! SOMEONE'S KIDNAPPED MY BABY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON MORTY -- making an abrupt halt. Baby?! He turns around and lopes back to the suite.

MORTY

Mrs. Lo Bianco? I'm Mort Sestero, hotel security.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Please! Please help!

MORTY

Someone took your baby?

MR. LO BIANCHO

The Emperor is missing.

MORTY

(somewhat relieved)

The Emperor is a dog, right?

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Not 'a' dog, no. THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB CHAMPION AND WHY AREN'T YOU TRYING TO FIND HIM!

Morty pulls his RADIO as he backs out the door and heads down the hall.

MORTY

(to radio)

This is Remote One to base, Remote One to base. Code 12, I repeat, Code 12.

ANOTHER SECURITY GUY (V.O.)

You goin' to lunch already, Morty?

MORTY

(impatient)

Code 12 isn't lunch, Bruce! Didn't you read your manual?

ANOTHER SECURITY GUY (V.O.)

(beat)

I will.

MONTY

Call NYPD. We have a dognapping.

ANOTHER SECURITY GUY (V.O.)

A what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTY

Just call the damn police and patch me through. The Emperor's been kidnapped.

ANOTHER SECURITY GUY (V.O.)

Holy cripes, why didn't you say it was political?!

MORTY

Political? THE EMPEROR IS A DOG, MORON!

ANOTHER SECURITY GUY (V.O.)

You want me to call NYPD about a *dog*?

MORTY

(decrying his fate)

I am going to kill you, then fire you, Bruce. Got it? Kill, fire. That order.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE PLAZA - DAY

Drew's still FROZEN on the fire escape.

DREW

I can't do it!

PARKER

Yes you can!

ANGLE ON THE END OF THE ALLEY

where Roger appears with The Emperor. Surprised to see the girls, he backpedals, worried he'll be seen, but they're too wrapped up in their own getaway and he quietly makes his way to his VAN (painted on the back and sides: "Michelangelo's Painting: A Masterpiece every time").

DREW

No I can't!

PARKER

Have fun in prison. Under 'Summer Internships' on your college application, you can write 'license plate manufacturing.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger's VAN SQUEALS AWAY, drawing Parker's attention. She glimpses him in his side mirror as he disappears around the corner into traffic.

Shutting her eyes, Drew drops onto the closed lid of the dumpster.

DREW
(astonished)
I did it.

Oops, the curtain starts to slip. When she reaches for it she loses her balance and suddenly -- FWONK -- nosedives into the dumpster. The curtain floats INTO THE ALLEY at Parker's feet.

DREW (O.S.)
OW!

PARKER
Get out of there!

DREW (O.S.)
(beat)
Give me... my... curtain.

Parker tosses the curtain in and Drew climbs out. They hurry off down the alley.

IN THE SECOND STORY FIRE ESCAPE WINDOW -- Morty appears.

MORTY
Stop! Bring back that dog!

MORTY'S POV -- The girls near the end of the alley. A small dog could easily be concealed under that shower curtain.

ON THE GIRLS -- running full-tilt, Drew turns to Parker.

DREW
He thinks we have the dog!

PARKER
A painter took it!

DREW
A pain --

WHAM! -- Drew's CLOTHESLINED at the intersection by a BIKE MESSENGER who, in a valiant attempt to avoid her, brakes so hard he flies off the handlebars and lands RIGHT ON TOP OF HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's DREAM GUY from the train and for a confused BEAT they look into each other's familiar faces where we read recognition, love, unstated chemistry, then:

DREAM GUY

You know, one of us is gonna get hurt if we keep doing this.

O.S. SIRENS signal that the police are now involved.

PARKER

Hey, complete stranger! Get off my sister!

Parker yanks Drew from underneath Dream Guy.

DREW

I'm, uh, late for this place, thing, where I'm supposed to be. College. Interview!

DREAM GUY

Where at?

But Parker's got her by the arm and she can only call back over her shoulder...

DREW

NYU!

... before disappearing into the CROWD on the sidewalk.

DREAM GUY

(too late)

Me, too!

AROUND THE CORNER comes Morty who, without time to react, trips headfirst over Bike Messenger Guy.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF PLAZA - DAY

The girls weave through the PEDESTRIANS but spot a COP CAR SCREECHING to a halt in front of them and quickly take a left into...

EXT. THE OTHER ALLEY ADJACENT THE PLAZA - DAY

Where to now? Thinking fast, Parker pulls on a door -- locked -- the next door SWINGS OPEN as if by divine providence and two HIGH FASHION MODELS step past them out while the girls step inside.

INT. RUNWAY SHOW - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Chaos. MODELS, DRESSERS, SYCOPHANTS, "I ONLY DATE MODELS" GUYS and the famous couture fashion designer, BOBO, are mid-show and friggin' frantic.

BOBO

(French accent)

Where are they?! No more breaks!
Do you hear me! We have a show to
do, you nitwits! Models! BAH!
You have hollow gourds for heads!
The kind they make those Mexican
rattles out of!

SHOWRUNNER

(always at his elbow)

Maracas.

BOBO

Maracas! Maracas that take coffee
breaks when I am paying them a
FORTUNE!

Bobo spots the girls coming through the back door and physically grabs them both, pushing them at the Showrunner.

BOBO

Hair! Makeup!
(Parker)
Daywear!
(Drew)
Clubbing! Vite!

This is when he gets a load of Drew's matted hair, running makeup and shower curtain and does a double-take. Hm. Does he like it?

BOBO

(confess)

Is that Helmut Lang?
(recovering himself)
Go!

The Showrunner shoves Drew one way, Parker the other -- Drew looks at her -- what the hell? Parker CLEARLY MOUTHS: HAIR! MAKEUP! CLOTHES! and TEAMS OF DRESSERS virtually surround them.

INSIDE THE MOB OF DRESSERS SURROUNDING DREW the HAIR STYLIST raises his brush and scissors, but PAUSES.

The rest of the team stops, watching him make his decision. He shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAIRSTYLIST

Perfection.

He excuses himself and the others begin shoving her into couture.

CUT TO:

DRESSING TEAM - A MOMENT LATER

And the DRESSING TEAM surrounding Parker parts, revealing her in a very un-Parker-like, super-chic business suit. She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror and rolls her eyes. Boring.

The DREW TEAM parts and we are stunned to see they've chosen to drape her in a show-stopping couture FREAK SHOW OUTFIT that is some sort of marriage between dominatrix and nun, complete with a habit and black leather bikini.

ON PARKER who spots Drew and is, for the first time in the movie, speechless.

DREW

Why does this not surprise me?

THE NEXT MUSIC CUE COMES UP and the SHOWRUNNER grabs Drew...

DREW

Excuse me, but I'm supposed to be going to my college interview.

SHOWRUNNER

That's rich. A model going to college. What next? Talking monkeys?

... and pushes her through the curtains and...

INT. RUNWAY - DAY

FLASH go a hundred CAMERAS! Blinded, Drew stumbles forward on a nine-inch spiked heels down the catwalk.

ON THE AUDIENCE -- ALSO SPEECHLESS.

This is when Drew catches sight of herself on a TV MONITOR at the end of the walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her first instinct is to RUN, but suddenly THE AUDIENCE HAS DECIDED -- IT'S A SMASH! THEY APPLAUD MADLY! BRAVO! BRAVO!

Drew recovers herself a bit. Wow. They're clapping for me?

INT. RUNWAY SHOW - BACKSTAGE

Parker's watching through the curtains when she spots Morty leading two NYPD DETECTIVES (WILLIAMSON AND HOGAN) through the back door. Uh-oh.

The Showrunner's holding her arm, waiting to throw her onstage but when Morty turns in her direction, Parker takes the initiative and...

INT. RUNWAY

... jumps onstage, vamping it down the catwalk like she was born to it.

Drew's still at the end of the runway, basking in the APPLAUSE and attempting to negotiate a precarious turn in her SCARY SPIKED HEELS when Parker approaches her and...

... throws a hand on her hip, thrusts it out -- sexy executive! and leans into her sister:

PARKER
(whispering)
The hotel guy's here.

The juxtaposition of the TWO POLAR OPPOSITE OUTFITS draped over twins suddenly throws the audience into PAROXYSMS OF APPRECIATION for the inspiration of the artist and they call him out! Bobo! BOBO! AUTEUR! BRAVA!

Here comes a smiling Bobo, through the curtains, blowing kisses and heading for the girls.

PARKER
(louder)
And the police.

Bobo presses himself between the girls, taking their hands and beginning his bows, but the girls spot Morty peeking from backstage, and they TAKE OFF, leaping off the front of the stage into the audience like punks jumping into the mosh pit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ADORING CROWD holds them up and they CROWD SURF toward the rear of the room.

DREW
Everybody washed their hands,
right?

ANGLE ON MORTY

Spotting the commotion, he and the two cops race down the catwalk. Realizing he'll never get through the crowd, he, too, leaps off the stage to surf toward them but...

THE CROWD ABRUPTLY PARTS and he does a complete FACE PLANT.

HOGAN
I guess that explains why he's a
security guard.

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS

who bust out the back doors of the large room and unwittingly...

INT. THE PLAZA - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

... right back into The Plaza lobby.

DREW
(realizing)
Perfect.

PARKER
Is this what they call 'returning
to the scene of the crime'?

Unfortunately for them, to get to the front door they have to pass by...

... the PLAZA MANAGER and the other HOUSE SECURITY AGENT, BRUCE (butch haircut, bad suit), consoling Mrs. Lo Bianco.

When MORTY and the COPS come through the doors behind them, however, there's no choice.

The girls try to look as inconspicuous as possible heading for the revolving doors but they overhear:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLAZA MANAGER

I assure you, Mr. and Mrs. Lo Bianco, The Plaza will do everything in its power to see that The Emperor is safely returned and that the criminals are brought to justice.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Justice?! I want them executed! Tortured first, slowly, and then beheaded!

PLAZA MANAGER

The Plaza's policy is of course to serve you in any capacity we can.

Morty spots the girls across the lobby just as they reach the revolving doors.

MORTY

(calling)

Bruce! 10-80 at the wagon wheel!

Bruce looks over to Morty like he's speaking Slavic, but Morty's furiously pointing and Bruce sees...

THE GIRLS break for the revolving doors. Parker gets there first, plunges in so fast that a MAN ENTERING is tossed headlong into the lobby.

Drew tries to time the quickly-spinning door but one of the very high SPIKED HEELS catches, throwing her forward and sandwiching her in the revolving door.

DREW

(no breath)

Park...

OUTSIDE -- Parker sees Drew caught in the door as Bruce, Morty and the cops close in. Quickly, Parker pushes the door back, releasing Drew, who jumps in and swings out.

EXT. THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Then, Parker HEAVES THE DOOR WITH ALL HER MIGHT, spinning it so fast the security guys and cops can't jump in.

INT. LOBBY OF THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The four men all stand there, watching the spinning door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTY

Damn it!

Then, just to their right, an ELDERLY WOMAN walks through the regular door just adjacent the revolving doors. All four share a sheepish look -- uh, maybe we should have thought of that -- then BOLT outside.

EXT. THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The police and security look left, right, across the street.

BRUCE

Where'd they go?

HOGAN

They couldn't have gone very far.
We'll split up.

(pointing)

You go that way! You take Fifth!
Come on, get on your horse!

Morty and Bruce take the cop's order and race off in separate directions. Neither Hogan nor his partner moves.

WILLIAMSON

Coffee?

HOGAN

Sure.

Williamson and Hogan step over to a hot dog cart set up next to a NEWSPAPER STAND.

WILLIAMSON

(to hot dog vendor)

Two black.

HOGAN

Where do you think those two went?

WILLIAMSON

Beats me. They didn't have any
stupid dog with them from what I
could see.

HOGAN

Might have stashed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMSON

Maybe they ate it.

The cops giggle at this.

WILLIAMSON

The rent-a-cop said the mutt's worth like 50 G's. That makes it grand theft, my friend. Five to ten.

ANGLE ON THE NEWS STAND

where a BLIND CASHIER (SPEEDY) smiles at the two policemen.

HOGAN

(to blind cashier)

Hey, Speedy. You didn't see a couple of blondes run past here, did you?

SPEEDY

Yep. Couldn't miss 'em. Real criminal types. Looked like they were headed to Mexico.

HOGAN

That's where they all go.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALS Drew and Parker, crouched down behind the counter right next to Speedy.

WILLIAMSON

See you around.

SPEEDY

Not if I see you first.

The cops head back to The Plaza.

HOGAN

I say we put Abbott and Costello on the ransom watch. I don't want to be stuck in the same room all day with Leona Helmsley's nasty stepsister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With the Detectives gone, Speedy turns up his nose and waves the air, fanning away a bad smell.

SPEEDY

Whew. You know, it's not some old wives' tale about blind people having an acute sense of smell.

DREW

Sorry.

SPEEDY

So? What did you do with that dog?

DREW

We didn't steal it, I swear.

PARKER

A painter did.

SPEEDY

You girls best give yourselves up and tell 'em the story.

DREW

(torn)

He's right, Parker.

PARKER

Of course he's right. We're going to march in there and give ourselves up right this minute. They will, of course, take us down to the precinct, call Mom and Dad, we'll give our statement, they'll grill us under hot lights for a few hours, force us to confess with some tricky good cop/bad cop routine and the next thing you know we're doing five to ten in Attica.

Drew checks her watch.

DREW

So we'll turn ourselves in right after the interview.

SPEEDY

May I make one suggestion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Sure.

SPEEDY

Hit the showers before you do anything else.

A BEEP BEEP indicates Parker's BLACKBERRY is receiving a message.

DREW

We're facing felony charges, Parker. Maybe you can do your on-line flirting later. Better yet, he can see you during visitor's hours.

Parker reads the incoming MESSAGE from...

THOREAU 786: HOW'D CHEM TEST GO?

PARKER

(beat; epiphany)

Oh my God. Warren works in the city.

DREW

Warren? WARREN?! So you lied, right to my face. No, Drew, this isn't about the chat room guy. Nah!

But Parker's typing furiously even as Drew rants on -- she has to lean around Speedy's legs. A GUY buying a newspaper peers down at the strange sight.

SPEEDY

(to guy)

Take your daughters to work day.

The guy pays for his paper, leaves.

NOTATWIN: WARREN. MY REAL NAME'S PARKER MACLEOD. MY SISTER AND I NEED A FAVOR.

DREW

Are you listening to me?! Give me that stupid thing!

Drew reaches for the Blackberry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Knock it off, Drew! This guy might be able to help. He lives here.

DREW

Parker, you have completely lost your mind if you can be thinking about boys at a time like this!

THOREAU 786: PARKER. THANKS FOR SHARING. ANYTHING YOU NEED.

NOTATWIN: BIT OF A JAM IN THE CITY. MOB, POLICE AND HOTEL SECURITY ON OUR TAIL. COULD USE A HIDEOUT.

THOREAU 786: LOL! ADVENTUROUS TYPE. MEET ME AT WORK? I'M AT THE U.N.

PARKER

(to Drew)

The United Nations?

DREW

You can't possibly know somebody who works at the United Nations. Maybe he meant United Sub Sandwiches. Or United Skate Rats Store.

NOTATWIN: UNITED NATIONS?

THOREAU 786: JUST A DAY JOB. JOIN THE 11:00 TOUR. SOON.

Parker pockets the Blackberry.

PARKER

So. We're going to the United Nations to use the restroom.

DREW

How convenient. You arrange a little date while your sister's future hangs in the balance.

PARKER

Look, he said he'd help and it's only a couple blocks away. You got a better idea?

Speedy opens the rear door of the newsstand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEEDY
(how's he know?)
Coast's clear.

PARKER
Thank you, Mr. Speedy.

SPEEDY
You're quite welcome. Good luck
in that interview.

Drew SIGHS, then reluctantly follows Parker out.

CUT TO:

INT. MacLEOD HOUSE - CHARLEY'S STUDY

Head thrown back, mouth wide open, still in his bathrobe, Charley sleeps in the chair directly in front of his laptop. The SCREENSAVER, an animated version of Jack Nicholson in THE SHINING, just keeps typing "All work and no play..."

When the PHONE RINGS it nearly knocks him out of his chair. He hunts it down through the MAELSTROM on his desk.

CHARLEY
(to phone)
Wal-Mart?
(beat)
Hey, Marvin. You bet. Typing
away.

He glances at the screensaver, the same words pouring out.

CHARLEY
(suddenly concerned)
Today?
(beat)
Gee, I'm on a real roll, Marv.
The juices overfloweth, if you get
my meaning. Don't want to plug
the juices when they're
overflowing, right?
(whoa)
How much?
(beat)
Hm. I guess I could carve out
some time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charley smells his armpit. Ripe. He'll need a quick shower.

CHARLEY

Got it. See you in the City.

Charley hangs up, punches a key on his computer. The screensaver disappears and up pops a BLANK PAGE. At the top: CHAPTER ONE. Nothing else.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S '77 FORD PICKUP - DAY

Charley's driving, eating a sandwich and dialing his CELL PHONE at the same time, veering dangerously and obliviously across the center stripe. The oncoming CAR careens out of his way in a blaze of HORN.

CHARLEY

(to phone)

Hello, beautiful Doctor Lady. How goes your day?

(beat; huh?)

Right next to the magazine rack?

What did they name it, Newsweek?

(beat)

I'm going into the City to meet some big shot publisher. Maybe I'll swing by NYU afterwards and see if I can give Drew a ride home. You talk to her today?

(beat)

She's probably having too much fun to call. I'll ring her up. Bye bye.

He hangs up and of course veers into the other lane again, correcting wildly before resuming his merry way.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LO BIANCHOS' PRIVATE BOX

Far below, Garden employees set up for the dog show. Inside, the Lo Bianchos' luxury box is likewise being prepared. In one corner, Bruce and Morty are fumbling with the unfamiliar electronic tracing gear, readying for the ransom call.

Mrs. Lo Bianco turns up her nose at the buffet table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 (to Caterer)
 What are those?

CATERER
 Rumaki, ma'am.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 Rumaki! Yech! You might as well
 wrap dog turds in bacon. Take
 them away.

A SOCIETY FRIEND of Mrs. Lo Bianco, BABS, arrives to pay her respects, shuffling her feet across and leaning in to trade air kisses.

BABS
 Andrea, Andrea. How dreadful! I
 shudder to think how the poor
 Emperor may be suffering.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 Dear Babs. I'm at wit's end.

When she turns on Morty and Bruce, they both jump a little.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 (putting on a show)
 You! Tell the thieves I'll pay
 anything they want! Anything!

BABS
 Of course. What price on a loved
 one?

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 Precisely!

BABS
 I've got to run. That stupid
 groomer used a commercial
 conditioner on Coco and she looks
 like trailer trash.

Babs nabs one of the rumaki on her way out. As soon as Babs is gone, Mrs. Lo Bianco looms over Morty and Bruce.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 I'll give them ten grand, tops,
 but only if the dog's back before
 show time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A troubled Bruce isn't having much luck operating the trace machine.

BRUCE
(aside to Morty;
whispered)

Do you know how to turn this on?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK IN NEW YORK - DAY

The girls try to be as inconspicuous as possible walking cross-town in couture, Drew with only one shoe and in a bad mood.

PARKER
We're going to make it, Drew.
You'll see. There's still plenty
of time. You'll get cleaned up,
we can trade clothes... this is a
nice suit, huh? Right?

DREW
(abrupt)
Yes.

PARKER
You're going to get accepted, then
we can explain the
misunderstanding about the dog to
the police and everything will be
okay.

DREW
Maybe after the police forgive us
for sneaking into someone else's
hotel room, we can ask them to
please keep the mob hit man from
whacking us and dropping us into
the marina so he doesn't get his
suit dirty.

PARKER
First things first.

DREW
Parker, I know you're trying to
cheer me up, but I have to be
honest. This is all your fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

(beat)

My fault? MY FAULT?! I didn't mean for any of this to happen!

DREW

Yeah, right! Like you didn't mean to ask Bernie Lipscomb to the prom!

PARKER

What's that supposed to mean?

DREW

I'll bet that was just another accident of yours that happened to screw up my life!

PARKER

Bernie Lipscomb?
(dawning)
You...?

Drew didn't want to admit that -- it just slipped out under pressure.

PARKER

You liked Bernie, too?

DREW

You know I did!

PARKER

No I didn't. I haven't seen you talk to a guy since we were in kindergarten and we thought Jerry Wester was a girl.

DREW

You asked Bernie just to snake him from me!

PARKER

I did not!

(beat)

Wow, the really spooky thing is, that would mean we liked the same guy.

A block away, the United Nations building stands majestically against the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Directly in front of them, however, a POLICE CAR is stopped at the light with two uniformed POLICEMEN inside.

The girls spot the Police and stop.

The Police look up at the girls through their windshield.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Their on-board FAX is spitting out an APB PHOTO. The POLICEMAN on the passenger side pulls it off and holds it up.

ON THE PHOTO -- IT'S DREW STUCK IN THE REVOLVING DOOR OF THE PLAZA WITH PARKER PULLING HER THROUGH.

POLICEMAN

Isn't that those two right there?

He shows the PHOTO to his PARTNER who's driving.

POLICEMAN #2

I'll be damned.

But when they look up:

POLICEMAN'S POV

-- the girls are gone. They don't take much notice of a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE passing them with the DRIVER up front and TWO TOURISTS kissing in the back.

BACK TO SCENE

POLICEMAN

Where the hell did they go?

As the carriage clops past, however, the Policemen don't notice the Girls -- both clinging to the back.

POLICEMAN #2

(into radio)

605 to Base. We spotted the dognapping suspects, corner of 1st and 49th.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

(from radio)

Copy that, 605.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVES' CAR - DAY

Hogan and Williamson are eating sandwiches but they've paused to listen:

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (from radio)
 Car 91, 605 reports suspects
 spotted at 1st and 49th.

Hogan picks up the radio while Williamson FIRES UP the CAR.

HOGAN
 (to radio)
 605, do you still have visual?

POLICEMAN #2 (V.O.)
 Negative. But they can't be far.
 They're on foot.

WILLIAMSON
 (to Hogan)
 That's over by the U.N.

HOGAN
 (to radio)
 See if you can pick them up.
 We're on our way.

Zoom! Williamson blasts crosstown.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - DAY

The Horse Carriage passes the usual groups of PROTESTORS and TOURISTS outside on the U.N. Plaza and...

... the Girls jump off and move into the crowd, headed for the ENTRANCE where there's a LINE at the door.

DOWN THE BLOCK the Detectives' unmarked car appears and parks at the curb.

Williamson and Hogan climb out, scanning the crowd.

WILLIAMSON
 (pointing)
 There they are.

DETECTIVES' POV

-- just a glimpse as they ENTER the building.

BACK TO SCENE

HOGAN

What in the world could they be
doing here?

INT. ENTRANCE TO U.N. - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The Girls pass through the metal detector and move toward
a small group of TOURISTS waiting by the sign that reads:
NEXT TOUR 11:00.

DREW

(re: Warren)

Do you see him?

Parker consults the JPEG PIC on her Blackberry, then
scans the group.

PARKER

No.

At the head of the group, the U.N. TOUR GUARD, geeky in a
Clark Kent way and nice enough looking but definitely not
a male model, leans into a petite BRUNETTE and her LITTLE
SISTER.

TOUR GUIDE

(conspiratorially)

I can't tell you how much I've
looked forward to this.

The Brunette looks at him like he's a serial killer.

BRUNETTE

(in Russian)

Momma?

Her fierce-looking BABUSHKA MOM gets in the Tour Guide's
face.

TOUR GUIDE

Sorry. My mistake.

This is when Drew notices Williamson and Hogan ENTERING
and approaching a U.N. SECURITY GUIDE, flashing their
badges.

DREW

Oh, shit. What now?

PARKER

(out loud)

Warren? Does anyone know Warren
Collier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Tour Guide, WARREN COLLIER, looks over at them.

WARREN

Parker?

Warren moves back to Drew and Parker.

PARKER

Gee, Warren. Isn't that strange?
I didn't recognize you from your
picture.

WARREN

Yeah, I, uh...

DREW

(urgently)

We don't have time for this now.

PARKER

Do you have an office or someplace
private we could go?

WARREN

I just have to do this tour and...

But Williamson and Hogan, led by the U.N. Security Guy,
ENTER the lobby.

Drew grabs Warren by the arm and turns him.

DREW

We'll get back to that.

WARREN

What's going on?

Parker looks Warren right in the eye. This is a test.

PARKER

It's important.

WARREN

(beat)

Okay. Let me get somebody to
cover for me.

Warren leads them into a small adjoining office...

INT. TOUR GUIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

... where another TOUR GUIDE is taking a break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARREN

Hey, Angie, take the 11:00 for me,
will you?

ANGIE (TOUR GUIDE)

No way. Judge Judy's on.

Drew grabs Angie by the collar, lifts her up.

DREW

Angie? Take the 11:00.

ANGIE

(to Warren)

You owe me, Warren.

Angie heads out to take the tour. Parker turns on
Warren.

PARKER

Are you a lying sack, or what?

WARREN

What was I supposed to do? I
liked you. If I'd sent a real
picture, would you have met me?

PARKER

That's not the point.

WARREN

That means no. At least this way
I got to see you before you blow
me off.

DREW

No one is blowing you off, Warren.
As a matter of fact, we're very
happy to see you, aren't we,
Parker?

PARKER

I guess.

DREW

And we're grateful for your help.

PARKER

This is my sister, Drew.

WARREN

Not-a-twin, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

That's a joke.

WARREN

Yeah, well. I guess everybody would like the world to see them a little bit differently than they are.

DREW

(quickly interjecting)

Super. Now that that's all settled, is there a restroom I can get to without going out there?

WARREN

What's wrong with going out there?

PARKER

Police, for one thing.

WARREN

Police? I thought you guys were joking.

PARKER

It's the kind of joke that will be a lot funnier a few years from now.

WARREN

Well that door's the only way out. There's a restroom at the end of the main hall.

Parker opens the office door, peeking out.

DREW

They there?

PARKER

I don't see 'em.

ANGLE ON WILLIAMSON AND HOGAN

who Parker can't see because her line of sight is blocked by the office door.

BACK TO DREW AND WARREN

DREW

They must be searching the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARREN

What'd you guys do, anyway? Mug a couple supermodels?

DREW

Let's go.

With Warren leading the way, they EXIT the office.

INT. U.N. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

The three make their way across the vast lobby, but before they reach the main hall...

HOGAN (O.S.)

(spotting them)

Hey! You two! Stop!

WARREN

This way!

Almost instinctively, they go COMPLETELY SEPARATE WAYS, Warren and Parker breaking left, Drew right.

Drew makes a mad dash down a hallway, makes a turn, another turn, working her way deeper into the labyrinth.

Even while running frantically, she tries to smile politely at everyone she passes until she spots a WOMEN'S room and quickly ditches inside.

INT. U.N. - WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She hurriedly crosses, enters a stall, locks the door and puts her feet up. She tries to catch her breath.

GROANS OF PAIN ECHO from the stall next to her.

Somebody's in BAD SHAPE. Another HEART-RENDING GROAN can't be ignored.

DREW

(to person in stall)

Are you okay?

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

(near fatally
nauseous)

Ohhh... I'm so sick. The mussels at lunch. You have to help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

I'm kind of in my own private hell
right now.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

What's your name?

DREW

Drew.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

Drew... it's vitally important.

A FILE FOLDER comes skidding from under the stall.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

Please. You have to take this to
Canada.

DREW

Uh, Canada? It's sort of far away.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

(struggling)

In the Assembly. Give the file to
Mr. Wakefield, the Canadian
representative.

(GROANN!!)

Please. I can't... get up.

DREW

You want me to take this to the
Canadian Representative to the
United Nations?

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

Hurry! This is a crisis!

What can she possibly do?

DREW

(confused but...)

Okay.

Drew EXITS the stall and goes to the door.

DREW

Where's the Assembly?

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

To the left. Run!

Drew peeks out the door. It looks clear. Out she goes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MAILROOM

On the run, Warren and Parker ditch through a door marked MAILROOM. A BEAT LATER, Hogan appears from around the corner.

INT. MAILROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Vacant and quiet. The DOOR OPENS SLOWLY and Hogan ENTERS. It's a small room with a few canvas mail sacks piled in a corner and a wall of mail-sorting cubbies.

An in-house MONITOR mutely broadcasts the now empty ASSEMBLY ROOM.

Nothing here, Hogan closes the door. IN A BEAT, one of the mail sacks wriggles and Warren sticks his head up.

WARREN

He's gone.

Parker pops up from the same sack. Face to face, there's an awkward moment of attraction between them.

WARREN

(no better idea)

You have nice breath.

PARKER

Thank you.

(beat)

Maybe we should get out of this sack.

CUT TO:

INT. U.N. ASSEMBLY - DAY

Drew peeks in through the door, reading the COUNTRY IDENTIFICATIONS on the desks... Bangkok, Borneo, Bulgaria... Canada.

The REPRESENTATIVES are in the middle of a heated DEBATE that we hear being translated (and we see in subtitles).

CHINESE REP

(Chinese; subtitles)

Impossible! This would be globally destabilizing!

BULGARIAN REP

(pointing angry finger)

Hah! Posturing and rhetoric!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE is sitting gingerly in his chair, shifting uncomfortably. He looks pale, shaky.

Drew commits herself and rushes down the stairs to his desk with the file.

DREW
(whispering)

Sir?

He puts a hand to his stomach -- he's struggling.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE #2
(ugh; groan)

Yes...

DREW
Oh, no. You didn't have the
mussels at lunch, too, did you?

Even as she holds out the file, he races past her, puckering his bum.

She watches him waddle up the stairs BUT AS HE EXITS, HE PASSES WILLIAMSON AND THE U.N. SECURITY GUY IN THE DOORWAY.

Drew sees them. Uh, oh. The only thing she can do to make herself inconspicuous is to drop into the Canadian Rep's chair and turn her back on them like she's one of the Assembly members. She sits up, shuffles the files around.

Glancing furtively to either side, she sees that everyone else is wearing the TRANSLATION EARPHONE. She puts one on.

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVE

Williamson's gaze comes to rest on...

... THE BACK OF DREW'S HEAD. Hm. That looks familiar.

This is when the CHINESE REP stands, furious, and points an accusatory finger at Drew!

CHINESE REP
This crisis falls at the feet of
one nation and one nation only!
CANADA!

ALL EYES TURN TO DREW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHINESE REP

How do you defend such a position!
The world is waiting to hear!

These are fighting words. The Assembly grows SILENT.
Drew wishes she could BEAM HERSELF somewhere off planet.
She gulps air. Glances left, right.

BUT SHE KNOWS THE DETECTIVE'S EYES ARE ON THE BACK OF HER
HEAD AND SO SHE CLEARS HER THROAT AND:

DREW

Well, I'm not certain...

This furrows some brows.

DREW

(recovering)

... that I NEED to defend our
position!

Ah, yes, some knowing nods.

ON THE NORTH KOREAN REPRESENTATIVE leaning over to confer
with the NORWEGIAN REPRESENTATIVE:

NORTH KOREA

(subtitles)

Is she new?

NORWAY

Beats me.

NORTH KOREA

She's hot.

NORWAY

Weird hairdo.

BACK ON DREW

CHINESE REP

That is absurd!

DREW

Absurd?!

Uhhh... where now? She notices the FILE the Rep in the
bathroom gave her and holds it up, shaking it for
emphasis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
 (dramatic emphasis)
 Not so absurd, since I have the
 documents right here in my
 possession!

This draws a CHORUS OF MURMURS throughout the hall. The Chinese Rep suddenly looks terribly worried and pauses to confer with his ASSOCIATE.

CUT TO:

INT. U.N. - MAILROOM

Parker's peeking through the door, checking the hallway.

PARKER
 How are we going to find Drew?

WARREN
 Something tells me that won't be
 too tough.

Warren points to the MONITOR. Parker's jaw drops. Her sister is addressing the entire U.N. Assembly.

CUT TO:

INT. U.N. ASSEMBLY - DAY

Drew glances Williamson EXITING.

DREW
 And besides, who said absurd is
 necessarily bad? Sometimes absurd
 is good! For instance, absurd can
 be sort of... funny! In conclusion,
 I propose that all of you should
 talk amongst yourselves.
 (quickly)
 Thank you.

Like Cinderella at Midnight, she turns and races up the stairs as the Assembly is in complete turmoil -- KOFI ANAN BANGS his gavel.

KOFI ANAN
 Canada has proposed further
 debate.

U.S. REP
 The United States of America
 seconds the motion!

INT. LOBBY OF THE U.N. ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Drew busts through the doors just as Warren and Parker come running with the Detectives chasing them. The three of them make for the front door but a TOUR GROUP comprised of a hundred young JAPANESE GIRLS blocks their EXIT.

Warren thinks fast and YELLS IN JAPANESE.

WARREN

Jin zshe miya BRAD PITT!

SCREAMING LIKE BANSHEES, the Japanese Girls all pour outside, Warren and the Girls following.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - DAY

Once outside, he YELLS AGAIN.

WARREN

Dingo cashito, BRAD PITT ezukai!

The JAPANESE GIRLS turn around and STORM BACK THROUGH THE DOORS, blocking Williamson and Hogan's EXIT.

The three of them run for the line of taxis.

PARKER

You speak Japanese?

WARREN

I may not look like an underwear model, but I'm smarter than a hundred of them put together.

Warren grabs a Taxi door.

WARREN

Come on!

PARKER

We don't have any money!

WARREN

I'm smart AND rich!

Williamson and Hogan have fought their way out through the little Japanese Girls.

Realizing they won't reach Parker and Drew in time, they head for their own unmarked cruiser which is parked just ahead of...

Bennie's TOWN CAR. He's holding the door for a cigar-chewing CLIENT but watching the Girls climb into the cab up ahead.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS ACTION

They jump into the back seat, Warren in the middle.
Parker leans urgently into the DRIVER:

PARKER
Follow that... uh...

DREW
They're following US, Parker!

PARKER
Oh, yeah. JUST GO!

The TAXI pulls away from the curb.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Williamson FIRES UP the CRUISER.

WILLIAMSON
Maybe we should give them a little
leash and see what they do with
it.

HOGAN
Fine. But we're gonna have to
stop for lunch pretty soon, 'cause
I'm getting heartburn.

They pull into traffic, following the Cab.

In a BEAT, Bennie's Town Car follows, too.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Parker leans across Warren to Drew.

PARKER
Excuse me, what were you doing?

DREW
Someone was sick in the bathroom
and they asked me to -- hold on, I
don't owe you any explanation.

PARKER
You're the one all 'I gotta get to
this interview or I'm gonna have a
nervous breakdown' and yet you
have time to address the United
Nations?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARREN

You know, technically, you have to have security clearance to enter the Assembly.

PARKER

Not now, Warren.

DREW

You have a lot of nerve, Parker. It was *you* that got me tossed off the train! *You* had to give the bum that dollar! *You* get the suit, I get the leather bikini!

WARREN

(under)

Which isn't so bad.

DREW

And *you* got Bernie Lipscomb while I got Scrabble with Mom and Dad!

WARREN

Who's Bernie Lipscomb?

PARKER

I told you, I didn't know you liked him! It was no big deal!

DREW

It was to me!

PARKER

How could I know? You never tell me anything!

DREW

There's a good reason for that!

PARKER

What's that supposed to mean?

DREW

You know very well what it means, Ms. Big Mouth!

PARKER

Big mouth?! Ooh, I hope you miss that stupid interview!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Oh yeah? Well, the joke's on you,
because there isn't any interview!

Oops. This just slipped out in anger. Parker's brain
has to adjust, then:

PARKER

What?

DREW

(beat)

No interview. I screwed up.

PARKER

You screwed up what?

DREW

Scheduling the interview. You
deaf?

PARKER

You're Drew. Drew doesn't screw
ANYTHING up, let alone scheduling.
You're the Iron Chef of
scheduling.

DREW

I missed the deadline.

PARKER

How?

DREW

After they made the first cut from
the preliminary application, we
were supposed to send in a form to
secure our interview time and I
filled it out and had everything
ready to go in the mailbox and
then...

Drew is near tears.

PARKER

And then what? Earthquake?
Tsunami? Nuclear winter?

DREW

I forgot.

PARKER

Forgot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Yes. I just forgot. When I found it in my bag a week later, I'd missed the deadline.

PARKER

So today? All this? What are you doing?

DREW

(humiliated)

I... I was going to try to meet Professor Spaulding and...

PARKER

You were just going to jump him?

WARREN

Sort of a guerilla interview? You know, I'm a big Michael Moore fan...

A look from Parker quiets Warren. Drew's choked up. She just nods, yes.

DREW

I called and the secretary said there were no exceptions to the deadline so I was going to try to see him when he finished the other interviews. I knew it was hopeless, but... I was so... embarrassed.

Drew wipes her tears, then:

DREW

Oh, to hell with it.

She opens the door and jumps out!

PARKER

Drew?! Drew, get back in this taxi!

Parker starts to open her door on the TRAFFIC SIDE! HONK HONK! It's nearly SHEARED OFF by a passing truck and she closes it just in time.

WARREN

She's pretty upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Gee, you really *are* a genius.

As the taxi bogs down in traffic, Drew disappears around the corner up ahead.

PARKER

Talk about spontaneous.

EXT. BLOCK NORTH OF THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Tears running, Drew's walking too quickly for the one stupid shoe. She nearly turns her ankle.

DREW

Darn it! DARN IT DARN IT DARN IT!

This is when she sees, parked just down the block...

ROGER'S VAN with "Michelangelo's Painting" across the back door.

DREW

That's... that's the painter.

Drew quickly steps into the shadow of a doorway to keep out of sight and watch the van.

A BLOCK BEHIND THE TAXI --

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Williamson and Hogan have the same problem with the traffic and can't see clearly what's going on up ahead.

WILLIAMSON

Did one of them just get out?

HOGAN

I think so. Maybe she's going for the dog.

WILLIAMSON

Maybe that's what they want us to think.

HOGAN

So we stay with the taxi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMSON

Unless you want to hoof it after
the other one.

HOGAN

We stay with the taxi.

INT. ROGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Roger dials a cell phone while The Emperor stands on the passenger seat with his front paws on the dash. As far as we can tell, he's having a great time being kidnapped and doesn't mind being mauve.

ROGER

Get in the back, will ya?

The Emperor ignores him, happily watching the streets of New York go by.

ROGER

Stupid dog.

But his CALL has gone through. He imitates a GIRL'S VOICE.

ROGER

(as GIRL)

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. LO BIANCHOS' BOX (MADISON SQUARE GARDEN) -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

Mrs. Lo Bianco calmly answers her cell phone.

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Yes?

Morty and Bruce have their tracing gear rigged to her phone but have to keep following her around the box.

ROGER

(Girl Voice
throughout)

If you want to see your dog alive
again, listen closely. I want a
hundred thousand dollars
transferred into this numbered
Swiss account --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 (interrupting)
 -- I'll give you ten grand but
 only if he's in Madison Square
 Garden in...

She looks to her husband, who consults his watch and then
 holds up ONE FINGER.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 One hour. Take it or leave it.

Bruce SIGNALS her -- keep him on the line!

MRS. LO BIANCHO
 You have one minute to decide.

She hangs up. Bruce and Morty SIGH.

INT. ROGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Roger looks at the phone. It wasn't supposed to go like
 that. He looks at The Emperor.

ROGER
 Well, Mr. Fancy Pants. You can
 wipe that stupid smile off your
 face. I don't think they love you
 as much as you think they do.

He glances at his watch. He believes Mrs. Lo Bianco and
 is PANICKING.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Parker and Warren are scanning the sidewalk ahead for
 Drew.

PARKER
 Where'd she go?

WARREN
 I think she took a right up there.

PARKER
 (to Driver)
 Follow my sister.

TAXI DRIVER
 I thought we were the ones being
 followed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Stay flexible, will you please?

They turn right.

INT. ROGER'S VAN

He hits redial. Mrs. Lo Bianco answers.

MRS. LO BIANCHO (V.O.)

Yesss?

ROGER

Okay. Here's how we make the --

MRS. LO BIANCHO (V.O.)

(interrupting again)

-- First of all, you forgot to disguise your voice.

ROGER

(to himself)

Damn it!

MRS. LO BIANCHO (V.O.)

Secondly, my husband will meet you in ten minutes on the corner of 43rd and Broadway. He'll have the money. Bring the dog.

ROGER

But that's ridiculous! You'll just bring the police! No way! Consider him Kung Pau!

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Fine.

ROGER

Don't hang up!

MRS. LO BIANCHO

The police, it appears, have other priorities, like humans or something. And I assure you, the Hotel Security... people... will not interfere. In any case, little man, we just want the dog back before showtime, do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LO BIANCHO

Excuse me?

DREW

I can't stop! I have to return
this dog!

ROGER

I'll be right back!

Puzzled, Mr. Lo Bianco falls in line behind Roger,
keeping up pretty well for an old dude with a gut.

ANGLE ON THE END OF THE BLOCK

WHERE PARKER'S TAXI APPEARS.

INT. TAXI - WARREN'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

DREW'S RUNNING RIGHT AT THEM DOWN THE SIDEWALK WITH THE
EMPEROR!

WARREN

Uh, isn't that your sister?

PARKER

It can't be. She's terrified of
dogs.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - DAY

They round the corner behind Parker and Warren.

HOGAN

I'm telling you, I got a hunch
these girls don't have anything to
do with this dog.

Drew blows past them, holding The Emperor. The
Detectives exchange glances -- nice hunch -- and they
LEAP OUT OF THE CAR TO JOIN THE CHASE.

INT. BENNIE'S TOWN CAR - DAY

Just as he turns the corner, the PARADE PASSES HIM. What
the hell?

EXT. BLOCK NORTH OF THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The Emperor's having the time of his life. He licks Drew's face joyfully as she weaves through the growing crowd.

DREW'S DOG-SLOBBERED POV

REVEALS A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN doing security at the DELIVERY ENTRANCE to the Garden, where SHOW PARTICIPANTS, wheeling their DOG KENNELS, are being checked in by two SHOW OFFICIALS.

BACK TO SCENE

Drew draws a bead on THE POLICEMAN, determined to reach him and hand over The Emperor:

DREW
Officer?! Officer?!

But SHOW OFFICIAL #3 appears from inside, taps the Policeman on the shoulder -- they need him inside. He turns and goes through the door just as...

... Drew reaches the loading dock and hustles up the stairs.

DREW
Officer?!

She sprints past the other SHOW OFFICIALS checking in CONTESTANTS.

SHOW OFFICIAL #1
Miss! You can't go in without
credentials!

INT. BACKSTAGE (MADISON SQUARE GARDEN DOG SHOW) -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

Drew has entered HER OWN PERSONAL CIRCLE OF HELL -- DOGS OF EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE SURROUND HER.

DREW
(to no one/everyone)
Where's the Policeman?

A GROOMER combing a HOUND DOG points toward the CURTAINS on the far side of the room and she blasts off that direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON THE HOUND DOG -- lifting his big nose in the air, he sniffs mightily and then...

BAYING LIKE HE'S COON HUNTING UNDER A KENTUCKY MOON, the Hound Dog leaps off his table, heads after Drew.

EXT. LOADING DOCK (MADISON SQUARE GARDEN) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

CHAOS.

The TWO SHOW OFFICIALS, sporting nifty sweaters and manicures, are prepared to sacrifice their lives to block the door. In addition to the PARTICIPANTS trying to get inside, they're holding off Roger, Mr. Lo Bianco, Williamson and Hogan.

SHOW OFFICIAL #1
(quite disturbed)
No entry without official
credentials!

MR. LO BIANCHO
I'm Emile Lo Bianco! I demand to
be let in!

WILLIAMSON
NYPD! Move aside!

At the mention of POLICE, Roger's EYES GO WIDE. He slinks down, losing himself in the crowd and sidles off.

SHOW OFFICIAL #1
(chin set)
I'll have to see identification,
officers.
(to Mr. Lo Bianco)
I'm so sorry, Mr. Lo Bianco. Go
right in.

AT THE CORNER, Parker and Warren keep their distance, not wanting to be seen by the Detectives.

WARREN
You think she made it?

PARKER
She's faster than she looks.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She is -- but now she's not running to catch a policeman, but to try to keep from being over-taken by...

... A GIANT PACK OF PEDIGREED POOCHES WHO CHASE DREW ACROSS THE SHOW FLOOR.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LO BIANCHOS' BOX

The ROAR of the CROWD and the BARKING of the PACK draw the attention of everyone in the Lo Bianchos' box.

MORTY

Isn't that The Emperor, ma'am?

MRS. LO BIANCHO

Good God. He's mauve.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Drew makes it across the floor and out the other side into a tunnel...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONCESSION AREA

... appearing in the concession area.

ANGLE ON A SHIH-TZU

as it breaks off, jumps onto a concession stand and begins looting it.

Drew makes for the EXIT past the TICKET TAKERS who leap out of the way and just as she reaches the door and pushes it open...

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

THEY CATCH UP TO HER IN A SWARM, KNOCKING HER ONTO THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE WHERE SHE DISAPPEARS UNDERNEATH A MOUNTAIN OF DOGS!

Williamson, Hogan, Morty, Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Lo Bianco and quite a few SPECTATORS pour out the doors.

ANGLE DOWN ON DREW

STILL HUGGING THE EMPEROR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACK, ALL OF WHOM GLEEFULLY LICK HER FACE!

DREW
Please! I'll get hives!
(resigned)
Oh, go ahead.

DREW'S POV

The Detectives appear above her.

BACK TO SCENE

She holds up The Emperor.

DREW
I, uh, just wanted to return him.

As the other OWNERS and HANDLERS gather their dogs, Williamson hands The Emperor off to Mrs. Lo Bianco while Hogan handcuffs Drew.

MRS. LO BIANCHO
Flog her! Step aside and I'll whip her myself!

MR. LO BIANCHO
(dead calm)
Didn't you say it was a man who called, Dear?

MRS. LO BIANCHO
So she had an accomplice! We'll beat the information out of the little wench!
(handing him
The Emperor)
Get him cleaned up, Emile.

Williamson and Hogan move Drew toward their car.

DREW
I didn't take her dog, I swear.

WILLIAMSON
We'll sort it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

But I have this interview. I mean, it's not really an interview. I'd never lie to the police...

(it's over)

... never mind.

Just as they push her head down into the car, she glimpses a vaguely familiar face among the myriad GAWKERS -- it's the Bike Messenger. For just an instant they lock eyes before the car pulls away.

DOWN THE STREET

Parker and Warren round the corner at a run, only in time to watch the Detective's car leave with Drew in the back window.

WARREN

What now?

PARKER

We have to go to the jail and tell them what happened.

WARREN

What on earth did happen?

PARKER

Poor Drew. She wanted to get into that program more than anything in the world.

With a SIGH, they turn to go and BUMP -- knock into Bennie, who's staring coldly down at Parker.

BENNIE

You goin' somewhere?

She's paralyzed with fear.

WARREN

(gulp)

Hello, sir.

PARKER

Oh my God! Please don't kill me!

WARREN

Kill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

We don't know anything at all! We didn't see anything or hear anything and I'll swear to that in a court of law!

Bennie appears unmoved. Parker closes her eyes, trying to meet death with dignity.

PARKER

Just not in the face.

BENNIE

What's the big idea? You two a couple a nutbags or somethin'?

She opens one eye.

PARKER

Nut bags? No. I mean, yes. Is there a right answer to that? See, my sister had this interview which turned out not to be an interview, really and I sort of messed things up because I wanted to meet him.

Indicating Warren.

WARREN

Really? You came into town just for me? Wow.

PARKER

Not now, Warren.

(back to Bennie)

Drew was going to be late even though technically she wasn't going to be late since there wasn't an interview and that's when we got in your car. I promise we meant to pay. It was a true emergency.

BENNIE

I meant, why you runnin' when I'm trying to give you your bag back?

Bennie hands Parker Drew's daybag. Parker takes it, still trying to comprehend.

PARKER

You were just...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNIE

I found your mom's number in the book. She said you needed it pretty badly for that big interview. Listen, I gotta go. It's my mother-in-law's birthday and I gotta plant some stupid rose bush and then take her out to dinner at the Pier. See ya around.

Bennie waddles over to his Town Car and climbs in.

PARKER

(beat; calling after)

Thank you?

WARREN

Well, he certainly is a good Samaritan.

Parker looks at the daybag.

WARREN

You guys lead a pretty interesting life, don't you?

But now Parker's mind is elsewhere. She pulls out Drew's daybook, opens it.

WARREN

We going to the jail, or what?
I've never been to a jail before.

PARKER

What time is it?

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL BOOKING ROOM - DAY

FLASH! A MUGS HOT is taken of Drew, looking as bedraggled, beaten and defeated as humanly possible.

CUT TO:

DREW

staring at her INK-STAINED FINGERS as Hogan finishes fingerprinting her other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her a towel to wipe them off. We know that dirty hands would drive the old Drew crazy. This Drew merely tosses the towel into the garbage. Who gives a crap?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Drew sits among other FEMALE CRIMINALS, staring zombie-like.

An INMATE with freaky frazzled red hair and a whacked out look in her eye sidles over to Drew.

RED (INMATE)
I love your outfit.

DREW
Thank you.

RED
Is it Bobo?

DREW
(how in the world
would this woman
know?)
Yes, as a matter-of-fact, it is.

RED
He's a genius.

OFF Drew's look of complete spiritual resignation we --

CUT TO:

EXT. NYU - DAY

Warren and Parker leap from a cab and hustle across campus. In only a few strides, Parker's dusting him.

PARKER
Try to keep up, Warren!

WARREN
(calling after her)
Hey! I'm an intellectual! I
never claimed to be athletic!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARREN (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, I was excused
from P.E. because of an ascended
testicle!

(realizing)

Too much information, right?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Red points at Drew's one shoe.

RED

Do you mind? I'm a fanatic for
Jimmy Choo.

DREW

It's all yours.

She hands the high heel to Red, who enthusiastically
pulls it on and models it.

HOGAN (O.S.)

MacLeod?

Hogan ENTERS, opens the cell door.

HOGAN

You're free to go.

DREW

No thanks. I'll just stay here
with the girls.

HOGAN

An eyewitness says he saw who took
the dog. Didn't realize the guy
was stealing it until he saw us
grab you.

Hogan takes her by the arm in a fatherly way and leads
her out.

INT. JAIL LOBBY - DAY

Hogan leads her into the lobby where Bike Messenger Guy
is waiting. He stands up when he sees Drew. Her
dissonance is even more confounded now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOGAN

There's your alibi.

DREW

I don't even know him.

HOGAN

That's what he said. Go home.
Get cleaned up, a good night's
sleep. None of this will seem so
bad in the morning.

Hogan leaves them alone. Bike Guy steps over.

BIKE GUY

You okay?

As an answer, Drew merely points to herself -- look at me? Now answer for yourself.

BIKE GUY

I'm Jim Wessler.

DREW

Thanks, Jim. How'd you know?

JIM (BIKE GUY)

Who could forget that face?

Reminded, Drew puts a hand to her face.

DREW

Huh. No hives.

Suddenly, realizing just how awful she must look, Drew becomes self-conscious.

DREW

Well... bye.

She walks past him out the door.

JIM

Wait. Where are you going?

EXT. NYPD STATION HOUSE - DAY

Jim catches up to her.

DREW

Thanks for getting me out of jail
but I have to go home now because
my entire life is ruined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Bad day, huh?

DREW

You turn understatement into an art.

JIM

Can you just tell me your name? Please?

DREW

(sigh)

I'm Drew MacLeod. The girl who won't be going to the NYU Accelerated Program.

JIM

Why not?

Drew looks at her watch.

DREW

Because short of flying, there's no way to get from here to NYU in five minutes.

JIM

Sure there is.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYU ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Parker's on the stairs with Drew's DAYBOOK open, staring into it like someone who has a final exam in two minutes but forgot to show up for the semester.

Warren's looking over her shoulder.

WARREN

Wow. And I thought I was anal.

PARKER

This is no good. I don't do too well with the whole rehearsal thing. I'm more of a 'wing it' person.

Parker checks herself in her reflection in the glass. Working herself into Drew form, she puts her hair into a conservative bun and then tries straightening her posture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER
(all business)
How's this look? Drewish?

WARREN
You know, I've always had a thing
for librarians.

PARKER
Warren, honesty is fine. But you
could edit a little, you know?

WARREN
Got it.

PARKER
Wish me luck.

WARREN
Good luck, Drew.

CUT TO:

INT. NYU ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CLOSE ON A HAND

about to knock on a door that reads "Professor Que
Spaulding, PhD" when the door suddenly opens and the last
INTERVIEWEE steps out in a suit and tie, confidence
oozing.

Parker nods primly as he passes, then steps inside.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

A SECRETARY sits at her computer. She looks over her
glasses at Parker.

SECRETARY
May I help you?

PARKER
I'm here to see Professor
Spaulding.

SECRETARY
You don't have an appointment.

PARKER
(beat)
Um, no. However...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is when the inner office door swings open and the PROFESSOR himself, coat over one arm, briefcase in the other, steps out.

Parker positions herself directly in front of him, cutting off his EXIT.

PARKER
Professor Spaulding?

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
Yes?

PARKER
May I have a moment of your time?

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
I'm sorry, but I have a plane to catch.

He tries to make a move. Parker blocks him.

PARKER
I know. But this is very important.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
What is this about?

PARKER
Life and death, if you must know.

The Professor hesitates for just an instant, giving Parker her opening. She grabs his hand, giving it a vigorous, Young Republican shake.

PARKER
I'm Drew MacLeod.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
Ms. MacLeod, I hope this is interesting.

PARKER
Trust me.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - DAY

STUDENTS leisurely make their way between classes.

JIM (O.S.)
Yo! Coming through!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Students dive out of the way as Jim comes barreling across campus with Drew clinging for life to his handlebars.

Just outside the Administration Building, Jim hits the brakes and Drew FLIES OFF THE HANDLEBARS and like the puppy in the opening, disappears into a shrub.

JIM

You okay?

The old Drew is back. She scrambles out of the shrub...

DREW

Fine.

... and up the stairs -- then stops, turns.

DREW

Wait right there.

(beat)

I mean, I don't want to be bossy. You don't have to stay right there, if you don't want to.

JIM

I'll be right here.

DREW

Great.

She launches herself into the building.

INT. PROFESSOR SPAULDING'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker sits genteelly forward in her chair, legs crossed just so at the ankles, hands folded in her lap.

PARKER

(primly)

I promise you, though my missing the deadline seems to suggest otherwise, my studies would never suffer on account of my being unorganized. This was, and I think anyone who knows me would vouch for this, a complete anomaly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER (CONT'D)

I was so thrown when my sister asked Bernard to the dance that I simply failed to post the schedule request and seeing it already checked off on my to-do list, I over-looked it until after the deadline had passed.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

Ms. MacLeod, I recall your application being one of the strongest we received. Not seeing your name on the interview list surprised me. I assumed, of course, that you'd changed your mind.

PARKER

No. Not at all. This program is my number one priority.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

Yes, well, I'm sure you can appreciate that with so many applicants for so few spaces there must be rules to govern the selection process.

A FUSS from the OUTER OFFICE interrupts them and suddenly the door bursts open and Drew BURSTS IN:

DREW

Professor Spaulding? I can't apologize enough for barging in like this.

The Professor is not only thrown by the interruption, but by Drew's particularly bizarre, barefoot look.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

No. Please. It looks like I'm taking the red-eye now anyway.

Drew shuts the door and then is startled when she gets a face full of Parker, already there.

DREW

Parker?

PARKER

(worried wink)
Hi, Parker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
What are you doing?

PARKER
(don't blow it)
Oh, the Professor and I have had a wonderful talk about how important this program is to *me* and how it was my sister, *Drew*, who screwed things up.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
I'm having a little trouble following this.

DREW
You were... being me?

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
(to Drew)
Would you like to sit down?

Seeing her plan to help Drew go awry, poor Parker's lip trembles.

PARKER
When I saw them take you to jail...

PROFESSOR SPAULDING
Jail?

PARKER
... I didn't think you'd make it. I knew I wouldn't be any good at it, but I figured at least there was a chance.

DREW
(beat)
That's... sweet.

PARKER
You're not mad?

DREW
No.

PARKER
I'm so sorry for today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

It's okay. But let's talk about it later.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

Please. Go right ahead.

PARKER

Thank you.

DREW

Parker, consider, just for a moment, whether this is the appropriate time and place.

PARKER

Okay, I considered. What I want to say is, I didn't purposefully set out to ruin your day, but that doesn't mean I'm not a little... jealous.

DREW

Jealous?

PARKER

I'm not like you. I don't have your intensity, your focus, your...

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

Fashion sense?

PARKER

I just mean, maybe, even if I don't intend to, maybe that jealousy, you know, gets in the way sometimes.

DREW

You mean subliminally you're undermining me?

PARKER

I don't know if I'd get that technical about it. But yeah.

DREW

Well, thank you for saying that.

PARKER

You're welcome.

(beat)

Aren't you going to confess now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Confess what?

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

There's got to be something. Like how you lost your shoes?

PARKER

How you're secretly jealous of *me*?

DREW

Why would I be jealous of you?

PARKER

Oh, let me see. Because I don't have a stick up my butt? Because I know how to have fun? Because I'm spontaneous and creative and men are all my love slaves?

Drew stops, ponders this deeply.

DREW

Nope.

Then she smiles, only a teensy bit.

DREW

Well, maybe about the love slaves.

This is the first moment in a long time when the sisters share a smile. Drew turns to the Professor.

DREW

Professor, I'm Drew MacLeod.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

Are you certain?

DREW

I wanted more than anything in the world to be a part of your program. I still do. But I failed. I didn't follow the rules. And honestly, before today, I didn't know how I was going to live with that. How to live with failure. I'm not good at it. I haven't done it much. But today I realized that I've lived in fear of it too long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

I hope my application was a strong one and I came here today to ask your indulgence and to place my name back into consideration. If you won't, I'll understand. Better yet, I'll get over it. Maybe I shouldn't be in such a hurry after all. Maybe it would be best for me to just take this...

Drew takes her DAYBOOK from Parker and drops it in the wastebasket.

DREW

... and lighten up.

Parker looks horrified at the sight of Drew's daybook in the trash and fishes it out.

DREW

Thanks for your time. Sorry if you missed your plane.

He shakes her hand.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

It was worth it, I assure you. Now, could you clear up one thing for me?

DREW/PARKER

Sure.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING

What's this about jail?

CUT TO:

EXT. NYU ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Warren and Jim sit waiting when the Girls come out, smiling.

Drew turns to Parker.

DREW

Thanks.

The sisters hug, but we GO...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON PARKER -- EYES WIDE.

PARKER
Sis?

DREW
Yeah?

PARKER
Gotta go.

Parker grabs Warren by the hand and blasts around the corner just as...

Charley MacLeod pulls up in his truck and parks half on, half off the curb.

He leans over, waving to Drew.

CHARLEY
Hi, baby!

Drew goes over to the truck.

CHARLEY
I was in the city. I tried to call you. Thought you might want a ride home.

DREW
Sure.

CHARLEY
(what?)
Is that a new outfit?

DREW
Yeah. Hey, one minute, 'kay?

CHARLEY
Sure.

Drew goes back to Jim.

DREW
Thanks.

JIM
You're welcome.

DREW
I, uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

You want to maybe... get together?

DREW

First I want to take a shower.
For about a week.

Drew leans over and kisses him on the cheek. Then she reaches into her bag and pulls out a card.

DREW

Call me, okay?

JIM

You have a card? Aren't you in high school?

She smiles, shrugs and climbs in her dad's truck. They pull away, leaving Jim waving. When they're out of sight, Parker and Warren come back around the corner of the building.

PARKER

Oh, man. I'm doomed. I'll never get home before them.

WARREN

Sure you will.

Warren pulls out a CELL PHONE, hits speed dial.

WARREN

Dad? Hey. I need a favor.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Passing over the City, Warren and Parker are strapped in, headphones on, and have to talk above the DIN.

PARKER

Warren, something tells me you're spoiled!

WARREN

Yes! But in a good way!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - EVENING

Both girls are putting on makeup, getting ready to go out. Everything appears the same as before, Drew's side neat and clean, Parker's a wreck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
(sternly)
Girls?

Quinn steps in, grimfaced.

QUINN
How naive do you think I am?

The Girls share a look. Busted.

PARKER
We, uh, don't think you're naive,
Mom.

DREW
No. Honestly, it was all an
accident.

Quinn holds out her hand revealing a BELLY RING.

QUINN
I know what this is.

There's almost a palpable sense of relief between the girls. They BOTH LOOK DOWN and pull up their shirts -- Parker's not the only one who has her naval pierced -- Drew does, too.

QUINN
Parker, I'm disappointed you'd do something like this without consulting me, but Drew? What got into you? Do you know how unhygienic those places are?

DREW
It was... spontaneous.

QUINN
Yeah. Obviously. Oh, by the way...

She holds out her other hand, which has an envelope.

QUINN
This came in the mail.

They stare at the envelope -- NYU ADMISSIONS DEPARTMENT.

PARKER
So? Open it.

There's a HONK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLEY (O.S.)

The guys are here!

Parker and Quinn stare at Drew.

PARKER

Come on!

DREW

It doesn't really matter one way
or the other. Maybe I shouldn't
be in such a hurry. Why don't we
go out and have some fun.
Besides, if this isn't good news,
I don't want it to ruin our night.

Parker and Quinn simply continue to stare.

CUT TO:

INT. MacLEOD LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Charley's laying on the couch with some chips on his
stomach watching the game.

Jim and Warren are watching, too.

CHARLEY

So, how'd you two meet the girls?

Jim and Warren share a look. This is a story best left
untold.

JIM/WARREN

(simultaneously)

A dance/A class.

CHARLEY

Dance class, huh? Stupid me. I
figured it had to be that day in
New York when Parker blew off her
chem test and Drew was in jail.

Charley smiles. He's not as out of it as he appears.

Suddenly, all three women SCREAM JOYFULLY O.S.

CHARLEY

(offering)

Chips?

FADE OUT.

THE END