

Broad City Spec

by

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COLD OPEN:

INT. POLICE STATION

ABBI sits in OFFICER KOWALSKI'S OFFICE by herself. She's sat at her own little school-like desk. Atop it there's a large sketchpad, and a few different dark pencils which ABBI is metriculously organizing to pass the time. Her phone suddleny goes off. ABBI surveys the area to make sure it's clear then answers.

ABBI  
Hey, everything ok?

INT. ILANA'S BEDROOM

ILANA is lying on her bed.

ILANA  
(In anguish)  
No Abbi there's something's wrong.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

ABBI  
(Panicked)  
What? What? What is it?

ILANA  
(Dramatic)  
I'M...I'M...BORED!!!!

She gasps loudly and pretends to die, making guttural noises. She burps and it catches her off guard. They laugh.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, did you HEAR that?

ABBI  
Ilana I told you not to call me unless it's an emergency. I don't wanna get in trouble.

ILANA  
Uh - You're a *volunteer* sketch artist. They should be grateful that they got such an incredible, dope, sexy, goddess of a woman to draw those *baddies*.

ABBI

I just wanna take it seriously,  
who knows where it could go.

ILANA

Wow you must really like working  
there. I didn't realize you were  
so big on the pigs - Oh! So what  
time do you wanna start getting  
ready for the book signing?

ABBI

Book signing? ...Oh shit dude.  
Shit shit shit I totally forgot,  
and I already told them I'd work  
the whole day.

ILANA

Abbernathy you better be yanking  
my ta-tas. we've been talking  
about this for months. How often  
does Henrietta Diagiacamò, the  
**QUEEN** of sexology, come to the  
city for a free  
reading-and-meet-greet?!

ABBI

I am **so** sorry I completely forgot.

Ilana, quelling her frustration, exhales.

ILANA

I get it. You love this gig. And  
who am I to get in the way of a  
woman in the workplace...you may  
stay and rise - nay, ascend.

ABBI

You're the best dude. Maybe you  
can take Jaime or Lincoln.

ILANA

Abb, this is *our* thing. The only  
person I'm sharing this experience  
with is my bottom bitch. I ain't  
even gonna go.

ABBI

No please just go without me so at  
least one of us can enjoy it.

ILANA

Uuuuuggggghhhh ok fiiinne.

ABBI

Good.

ILANA

Kk gotta bounce. Laundry time.

ABBI

PPFFFT laaaaaame.

ILANA

I know, but these clothes are gross. They're (To the tune of Madonna's *Like a Virgin*) ~Like a virgin. Washed for the very first time~

BOTH

~LIKE A VIIIIIIIIIRGIN~

KOWALSKI enters with a robbery victim, MRS. QUINN (Late 60s-70s), while ABBI's singing. When she sees them she quickly hangs up. ILANA is still singing on the other end.

ILANA

~Washed for the very first - Abbi?

**ILANA tosses her phone. She then glances over at her laundry hamper: a desolate wasteland of clothes. As she stares longer, her eyes widen with fear at the insurmountable pile of laundry. We slowly zoom in on the pile. As we do, sounds of terror ensue from thin air: a car blasting its horn, swerving and crashing, overlaid with a male and female screams of anguish and a demonic laugh. We cut back to Ilana and the noises halt. She exhales. THEN**

**She "accidentally" takes out a lighter and bowl and pretends to fight it, turning her head and writhing as she lights it.**

ILANA (CONT'D)

**Oh no! Wait! I can't! I have to do laundry - Whoops!**

**She smokes then falls back on her bed.**

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. KOWALSKI'S OFFICE

**Introduce KOWALSKI, an NYPD officer. He's in his early 50s, has a charming look about him, in great shape, and is generally attractive. He has a very fatherly, trustworthy, collected nature about him.**

KOWALSKI sits at his desk and speaks to victim MRS. QUINN (late 60s-early 70s), who sits across from him. ABBI is sketching on her notepad.

KOWALSKI

Are there any other stand-out physical features you can think of?

MRS. QUINN

Oh, he had a really big shnozz. I'll never forget it. Oh god you could open a can of beans with that beak.

She adds the feature and turns her pad around. We see a sketch of a random man with a huge nose.

MRS. QUINN (CONT'D)

That's it. That's the nose that stole my Kindle.

KOWALSKI

Thank you, Mrs. Quinn. We've gotten several reports about a thief in the area. Hopefully your description can help us nab him. Nice work, Abbi.

He smiles and winks at ABBI sweetly. ABBI, absolutely jazzed, gives a powerful salute and in doing so she accidentally knocks over KOWALSKI'S coffee mug, spilling coffee all over his desk.

ABBI

Oh my god - I'm so sorry.

KOWALSKI

That's ok, that's ok.

KOWALSKI gets up from behind his desk.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

(To Mrs. Quinn)

C'mon dear, I'll show you out.

MRS. QUINN

(To Abbi)

Spaz.

They exit. ABBI, offended, but mostly panicked, rummages through her bag looking for something to dry up the spill. She finds a HUGE pad in her bag. The wrapper reads "PAD XXL" and "For Oddly Heavy Flow" in bold letters. She tears into it and uses the monstrous pad to wipe the spill.

KOWALSKI is already back. He leans in the doorway and watches this unfold.

KOWALSKI  
Is that a tampon?

Startled, she farts powerfully.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)  
(Chuckling)  
You gotta relax kid, you're doing a great job.

ABBI  
Really? You have no idea how much that means to me. I really wanted to be a police officer growing up, so being here is, like, really cool for me.

KOWALSKI  
Well what stopped you from joining the force?

ABBI  
I don't know, I just don't think I have the instincts, or the mental toughness or physical toughness...

KOWALSKI  
(Smiling)  
Aw c'mon, you seem pretty sturdy.

ABBI  
(Loosening up)  
No I mean it. Last week I filled a pot with water and I couldn't even carry it back to the stove.

KOWALSKI  
Get outta here.

ABBI  
Seriously! I dropped it on my foot and broke my toe. I crawled in the hallway of my apartment complex for like 10 minutes until someone finally found me and called 911.

They laugh.

KOWALSKI  
You're funny...Wanna come with me for a ride along in the squad car?

ABBI

Really?

KOWALSKI

Yeah! I'll take you around the city, get you near the action, maybe bust a few bad guys...

ABBI

I don't know.

KOWALSKI

Cmon. There is no safer job than being a police officer in New York City.

ABBI

Ok, let's do it!

KOWALSKI

All right! Grab your things, "rookie."

He winks sweetly again. ABBI, pumped, grabs her bag follows him out. She quickly runs back into the room, grabs her pad, rings it out into a garbage can, and puts it back in her purse.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY

ILANA storms down the street, huffing and puffing out loud about ABBI.

ILANA

(Muttering to herself)

"Maybe you can take Jaime or Lincoln." As if we didn't spend 5 months planning out this whole day. We were gonna get waxes. And fucking brunch! And here I am - your "best friend" getting duh-itched. This was our thing Abbi. **Our** thing! I simply can-NOT go without you.

She passes by someone walking and eating a bagel. ILANA grabs the bagel out of the stranger's hand and eats it.

ILANA (CONT'D)

This is so GOOD!

She throws the bagel into a storefront window angrily, the cream cheese acts as an adhesive and it sticks to the wall. ILANA slumps back against the storefront.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 Man this whole day is blowing up  
 in my face.

She looks into the window and suddenly her eyes light up.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 Wait...blowing  
 up...blow...ing...blow...me? No  
 no, blow...you? No that's not it.

The wheels are turning. Suddenly

SFX: Ding!

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 That's it! YES! UGH MY BRAIN!

She kisses her palm and slaps it on her forehead.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 Love you bitch!

ILANA then walks into the store, pumped. It's revealed to  
 be a sex shop.

INT. SEX SHOP

Ilana walks up to the counter where she sees CLERK (20s),  
 leaning against the counter reading US Weekly and looking  
 purely disinterested.

ILANA  
 Good afternoon -

She looks at his nametage. It reads TAMES.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 Tames.

CLERK  
 (Unenthusiastic)  
 Can I help you?

Ilana places her hands on the counter and leans in.

ILANA  
 Show me the dolls.

CLERK  
 Our blowup sex dolls can be found  
 in aisle 4.



We cut back and forth between ILANA and TAMES as ILANA says.

ILANA  
 Oh no no no no no no no no no no  
 no no no no NO. I don't think you  
 heard me, Tames.

ILANA presses forward, getting as close as possible to TAMES as she can from the other side of the counter.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 (More intense)  
 Show me. The dolltthhhh  
 (over-exagerrated lisp)

Cut to ILANA following TAMES toward the back of the store. She touches every phallic item she passes. They suddenly reach a rack of thongs against a back wall. TAMES moves it out of the way to reveal a key pad. He punches in a code.

VOICE  
 CODE APPROVED.

He then sticks his eye up to a retinal scanner.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 RETINAL SCAN APPROVED

He turns to ILANA.

TAMES  
 Don't look.

ILANA hesitantly covers her eyes. We hear CLERK undo his zipper out of frame. ILANA moves her fingers away.

VOICE  
 PENIS APPROVED.

He zips his pants back up.

ILANA  
 I peaked.

TAMES  
 I know.

TAMES slowly opens the vault door and we see nothing but pitch darkness. He strolls into the blackness and disappears. ILANA follows cautiously, waving with her hands out in front to guide her.

ILANA  
 I fucking love this.

INT. THE VAULT

The lights come on in waves from the background to the foreground. The first wave of lights reveals TAMES and ILANA standing in the room. Each wave that follows reveals more of a seemingly neverending sea of blow up dolls.

CLERK

These are all of the blowups. We have several different models and specialties including "Big butt," "Big boob small nipple," "Puss-nasty Femm-doms"-

ILANA

What about that one?

We see a doll with dark brown hair and bangs that has a striking resemblance to ABBI. CLERK picks it up.

CLERK

This one's "**The Semen Demon 5000**" from our failed line of Jewish blowup dolls.

ILANA

Show me the ass.

TAMES turns the doll around. ILANA puts her hands on the doll's buns and closes her eyes. She starts channeling Abbi's butt in her mind, muttering to herself like she's casting a spell. Images of Abbi's rear-end circulate through the air alongside a handful of equations. Finally

ILANA (CONT'D)

She's perfect.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

ABBI is riding in the car with KOWALSKI, patrolling.

KOWALSKI

Right up there is where I busted a guy for masturbating.

ABBI

That's so cool. What other crimes have you stopped?

KOWALSKI

You ever heard of the "Washington Heights Wanker"? Nabbed him back in '04.

ABBI  
Why do you focus so much on  
masturbating?

KOWALSKI  
Who are you, my wife? (Laughs)  
Cmon gimme knuckles!

He puts out his fist. ABBI reluctantly bumps it.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)  
Everybody's gotta start somewhere.  
Around 2010 I started taking on  
more high-profile cases.  
Robberies, domestic abuse,  
murders...

ABBI  
Wow. I definitely couldn't handle  
all of that.

KOWALSKI  
I don't think you give yourself  
enough credit Abbi. You got a good  
head on your shoulders.

ABBI  
Thanks Officer Kowalski.

KOWALSKI  
Please, call me Kowalski.

ABBI looks forward and gets all giddy again. She tries to  
contain her excitement.

ABBI  
(To herself)  
Oh fuck yeah...Hey what's that guy  
doing up there?

We see a MAN, shabbily dressed and scraggly, using a screw  
driver to pry open a parking meter.

KOWALSKI  
That dirtbag's trying to jack the  
meter.

KOWALSKI flips the police lights and siren on. MAN looks  
up, startled, and takes off running.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)  
Ah jeez.

He speeds after him, expertly weaving through traffic.

ABBI  
We got a runner!

KOWALSKI  
Don't do that.

ABBI  
Sorry.

KOWALSKI suddenly slams on the brakes, boxed into traffic.

KOWALSKI  
Traffic? Impossible!

ABBI  
Not today, scumbag.

ABBI opens her door and goes sprinting after MAN.

KOWALSKI  
Abbi! What are you doing?

MAN turns and sees ABBI in hot pursuit.

ABBI  
HEY!

MAN knocks over a small table, but ABBI hurdles it like an olympic sprinter. While she tails him, two people carrying a couch get in Abbi's way, but she jumps on top of it and uses it as a launch pad, flipping forward through the air and landing without breaking stride. MAN then turns over a crate of oranges. ABBI scoops one up while running, aims and FIRES. She nails MAN right in the back and knocks him on the ground. He lies there clutching his back when he's ambushed by ABBI who grabs his wrists and presses her knee into him, pinning him down.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
OH YEAH PUNK!? YOU CAN RUN  
BUT...uh...SUCK MY DICK!

MAN  
What!?

ABBI  
ORANGE you glad I have such good  
aim? Eat my ASS MORON!

MAN  
(Scared)  
You're so bad at this!

She tightens her grip and MAN winces. SUDDENLY we hear a waning siren as KOWALSKI finally pulls up and runs over.

KOWALSKI

Abbi! You ok?

ABBI

Oh I'm fine. You should ask how  
Thiefy McDouchebag here is.

KOWALSKI

Nice work kid! Hold him still so I  
can cuff him.

ABBI

I got it.

ABBI cuffs MAN'S hands behind his back.

KOWALSKI

Are those mine?

ABBI

Huh - Uh, I don't think it matters  
*who's* they are. What matters is  
that we got this guy!

KOWALSKI watches, impressed.

INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT

ILANA, carrying the blowup doll, picks the lock of ABBI's front door and quietly walks in. She enters to see BEVERS wearing a diaper, a t-shirt that's too small and a tiara, having a tea party with stuffed animals. He's unaware that she's broken in.

BEVERS

Another ladyfinger, Ms. Polly?  
(High pitched voice, English  
accent) Oooh well I shouldn't, it  
would go right to my-

He turns to see ILANA, staring at him. They stare at each other for a beat, studying each other's oddities. They slightly nod, a simple gesture that means a lot. ILANA then slowly starts making her way toward ABBI's room.

ILANA

(Matter-of-fact)

I like your tiara.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Say hi to the kids for me Ms.  
Polly.

**BEVERS**  
 (High pitched, English  
 accent)  
 Will do!

INT. ABBI'S BEDROOM

ILANA walks into ABBI'S room and closes the door. She quickly turns around.

ECU of ILANA'S face.

ILANA  
 (To camera)  
 Let's Abbi-fy this bitch.

*Disco Tits* by Tove Lo begins to play. HOLD ECU on NEW ABBI'S face until song's first beat drop.

HARD CUT:

Montage of NEW ABBI displaying different outfits like a fashion show. We see her in a t-shirt and jeans just leaning against the wall, then cut to ILANA who shakes her head in disapproval. Cut to the same sequence with a fancier blouse with black pants and heels. Same disapproval from ILANA.

Hard cut to them dancing among all of ABBI'S clothes strewn about her room. Hard cut, the dancing switches to ILANA and NEW ABBI sensually grinding. Hard-cut again, the grinding has turned into ILANA dry humping NEW ABBI doggy style.

We then transition to a triple split screen, each panel sequentially revealing NEW ABBI in different outfits. Each panel then individually slide transitions to varying shots of ILANA showing increasing levels of disapproval.

FINALLY the last outfit we see NEW ABBI in is ABBI'S signature blue dress. This time ILANA is in. She smiles and nods proudly.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 And now we're ready for Henrietta  
 Diagiacamo. Right Abb?

Close up of NEW ABBI for a beat. Suddenly Ilana starts laughing as if in response to something NEW ABBI said.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 (Laughter slowly dying  
 down)  
 Yeah.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

ABBI and KOWALSKI sit in the squad car, eating cheeseburgers and yucking it up.

ABBI

So basically after that Summer I NEVER drank from a hose again.

They laugh more. ABBI and KOWALSKI have formed a tight bond in such a short amount of time.

KOWALSKI

So have you seriously never done any kind of police training? Cuz the way you took that guy down before was incredible.

ABBI

I swear. I don't know what came over me.

KOWALSKI

That's called instinct kid. Like how a duck can swim immediately after being born, or knowing just the right moment to pull out of a woman so you don't get her pregnant.

ABBI tries to let that one slide.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

You got a gift kid. But part of *being a cop, is talking like a cop.* You gotta learn the lingo.

ABBI

Oh I know the lingo.

KOWALSKI

Oh yeah? What's a 9-3-8?

ABBI

(Immediately)

Armed robbery.

She's correct. KOWALSKI'S caught off guard.

KOWALSKI

9-6-9.

ABBI

Pregnant woman with a knife.

KOWALSKI

3-3-5.

ABBI

Maniquens came to life and took over the store. Hasn't happened since the Bloomingdales incident of '72.

KOWALSKI turns forward, even more impressed.

KOWALSKI

Well I'll be damned.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

ILANA and NEW ABBI are walking down the street. Ilana is holding NEW ABBI up against her side. We pick up mid-convo.

ILANA

I can't even remember the last time I peed with the door closed.

Passersby give ILANA dirty looks.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Which one of the Avengers would you bang?...Captain America's definitely a cryer...Me? Black Widow all day. You know that bitch has a wicked dildo collection.

INT. RINGO'S CAFE

ILANA and NEW ABBI walk in to crowd of 20-30 people also waiting to see HENRIETTA DIAGIACAMO. An EMPLOYEE stands on a small stage with a chair in the center.

EMPLOYEE

Thank you all for coming. Reading an excerpt from her New York Times best selling book "*Sexology: The Study of Our Bodies*," please welcome Henrietta Diagiacamò.

REVEAL HENRIETTA as she walks out onto the stage, book in hand, to excited applause. She's a woman in her late 60s with greying hair and a warm smile, reminiscent of Martha Stuart. ILANA stands in the back shaking NEW ABBI around in the air and whooping with excitement. She sits in her chair and opens up her book. SUDDENLY she locks eyes with ILANA, who has NEW ABBI propped up on her shoulders look a child.



HENRIETTA pauses briefly, sternly assessing the situation. ILANA is beaming.

HENRIETTA

Chapter 4: So You've Found the  
Clit. Now What?

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS

KOWALSKI and ABBI are cooling it, leaning against the side of the squad car. The windows are rolled down, *Highway to Hell* is playing on the radio, and Abbi is now dressed in a full police uniform with aviators. They're smoking cigarettes. Abbi has this newfound confidence.

KOWALSKI

I didn't know you smoked  
cigarettes, Abbi.

ABBI

Abbi doesn't smoke. But Officer  
Abrams is down for anything.

KOWALSKI

Oh well excuse me Officer Abrams.  
Funny how 2 hours ago you weren't  
cut out to be a cop. Now you're  
taking drags from a cigarette. And  
in my spare uniform.

ABBI

Sorry man. Looks better on me.

KOWALSKI

I'll give you that much. Crazy how  
you fit so perfectly into a men's  
size 11 shoe.

ABBI

Yeah let's forget that.

KOWALSKI

You know those used to be my old  
partner's.

ABBI

And now he's dead.

OFFICER

What? No he retired and moved to  
Comack.

ABBI ashes her cigarette and gives a cocky chuckle. She  
stares off.

ABBI

Well he's one of the lucky ones.  
Not many people make it out of  
these streets with their lives.  
And those who do are never the  
same. The force changes  
people...we do stupid things for  
the so-called "law." Sometimes I  
think - "Are we any better than  
the people we're arresting?" Why  
do we put ourselves at risk? Is it  
for our own petty, selfish desires  
to prove that we are in fact good?  
Or is there really an altruistic  
goodness within all of us?

She takes a drag from her cigarette.

ABBI (CONT'D)

I've seen a lot of good men die.

Beat.

KOWALSKI

...When?

They're interrupted by a distress call over the radio.

OFFICER (O.S)

All units all units we have a  
6-2-3 at Ringo's Cafe.

BOTH

(Like it's nothing)

A woman with a blowup doll at a  
book signing.

ABBI

My friend's at that book signing.

KOWALSKI

No time to waste, we gotta move!

KOWALSKI hops into the driver's seat and ABBI tries to  
slide across the hood of the car. She doesn't get far and  
scoots/rolls the rest of the way.

INT. RINGO'S CAFE

ILANA is arm-in-arm with new Abbi. Bystanders look on in  
disgust, clutching their Henrietta Diagiacamio books in  
hopes that this will soon all be over. 2 employees of  
Ringo's Cafe are physically blocking Ilana from HENRIETTA.

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry you're not allowed to be in here with that thing.

ILANA

"Thing?" Suddenly women don't have rights! Cmon H.D. help us out.

HENRIETTA

(To her assistant)  
Start the car. Hurry!

ILANA

Please, Henny! Me and my friend love your book! Right Abb?

ECU of NEW ABBI for a beat.

ILANA (CONT'D)

All right, easy tiger.

KOWALSKI and ABBI enter the cafe. ABBI, hands gripping her belt, saunters up to one of the employees like she's got the biggest pair of testes in the state.

ABBI

'Scuse me, we got a call about a nut with a blowup doll.

The employee points ahead to ILANA. Seeing her causes ABBI to drop the facade and crash back down to Earth.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Ilana? Ilana!

ILANA

Abbi? (To NEW ABBI) Oh, that's Abbi. You're gonna love her.

KOWALSKI

You know that girl?

ABBI

Yeah that's my friend. Ilana what are you doing?

ILANA

**Abbi** and I are meeting THE QUEEN Henrietta Diagiacamò.

ABBI

Ilana this is insane! You need to leave. Now.

ILANA  
Not until H.D. signs my book.

HENRIETTA  
(Majorly Concerned)  
If I sign the book will you leave?

ILANA nods with a huge smile. HENRIETTA quickly signs Ilana's book.

ILANA  
Yes!!!!!!!

She puts one foot on the wall and twerks. ABBI grabs ILANA by the arm and drags her out of the cafe. Bystanders are silent, trying to comprehend what happened. HENRIETTA slumps down in her chair and exhales, exhausted.

EXT. RINGO'S CAFE

ABBI continues pulling ILANA toward their police car.

ILANA  
(Seductively)  
Ooh am I under arrest officer?

ABBI  
(Annoyed)  
Stop it, you're embarrassing me.

ILANA  
What's with the uniform? They make you wear that to sketch people?

ABBI  
(Desperately trying to maintain her persona)  
Quiet, little..missy.

ILANA  
Little missy?

ABBI opens the backseat door.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Ooh wait, do the thing where you push my head under the door.

ABBI  
Ilana-

ILANA  
PLEASE.

ABBI reluctantly pushes Ilana's head under the door.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
WEEEEEE!!!!

INT. SQUAD CAR

KOWALSKI  
Your call, Abrams. We bringing her  
into the station or no?

They look back to see ILANA honking NEW ABBI'S boobs.

ABBI  
She's with me. (To ILANA) Ilana  
we're taking you home.

ILANA  
Kk. (To NEW ABBI) No don't worry  
she's not usually like this.

They're interrupted by another distress call.

OFFICER (O.S)  
All units all units we've received  
several 911 calls coming from the  
Staples on the corner of 7th and  
53rd. We have a 9-4-9. I repeat a  
9 (BOOM - zoom in)-4 (BOOM - zoom  
in) -9(BOOM - zoom in).

KOWALSKI and ABBI gasp.

ABBI AND KOWALSKI  
The Staples Stabber.

ABBI  
He's right up the road.

Kowalski swipes his radio and brings it to his mouth.

KOWALSKI  
Inbound.

KOWALSKI flips on the sirens and floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAPLES

The car comes to a screeching halt. ABBI and KOWALSKI grab  
their guns.

ABBI  
Ilana, do **not** move a muscle.

ILANA  
But I have to peeeeee.

ABBI  
Hold it!

ABBI'S game face is on.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
Let's get this son of a bitch.

**They get ready to exit the car. KOWALSKI opens his door, but ABBI'S has the child lock on it.**

ABBI (CONT'D)  
**Really?**

**She struggles to open it.**

ILANA  
**Pull the thing.**

ABBI  
**I GOT IT!**

INT. STAPLES

We see CRIMINAL holding a kitchen knife out toward a group of five people. CRIMINAL has long, dirty, scraggly brown hair, is unshaven and unshowered, and wears tattered clothes. 4 Victims are on their knees facing the wall, while CRIMINAL deals with HELEN (40), a Staples employee working the counter.

CRIMINAL  
All right listen up! I have  
officially conquered this Staples!  
I want all of your paper, pens and  
binder clips placed in bags!

HELEN  
(Terrified, mascara  
streaming down her face)  
P-p-paper or p-plastic?

Close-up of criminal as he takes a dramatic pause.

CRIMINAL  
(Menacingly)  
Plastic.

HELEN, shaking, starts quietly sobbing and putting items into plastic bags. Meanwhile the other 4 victims are kneeling against the wall, more annoyed than anything. Yawning, rolling their eyes, checking their watches.

BEHIND A SHELF

KOWALSKI and ABBI are hunched over behind a shelf, guns in hand, peaking out at the scene.

KOWALSKI  
5 victims identified. You take the perimeter. I'll flank right.

ILANA (O.S)  
What should we do?

Ilana is crouched right behind them, clutching NEW ABBI.

ABBI  
(Whispering)  
What are you doing here!?

INTERCUT -- ASIDE

CRIMINAL is looking through the impulse buys.

CRIMINAL  
I'm taking this Twix!

HELEN  
(Hysterical)  
NOHOHO PLEHEHEASE!!!

KOWALSKI  
We have to move now, Abrams.

ABBI  
(To ILANA)  
Just stay here.

ILANA  
No! You already ditched me once today.

ABBI  
(Still whispering)  
Ilana this is dangerous!

ILANA  
But I'm soooo bored.

CRIMINAL looks over by the shelf they're hiding behind. He holds his knife out towards it.

CRIMINAL

H-hey! Is someone over there?

ABBI and KOWALSKI step out, guns-a-blazin'. ILANA stands off to the side of KOWALSKI and ABBI, still holding NEW ABBI.

KOWALSKI

You're toast pal! Come quietly and this'll be real easy.

CRIMINAL

You think I'm scared of you? Put the guns away or I'll take aaalllll of their inventory!

ABBI

Fun's over punk! Drop the knife!

CRIMINAL

Oh I'll drop the knife.

CRIMINAL hurls his knife at KOWALSKI.

**SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE:** The knife flies through the air.

**ECU:** KOWALSKI'S eyes go wide as he sees it heading directly toward him.

NEW ABBI launches herself through the air toward KOWALSKI.

**ECU:** ILANA, frantic.

ILANA

(Slow motion)

NOOOOOOO!!!

NEW ABBI gets there just in time to stop the knife and sacrifice herself. She deflates and falls to the ground. ILANA runs to her and drops to her knees.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Abbi?! She's not breathing!

The attention is focused on New Abbi who's deflated on the ground. ABBI rolls her eyes. We cut back to KOWALSKI and see the knife is in his chest.

KOWALSKI

For cryin' out loud...

He collapses. ABBI looks over, horrified.



CRIMINAL

Well that was my only knife, so  
I'm gonna take off...all righty...

CRIMINAL takes off running, heading for the front door.  
ABBI acts fast and shoots at a large sign hanging from the  
ceiling. She hits a rope connecting it to the ceiling and  
the whole thing falls and lands on CRIMINAL, subduing him.  
He lies on the ground.

ABBI

How about that for a "stop sign"?

The kneeling victims all groan.

ABBI (CONT'D)

(Deflated)

It's my first day.

EXT. OUTSIDE STORE - EVENING

Two officers are forcing CRIMINAL, handcuffed, into the  
back of a police car. KOWALSKI lies on a stretcher, ABBI  
holds his hand. ILANA stands next to ABBI. In the  
background we see deflated NEW ABBI on a stretcher too.  
Paramedics pull a sheet over her head and roll her away.

ABBI

Kowalski, I'm so sorry, I  
should've protected you. I-I-

KOWALSKI

Hey hey hey, relax kid. You  
stopped one of the most dangerous  
crooks in Manhattan. You did a  
great job...for a rookie.

He winks and smiles sweetly. ABBI smiles too.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Hey listen. Before they take me  
away, can one of you show me a  
titty?

ABBI throws his hand down.

ILANA

Oh my god.

ABBI

Come on, man, we were having such  
a good day.

He's taken away by a paramedic. Another PARAMEDIC stops to talk to the girls.

PARAMEDIC

He's lucky. Any deeper into his chest and the knife would've struck an artery and killed him, but it was slowed down somehow before impact. Long story short, he's got a real gaurdian angel watching over him.

ILANA looks up to the sky.

ILANA

(Proudly)

Abbi you sick bitch.

We see the spirit of NEW ABBI among the clouds looking down on them.

INT. A DIVE BAR

ABBI and ILANA sit at the bar with empty glasses of strawberry daiquiris.

ILANA

I just can't imagine Bjork having small nipples.

ABBI, hammered, groans and wipes her face.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Ok pissypants what's the matter?

ABBI

I almost watched a man die. He has a wife and kids. He got stabbed from a distance. That guy was really good at throwing knives. He's like a magician. Or a hibachi chef...(she drifts thinking about all of the different knife throwers in the world). I knew I wasn't cut out for the force.

ILANA

The doctors said he'll be **com-plete-ly** fine. Plus he lost a few brownie points for me when he asked to see our tits-

ABBI

Hey...he said a titty.

ILANA

Still pervy-gross-gross. And speaking of pervy-gross-gross, your 'tude is really making my bean soft.

ABBI

(Annoyed)

Well I'm sorry Ilana I almost lost a friend tonight.

ILANA

Uh HELLO. I think you're forgetting I DID lose a friend tonight.

ABBI

Ilana it was a balloon.

ILANA

Hey! Do NOT talk about her like that. She was a beautiful soul with the ass of an angel. Now I guess she's *all* angel.

ILANA looks up to the heavens with sorrow in her eyes.

ILANA (CONT'D)

(Whispering, almost mouthing)

I miss you so much bitch.

She collects herself. ABBI just continues to stare into her drink, haunted.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Hey. You achieved your dream today! You were a cop, dude! And while sometimes they get away with horrible things because our justice system is totes corrupts - we should be celebrating!

ABBI

(Still very sloppy, but confident)

Yeah. You're so right.

ABBI gets up and stands on the barstool.

ABBI (CONT'D)

I AM THE FORCE. WOOWOO!!

ILANA

YEEEEAAAAHHHH!!!

ABBI wobbles on the stool. It tilts over and she awkwardly falls into ILANA.

END SHOW