Bad Advice From My Brother

Pilot

by

Jordan Pope Roush

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COLD OPEN

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

BEN (19) wakes up on a pull out couch. He looks up to find his brother JASON (30), who's wearing sunglasses and is wrapped in a blanket.

JASON
Well, this is happening. We've got hangovers. But don't worry, as always, big brother is here... to guide you, teach you, and shepherd your path.

BEN
I think I pissed myself.

JASON
That's why you're wrapped in a tarp.

BEN
What?

Ben tries to get up and realizes that he is, in fact, wrapped in a tarp. He can't move. It's like a cocoon.

Jason walks over and rolls Ben off the sleeper sofa and the tarp unfurls, tossing him onto the floor with a THUD.

JASON
Take a shower and meet me in the kitchen in ten minutes.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jason's working the blender, pouring random shit in.

JASON
I usually just make this for one.

He pats him on the shoulder and smiles.

JASON (CONT'D)
So *two beers*, about a half bottle bottle of champagne, a package of cream of wheat, and... Campari!

He starts the blender. Then pours two cups for them.

BEN
Shouldn't we be drinking water?

JASON
You drank a lot of water last night.
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
And look where that got you. Wrapped in a tarp.

They cheers and take a drink. Ben GAGS on his.

EXT. HIGHLINE PARK -- LATER

Ben and Jason are lightly jogging on the High Line wearing garbage bag suits to sweat, and fake-rasta hats with those terrible cloth dreadlocks. Ben's dying.

JASON
Gotta keep this sweat going. Best thing for us. That's Jack Daniels pouring out of you.

BEN
Are the hats helping?

JASON
No, we're just wearing the hats because they're awesome!

EXT. HIGHLINE PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

Ben's PUKING over the railing with his rasta hat still on. Jason's checked out, people watching, patting Ben's back.

A CUTE GIRL walks by and Jason give her a nod and smile and gestures to Ben as if to say, "Get a load of this guy." She gives a weird look and keeps going.

INT. GRAY'S PAPAYA -- LATER

They're waiting at the counter for their order.

JASON
You wanna try to eat as much salt and grease as possible. Your body needs it.

A MANAGER comes over looking pissed, obviously at Jason.

MANAGER
You know you're not allowed to be here.

JASON
No, I'm not allowed at the one on Broadway.

MANAGER
No, you're not allowed at any Gray's Papaya.

He points to a PHOTO OF JASON behind the register noting that he is in fact not allowed at any Gray's Papaya. Another WORKER sets down some food closer to Ben on the counter.

JASON
Take it. Take the food!

BEN
You have the worst ideas. *

JASON *
It's our only option! *

BEN *
It's not. If you just go outside I *
can buy-- *

Jason grabs it himself. *

JASON
Run! *

He runs out, and Ben has to follow. We follow them...

EXT. GRAY'S PAPAYA -- CONTINUOUS

Jason and Ben sprint down the street. Jason's carrying the stolen food.

JASON
How ya feeling?

BEN
(surprised)
Better!

Jason smiles and turns as they jog through an intersection. *

JASON *
I'm the best fucking brother in the *
World. *

Beside him, Ben SMACKS into a taxi, falling out of frame, as * Jason jogs on oblivious. *

We CUT TO OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE, which will be a sequence of hand drawings from the website giving advice under the song "Alcoholics Unanimous" by Art Brut.

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK, A QUOTE APPEARS

"Everyone has a plan... until they get punched in the mouth."

- Mike Tyson

And now, a PHONE RINGS. That familiar iPhone MARIMBA.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

We open on Ben sitting across from an AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN wearing a kimono. This is REGGIE, Jason's best friend. Next to Ben sits Jason, his face obscured by a Cincinnati Bengals helmet with black visor.

JASON
(through the helmet)
Who is it?

Ben looks at his phone.

BEN
Dad.

Jason removes the helmet and blows out a huge lungful of smoke. The helmet is a bong. He hands it to Reggie.

JASON
Ignore! This is a no dad zone.

BEN
I just texted him that I could talk.

JASON
You and Dad text? Put that asshole on speaker!

REGGIE
I'll leave you two alone.

Reggie puts on the helmet and lights the attached bowl below. Ben answers his phone as Jason stands up and begins pacing.

BEN
Hey Dad.

THEIR FATHER (V.O.)
How's the job search coming?

Jason looks shocked. "The what????"

BEN
Going good. I've got a couple leads.

THEIR FATHER (V.O.)
Leads are lemons, Ben. You need lemonade.

Jason makes a jerk off gesture like "c'mon."

THEIR FATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is your brother helping you at all?

Jason steps toward the phone, angrily.

JASON
No, Dad, I'm not. Because this quote unquote 'job search' is news to me. You and Ben's little secret. I'll call her Victoria.

THEIR FATHER (V.O.)
Jason, why aren't you at work? It's 2PM there.

JASON
Took a half-day. Aunt Trudy died.

THEIR FATHER (V.O.)
Aunt Trudy died four years ago. *

JASON
Yeah, and I'm still broken up about * it. Maybe you'd know that if you * texted me every once and awhile. *

BEN
--I'll have some good news for you by the end of the week, Dad.

THEIR FATHER (V.O.)
I hope so. Make some lemonade, Ben. And go back to work, Jase.

Their Dad hangs up. Ben puts his phone away. Jason's fuming.

JASON
Piss in his lemonade!
(then)
Why didn't you tell me about this?

BEN
I figured it would make you mad.

JASON
I'm furious!

Jason KICKS THEIR NINTENDO WII. It's broken. Count on it.

BEN
And that's exactly what I didn't want to happen. I just won the Banana Cup on Mario Kart.

JASON
Ben, I'm sorry that Dad made me sooooo mad that I had to smash your Nintendo
(like a banshee)
Wiiiiiiiiiii!

REGGIE
Wiiiiiiiiiiiii!

They stop. It was weird but they're high, and best friends.

JASON
I'll buy you a new one. But what the Hell is going on here?

BEN
He's making me get a job.

REGGIE
What is he, King Gary of Cincinnati?

JASON
Get a job? You left home so you wouldn't have to listen to Dad!

BEN
I've been here six weeks and I've literally done nothing. I wanna prove to Dad that I'm not a total fuckup. I respect him.

JASON
You what?

REGGIE
He said he respects your Dad.

JASON
I heard him, Reggie. I was trying to be dramatic. And you ruined it!

REGGIE
Shit. My bad.

JASON
It's okay.
(serious, to Ben)
You <u>what?</u>

REGGIE
Oh *that is* dramatic.

Reggie starts to hand Ben the helmet, but...

JASON
Do not hand him Who Dey!

BEN
Look, Jason. You and me have different relationships with Dad. I feel bad about wasting his money--

JASON
--And I never got the chance! You don't remember this, but Dad was a broke-ass all the way until I went to college. And then magically, he starts making money hand over tits. I used to eat Bagel Bites for dinner. You got FULL PIZZAS!

BEN
It's not like he waited until you were gone to make money, dude. Businesses take time to grow.

JASON
How would you know? You're unemployed! You don't need a job, Ben. I spent the last ten years chasing money. And you know what I forgot to chase? Dreams.

REGGIE
Preach.

BEN
But now you have this awesome apartment and do whatever you want.

JASON
Fair, but I never recorded that Tupac remix, "Picture Me Bowlin'," did I?

BEN
I don't know. Did you?

REGGIE
To the tune of "Picture me Rollin?" You never told me about that. I'm two doors down with a DJ kit. Don't be afraid to knock.

Reggie goes back under the helmet. *

JASON
(to Ben)
You think my life is all tables at clubs and expired STD medication. But it's also a lot of expired dreams.

BEN
I just want a job. And I would love it if you could help me with that...

Jason takes this in... puts a hand on his shoulder.

JASON
Sometimes all you have to do is have the courage to ask.

BEN
I just did. Can you help me get a job in finance?

Jason leans in close to Ben's face.

JASON
Noooooo fuuuuuuuucking waaaaaaaay!

BEN
That was so unnecessary.

JASON
You'd never make it in finance.

BEN
I could handle your job.

Reggie flips up the visor on the helmet.

REGGIE
Picture me bowling in a three hundred game. I got no love for these pins, there's no need to be friends. This song has potential!

Reggie flips the visor back down. Jason mulls Ben's offer for a moment. A challenge from his little brother. He can't shy away...

JASON
Okay. Come in tomorrow with me. But wear a cup or else you'll get your dick three-hole-punched.

INT. MACKENZIE MACINTOSH, JASON'S OFFICE -- DAY

The next day, Jason sits next to Ben in his office. Jason's assistant DYLAN, a sharply dressed 22 year old, walks in.

DYLAN
Hey. Who's this?

JASON
Your replacement.

Dylan starts to TEAR UP. He's really emotional.

DYLAN
But I need this job--

JASON
--I'm joking, dude. It's my little brother.

Dylan stops crying and uncomfortably laughs a bit.

JASON (CONT'D)
But you are fired.

Dylan gets upset again.

DYLAN
Are you serious?

JASON
No. Jesus! Get the fuck out of my office!

Dylan quickly gathers his stuff and leaves.

BEN
You always torture him like that?

JASON
Yeah. It's terrible, right? But I can't stop. I feel bad when he cries but then when he's not crying I'm all like, "Start crying again!" It's like a drug.

Jason reaches under his desk and produces a rectangular box.

JASON (CONT'D)
Now. Onto more important items. I need you to mail this. Outside. It's noon so be careful, the Occupy Wall Street homeless people are probably awake by now.

BEN
They're still around?

JASON
Low on numbers but high on bath salts.

BEN
Can't I just drop it in the office mail?

JASON
Out. Side.

Ben takes the package reluctantly.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Ben heads toward a mailbox as some OCCUPY WALL STREET PEOPLE approach him, looking pissed.

OCCUPY WALL STREET GUY
Look everybody, it's a one-percenter!

OCCUPY WALL STREET GIRL
Hey one-percenter! How much money did you steal today?

BEN
Zero so far. But it's early.

Ben tries to just ignore them and mail the package, but it won't fit. He starts to jam it in there, but nothing...

OCCUPY WALL STREET GIRL
He can't fit his package! It's too full of money!

BEN
It's not money.

The Occupy Goons start "helping" Ben by grabbing at the package, and it becomes a tug-of-war. Back and forth.

BEN (CONT'D)
Let go!

OCCUPY WALL STREET GUY
Let go of our economy, thief!

OCCUPY WALL STREET GIRL
Murderer!

BEN
What?

Finally the box rips open, revealing something that looks most similar to a broken pink dildo mixed with a flashlight.

OCCUPY WALL STREET GUY
What the fuck is that?!

INT. MACKENZIE MACINTOSH, JASON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jason's now holding the pink/black broken mess.

JASON
It's called a Fleshlight. Did anyone see you bring this in?

BEN
No. So wait-- that's a sex toy? How did you break it?

JASON
I got mad at how awesome it was and smashed it. What do you think, dude? I fucked it too hard.

Awkward silence for a moment.

BEN
Should I...

JASON
Get the fuck out of my office.

INT. MACKENZIE MACINTOSH, DYLAN'S DESK -- MOMENTS LATER

Ben comes out of Jason's office and slumps down next to Dylan. *

DYLAN *
Learning a lot? *

BEN *
So far just that my brother *
masturbates into a can. *

DYLAN *
They all do. Just be glad you don't *
actually work here. They'd make you *
do the new guy rite of passage. *

BEN *
I got hazed in college by a bunch of roided up frat guys. I'm pretty
sure I could handle getting hazed by *
thirty rich dudes in suits. *

Dylan stands up. *

DYLAN *
I'll tell 'em to get the duct tape. *

He hurries away before Ben can object. *

INT. MACKENZIE MACINTOSH, LUNCHROOM -- LATER

It feels like a Rich Kid Cock Fight. 30 ANGRY, SCREAMING BANKERS and ASSISTANTS crowd around a circle where Ben stands with A YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT, unsure what's going on. Dylan is among them, and he gets in Ben's face.

DYLAN
C'mon you piece of shit!

Ben gives him a puzzled look. Jason walks in.

JASON
Can't believe you volunteered for this bro. I'm proud of you.

BEN
What is this? Everyone just yells at me?

The CROWD CHEERS and a cute girl, MEGAN (25) walks out of the fray. She grabs Ben's hand and ties his wrist with the other dude's wrist with duct tape. *

JASON
Nope. It's Michael Jackson's "Beat It" with plastic forks. *

Someone SCREAMS in excitement. *

BEN *
Seriously? This is your big hazing ritual? *

Jason jabs Ben with a plastic fork. *

BEN (CONT'D) *
Ow! *

JASON *
That's just a taste of what he's about to give you. *

BEN *
Gimme that you dick! *

Ben tries to grab the fork away, but it breaks in half. *

JASON *
Well now you're screwed. That was your only fork. *

Megan reappears in the BG and makes the announcement: *

MEGAN
Gladiators ready! Fight! *

The other guy stabs Ben in the chest with his fork. Ben SHRIEKS in pain. He's had enough. He rips his arm free and runs out of the room, much to the chagrin of everyone there. Jason's bummed. Another BANKER puts his hand on Jason's shoulder.

BANKER
Looks like your little bro's a wimp.

Jason casually, but really hard, gives the guy a nut-tap.

BANKER (CONT'D)
Ow! What the fuck?!

INT. MURPHY'S BAR -- EVENING

Jason and Ben sit in a booth. Ben's sulking. Over walks SAM, a cute waitress. She drops two beers and two shots for them and then walks away. Jason stares at her ass.

JASON
I fucked her four times. Did I tell you that?

BEN
Last time you said three.

JASON
Half my lies aren't true. If I wanna count anal twice, I'll count it twice.

Ben reads emails on his phone. Sometimes you just have to ignore Jason...

BEN
Who's Blackstone?

JASON
Are you not listening to me?

BEN
I'm 20 years old and staring at my phone. Of course I'm not listening to you.

JASON
Blackstone is a finance house full of shitheads that I hate. Why?

BEN
Some guy named Tucker emailed me about coming in to interview.
(reading)
"Heard you walked out of Mackenzie during their little fork fight. Love it. Wanna come in and talk about potential opportunities?"

JASON
Do you have any idea who Tucker Thompson is?

BEN
Some rich guy with a small dick?

JASON
Yes! A rich guy with a small dick who's ass I kicked a couple years ago. About two weeks after I stole his girlfriend!

BEN
I'll probably avoid that topic.

JASON
How stupid are you? This is a setup! He's trying to get me back!

BEN
How self-obsessed are you?

JASON
Very. But I'm also right. Are you ready to knock his ass out?

BEN
I'll probably just do a regular interview with him instead.

JASON
You afraid of a little fistfight?

BEN
I've never even been in a fistfight.

JASON
You've never... You...

Jason is dumbfounded. And sad. He takes Ben's shot, then his own. He looks down and mutters to himself...

JASON (CONT'D)
Looks like I've gotta raise the boy myself.

BEN
Who are you talking to?

JASON
Sometimes I pretend I'm in a really cool movie. Don't worry about it. What you need to worry about is how Tucker Thompson's gonna try to kick your ass the second you walk into his office.

BEN
So I'll cancel the interview.

JASON
No way! The Wiszniewski brothers never back down from a fight.
(looks off, movie style)
And we never fight with our backs down.

Ben looks around, confused.

ACT TWO

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Drake and Lil' Wayne's song "The Motto" PLAYS in Jason's apartment as he and Ben sit with Reggie, drinking beer.

JASON
Tucker thinks he's so clever, and he is...
(beat)
On Opposite Day.

BEN
Wow you've really lost it.

JASON
Focus on the rap music I'm playing for you.
(rapping)
Like we're sitting on the bench, but we don't really play.

Jason throws his hands up, as if it's the most genius shit.

BEN
I don't understand what this has to do with fighting. Or getting me a job. Or my interview with Tucker.

JASON
To win a fight you need confidence. To get a job, and to live in New York, you need confidence.
(then)
Rap music is the cockiest music on earth, and the best pump-up music for a fight. Some say it's metal.

REGGIE
Some say it's Ska.

JASON
Who, Reggie? Who says it's Ska?

REGGIE
I'm just trying to join the conversation. Sometimes you make me feel so small.

JASON
How high are you?

REGGIE
I can't tell anymore.

INT. HIGH-TECH GYM -- NIGHT

Ben bends over, holding a huge barbell that only has weight on one end of it. He struggles to lift the weighted end.

BEN
Is this even a real exercise?

JASON
What, the "Floor Smash?" Um... yes. It simulates picking a man off the floor in order to pummel his face. And apparently, you're gonna have trouble with someone over 200 pounds.

BEN
I can lift it. Look!

Ben lifts it with two hands.

JASON
One hand! You need the other one free to punch Tucker in the throat! Nevermind.

INT. HIGH-TECH GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Ben each hold two dumbells at collar height and shake them in and out like they're roughing up a dude.

JASON
This is called the "Collar Grab." Just imagine you're holding a baby that you didn't mean to have.

INT. HIGH-TECH GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

A shirtless Jason flexes in front of a mirror in the middle of the weightroom. Ben hopes no one sees. They do.

JASON
This is called "Personal Flex Time." Invented in 1997 by my best friend Rude...
(points to ceiling)
Rest in Peace, Rude.
(back to Ben)
This is designed to reflect on how awesome you are, but *also* how awesome you *could be.* It's actually meant to be done naked and on steroids, but we'll make do.

BEN
I'm not taking my shirt off.

But Jason's too obsessed with himself to hear.

JASON
Nothing says "Don't fuck with me" like some solid pecs, the top two ab muscles and then a big-ass beer belly.

That's the perfect description of his body. Plus...

BEN
And some bad tattoos.

Suddenly a GYM WORKER approaches, annoyed.

GYM WORKER
Sir, could you please put your shirt back on?

JASON
Why don't *you* put *your* shirt back on?

GYM WORKER
I have my shirt on, sir.

JASON
Oh. I couldn't tell.

Jason raises his eyebrows and smiles at Ben like, "Got him!"

INT. HIGH-TECH GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jason stands in front of Ben next to a punching bag.

JASON
Show me your fighting stance.

Ben makes two fists and holds them around his stomach, trying his best to look tough.

JASON (CONT'D)
Is your face made of metal and no one ever told me? Are you a robot brother?

Ben realizes what he means, that he should guard his face, and raises his fists in front of his face.

JASON (CONT'D)
There you go. Now, this is where you want your hands if it's time to fight. But what if it's *right before* time to fight, and you're worried the dude might be able to whup you?

BEN
You leave or apologize or something?

JASON
Incorrect. You try the following move: "I don't have a problem."

Jason holds his palms out and shakes his head no.

JASON (CONT'D)
Sorry man. I don't have a problem with you. I don't have a-- BOOM!

With that BOOM he throws a lightning quick surprise jab.

BEN
Seems kinda cheap.

JASON
Hell yeah it's cheap! If fighting were fair and polite, the British would be better at it. Fighting is nasty, and scary, and some parts of it are in slow motion with baby oil. Now, let's start over. That was one of ten.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR -- LATER

Jason and Ben have a couple beers with Reggie, who's flipping through a karaoke song book.

JASON
Some day I'm going to die, hopefully soon, and you'll need to take over being the coolest guy in New York.

REGGIE
You know, Ben... If you're keen to make money I'm in need of someone to accompany me and twelve hollowed out Compaq Presarios full of weed to New Jersey this weekend.

BEN
I'd prefer something legal.

REGGIE
And I'd prefer a live backup band. But until I get those Presarios delivered... Here I am, covering Tom Jones solo.

JASON
Ben, let's say we were about to get in a fight right here, which we are.

BEN
I really just wanna drink this beer.

JASON *
Oh you'll be drinking that beer... *
Off someone's dead body. *

BEN *
No one would ever wanna drink a beer *
like that. *

JASON *
This isn't about beer, Ben. It's *
about punching strangers. *

BEN *
Please stop teaching me. *

A couple of RIDICULOUS BROOKLYN HIPSTERS butt in at the bar * behind Ben. Jason rolls his eyes at them: Rolled up jeans, fedoras, scarves... dope ironic shit everywhere, dog.

JASON
Look: Dad wants you to wear a sweater vest and drive a BMW. I want you to wear a onesie and give girls UTI's. I don't know how else to teach you.

REGGIE
Pictures?

JASON
Reggie, please.

The HORNS of "It's Not Unusual" by Tom Jones start. Reggie * jumps up and crosses away. *

JASON (CONT'D) *
The point is, men are mean, terrible *
beasts who only want to hurt you and never tell you "Good catch, Jason" or "Wow, another A!"
(gathers himself)
99% of the guys you'll work with in *
life deserve to get their ass kicked. If you can't fantasize about the sound a tooth makes when it skitters across a sidewalk, how in the fuck are you gonna make it through a day updating some asshole's Twitter account?

BEN
You make Dylan do that?

JASON
60 followers baby! Twitter rules!

One of the Hipsters LAUGHS hearing this. Jason's ears perk up as he whispers to Ben.

JASON (CONT'D)
Was that laugh about me?

BEN
No, I'm sure one of 'em just said something funny.

JASON
People that dress like that don't say anything funny.
(to the Hipsters)
Excuse me? Something funny?

The Hipsters turn to Jason and Ben. One spins his eyeglasses on his finger, through the lens hole. He puts them on. They have no lenses. It's fucking annoying.

HIPSTER ONE
Where should I begin?

HIPSTER TWO
Yeah. Pretty much everything's funny here. Ring ring!

It's an imaginary phone call. Hipster Two answers it.

HIPSTER TWO (CONT'D)
Hello?
(covers the phone)
2011 called. They want their jeans back.

JASON
No one talks that fast. You're not even doing that joke right.

HIPSTER ONE
Why don't you tweet about it?

As the rage boils up in Jason. He turns to Ben.

JASON
Some people <u>deserve</u> to have their asses kicked. When I tackle the taller one, you pop the little guy in his face, okay?

BEN
Why don't we just leave?

JASON
Because the Wiszniewski brothers never back down from a fight.

BEN
There's not even a fight happening! And stop calling us that!

Jason downs his shot, then nods to Ben to take his. He does.

JASON
Hey fellas. You gettin' excited for football season?

HIPSTER ONE
How could anyone get excited about that with everything that's going on in Syria right now?

BOOM! Jason punches the guy straight in his face.

JASON
Wrong answer!

The guy goes down like a ton of bricks and Jason hops right on top of him, yelling to Ben in the process...

JASON (CONT'D)
Get him!

HIPSTER TWO
Why would he get me?

BEN
Yeah why would I--

JASON
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Jason stares at him with wild eyes, urging Ben on while choking the first Hipster out. What follows is like when the Nihilists fought Lebowski. A lot of weird dancing around each other and no punching.

During this scene, we occasionally CUT TO Reggie singing "It's Not Unusual." *

Meanwhile, Jason's trying to get the first Hipster to submit.

JASON (CONT'D)
Bet you want me to kill you, huh?

HIPSTER ONE
What?

JASON
You're tired of being ironic. Tired of having to hate everything, tired of reading every New Yorker article and listening to every NPR podcast just to say you did. You can't take it anymore. Now you crave death.

HIPSTER ONE
Just let go of me, asshole.

Jason finally lets go and jumps up.

JASON
C'mon Ben!

Jason stands up, taking Ben's attention away from the other Hipster just long enough for the dude to SLAP THE LIVING SHIT out of Ben. Right across the eye. And down goes Ben. The two Hipsters run out the front door, leaving Jason to pick up the pieces of his embarrassed brother.

JASON (CONT'D)
Did he slap you?

BEN
I think so.

JASON
That's like the lowest common denominator of fighting. Promise me you'll never do that to anyone.

BEN
Promise me you'll stop trying to ruin my life.

JASON
I can only promise to never stop loving you. *

ACT THREE

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jason helps Ben put neosporin on a cut on his face while Reggie stands in the kitchen in the background.

JASON
What's taking so long with the peas?

REGGIE
They're almost done.

JASON
Are you cooking them?

REGGIE
Yeah dude. You wanna eat them frozen?

JASON
They're for Ben's black eye!

REGGIE
I thought we were eating them! God damnit!

Reggie tosses the spoon onto the counter. Ben's looking at his phone as Jason plays doctor.

BEN
I should just tell Tucker I'm sick.

JASON
No! We have a long standing rivalry and I'm not gonna have him thinking my brother is wimping out.

BEN
I can't go in looking like this.

JASON
Agreed. Reggie, I'm gonna need your help tomorrow. You know anyone that can do makeup?

REGGIE
Yes. I do know someone who does makeup. And his name is "me."

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT -- LATER

We're CLOSE ON BEN'S FACE as makeup is applied to it. PULL BACK to reveal Reggie applying a base layer over Ben's eye.

REGGIE
I used to do all the grease painting for Sports Illustrated's swimsuit issue. I could paint a real nice suit on you for your interview if you want.

BEN
I think I'll just wear a real one.

REGGIE
Okay... Probably won't fit as well.

Reggie puts on the finishing touches, and we see that Ben actually looks pretty great.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK -- LATER

Ben, now wearing a real suit, looking like he's never even heard of a fight, walks down the streets of the financial district with Jason.

JASON
I'm calling you right now. Answer it, and put me on speaker. I'll mute my phone. *

BEN
I'm not doing that.

JASON *
If shit goes down you're gonna want * some backup. *

Jason presses answer on Ben's phone and then mutes his own. *

JASON (CONT'D)
Put it in your pocket.

Ben tries to, but the pocket's not broken in yet.

BEN
It doesn't fit. I think this is like a fake pocket or something.

JASON
Oh my God are you from a planet where only artists live? The pocket's not broken in, you idiot!

Jason rips open the pocket and jams the phone in. Then he wraps Ben up in a big bear hug.

JASON (CONT'D)
Now show this asshole that the Wiszniewski Brothers mean business.

INT. TUCKER THOMPSON'S OFFICE -- LATER

Ben sits nervously as TUCKER THOMPSON reviews his resume. Tucker is handsome, confident, wealthy, fit, charming, worldly, erudite, and has a small penis.

TUCKER
I know what you're thinking. You're wondering why I wanted to bring you in. You know your resume's not really worth a shit.

BEN
Right.

TUCKER
But a girl I used to bang at Mackenzie said you walked out on that hazing thing they do. Props for that.

BEN
Thanks.

TUCKER
You're not related to Jason Wiszniewski are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

As Jason listens with baited breath, nervously pacing.

BACK ON TUCKER AND BEN:

Ben rustles, figuring out whether to be tough or not.

BEN
What if I am?

Tucker's genuinely taken aback by this...

TUCKER
Chill kid. Just a question.

BACK ON JASON:

Who's now literally hopping mad, and also eating a hot dog.

JASON
Fuck yeah we're related!

BACK ON TUCKER AND BEN:

Tucker HEARD THAT, as did we...

TUCKER
What was that?

BEN
Nothing. A radio probably.

TUCKER
No one owns radios anymore.

Ben starts to sweat profusely, which causes his makeup to run down his cheek. He instinctively reaches up to wipe the sweat away, which smears his makeup. Tucker notices.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Wait. I'm sorry... Are you wearing makeup?

BEN
What? No.

Tucker gets up and walks around his desk. He gets in Ben's face and then places his finger on it, smearing it more.

TUCKER
Are you a girl? Why the hell are you wearing makeup?

BEN
I think this interview's over.

Ben starts to get up, but Tucker blocks him.

TUCKER
Just getting started. You're Jason Wiszniewski's brother. And you're wearing makeup. This is classic.

From Ben's suit pocket we hear:

JASON (O.S.)
Fuck you, Tucker!

Tucker's eyes light up. He bends down and talks into Ben's pocket, but it looks like he's talking to his dick. In the BG, his SECRETARY notices and seems weirded out.

TUCKER
You're a loser, Jason.
(to Ben)
And you know what kid? You're gonna be a loser just like him.

Ben can't take it anymore.

BEN
Get your face outta my crotch, Thompson.

Tucker stands up straight. Ben remembers the lesson from the gym, and holds out his hands just so...

BEN (CONT'D)
I don't have a problem!

TUCKER
What?

WHACK!!! Ben SLAPS Tucker in the face, knocking him down.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
What the hell? I'm gonna ruin you!

BEN
Nobody messes with the Wiszniewski brothers!

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Ben walk down the street, LAUGHING.

JASON
I'm proud of you.

BEN
Thanks. To be honest, I feel great. I've never done cocaine, but it can't be better than this!

JASON
You've <u>never</u> done cocaine?

Jason's got that weird look in his eye again.

BEN
Don't get any ideas. Please.

As they start to walk away down the busy street...

JASON
Have I ever explained to you how older women live in abject fear of dying alone, so they'll fuck anyone?

TAG

INT. THAI MASSAGE PARLOR WAITING ROOM -- EVENING

Jason and Ben walk into this dark, seedy jerk-off parlor. Jason carries a big brown paper bag.

BEN
Is this safe?

JASON
Yes dude. I end every work week with an HJ. It goes TGIF... HJ.

BEN
Why don't we just go meet some girls?

JASON
We're here for unconditional love. You could put on 200 pounds and these girls would still tell you that you've got a huge ham-hock and a nice figure.

The interior door opens, revealing a SWEET OLD ASIAN LADY.

SWEET OLD ASIAN LADY
Ohhhh... Meester Mustard, hello! Karen ready for you.

Jason and Ben start WHISPERING to each other.

JASON
I told them my name was Mr. Mustard. Like the dude from "Clue."

BEN
It's Colonel Mustard.

JASON
She can't pronounce that. Don't be racist, Ben.
(to the old lady)
Hello Mrs. Chen! This is my associate, Professor Plum. He's a teacher up at Columbia.

SWEET OLD ASIAN LADY
Ohhhh Meester Plum. Who you like? Tall girl, short girl, fat girl--

BEN
Fat girl?

SWEET OLD ASIAN LADY
Fat girl? Okay. He weird.

BEN
No no! Tall girl, I guess.

SWEET OLD ASIAN LADY
Okay tall girl then. Come on.

JASON
Good luck in there bro. PS, tip her up front and she'll give you something they call 'The Changdu Chokeout.' I highly recommend it.

Ben starts to walk away, but Jason stops him and hands him a condom. Ben's confused.

JASON (CONT'D)
Just in case. Nothin' worse than getting a prostitute pregnant.

Jason winks. Best brother on Earth.