

Mindy and Brenda Pilot

by

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And

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GIRLS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Open on MINDY & BRENDA's Brooklyn railroad apartment. The decor is shabby but cheerful, befitting two post-college, pre-marriage twenty-somethings. The walls are adorned with pictures ripped from magazines, pillows cover coffee stains on the couch-- the nicest item in any room was purchased at IKEA.

It's Saturday morning and MINDY sits on the sofa in her pajamas, flipping through a copy of the Village Voice. BRENDA, dressed and ready for the day, stands next to her, intermittently straightening items around the room.

MINDY

(reading)

Oh cool. Check this out. "Egg donors wanted. Will pay twenty thousand dollars for your eggs."

MINDY picks up the cordless phone.

BRENDA

No, Mindy.

MINDY

Yes, why not?

BRENDA folds a nearby blanket.

BRENDA

(a little hard to explain

something she sees as basic)

It's not like a carton of eggs--they're from inside...of your own body. Do you--

MINDY

I know what it is, Brenda, I just think this is a sweet deal. (With a leading, sorrowful tone.) I'm not using mine anytime soon.

BRENDA

Please. Not again.

BRENDA returns the cordless phone to its cradle.

MINDY

I have no prospects. I'm in the worst
man famine of my life. I'm serious. If
I can't have a boyfriend and I'm going to
be some old maid who lives with her
spinster best friend--

BRENDA

Hey!

The camera grabs a shot of BRENDA, in mid-pet of a small
stuffed animal she was replacing to its rightful perch.

MINDY

Independent, misunderstood best friend,
whatever--

BRENDA drops the stuffed animal to the ground.

MINDY (CONT'D)

I can at least have twenty thousand
dollars. I'm calling.

BRENDA

It is a scam, Mindy. Can you get in the
shower? (A beat.) There are cookies in
the shower.

MINDY

(looking at magazine again)
No, listen. "Must be eighteen to twenty-
seven, College educated." Check.
"Athletic." Sort of check. "Blonde,
blue-eyed, five foot nine or taller."
(disappointed)
Oh.

The camera pans over to BRENDA: she fits the description
perfectly. Mindy considers her carefully; BRENDA's eyes
widen incredulously as she takes in Mindy's Plan B.

MINDY (CONT'D)

If, say, I were to call them, and use
your eggs, and then basically agented the
whole deal so all you would have to do is
like, sit there while they harvested the
eggs, I would give you ten percent of the
money, and would you do that?

BRENDA

Nope. (Looking at her watch.) We need to
be at the store in like half an hour.

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Come on. We have to get a gift or we can't go to the wedding.

MINDY starts to answer, but--

BRENDA (CONT'D)

And no, our presence is not our present.

MINDY

But I don't want to spend my money on her. She's like tier 4.

BRENDA

Uh, tier 2. She came to your birthday.

MINDY

Fine. That's tier 3, at best.

BRENDA

And she called you pretty.

MINDY

("dammit")

That's right. Tier 2. I am pretty.

BRENDA pulls MINDY up off the couch and heads her in the direction of the bedroom, then settles down on the couch herself and opens a large envelope- it is the wedding invitation: gaudy, sequined and lilac.

BRENDA

(dreamily)

It's gonna be great. There'll be all this food, an open bar, dancing...
(BRENDA is now only fantasizing about a place that is NOT their apartment.)
...bathrooms'll probably be clean, no empty yogurt containers on the floor, and people other than you and me.

MINDY (O.S.)

Fine, yes, I agree. Go buy her something. I'll pay you back.

BRENDA

Are you back in bed? (She is.) You want me to go shop for our present by myself?

MINDY (O.S.)

("if you insist")

Uh, okay.

Several moments pass as BRENDA reads over the invitation, glitter falling to her lap. BRENDA leaves to pull MINDY out of bed and back to the living room.

BRENDA

Hey! I'm not doing this alone, you're helping. This is supposed to be a deeply personal, matrimonial gift for...this girl.

MINDY

Cassie. Is her name.

BRENDA

I know her name!

MINDY

(with glee)

Tier 3.

BRENDA

Please get ready. Please, put on your pants. If we are on time to this, I will just give you my eggs.

MINDY

Yeah, right.

BRENDA

Yeah. Right.

BRENDA stares tight-lipped, but kindly at MINDY.

MINDY

You're lying. (A beat.) How many?

BRENDA

All. All eggs.

MINDY grabs BRENDA's wrist and checks the time on her watch. Suddenly, she is game and sprints to the next room to finish getting ready.

MINDY (O.S.)

You are so losing this.

BRENDA

I hope so.

The camera catches BRENDA setting her watch ahead.

MINDY

(challenging, confident)

Oh most definitely so. And then, there will be no backing out, my friend. Oh, no. And we'll see who can stand there looking so smug with egg all over their face.

A beat as BRENDA watches MINDY struggling to balance and pull on her boots.

BRENDA

Different kind of egg.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON APARTMENT DOOR

MINDY follows BRENDA through the front door and out of frame. We hear their footsteps rushing down the hall, then...

BRENDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you lock the door?

A beat.

MINDY (O.S.)

(hesitant, unconvincing)

Yeah, of course.

Another beat before BRENDA re-appears in frame and locks the door herself.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The camera follows BRENDA as she walks back to the stairwell. A neighbor's door opens as she passes by and we see CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY emerge, wearing pajama bottoms and a sleepy smile. If this isn't the most beautiful man in New York City, he's at least the most beautiful man in the apartment building. Their eyes meet and BRENDA freezes.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY stoops to pick up his morning paper.

BRENDA
 (a little too
 enthusiastically)
 Let me get that for you!

BRENDA just beats him to the paper, but as he starts to stand, they bonk heads- hard. The newspaper scatters to the floor.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 Ow! Oh my God, ow.

BRENDA recovers to see that CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY has not. He is hunched over, holding his head.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY
 (in great pain)
 Hm? Yeah.

BRENDA
 I am so sorry. Oh God. Are you sure?

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY straightens up, and starts to retreat into his apartment, still holding his face and wincing.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY
 (With tears in his voice.)
 Yeah, don't worry about it.

BRENDA
 Alright. Sorry... Sorry...

BRENDA backs off slowly, heading for the stairs. She slips a little on the scattered newspaper pages, gives a little yelp, and hits the ground.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 (standing, getting her
 balance)
 Woah, woops! Okay. I got it.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY
 (struggling to be polite
 through the pain)
 You okay?

BRENDA
 (dusting herself off, trying
 to be cheery)
 Yeah. I guess we both got hurt now.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY
(still not able to look up)

Right.

BRENDA
(wincing)
Okay, well... (Are her nerves making her
talk in an accent...?) See you later!
("Lay-tah".)

Humiliated, BRENDA joins MINDY on the stairwell. They descend.

MINDY
What are you, British?

BRENDA
No, shut up, he's bleeding.

MINDY
(mimicking BRENDA'S accent)
"Shut up, he's bleeding".

EXT. BROOKLYN SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA and MINDY walk down the sidewalk. The street is peppered with small storefronts, all dimly lit and borderline quaint. This is the edge of Park Slope, Brooklyn, a neighborhood ripe with would-be artists and yuppies in training.

BRENDA
I think my head is harder than his.
That's embarrassing.

MINDY
It is.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET- CONTINUOUS

We switch to a shot of the girls crossing the street; MINDY pulls them across traffic before its time, stopping a couple of cars short, but offering a smile in return.

MINDY
(with a sigh)
I wish I had someone to bump heads with.

BRENDA
Can you stop!

MINDY

No, I haven't had sex in four months. I haven't kissed someone in eight months!

BRENDA

That's entirely your fault. You're too picky.

MINDY

I am not.

BRENDA

What do you mean? You broke up with Eli because he was vegetarian...

MINDY

Vegan. Huge difference. I mean, milk.

BRENDA

You broke with Juan Carlos because he used Oil of Olay....

MINDY

(in a Mexican accent)

Jes, Juan Carlos, Oil of Ole!

BRENDA

And you broke up with Charlie because...why, why? He was nice, he was a dancer.

MINDY

He was in STOMP, that's not dancing.

BRENDA

That's dancing with trash can lids.

MINDY

He wore overalls without a shirt.

BRENDA

It was his costume!

MINDY

Yeah, but I could tell he liked it. Anyway, I didn't even break up with him. He stopped calling me.

BRENDA

Because you stopped answering your phone.

MINDY

No. Not entirely.

BRENDA

Oh, only if you saw it was his number?

MINDY

If he really wanted to stay together he would have called from a different line. Real men have tactics.

BRENDA

Right.

MINDY

And big muscles. And beards.

BRENDA

And shirts.

MINDY

Exactly. Rumpled, flannel, tough man shirts.

BRENDA

Okay, well, fingers crossed we run into a team of lumberjacks at Hold Everything.

EXT. HOLD EVERYTHING

JOSH, a well dressed metrosexual, stands impatiently in front of the store, arms folded.

As the girls enter frame, JOSH nods, annoyed, then wordlessly opens the door for them. BRENDA grabs his shoulders, excited and oblivious to his irritation.

BRENDA

I love this store!

MINDY gives JOSH a knowing look and points at BRENDA, implying it was she who made them late. JOSH rolls his eyes and follows them in. We pan up and see they are at HOLD EVERYTHING.

INT. HOLD EVERYTHING

Neat, steely shelving units mark rows filled with organizational items. Everything in the store has a sleek modern look to it, including the patrons.

BRENDA and JOSH wander the aisles. They pick up several different items, discovering their practical potential with wide-eyed amazement.

BRENDA

...I mean, I love this store.

JOSH

(ignoring MINDY, to BRENDA)
No, I love this store.

MINDY

I hate it. It's too clean, it makes me uncomfortable.

JOSH

It's just organized, Mindy.

MINDY

Right, but why is it sooo organized?
What are they preparing for? It's like
I, Robot.

JOSH and BRENDA simultaneously pick up items from nearby shelves to show each other. It's very Lady & the Tramp spaghetti scene.

BRENDA

Oh my god, look!

JOSH

Look, oh my god!

BRENDA

This is why we dated for so long.

Brenda smiles sweetly at Josh. JOSH starts to answer, but stops short when he spots a short, blonde girl wandering by another aisle. He watches her for a second.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(to herself, amused)
And that is why we stopped.

CUT TO:

MINDY stands in a nearby aisle.

A snooty FEMALE SALES CLERK tails her, politely but obviously.

MINDY

(turning, accusing)
Um, you don't have to follow me. I'm not
black, I'm Indian.

The FEMALE SALES CLERK is horrified, first at being caught, then at MINDY's comment. MINDY realizes what she said could have been construed as racist.

MINDY (CONT'D)
(calling after the FEMALE
SALES CLERK)

You shouldn't follow black people either.

A BLACK CUSTOMER walks by.

MINDY (CONT'D)
Hi. (Then under her breath.) Peace.

BRENDA and JOSH have wandered over to MINDY's aisle. A MALE SALES CLERK in on JOSH's heels, helping him look over the registry print-out.

JOSH
(reading off the list)
Well, the good news is the chrome laundry bin is still available for \$375. I'll take that.

SALES CLERK
Excellent choice, sir.

MINDY
What are we getting her? Like paper napkins?

SALES CLERK
She's chosen some lovely monogrammed bath towels for her registry.

BRENDA
Oooh!

SALES CLERK
They're priced at three hundred dollars.

MINDY
Three hundred dollars!! Woah, woah, woah...hold everything!

MINDY is pleased with her joke. JOSH, the SALES CLERK, and BRENDA give her a blank look.

MINDY (CONT'D)
(somber)
Quite seriously, though, we're not paying that much. (To JOSH.) She's Tier 2.

SALES CLERK

(judgmental)

There's really not too much left at this point. It's pretty late in the game.

BRENDA

Yeah, we've been meaning to come down here every day for three weeks but something kept preventing us.

BRENDA smiles, rather aggressively, at MINDY.

SALES CLERK

We've got a Tibetan Striped patio rug for two hundred and forty.

MINDY

Dollars? Are you kidding me? For that piece of--

CUT TO:

INT. HOLD EVERYTHING - COUNTER

SALES CLERK

That'll be three hundred and ninety.

BRENDA

No, I think it's two forty.

SALES CLERK

There's a one hundred and fifty dollar delivery charge.

MINDY

We'll be carrying it.

SALES CLERK

I wouldn't advise that.

BRENDA

How are we going to do that?

The FEMALE SALES CLERK who followed MINDY earlier passes by.

MINDY

(loudly, so the FEMALE SALES CLERK can hear)

I'm Indian. I think I know how to carry a rug.

BRENDA

What are we going to fly away on it?

MINDY

(punching her arm)

Shut up, racist.

INT. DINER

Close-up on Brenda's face.

BRENDA

(MGM-salad-days-sincere)

I can't believe we waited until the last minute and we still managed to get such a great gift. We really tempted fate this time, but somehow ended up on top. Yes!

The camera pans out to reveal a packed, noisy restaurant. The grease of the place hangs in the air. Nothing on the menu is more than six dollars.

BRENDA, MINDY and JOSH's booth is strewn with half-eaten food. The rug leans awkwardly against the table.

JOSH pays only occasional attention to the girls. He is mostly staring at a tiny BRUNETTE GIRL who stands at the head of the diner waiting to be seated.

MINDY

(blissfully changing topic)

I saw on the Discovery channel that bees die after they have sex.

JOSH raises a glass of water to his lips, then makes a face-- it's not clean. Without speaking, BRENDA swaps glasses with JOSH and wipes it methodically with her napkin. She's done this before.

BRENDA

No, they die after they sting you.

MINDY

Yeah, because they're like, having sex with your arm.

BRENDA

No, they're not. That makes no sense.

JOSH

Why would they want to do that?

MINDY

I dunno. Why does anyone want to have sex with my arm? But they do. (With a sigh.) Or at least they used to.

BRENDA

Mindy, there are plenty of guys in this town. What about someone like Josh?

MINDY takes JOSH in. He still stares at the BRUNETTE by the door, occasionally flashing her a broad, sleek smile.

MINDY

(taking him in)

No, he's...he's more your type.

BRENDA

(almost offended, curious)

Uh huh. What's my type?

MINDY

You know, like slim, quiet, Englishy, androgenous. Like Peter Pan?

BRENDA

Like gay? I like gay men?

MINDY

Since when is Peter Pan gay?

JOSH

(suddenly tuning in)

Wait, what are you guys saying?

BRENDA

Mindy thinks I liked you because you're kind of gay.

JOSH

You mean because you're kind of gay.

BRENDA

What?

JOSH

Like, you were afraid people might mistake you for a lesbian so you dated a really... (searching for the right word) ...handsome, like super-man...to offset that.

BRENDA

Excuse me, but why would anyone think I was gay?

JOSH

(scoffing)

Uh, I don't know Ellen, maybe you should ask (Indicating MINDY.) Anne Heche.

MINDY

(considering, proud)

Yeah, I would totally be Anne Heche.

BRENDA

Right, because you're crazy.

JOSH

This is ridiculous. Girls don't have types. Guys do.

MINDY

I have a type.

JOSH

No, you don't. You have to wait until guys like me decide if we like you. And then if we do, we ask you out. And, then, we're your type.

MINDY

But we have something to do with that.

JOSH shakes his head "No."

BRENDA

Oh, so we can never make the first move?

JOSH

(amused, as if by a child)

Brenda, you don't have any moves.

BRENDA

No, I mean, we can't ask guys out?

JOSH

You can. If you don't want them to go out with you.

MINDY

What the hell, man.

BRENDA

Yeah, get out of here. You're ruining lunch.

MINDY's cell phone rings and as she answers it, JOSH slides by her to get out of the booth.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

No, don't actually get out of here.

JOSH

Sorry. I'm going to pick up that gorgeous, tiny girl by the door. (He smiles at the BRUNETTE over his shoulder.) I gotta think she's Jewish. (To the GIRLS.) Good luck with everything.

The BRUNETTE smiles back as JOSH approaches. We see him murmur something, then hold open the door for the BRUNETTE. He throws the girls a "so there" look as he follows his latest catch outside.

MINDY

That was Felice. I'm twenty minutes late to watch the girls.

BRENDA

You're babysitting today?

MINDY

Yeah, at three.

BRENDA

You cannot leave me here with this rug. Call her back and cancel.

MINDY

No way.

BRENDA

I thought the whole point of you babysitting was that you'd have some flexibility in your life in case something important came up.

MINDY

No, no, the flexibility is in case I want to sleep till noon. Or three. Look, I'm not leaving you. I'm gonna quick take them to the park, get them tired, then drop them off and come back.

BRENDA

When?

MINDY

Forty...forty-five minutes.

BRENDA

Do you know what a minute is?

MINDY

Sorry, Sorry!

MINDY runs out and BRENDA is left alone in the booth with the rug.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK

MINDY reclines on the Long Meadow in Prospect Park. She leafs through Cosmo.

MINDY

(dog-earing a page)

No way.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS wander over: spunky, pre-adolescent, would-be anorexics, these are MINDY's babysitting wards.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

What are you reading?

MINDY

Adult stuff you wouldn't get.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

(reading over her shoulder)

"Sex tips to drive him wild."

SECOND YOUNG GIRL

But you don't have a boyfriend.

MINDY hits the girl on the ankle.

MINDY

Shut up, man!

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

Want to play Frisbee with us?

MINDY

Oh my god, no. You're standing in my sun.

The GIRLS wander off to play.

SECOND YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Watch this!

MINDY

(not watching)

Good work.

Suddenly, the FIRST YOUNG GIRL shrieks. The SECOND YOUNG GIRL joins in. The camera pans out to reveal a large German Shepherd running back and forth, holding the GIRLS' Frisbee between his teeth. MINDY runs over.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Girls, run! (To the dog.) Who the hell are you? You want to die, Crazy ass? Stop it RIGHT NOW!

A cute guy runs over to interrupt; he is the dog's owner and possibly the answer to MINDY's prayers: handsome, outdoorsy, think Luke Wilson with a tan. MINDY immediately registers his potential to end her guy famine, and a twinkling smile spreads across her face.

CUTE DOG BOY

Hey! Cut it out! Sit. Sit!

The dog obeys. CUTE DOG BOY retrieves the Frisbee, wipes the dog's spit on the lawn, and hands it back.

CUTE DOG BOY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry about that. Sit, Buddy!

MINDY

Oh, no, don't yell at--

The dog lunges at MINDY causing her to yell as well.

MINDY (CONT'D)

(yelling, freaked out)

--HIM, OH MY GOD! Oh my God.

CUTE DOG BOY

(grabbing the dog)

Stop it! Sorry.

MINDY

(recovering, barely)

It's okay. I like dogs.

CUTE DOG BOY

You do?

MINDY does not, but she's gotten a good look at this guy now, and she likes him.

MINDY

Oh yeah. Love 'em. Grew up with 'em.
Practically raised by dogs.

A beat as they regard each other; both obviously want to continue the conversation but are searching for a topic.

CUTE DOG BOY

Anyway, sorry if he scared you.

MINDY

Ah, I wasn't scared.

CUTE DOG BOY

You weren't?

MINDY

Nah. I planned it. So you could run over and save me. Cause you look so...powerful.

CUTE DOG BOY

Thanks. I'm actually training for the Iron Man.

MINDY

Wow. You are gonna win. (A beat.) What is that?

CUTE DOG BOY

It's a race, it's this big triathalon--

MINDY

(interrupting)

Totally. Do you have a girlfriend?

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

(charmed, laughing)

No, no. (To the GIRLS.) Hey, why don't I run and grab you girls some ice cream sandwiches for being so brave?

The GIRLS rejoice.

CUTE DOG BOY

(to MINDY)

Want one?

MINDY

I don't eat.

CUTE DOG BOY smiles at her then runs off. MINDY is glowing, and feeling suddenly energetic, she picks up the frisbee.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Come on, girls! Go long!

As MINDY winds up to toss the frisbee, her cell phone rings and she picks up.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Mindy! Where are you?!

MINDY

(gushing)

Bren! Hi! Oh my God, I just met Mr. Big!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER

We see BRENDA in the booth, her cell phone to her ear. The rug still leans awkwardly against the table.

BRENDA

What?! You met a handsome, rich, single financier?

MINDY

No I met a guy who speaks English in Prospect Park. (A pause.) How cool is THAT?!

BRENDA

(performing "shocked")

Yeah, that's great, whatever. I'm just faking upset so the wait staff-- (She gasps and puts her hand to her chest.) --will think you've left me here with this rug for an actual reason.

The camera pans out from BRENDA's "pained" face to reveal two angry waiters, looming nearby. They stare intently at BRENDA, who has clearly overstayed her welcome.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Miss Mindy! Miss Mindy, throw it!

CUT TO:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK

BRENDA (O.S.)

When the hell are you planning on showing
up here?

MINDY giddily flings the frisbee with blissful strength
towards the girls.

MINDY

Uh, I'm on my way back right now, I just--

We hear a THWAK, a WHIMPER, and a THUD in the background,
and MINDY is interrupted by a shriek from the GIRLS.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

Aiiiiieee! Oh my God!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL

Miss Mindy, he's dead! Aaaahaaaah!

The camera pans over to the GIRLS, where BUDDY the dog
lies, motionless. Next to the him is the frisbee, which
has just hit him in the head and knocked him unconscious.

MINDY

(looking down, pained)

Oh. Buddy.

FADE OUT.ACT TWOFADE IN:EXT. PROSPECT PARK

MINDY on her cell phone. The YOUNG GIRLS stand over the
wounded dog.

BRENDA (O.S.)

You left me with the rug!

MINDY

You made me kill a dog!

BRENDA

Stop yelling at me!!

MINDY

Stop yelling at me!!

*

*

MINDY (CONT'D)

Ugh, I think that might be Tommy, hold on. (MINDY clicks her cell phone over to another call.) God, she's so shrill.

BRENDA

I'm still here.

MINDY clicks over again.

MINDY

God, she's so shrill.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT

We see TOMMY, a twenty-something Napoleon Dynamite type and the girls' upstairs neighbor, roaming around, holding his laptop computer up to different corners of the room. He is trying to pick up on a wireless signal.

TOMMY

Who is?

MINDY (O.S.)

Brenda. She's how come the dog got hit.

TOMMY

She told you to hit a dog?

MINDY (O.S.)

It's hard to explain! Seriously, man, what does Web MD say?

TOMMY

Hold on. It's so much easier to steal wireless from my apartment. Oh, also? You guys need more milk. And another gingerbread house.

The camera pans out to reveal an empty platter next to TOMMY, boasting only a candy cane, some crumbs, and a fallen miniature icing door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK

MINDY

That was Brenda's. (Slightly awed.) That was in the back of the freezer.

TOMMY

It wasn't in the back back.

MINDY

Tommy. Please be helpful.

TOMMY (O.S.)

I am being helpful. I'm a genius, remember?

MINDY

You're a Mac Genius. And that's only when you're in the store. It's a title.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Still a genius.

MINDY

You know they call you a genius so they don't have to give you health insurance. Wait, hold on.

MINDY clicks over to the other line. It's BRENDA.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Why'd you hang up on me?

MINDY

Tommy's helping with the dog. (Remembering.) He says we need more milk. And more gingerbread house.

BRENDA (O.S.)

That's not something you get more of. How did Tommy get in the apartment? I locked the door.

MINDY

I might have given him a key. I don't know. The point is, I have to go!

MINDY clicks back over.

MINDY (CONT'D)
So, what did you get?

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT

We cut back to TOMMY reading intently off his computer screen.

TOMMY
Okay, is he bleeding?

MINDY (O.S.)
No.

TOMMY
Is he shaking?

MINDY (O.S.)
No.

TOMMY
Is he throwing up?

MINDY (O.S.)
No, he's wheezing and his eyes are rolling around.

TOMMY
Huh, weird. Well, throwing up, that's a concussion, but eyes...rolling around...

MINDY
Just keep looking. Bye.

She clicks over.

MINDY (CONT'D)
Bren?

BRENDA (O.S.)
I'm shrill?

MINDY
(angrily)
Ask the dog you killed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK

Close up on BUDDY the dog, eyes rolling around. Slowly, he starts to get to his feet.

MINDY

Oh! Oh, he's standing, that's good right? Okay, I gotta go.

The camera pans out to see CUTE DOG GUY wandering back with the ice cream sandwiches. MINDY quickly hangs up. BUDDY's symptoms are lessening, but he barks a few times. MINDY quickly lies down next to the animal in an attempt to cover any remaining ailments.

CUTE DOG BOY

Wow, you two have really hit it off.

MINDY

Hey, I told you. Me and dogs are like tight, man. Tight.

CUTE DOG BOY

So. (A beat.) Guess we should leave you guys to your frisbee.

CUTE DOG BOY starts off, but MINDY jumps to stop him.

MINDY

(blurting)

We're having a big party at our house tonight. You should come.

CUTE DOG BOY

Really?

MINDY's eyes grow wide as she realizes what she's getting herself into. But she can't stop lying once the ball is rolling.

MINDY

Oh yeah. Awesome party. Food, DJ, snacks, the works, man, the works.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

Can we come?

MINDY

Hell no.

MINDY smiles adoringly at CUTE DOG BOY.

EXT. BROOKLYN SIDEWALK

We widen to reveal BRENDA and MINDY walking down the street, carrying the rug on their shoulders.

MINDY

After he bikes he has to swim. Swim!
And after he swims, you are not going to believe this--

BRENDA

He runs. I know. I know what a triathalon is. None of this explains why we have to have a party tonight.

MINDY

To draw his attention away from the dog. It was acting all funny because somebody distracted me with a phone call and made me hit him in the head. (Quickly with faux forgiveness.) That's okay, I'm willing to share the culpability. You're my best friend.

BRENDA

I think you should apply to law school.

MINDY

I might. Anyway, Bren, I swear, this guy is the answer. He's outdoorsy and strong and so hot, and loves his dog, and he looks just like that guy on the cleaning product!

BRENDA

Mr. Clean? He's bald with earrings?

MINDY

No. That other one.

BRENDA

The little scrubbing bubble with eyes?

MINDY

No. The paper towel guy. Brawny.

BRENDA and MINDY look both ways before they start to cross a street.

BRENDA
 (over her shoulder)
 Wow, you two are very strong young
 ladies.

The camera pans out to reveal the TWO YOUNG GIRLS
 carrying the back end of the rug.

MINDY
 Don't kiss up, Bren.

BRENDA
 I'm not!

MINDY
 Kids see right through that stuff. (To
 the girls.) Don't get slower now. Aunt
 Brenda will get angry.

INT. GIRLS' APARTMENT - FOYER

The door opens and BRENDA steps into the foyer of the
 apartment, a snug hallway between the front door and the
 kitchen. We hear a TV blaring, but cannot see past the
 kitchen to the rest of the apartment.

BRENDA
 Hello?

BRENDA moves the rug, with difficulty, into the Living
 Room, struggling and grunting audibly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA enters to see TOMMY, comfortably lounging on the
 sofa, surrounded by various empty boxes of snacks. She
 drops the heavy rug to the ground.

TOMMY
 What'd you get?

BRENDA
 (plopping down beside him)
 A rug. Are you eating flour?

TOMMY
 (with a full mouth)
 No, this is sugar. (Reading off the rug
 label.) Hey, cool. Leopard print?

BRENDA

Hm? No, it's "Tibetan Striped". It's for that wedding we have to go to tomorrow. The bride picked out the pattern.

TOMMY

Okay, but then the bride picked out leopard print.

BRENDA

What?

The camera follows BRENDA's gaze and closes in on the packaging label which does, indeed, read "LEOP. PNT." We stay closed in on BRENDA's finger, tapping the label.

BRENDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is.....no.

CUT TO:

TOMMY sits on the couch before a hideous animal print rug, fully laid out across the Living Room floor. He smirks a little and types on his computer. BRENDA is off-screen rummaging around in the kitchen, frantic.

BRENDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No way. No WAY!

TOMMY

I have the number for the store here. You want it?

BRENDA (O.S.)

I can't find the stupid receipt! I am not carrying that rug all the way back there, no.

TOMMY

(off his computer screen)

Huh, wow. Did you know leopards will sometimes eat other cats, like ocelots? That's why I hate those stupid wildlife calendars, where they're hanging off chin-up bars?

BRENDA (O.S.)

It's not made of actual leopard, Tommy!

TOMMY

Right, but do you know what I'm saying?
Those pictures that make them look all
cuddly and innocent, when really they're
not.

BRENDA pokes her head into the Living Room, frantic.

BRENDA

I am gonna freak out! Can you look
around in here, and I'll check on the
sidewalk? I cannot believe this.

BRENDA exits and we hear the front door slam.

TOMMY

(still staring at the rug)
They're wild animals.

INT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS TOWNHOUSE - YOUNG GIRLS' HOUSE

MINDY cradles the cordless landline on her shoulder. We
see the YOUNG GIRLS in the background, jumping on the
sofa, singing "Dirrrrty" by Christina Aguilera.

MINDY

(correcting them)
No, no, no! It's "sweat until my clothes
come off". What are you, stupid?

We hear them, repeating her correction.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Stop jumping around.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

We can't!

MINDY

Yes, you can. Stop it right now!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL

We had sugar at the park! We had sugar
at the park! We had sugar at the park!

MINDY

Oh Jesus Christ. Okay, well I am
ordering dinner now!

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

We're not eating dinner!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL
We're not eating ever again!

MINDY
Well, what am I supposed to do with this
hundred dollars that you mother left me?

MINDY stops mid-sentence. She has an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS TOWNHOUSE - 5 MINUTES LATER

MINDY stands in front of the YOUNG GIRLS who recite their
lines from memory.

MINDY
Okay, and you?

FIRST YOUNG GIRL
I had a lobster and osso bu-cho and a
caviar appetizer.

MINDY
Osso Buco! Anything else?

FIRST & SECOND YOUNG GIRLS
We ate all our vegetables.

MINDY
Hi-five. Go play. (Into the phone.) Hi,
Georgiou's? Sorry. How many trays of
chicken fingers and mini-pizzas can I get
for like a hundred dollars? Wait, is
there tax? Really. On mini-pizzas.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK

BRENDA walks slowly, carefully, down a dimly lit street.
Her eyes search the sidewalk for any glimpse of something
receipt-like.

BRENDA
(to herself)
Pink. Pink. Pink paper. Pink, pink,
pink, pink paper. (She freaks out a
little bit.) Come ON! Life I hate you, I
forsake you!

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 (she quickly returns to hunting mode)
 Please pink paper, pink receipt.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

MINDY stands in front of a fold out table, arranging aluminum trays of finger food-- these are the appetizers she ordered on her boss' dime. The rest of the room is set up for a makeshift party: a couple bowls of chips, a row of Christmas Chili Pepper lights strung along the back of the sofa. TOMMY stands by the doorway popping mini pizzas into his mouth.

The doorbell rings.

MINDY
 (not moving)
 Yeah, come in!

JOSH (O.S.)
 Hello?

JOSH enters the living room, the BRUNETTE GIRL from the diner in tow. She is sniffing and inexplicably teary-eyed.

BRUNETTE GIRL
 (meekly)
 Um, can I use your bathroom?

JOSH
 It's right over there.

The BRUNETTE GIRL exits through the kitchen.

TOMMY
 Why is that girl's eyes so red. Did you hit her?

JOSH
 (after a beat, then tersely)
 Yes, Tom. I hit her. (To MINDY.) We went to see this Danish movie about apartheid.

MINDY offers up a low, sympathetic groan.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 She keeps crying. She won't stop crying.

TOMMY
(nudging MINDY, meaningfully)
Apartheid was tough.

MINDY
I'm not black.

TOMMY looks at her as if to say "Whatever keeps you going" or "I've fought too many battles today".

JOSH
(whiny, not listening)
Anyway, I hate girls sometimes. They're so demanding.

TOMMY
I hear ya, man. Everything's such a big deal. Everything's an emergency.

JOSH
Exactly! It's just selfish. Me. Me.

TOMMY
And they want you at their beckon call.

JOSH
Yes!

TOMMY
And they always try to limit your time on the internet, right on the day you have your creative gaming tournament.

TOMMY puts out his fist in solidarity. JOSH awkwardly taps him, parentally, as if to say, "I don't know what that is, but God bless you."

JOSH
Uh, whatever. The point is, the movie ended an hour ago. Snap out of it. Like on the way over we saw this dog walk into a lamp post?

MINDY
(excited)
You did?!

JOSH
Yeah, exactly! That's hilarious! Tell it to her, she didn't even smile.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

A quick shot of BRENDA kneeling in the gutter, peering excitedly into a grate. The camera pans over to reveal the pink receipt, stuck several feet beneath the surface. Repulsed by the filth, but determined to retrieve the receipt, BRENDA grabs a nearby stick and starts fishing around.

We focus on her conflicted face as a pair of paws (BUDDY) and a pair of feet (CUTE DOG BOY) amble along towards THE GIRLS' apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The room is dark, filled with a couple dozen people. Weird Putumayo music plays. MINDY stands with CUTE DOG BOY. BUDDY the dog wanders nearby.

CUTE DOG BOY

Yeah, in March I go to Hawaii for the race. I can't wait. I have kind of...exotic tastes.

MINDY

Is that right?

CUTE DOG BOY

Like, I don't know what it is with me and African American women--

MINDY

Oh, I'm not--

CUTE DOG BOY

I'm just so attracted to them.

MINDY

I am black.

MINDY and CUTE DOG BOY get a little closer. The front door opens and we hear BRENDA burst in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA continues into the Living Room where she appears clutching a pink piece of paper. CUTE DOG BOY has MINDY leaned up against the wall near the doorway.

BRENDA

(excited, breathless)

Min! You will not believe what jus...

As BRENDA starts to explain about the receipt, she gestures towards the rug and-- her eyes widen. The camera pans to let us see what she does: TOMMY, doing weird, tribal dance moves, alone, in the center of the room...and the center of the leopard print rug.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Oh no! NO! MINDY, you did not roll up the RUG?!?!

MINDY

(guiltily)

Oops.

The doorbell rings.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Get that, Bren?

BRENDA

No, we've got to get everyone off the--

MINDY

I got it, okay? You have no finesse.

The doorbell rings again.

MINDY (CONT'D)

(pushing her)

Go!

Concerned but coerced, BRENDA heads to the door. MINDY heads back to the living room to get the rug, but is stopped by CUTE DOG BOY who sits on the couch. He snags her arm and pulls her on to his lap.

CUTE DOG BOY

Hey, hey, hey not so fast, sistah.
(Running his hand along her leg.) Woah,
someone's got really smooth legs.

MINDY

(giggling)

Thanks.

CUTE DOG BOY

Looks like we have a lot in common.

MINDY shoots him a quizzical look as CUTE DOG BOY rolls up his pants leg.

CUTE DOG BOY (CONT'D)

I had to shave them for the race. All the big guys do it. Makes you go really fast. Here, feel.

He takes MINDY's hand and tries to run it along his leg. MINDY, horrified at the prospect, resists and a tug-of-war ensues before she's finally forced to touch it.

The camera pans to JOSH who, mistaking this for MINDY's "first move", balks and shakes his head disapprovingly.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA, agitated, opens the front door to reveal CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY, holding a bottle of wine and sporting a band-aid over a HUGE bruise on his forehead. BRENDA's jaw drops. He flashes a smile.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

Hello.

BRENDA

Woah. (Wincing from the bump.) Hi.

BRENDA laughs nervously then notices MINDY wandering into the kitchen; MINDY appears to be fleeing CUTE DOG BOY.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(a little proper, with a weird formal affectation)

Oh, Mindy, look it's our neighbor from down the hall. This is my roommate, Min--

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

We've met. She invited me.

BRENDA

(grateful, surprised)

Oh!

MINDY

What's up, man. (To BRENDA.) Why are you talking in that accent again?

BRENDA laughs nervously. Their introduction is interrupted by a collective gasp from the next room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA, MINDY, AND CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY all rush in to see what the trouble is. They survey the room.

The party has ground to a halt. The GUESTS stand along the edges of the room, looks of disgust on their faces. BUDDY THE DOG has just thrown up all over the rug. He looks up at BRENDA, ashamed.

TOMMY

(sagely)

It is a concussion.

BRENDA shoots MINDY a pained look. JOSH's BRUNETTE GIRL starts to cry.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

MINDY reclines on the sofa, spraying her legs with Nair. The party has left the apartment in total disarray. BRENDA is on her hands and knees, cleaning the rug.

BRENDA

Mindy, big deal! He shaves his legs for a race, that's smart. They do that because it makes them go--

MINDY

Faster, I know. And sure, if that's your job, to swim, professionally. What is he, Ian Phelps?

BRENDA

Ian Thorpe?

MINDY

No.

BRENDA

Michael Phelps.

MINDY

No, who are these people? We're talking about me!

BRENDA

Aren't you supposed to be dying of man famine?

MINDY

Yeah, I'm dying, but I'm not suicidal.

BRENDA

It's just like I said, you're too picky.

MINDY

I'm picky? You're the only one that would ever see that stain. That rug looked like vomit in the first place.

BRENDA

Oh, right, you think she won't notice? Of all the people in the world who would notice that a present's not perfect, trust me it's... (Blanking.) ...

MINDY

Cassie? Your friend Cassie.

BRENDA

I know her name!

The doorbell rings.

MINDY

Oh, no! Maybe that's dog boy! (Hissing.) Go get it. Tell him I'm Indian. (Off BRENDA's confused look.) I can't explain now! Please!

The camera follows BRENDA to the foyer. She opens the door to CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

Hi again.

BRENDA

Oh, hi! Were we being too loud?

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY holds out a bottle of club soda.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

No, no. I thought you might need this. (Handing her the bottle.) It should take out that stain.

BRENDA

Great, thanks!

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

No problem. (A Pause.) Great party by the way. Tons of drama.

MINDY passes through, trying to be blase.

MINDY

(loudly)

Oh, hi! Well, I'm going to head off to bed now! Oh man am I beat. I'll close the door to my bedroom. Whole apartment is free. For whatever.

MINDY exits to her room, still talking loudly.

MINDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

See look! It's almost like I'm invisible. Good night!

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

Nice friend.

BRENDA

She's okay.

We hear MINDY faking an elaborate snore from the bedroom. BRENDA and CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY laugh.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY

So. I better get going.

BRENDA

Yeah, me too. I mean, I better stay here. In my apartment.

MINDY (O.S.)

I'm sleeping! Keep it down!

BRENDA

Thanks again.

CUTE NEIGHBOR GUY waves and heads across the hall. MINDY hears BRENDA locking up.

MINDY enters the room, obscuring her face with her hands, but clearly peaking.

MINDY

Not looking...not looking. Don't mind me...just getting a glass of water.

MINDY takes her hand away from her face.

MINDY (CONT'D)

What the hell? Why do I even bother trying to hook you up? Spinster.

BRENDA briskly hands MINDY the bottle of club soda.

BRENDA
Here. Clean.

MINDY tries to slip away, but the camera pans out to reveal that BRENDA has grabbed hold of her pajamas.

MINDY
I hate you.

BRENDA
I hate you, too.

FADE OUT:

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. BANQUET HALL LOBBY

We see the GIRLS, dressed in formal wear, standing near an ice sculpture. A nearby table boasts a slew of beautifully wrapped gifts. The leopard print rug is rolled up next to them, sticking out rather sorely.

MINDY holds a plastic plate filled to the brim with appetizers. She munches happily on them and takes a big swig from the drink BRENDA is holding.

JUSTIN, a cute waiter, approaches with a tray of food. He smiles at MINDY who quickly passes her plate off to BRENDA.

JUSTIN
H'ors D'oeuvre?

MINDY
(batting her eyelashes)
Oh, I don't eat.

JUSTIN
Yeah, but...take it, anyway.

With his free hand JUSTIN slips MINDY a napkin, then winks at her and takes off. MINDY unfolds the napkin and the camera catches what is written there: JUSTIN's phone number.

As the BRIDE approaches BRENDA's face lights up with a too-sweet smile.

BRIDE

Hi!

BRENDA

Hi, Cassie! Congratulations!

BRIDE

(saccharine sweet)

Look who it is! I am so glad you could come, girls, seriously. It means a lot to have you both here. (She hugs each one as she says their names.) Mindy! (On to BRENDA.) And Bridget!

The BRIDE walks off, waving to another group of guests. BRENDA is stunned.

MINDY

Wow.

BRENDA

Yeah.

MINDY

Want to go vomit on another one of her presents? Bridget?

MINDY throws BRENDA a big, wide smile. BRENDA grins at the idea, and hooks arms with MINDY.

BRENDA

You're tier 1, Min.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW