

ABIGAIL
(Pilot)

by

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FADE IN:

Opening credits are over a 70s-esque, soft-lighting close up of a female face resting on crossed hands in a Sears studio-like pose with requisite music, smiling day-dreamily at something out of frame, but only in her imagination. We'll call it "delusional optimism."

SMASH CUT TO TITLE: "ABIGAIL"

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - NYC - DAY

ABIGAIL (20s-ish to 30s-ish, but there's something very 1960s-ish housewife about her) wakes up, joyfully, in her brightly-colored Norman Rockwell apartment.

A Vision Board on her wall showcases: a picket fenced house with a hubby and two kids, the eHarmony logo, and a group of tight-knit bestie gal pals laughing together and drinking rose.

Abigail pops out of bed and throws open her colorful closet.

She strings on her pearls and sits down to a picturesque breakfast. It's gonna be a great day! It always is!

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Abigail talks the ELEVATOR GUY'S ear off.

ABIGAIL

His name is Dennis, and I have a great feeling about him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Abigail talks the DOORMAN'S ear off.

ABIGAIL

I'm SO excited. We talked on the phone, the actual phone, for an hour yesterday. No one talks on the actual phone anymore. I think he must be really committed to this whole process. Which makes me think he's the kind of guy who'd be really committed to a relationship, right? Not one of those flaky, half-ass types. I want someone who's all in, because I plan to be all in, you know what I mean? And, he actually asked me about plant preferences. Isn't that thoughtful?

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD DELI - CONTINUOUS

Abigail talks DELI GUY'S ear off. A GUY WITH RED GLOWING EYES steals a bagel under her nose. She's too busy talking to notice.

ABIGAIL

I just want to find my person,
you know? The one I can REALLY
count on. I know he's out there.
I am *confident of it*. But in the
meantime, I'll settle for hot sex,
am I right?

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

Small corporate Real Estate office, mostly a combo of work
for the weekend/stodgy paper pushers, with a couple hip tech
kids in the IT dept.

Abigail talks her neurotic cubicle neighbor GENE'S ear off.

ABIGAIL

Doesn't he sound thoughtful? I'm
thinking real hubby material. Do
you think I should wear my green
dress or pink dress tonight? The
one with the gingham pattern?

GENE

I don't care.

ABIGAIL

You're right, he should like me for
me, not what dress I'm wearing.
Great point, Gene. Thank you.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abigail talks dowdy TAMMY'S ear off.

ABIGAIL

So anyway, do you think Tetorini or
Delmonico's? Is Tetorini too wild?

TAMMY

Don't you take dates there like
every Friday? Of your life?

ABIGAIL

You're right, Tetorini is played
out. I'll suggest Delmonico's
instead. You're the best.

TAMMY

Uh huh.

INT./EXT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - SMOKING AREA - SAME

Abigail talks hipster LYNX from IT's ear off while he smokes.
Abigail clearly does not smoke.

ABIGAIL

Not that you guys aren't my people.
Please don't think you're not. It's
just I want to find my "person person."
(beat)
Speaking of, I signed up for that
table-making class. Tons of dudes.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - CUBICLE - SAME

Abigail leans over Gene.

GENE

I really gotta get back to this.

ABIGAIL

Omg, do you have a date tonight too?

GENE

No, I just have a lot of work to do.

ABIGAIL

Well, don't be scared to get out
there. If you need any advice, you
know who to come to.

GENE

Uh huh.

ABIGAIL

Wish me luck. This could be the one.

LYNX

(sotto, to Tammy)

Dear god, please let it be so. I'd
give my first 5 mil to smoke one
damn cigarette in peace.

TAMMY

You guys ready?

ABIGAIL

(quietly, meekly)

Oh, you guys going to lunch?

Gene, Tammy, and Lynx all grab their bags to rush past
Abigail. Abigail shuffles empty files and unpacks a sandwich.

INT. "THE AGENCY" OFFICES - DAY

Title card: ***"THE AGENCY" - Undisclosed Eastern European Location***

Stark, formal, Britishy dark wood mixed with Norweigeny metallic high tech offices with glass walls. It feels like the future and the past at the same time.

Floating glass computer monitors with active stats adorn the walls. A heat map labeled "Demon Counter" and another labeled "Master Vortex hits."

INT. "THE AGENCY" - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAN (30ish, born with a to do list in her hand) wears a no-nonsense gray suit, utilitarian hairstyle, and sits at a table of dudes, including her old-fashioned dinosaur of a Boss, STEVE, and fratty but passive co-worker PHIL.

JAN

There's been an uptick in vortex entries. We need to reactivate the sleeper agents to control the demon population.

Several Handlers seem to ignore her, including her boss Steve.

STEVE

What else do people have?

PHIL

I think ultimately, with this rise in the number of demons coming through various vortices, we need to, first and foremost, control the population. I'm thinking...we need more agents...

STEVE

Yes. Great point.

JAN

Are you fucking kidding me?

PHIL

What if we... reactivated a bunch of the previously successful sleeper agents?

STEVE

Phil! Excellent idea!

JAN
You're fucking kidding me, right?

STEVE
I'm serious as the Great Green
Sludge Slide of 2004, this is a
super plan.

JAN
I literally just said what Phil
said.

STEVE
I don't think so...

PHIL
I think I get the confusion here...
you suggested reactivating the
sleeper agents. And I suggested
reactivating the successful sleeper
agents.

JAN
That part is understood, Phil!

STEVE
Jan, can I see you in my office?

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

His office has the feel of a cigar and whiskey library.

STEVE
Have a seat.

JAN
I'm fine standing.

STEVE
Let's get to it then. Jan, you
seem stressed.

JAN
Uh yeah. Considering the demon
leadership needs 19 pieces of the
Key to open the Master Vortex and
that they already have 13 or 14 of
the pieces, yeah, I'd say I'm
pretty stressed.

STEVE
We have it all under control...

JAN
Fucking respectfully, sir, do we?

STEVE
So, the boys and I will deal with all this reactivation business. What we really need from you right now is some research. We're going to send you to New York.

Jan's excited for a second.

STEVE (CONT'D)
To study any unusual activity in the rat feces in the subway tunnels.

JAN
Sir, is that really the best use of my resources, sir, given the current, you know, situation? Sir? Shouldn't I be in the field with the other Handlers, finding and training agents? Without good agents, how are we going to get good Intel so we can prevent the Master Vortex being opened? And, you know, that ensuing pesky apocalypse?

STEVE
You don't need to worry about that. Just worry about cataloguing those feces! You're the most organized gal I know.

JAN
Exactly! So why--?

Steve's already off this convo on the phone...

STEVE
(turning back)
Remember, stick to *only* rat feces. No. Mice. Internal Affairs is *fully* enforcing terminations for any unsanctioned missions.

INT. JAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jan throws a spear across the room into a dartboard. She picks up her Personal Computer Assistant (DORIS). DORIS is a small handheld Alexa/Kitt/Ziggy from Quantum Leap type computer that all the agents have. It's capable of complex thought.

JAN

(talking to Doris)

I fucking hate this agency! This is ridiculous. What's the fucking point!? A) I'm never gonna get ahead here. B) These idiots are such morons that they're gonna get the whole world apocalyptsed before I can fix anything! I might as well retire now, get my brain wiped, and enjoy my last 2 months of this world and finally open my spear sharpening shop in ignorant bliss!

DORIS

Calculations suggest world has at least 14 months left before idiot morons let it get overrun by demons and subsequently destroyed. If you, our last hope, are unable to take over and turn things around, that is.

JAN

Great, the perfect amount of time to license, build and stain my spear hut.

DORIS

Calculations also suggest a Hail Mary.

JAN

A Hail Mary?

DORIS

It's a Catholic sporting maneuver used in desperate times.

JAN

No I know what it is, Doris, I mean which specific Hail Mary?

Doris shows Jan: A PROJECTION OF ABIGAIL.

Jan cracks up laughing, practically does a spit take.

JAN (CONT'D)

Hahahaha, you've got to be joking.

DORIS

Checking... No, the system says calculations are serious.

JAN

You want me to reactivate Abigail?
Are you out of your... mind?

DORIS

Calculations suggest least likely
hero, therefore, most likely promotion.
Or, conversely, most likely disaster.
Therefore, Hail Mary.

Hmmmmmm....

EXT. ROMANTIC WEST VILLAGE STREET - DUSK

Abigail and DENNIS wander down a romantic West Village block.

ABIGAIL

(sighing)

That jazz club was just wonderful.
And that dessert...

DENNIS

Yeah, it was great.

ABIGAIL

How DO they make the chocolate SO
silky?

Dennis shrugs. Abigail slows down outside a random building.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Let's stop here for a minute, I
just gotta know.

DENNIS

Know what?

ABIGAIL

So I have this theory... I think
it's really important to kiss on
the first date... Have a chemistry
test. To find out if the spark's
really there. Like what if two
people had the greatest convo in
the world, but there's no spark? Or
what if two people had a terrible
convo, but it's like, spark city?

DENNIS

Sure, why not.

A RANDOM DUDE in a "Children's International" vest, suddenly
appears out of nowhere-ish, lopez toward them.

ABIGAIL
Do you smell something funny?

RANDOM DUDE
Excuse me, sir, do you have a moment
to spare for saving the children?

DENNIS
Not right now, thanks. I already
donate.

Abigail suddenly attacks the hell out of the Random Dude.
"Karates" the fuck out of him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
What are you doing!?!?

ABIGAIL
(mid-kick/mid-punch)
I don't know!!

Her sudden Jason Bourne-esque knowledge of martial arts
scares the shit out of her. What the motherfuck was that?

Abigail and Random Dude spar for a few more rounds. It's both
skilled and awkward.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
What is happening!?!?

She chops him in the groin area and Random Dude LITERALLY
VAPORIZES INTO THIN AIR completely.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Where did he go!?

DENNIS
What the hell!?

Dennis sprints away.

ABIGAIL
Wait!... Our chemistry kiss!?

DENNIS
(still running away)
Are you serious??

Abigail, disappointed but equally freaked out, also runs
away, in the opposite direction.

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abigail hides in her apartment, terrified of whatever the hell just came out of her.

She sits under a blanket, nervously sipping an apricot La Croix with a straw and eating Lean Cuisines, her comfort foods, while hugging her tiny dog, FRANKLIN, and staring at the screen saver of floating Nora Ephron-esque romantic city-scapes on her TV, with jazz playing in the background.

She tentatively slides her computer toward her, pulls up the Google homepage. Searching her frazzled mind, she types then immediately deletes: "Is karate a symptom of"... "stroke?"... "Multiple Personality Disorder?"..."meeting your soulmate?"

ABIGAIL
(deleting her searches)
What? That's not a thing!

A KNOCK on the door startles her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Dennis, you came back!!

Abigail rushes to open the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I'm really not crazy-

Jan stands at the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(confused)
Hello? Can I help you?

JAN
You should probably invite me in.

ABIGAIL
Are you the police?

JAN
No. I'm your Handler.

ABIGAIL
My what?

JAN
The person who can explain your weird night.

ABIGAIL
Am I a robot or something?

JAN

What?? No, that's crazy. You're a sleeper agent.

ABIGAIL

What?

Abigail quickly ushers Jan inside, just as a PIRATE KIDNAPPING A DUDE sneaks out of her neighbor's apartment.

JAN

Yeah, you've noticed the uptick in crime in the neighborhood, right?

ABIGAIL

I guess? Not really?

JAN

Well... There's a big pagan vortex thing happening, and, so we've sort of
(air quotes)
"activated you."
(beat)
Accidentally.

ABIGAIL

Uh huh... Uh huh... I'm just gonna get my gel mask out of the freezer?

JAN

Sure.

Abigail returns a second later to find Jan startlingly ready with a WHOLE presentation.

JAN (CONT'D)

Doris, please activate playback.

Doris shines a projection onto Abigail's wall, where there's suddenly a projector screen. What the hell?

JAN (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna rip off the band-aid here. I'm from a company called The Agency. We deal with eliminating demons and preventing them from opening up a giant "Master" vortex that will cause the end of the world as we know it. My name's Jan. I'm your Handler.

Awkward handshake.

JAN (CONT'D)
 So... picture the Earth having a
 fucked up mirror alternate reality
 version. "Mirror Earth," if you will.

ABIGAIL
 Okay.

JAN
 If this "Master" vortex to Mirror
 Earth is opened, bad fucking things
 will happen, including:

SLIDE 1.

JAN (CONT'D)
 The sun will go out and it will be
 dark all the time.

SLIDE 2.

JAN (CONT'D)
 Dogs and cats and all other cute
 little household pets will become
 carnivores and will suddenly be
 eating their masters for lunch...

ABIGAIL
 Even...?

Abigail gestures to Franklin who cocks his head and lifts his
 fuzzy ears adorably. Tiniest dog you've ever seen.

JAN
 He'd rip your face off in 30
 seconds and then fuck your skull
 for sport.

Speechless.

SLIDE 3.

JAN (CONT'D)
 And all people in the western half
 of the Northern Hemisphere will
 turn into Vampire Zombie Mummies.

ABIGAIL
 What?

JAN
 Long story short, in 14 months, if we
 don't stop this Master vortex?
 (MORE)

JAN (CONT'D)
Unimaginable pain and horror, then: You,
dead. Me, dead. That future hubby you're
jonsing for, dead. Kids, dead. Everyone
everywhere, dead, dead, dead.
(beat, WAY TOO
lighthearted)
So that's the scoop...

Abigail barfs into a vase of carnations.

JAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, see. That's why we don't make
this general knowledge. Barfing.
Mass hysteria.

ABIGAIL
What does...all of this...have to
do with me?

JAN
I need your help to vaporize these
demons and track possible vortex
entry points.

Off Abigail's confused and horrified look.

JAN (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me about your
weird night?

ABIGAIL
A man asked me for a donation, and
I karate...chopped(?) the crap out
of him. I don't know how to karate
chop people.

JAN
Did you notice anything strange
about him?

ABIGAIL
Well, he smelled strongly of cream
cheese.
(beat)
Oh, and then he totally disappeared.
After I chopped him in the groin area.
But I obviously hallucinated that.

JAN
You didn't. That was a Whole Foods
Demon. You vaporized him.

ABIGAIL
Me?

Jan hits a button to advance to: Agency recruitment SLIDE.

JAN
5 years ago, we did a secret
recruitment program. Our traditional
agents weren't effective-- still
aren't. We needed wild cards.

Jan hits next: SLIDE of Abigail waving.

JAN (CONT'D)
You signed up.

ABIGAIL
Wow, I did?

JAN
To meet men.

SLIDE of Abigail playing with recruiter's tie.

JAN (CONT'D)
We shrugged it off, but your psych
test showed your irrational
tenacity and optimism readings were
off the charts.

ABIGAIL
Cool.

JAN
Yeah. Unfortunately, you were
ultimately a disaster. Actually,
our biggest recruitment disaster...
You kept trying to fuck the perps.

ABIGAIL
I would NEVER--
(takes a look at the vid,
where she's practically
climbing on the dude)
Yeah, it does look like maybe I was
flirting a little bit. Surely that
must have been the exception.

The projector cycles through many similar images.

JAN
As you can imagine, since banging
demons can lead to the Antichrist,
we had to deactivate you and Brain-
Wipe you.

ABIGAIL

Oh, so you can just do that thing again! Since this was all an accident anyway!

JAN

No, sorry. A second Brain-Wiping would render you with irreversible amnesia. Also... I need you, I think.

ABIGAIL

So like, I'm the hero you need now?

JAN

Um, yep.

ABIGAIL

(beat, pacing)

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh. Well, you know what? I don't believe in accidents, you know what I believe in? Fate. And when you get lemons, you make raspberry peach lemonade! And when you're called to save the world, you save the world!

(beat)

So now what?

JAN

We have to run a VERY important errand first thing tomorrow morning.

ABIGAIL

I have to drop off the danishes at work tomorrow morning.

Points to a pastry box on her counter. This is Jan's weirdest standoff ever.

JAN

(beat)

Okay. I'll pick you up after you drop off the danishes?

ABIGAIL

Perfect.

JAN

In the meantime, make SURE you don't tell ANYONE. Anyone. An.y.one.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, yeah, I got it.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jan exits Abigail's apartment building.

JAN

Jesus Christ, she's going to drive me fucking crazy, but at least that went well.

DORIS

System is not so sure yet.

JAN

Can the system detect sarcasm?

DORIS

The system can tell you that you have a 7am rat feces collection tomorrow morning.

JAN

The system is hilarious.

DORIS

System knows.

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Abigail wakes up tentatively. She peruses her closet, unsure.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jan holds a crate of feces specimen collection containers, takes a deep frustrated breath and walks down the steps.

INT./EXT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Abigail, wearing dark sunglasses and all black, slinks out of the Elevator and past the Doorman.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD DELI - CONTINUOUS

Abigail silently pays Deli Guy for her coffee.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Abigail slides into her cubicle across from Gene.

ABIGAIL
I don't seem different, do I?

KITCHEN

Tammy stirs her coffee.

TAMMY
I don't think so.

ABIGAIL
Cool cool cool.
(beat, a bit disappointed)
Are you sure?

SMOKING AREA

Lynx drags on his cigarette.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Stronger? Cooler? Super, important?
Just, if you notice anything, just
let me know.

CUBICLE

GENE
Is this about a date?

ABIGAIL
No. I mean, yes. I mean, nothing.
(to self)
So far, so good.

Gene, Lynx and Tammy look at each other like, "What is this new weirdness?"

INT. JAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jan FACETIMES with Steve.

JAN
Sir, I've catalogued *all* 128
varieties of rat feces.

She pans the monitor to show him an IMPOSSIBLY THOROUGH
collection of stacked specimen containers.

JAN (CONT'D)
Can I please get back to my regular
Handler duties of finding and
training agents now?

STEVE

Well, actually, I'm guessing we should probably see how additional specimens change over time.

JAN

Guessing?

(beat)

Sir, has the team made any progress collecting Intel on where the Master Vortex will be located?

STEVE

Not yet, they can't get anyone to talk, but I'm sure they got this.

JAN

Why?

Phil pops his head onto the screen, holding a report.

PHIL

So, Internal Affairs wants to know if you've

(mechanically reading)

"accidentally logged any mouse feces. And/or if you've noticed any unusual and/or duplicate sleeper agents in NYC and/or vicinity?"

JAN

Nope! Just doing my thing in the tunnels! But I really think-

STEVE

Stick with it, kid. Later.

Steve hangs up.

JAN

Sir? Holy shit. This is a disaster.

DORIS

System calculates: yeah.

INT. ABIGAIL'S BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Abigail pops into MR. STANTON'S office with the pastry box.

ABIGAIL

Mr. Stanton, I have a favor to ask. An appointment came up, and it might take the rest of the day.

MR. STANTON
(barely looking up)
Mm hmm, that's fine, whatever.
(looks up)
Ooh, danishes!

Just then, Gene carries in a tray of bagels and cream cheese.

Before she can think, Abigail grabs a pencil, spins, and STABS it into Gene's leg.

Gene screams and drops the bagel tray.

MR. STANTON (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Abigail?????

ABIGAIL
I-I-I'm so sorry! I thought I saw a bee.

GENE
What???

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Abigail hides under a blanket, grasping Frankie.

JAN (O.S.)
It was the cream cheese.

ABIGAIL
What?

JAN (O.S.)
You're gonna be a little unstable
this first month with all the new
activation hormones. Just remember,
if other people can smell it, it's
just cream cheese and not a demon.

Abigail throws off the blanket.

ABIGAIL
You COULD have maybe warned me, so I
didn't, you know, stab my co-worker!

JAN
It's more effective to learn in the
field.
(beat)
Also, you don't have to dress like
a mime priest.

ABIGAIL
It's a secret agent outfit.

JAN

The whole point of sleeper civilian agents is to look like civilians. You're supposed to act normal. Just normal. You know, normal?

ABIGAIL

Oh, yeah, normal, totally got it now.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Abigail follows Jan into the waiting room, back to wearing her standard every day colorful get up.

JAN

Top priority: The Agency can't know you've been accidentally re-activated or Internal Affairs *WILL* send someone to Brain-Wipe you, and, like I said...

ABIGAIL

Complete irreversible amnesia... Oh God, I dated a guy with that once.

JAN

Are all your stories about guys you dated?

ABIGAIL

What else would they be about?

Jan just can't.

JAN

So I'm giving you a fake ID, You're going to be Francine McDougal.

ABIGAIL

(beat)

I don't LOVE it, but...

JAN

It's *ONLY* for admin purposes and if The Agency tries to contact you.

Doris BEEPS loudly.

JAN (CONT'D)

(to Doris)

Oh no, what now?

DORIS

ALERT: Francine is being guarded by a Shut the Fuck Up Demon.

JAN
Ugh, great.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

FRANCINE, 20s, lies in a hospital bed, super stiff. Eyes are wide open, which is super creepy.

ABIGAIL
Is she--

JAN
Frozen for 5 years? Yeah.

ABIGAIL
What!? How would that be what I was going to ask!?

Jan shrugs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
She was frozen by a demon?

JAN
Don't worry, Ikligu Demons only come out in February. We have a whole year to train for that.

ABIGAIL
Phew? I can't believe this is my life now.
(beat)
Hey, so, what got you into the Handler game?

JAN
(super serious)
It's a sacred position and an honor, not a sacrifice, and it's always been the only thing worth doing ever from the moment I was born.

ABIGAIL
Hey, so, what do you Handlers do for fun, when you're not working?

JAN
Do we have to do small talk now?

Jan gets out a portable monitor and some long metal tools.

ABIGAIL
Well, if this is my life now and if you're basically going to be my new BFF, I feel like we should get to know each other.

JAN
I'm trying to focus.

ABIGAIL
Small talk helps me focus.

Jan gives Doris a dirty look.

Jan extracts a long, sharp metal needle from her kit.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Ew, what are you gonna do!?

JAN
Once I extract the ID chip from
Francine's wrist, Doris can upload
the fake ID to your chip.

Abigail collapses into a chair in the corner.

ABIGAIL
I think I'm starting to have a
panic attack.

JAN
Get it together, because the second
I touch her arm, the Shut The Fuck
Up Demon is going to be all up in
our business.
(beat)
And if I damage this chip during
removal, we're both screwed.

Abigail hyperventilates.

ABIGAIL
What do I do!?

JAN
Don't worry, they aren't violent.
Just annoying AF. They migrate from
Mirror Earth because their entire
fucking world is sick of talking to
them. They love a captive audience
like Francine...

Jan sharpens the metal rod.

JAN (CONT'D)
Just keep her away til I get this
chip out. Kill her, distract her,
whatever you need to do.

With that, Jan inserts the metal tool into Francine's wrist.

ABIGAIL
I'm not-- I can't--

An overly trendy woman (STFU) hastens into the room, making a beeline for Jan and Francine. Until-

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Oh my god. I love your coat.

STFU
Shut the fuck up.

ABIGAIL
I do. I love it. Where'd you get it?

STFU
I got it from this awesome flea market downtown. But ONLY because I had to replace my favorite one ever that was STOLEN from a hook at my favorite bar ever-

ABIGAIL
I HATE it when that happens! That is a damn travesty! Here's what you do next time to keep it safe.

Jan meanwhile digs around with the wire in Francine's wrist. Cut in and out of Abigail's convo with STFU.

JAN
(to Doris)
I can't quite find it.

ABIGAIL
So then I was like, you know what, I DO have so much more energy-

STFU
So so true.

JAN
I think I almost have it.

ABIGAIL
I feel crazy saying it, but after a week in Barcelona, I really did get sick of the ham...

JAN
I found it! Yes!

Abigail hugs STFU.

ABIGAIL
I hate to say it, but I really think I am done with marathons.

JAN
Dude, I found it, you can stop.

CUT TO:

Jan checks her watch.

ABIGAIL
He said that? That's beautiful.

STFU
Right?

CUT TO:

Abigail holds her "one minute" hand up at Jan, mid hug.
Abigail and STFU are both tearing up.

ABIGAIL
No, thank you.

STFU
No, thank you.

ABIGAIL
No, thank you.

JAN
Yo, are you done?

Abigail stands up to sidebar with Jan.

ABIGAIL
Yes, but now what!? I don't want to
(makes kill sign)
Oin-gray op-chay her into oblivion!
She's sweet, annoying AF, but-

JAN
(beat)
Seriously?

ABIGAIL
And she's got children.

Jan shows Abigail a funny, gross, scary pic of STFU's kids.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Dear god!.... But still.

JAN
There's another option.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/EXT. BATHROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jan packs up her tools and monitor.

STFU (O.S.)
So another little known fact about
toilets--

Toilet FLUSHES off-screen.

Abigail exits bathroom. She is soaking wet.

ABIGAIL
(if you say so)
Okay, sent back to, Mirror Earth.
I guess...?

JAN
Well done.

Utterly soaked, Abigail dials her phone.

ABIGAIL
(into phone)
Rodney, we're gonna have to
reschedule...
(beat)
Yeah, I guess this could be a sign
that you should get back together
with your ex. Great.

INT. JAN'S HOTEL ROOM/SUITE - NIGHT

Still damp Abigail meanders past all Jan's devices.

ABIGAIL
Goodbye forever, Rodney...Sigh...

Jan sits glued to the monitor. Doris BEEPS.

DORIS
Fatal outcome: ID upload
unsuccessful. Chip corrupted.

JAN
Shit! Dammit!

ABIGAIL
So I don't have to be Francine
McDorkal? Yes!

JAN
Fuck, now what do we do!?

DORIS

System calculations suggest telling
Steve and Home Office the truth.

JAN

There's no way that will work! You
heard Steve. Guaranteed termination!

ABIGAIL

The truth? What do you mean the
truth?

Jan sighs.

JAN

Ugh, okay, I didn't want to have to
tell you this. The truth is... you
weren't activated by accident.

ABIGAIL

What do you mean?

JAN

I did it on purpose. You were a
Hail Mary... I'm the only Handler
at the Agency with a PRAYER of
getting between us and the
apocalypse. But no one will listen
to me.... According to Doris's
calculations, *YOU* were my one
chance to make a drastic change. If
I could activate *YOU*, our biggest
disaster, and make you into our
biggest success, then I could get
promoted to a proper seat at the
table. And maybe actually stop this
apocalypse thing. Barring that, the
way things are looking, we're
pretty much doomed.

(beat)

And now if I tell the Home Office
what I've done, Hail Mary over.
They're just going to excommunicate
me and then Brain-Wipe you.

ABIGAIL

I don't want permanent amnesia like
Jork Schmerkin!

JAN

You dated a guy called Jork Schmerkin?

ABIGAIL

Yes.

JAN

Nevermind. So truth is, I lied
about the whole amnesia thing too..

ABIGAIL

Wait, so you did this to me on
purpose. Turned my life upside down
on purpose?

(beat)

And you could have Brain-Wiped me
this whole time?

(beat)

Like before I ruined my favorite
dress!?

(beat)

Or before I missed my date with
Rodney, who could have been my
future husband?

JAN

I sincerely doubt-

ABIGAIL

(getting amped up)

Or before I stuck a pencil in
Gene's leg!?!?

JAN

Slow your roll, don't forget you're
a little out of control right now.

ABIGAIL

I'm on serious probation! I have to
go to seminars with Felicia now!!!

JAN

I'm talking about the apocalypse,
and you're talking about, Felicia??

ABIGAIL

Do you have any idea what she's like????

JAN

Based on today, I think I can kind
of guess.

ABIGAIL

Excuse me? What are you saying?

JAN

I'm saying that clearly Doris made
a miscalculation since so far the
only thing I've seen you succeed at
is figuring out how to talk MORE
than a Demon NAMED AFTER not
shutting the fuck up.

Abigail gasps!

ABIGAIL

That's it, I'm out, I'm OUT, do the Brain thing.

JAN

I don't have my kit with me.

ABIGAIL

I thought you said your bosses were the incompetent ones. Maybe I should call one of them to be my Handler.

Ouch.

JAN

I didn't bring it because I was HOPEFUL for FIVE SECONDS.

ABIGAIL

Meet me tomorrow. No! I have a date tomorrow! Meet me Sunday. Or I'll call one of the other Handlers to do it. I'm going back to danishes and dating in peace. It's better than spending my last few months covered in toilet water and hanging out with the least BFFy person I've ever met. With you guys in charge, the world is doomed anyway. I might as well enjoy the time I have, in ignorant bliss.

JAN

Ignorant is right!

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Abigail stretches herself awake, resolved, pleased as punch. Feeds Franklin. Glances at the Vision Board photo of the bestie gal pals, but shakes it off.

ABIGAIL

(to Franklin)

Excited to get life back to normal, Frankie? Me too.

(puppy voice)

You're not gonna eat my face off, are you?

(wait, serious)

Are you?

INT. JAN'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jan hides under her blanket, bummed as hell.

DORIS BEEPS.

DORIS
Reminder to collect rat feces at 7am.

JAN
Fuck you, Doris.

DORIS
System calculations say angst
impedes highest job performance.
Suggests the following things to
reduce angst: good food, a hike in
nature, sex, friendship. Apologies,
for example, to system.

Jan pulls her blanket further over her head.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Abigail breezes in whistling, sets down the danishes.

ABIGAIL
Hi, guys, sorry for the crazy
yesterday, but I assure you that
everything is back to normal.

Gene and Tammy keep their distance, rush by her as they blurt out:

GENE
Great dress, wear that!

TAMMY
Delmonico's, great idea! Do that!

ABIGAIL
What? Oh, thanks!

Lynx saunters up.

LYNX
Want a smoke?

ABIGAIL
I don't smoke, but thank you?

LYNX
You sure? You kinda seem like
somebody who smokes.

ABIGAIL
(oh my)
Thank you.

FELICIA slinks in, close talking.

Abigail? FELICIA

ABIGAIL
(ugh)
Felicia.

FELICIA
Shall we?

INT. RAT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jan is elbow-deep in rat feces. Fucking miserable.

JAN
I guess it's just me and you now
until the rapidly approaching end
of days, rat feces.
(to Doris)
Any other bright ideas I should try?

DORIS
Negative. System suggests quit
while you're ahead. Additional
attempts likely to lead to
discovery and excommunication.
Excommunication leads to--

JAN
Yeah, I know, public dishonorable
Brain-Wiping, retirement fund
revoked, no spearhut on the beach.
(beat)
You know what? Fuck this.

Jan pulls her arms out of the sludge.

JAN (CONT'D)
Doris, she's right. Fucking
Abigail's right. Nothing's gonna
change. I want ignorant bliss too.
Get Steve on the phone.

Steve's face appears on FACETIME.

JAN (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm retiring.

STEVE
I'm very sorry to hear that. We're
sorry to lose you.

JAN
I'm sure you're devastated. Out of
curiosity, any developments?

STEVE
No, but no doubt soon!

JAN
That's what I thought. I'll see you
back there in 48 hours.

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The WAITRESS sets down a 3-tiered chocolate fountain between
Abigail and TODD (pleasant, standard magazine handsome).

ABIGAIL
And you're sure this is the biggest
one you have?

WAITRESS
Yes.

ABIGAIL
I just love chocolate, don't you?

TODD
Sure.

ABIGAIL
Anyway I really just feel like when
you find your person, everything
falls into place. It's like the
world stops...And you really see
them and they really see you. And
you have your team.

TODD
Sure.

ABIGAIL
So... tell me everything.

TODD
I've got a lot of cool hats.

ABIGAIL
Oh?

TODD
Yeah, I collect them.

ABIGAIL
How interesting.

Abigail starts noticing standard restaurant sounds of plates, pots and pans CRASHING, and it's all she can focus on.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

TODD
The crashing?

ABIGAIL
Yeah. Do you think I should go in there?

TODD
What? Why?

ABIGAIL
Nevermind, so your hats?

TODD
So it started with baseball caps, and then I was like, why stop there? There are literally 100s of other kinds of hats.

ABIGAIL
Wow. 100s?

Abigail sniffs the air, serious sniffing happening.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Do you smell cream cheese?

A dessert tray rolls by. Abigail deflates.

TODD
I love cheese cake. Cheeses in general.

ABIGAIL
More than hats?

TODD
You're funny! That's a tough one.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Doris BEEPS again.

JAN
Doris, we had a good run. I guess I'll give us both the night off...We can say our goodbyes in the morning.

But it's not what Jan thinks.

DORIS
ALERT: Ikliga Demon just crossed
over into the vicinity.

JAN
What? But it's May!

DORIS
Correct, it is currently the month
of May.

JAN
Jesus, Doris, I meant why is an
Ikliga Demon here in May?

DORIS
System cannot verify.

JAN
Shit, I should warn Abigail to not
fight ANYONE that crosses her path
tonight. She's still got that newby
uncontrollable aggression thing.

Jan's hands are covered in shit.

JAN (CONT'D)
Doris, call Abigail.

DORIS
Voicemail...

JAN
Uh... Abigail, NBD, but if you see
or smell or whatever other senses
anything tonight, uh, don't engage.
Repeat, continue talking about
whatever boring shit you are
talking about with your date, and
do not engage. End message.
(beat)
Shit.... Doris, track Abigail.

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Abigail's silenced phone buzzes off the hook in her purse,
hanging from the back of her dinner table chair.

TODD
Fedora, beret, boater, sailer hat
(beat)
Capotain, homburg, pork pie, fez
(with accent and flair)
Cappello romano...

ABIGAIL
Mhmm cool, so to get back to that
soulmate thing. Do you mind if we kiss?

TODD
Sure.

Abigail kisses him. Nothing. Bummer.

ABIGAIL
(beat)
Hey Todd, if I were to tell you
those people over there were pure
evil and a danger to the world, aka
demons, I mean they're not, but if
they were, would you take them out?

TODD
Um, I don't understand the
question. No? Is this a test? I
like that lady's hat, though.

ABIGAIL
(perking up)
Excuse me, Todd, sorry to
interrupt, but do you smell the
unmistakable smell of cream cheese?

TODD
No...?

ABIGAIL
Fantastic.

Abigail turns to see an EVILLY HANDSOME FELLOW enter the
restaurant.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Yes! Well helloooo, handsome.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jan runs down the street repeatedly dialing her phone.

JAN
Come on, dude, pick up.

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Abigail jumps up and slams the evilly handsome dude into the
kitchen.

ABIGAIL
Betcha didn't expect me.

Todd runs in after them.

TODD
Hey fella, where'd you get that hat?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jan hoofs it down the street, panting.

JAN
Doris, can't you turn into a jetpack
or something useful for once?

DORIS
Negative. System calculates Doris
has MANY useful features AND that
you are just acting like this to
make our goodbye less painful.

INT. DELMONICO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abigail shoves the demon away. She then flips around, and,
eyes wild, grabs Todd.

CUT TO:

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jan busts in the front door. The restaurant patrons are silent
and look shell-shocked, staring toward the now silent kitchen.

JAN
Shit, I'm too late. She's frozen,
isn't she? Dead? Dismembered?

RANDOM PATRON
Jesus Christ, lady. What the hell
are you talking about?

Suddenly, Abigail busts out of the kitchen covered in a meaty
pulp... practically glowing.

ABIGAIL
Oh good, you're here! I wanted to
talk to you! My date was terrible
and wonderful! It's all your fault!

JAN
What... happened?
(beat)
Is that... Ikliga blood?

ABIGAIL
No, I took care of him the old
fashioned way.

Jan's like, "what does that mean?"

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
The toilet.

JAN
Oh. We don't really call that-
whatever.

ABIGAIL
But not until after we had an
intense conversation about why the
heck he was here in May.

JAN
Really!? You actually got Intel?
How did you do that!?

ABIGAIL
Duh, I talked to him.

JAN
Doris, you little fucking genius.

DORIS
System told you so.

JAN
Okay, don't get cocky.

ABIGAIL
And then I was so turned on because
he was SO sexy, that after all that-

JAN
Oh no.

ABIGAIL
Calm down. I didn't bang him. I
heard what you said about the whole
Antichrist thing.

JAN
Thank God.

ABIGAIL
Also he was gay. Turns out he was
here off season in May because he
just went through a baaaad breakup
and had to get away. I couldn't
exactly kill him after that. We had
a connection. I'm sorry, but we did.
(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I sent him back through the toilet
to deal with his own demons. Haha,
get it?

Ignoring.

JAN

So what's all this goo from?

ABIGAIL

Hamburger meat. I had to have sex
with Todd of all people, all over
the kitchen. SUPER boring date,
definitely not my person, BUT I had
the best sex of my life after all
that vanquishing energy...

(disappearing into her
fantasies)

And THAT'S something I can work
with... Hone...

JAN

Yikes.

ABIGAIL

Do you think you can front the bill
for the damages? I feel like I might
get fired from my job any day now.
Oh, he also said the Master Gate is
somewhere in this hemisphere. But
that's all he knew.

JAN

Holy shit.

Abigail shoves Jan.

ABIGAIL

You sneaky bastard, you wanted me
to learn in the field, and I did!

JAN

Yep, that's exactly what I was doing.

EXT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Jan, Abigail (and Doris) exit and wander down the street.

JAN

Unbelievable. You actually got
Intel from him.

ABIGAIL

Well, I'm very likeable.

JAN

So listen, I'll pass along your Intel to the Home Office, for what good that will do, and then I'll meet you on Sunday, as promised.

ABIGAIL

What?? No no no, don't you get it? I can't go back to who I was! I want the guy AND glory! We're gonna do this thing, partner! Who else is going to do it? Todd? Your boss? I don't think so. I want more for the future of the children I will probably never have. Cancel the Brain-Wiping! We're gonna do this! Together!

Jan looks longingly at the photo of a spear on her phone.

JAN

Fuck it! Yes! Let's save the world! I have to make several phone calls.
(sotto)
Doris, tell Steve that was a Fake-Out Demon calling as me.

ABIGAIL

Also, I still get Thursday through Saturday date nights! Non-negotiable! And an extra dry-cleaning allowance.

JAN

Sure.

ABIGAIL

But to clarify, my dates can never know my secret, EVEN if we get married?

JAN

Let's cross that bridge if we come to it.

ABIGAIL

This is gonna be great! You know what they say about opposites.

JAN

They make the best murder-sui stories?

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. INTERCUT: "AGENCY" OFFICE & JAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jan FACETIMES with Steve and Phil, who are now surrounded by Fedex Boxes and Jan's IMPOSSIBLY THOROUGH collection of rat feces containers.

STEVE

So you got all this Intel about the Master Gate from the rat feces?

JAN

Yes sir, I did. I'll keep mining the New York tunnels, but I can only dream of what a study in Eastern Europe would yield.

PHIL

Sir, I have an idea. Our Handlers aren't yielding any significant results. We should spearhead a rat feces study here in Eastern Europe. I can lead the expedition. Jan should keep working the New York angle.

STEVE

Excellent idea, Phil!

Jan, Abigail, and Doris virtual hi-five off-screen.

END OF PILOT