

# BROAD CITY

Episode 204  
"Knockoffs"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

ABBI and ILANA walk quickly - they're late.

ABBI

I was showering this morning, and I felt a long hair coming from my butt, and I was like, 'Do I have a long butt hair?!', but then I realized it was a head hair that just slid into my butt crack.

ILANA

Oh yeah, I get those all the time. I put them on the shower wall and spell out our names.

A MAN in a mechanical wheelchair gets in their path. They try to pass him, but he zigzags, blocking them. The girls walk into the street to pass.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Hold on, we need to go back to the fact that you are fi-nal-ly going to ~~fuck~~ Jeremy tonight! Eee!

In the background, the man parks his wheelchair and stands up to go into a bodega.

ABBI

No, it's just a get-to-know-each-other, casual hang at his place, no big deal. It's not even an official "date" date.

ILANA

(not buying it)  
Mm-hmm...

ABBI

There's so much I want to learn about him, like where he went to college, how many sisters he has--

ILANA

Oh, he definitely has sisters.

ABBI

--whether he wants to retire on a farm or in one of those cabanas overlooking the ocean.

ILANA

I bet he doesn't even wear underwear. His junk's probably rollin' around all loosey-goosey in those carpenter jeans.

ABBI

I just want to take things slow. I think this could really be something, you know?

They arrive at Li's Salon. Ilana peeks in.

ILANA

Of course she's not here! I knew we didn't have to rush. That bitch is always late!

BOBBI arrives. She looks exactly like Ilana.

BOBBI

I can't believe you beat me here.  
(to Abbi, re: Ilana)  
This bitch is always late!

ILANA

Hi, Mom.

BOBBI

Hi, honey.

They hug tightly with a million kisses and pull Abbi in. Bobbi starts handing Ilana things from her purse.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

As usual, I'm Mr. Postman. Some mail came to the house for you: a jury duty notice, NYU alum magazines, a Delia's catalog, and Out Magazine.

ILANA

Though I do not believe in 'paper mail', thank you.

BOBBI

Excited to get your nails "did" girls? Yelp said someone got gangrene here -- it's so cheap now!

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. LI'S SALON - DAY

Bobbi, Abbi and Ilana sit in pedicure chairs. Bobbi grabs a ziplock bag of polishes from her purse.

BOBBI

Pick a color.

Ilana picks a color, Abbi hesitates and holds the one she's chosen from the salon.

ABBI

I was actually going to use one of theirs.

BOBBI

How are you going to do touch ups during the week?

ILANA

Mom, she's one of those high class, WASPY Jews--

(Civil War voice)

A Philadelphia queen from down the Main Line. King of Prussia Mall?

\*  
\*

Beat.

ABBI

So... I was sorry to hear that Grandma Esther passed away, Bobbi.

BOBBI

Oh, thank you sweetheart. But don't cry for Grandma Esther. She lived 92 full years. That woman did so much in her life. She watched them build the Empire State building--

ILANA

She played baseball for the Rockford Peaches--

BOBBI

She sang at the Cotton Club--

ILANA

And she ~~fucked~~ Little Richard!

BOBBI  
That's right.  
(nostalgically)  
She was a special lady.

Beat.

ABBI  
Isn't Little Richard gay?

BOBBI  
No, "bisexual alien".

ILANA  
- "bisexual alien".

BOBBI  
Besides, the Shiva gives me an  
excuse to stop by Canal Street. I  
have a lot of bags to buy for the  
girls back on Long Island.

ILANA  
Mom, I thought we were done with  
the bag obsession.

BOBBI  
'Scuse me. My mother just died! I  
was done, but now I'm dipping my  
toe back in.  
(to pedicurist)  
Speaking of which, you're going to  
need stronger scissors for that big  
toe, honey.

EXT. LI'S SALON - LATER

Abbi, Bobbi and Ilana exit the salon.

BOBBI  
Abbi. Let me know if you want me to  
get you a bag. I'd be happy to - I  
love bags!

ILANA  
(loudly)  
Yeah, definitely let us know!

Ilana hugs Abbi and changes tone, whispering in her ear.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
My mom's clearly having a lot of  
trouble dealing with Grandma  
Sugar's death, so I have to go with  
her to buy these knockoff bags.  
(hits her vape)  
(MORE)

ILANA (CONT'D)  
 Everyone has their own way of  
 coping I guess.

BOBBI  
 (loudly)  
 It was so good to see you Abbi!

Bobbi hugs Abbi and changes tone, whispering in her ear.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 Ilana thinks I'm having trouble  
 dealing with my mother's death--  
 I'm not. I just want some new  
~~fucking~~ bags.

ABBI  
 Well, you two enjoy your time  
 together. I'm late for my non-date-  
 hang-out, and I still need to find  
 the perfect non-date-hang-out  
 outfit.

ILANA  
 Look at me.  
 (taking Abbi's face in her  
 hands)  
 The moment you get to Jeremy's, put  
 me on FaceTime and hide your phone.

ABBI  
 (sarcastic)  
 I will absolutely do that.

BOBBI  
 Don't forget to use a condom,  
 sweetie.

ABBI  
 (very uncomfortable)  
 Yes. Thank. You.  
 (to Ilana, sotto)  
 You told her about that one time?!

ILANA  
 No. That's how she says goodbye to  
 everyone.

Abbi, shaking her head, leaves.

BOBBI  
 (re: Abbi's butt)  
 Uch, look at that gorgeous ass.

ILANA  
You're telling me!

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Bobbi and Ilana walk down Canal Street.

BOBBI  
So, I've been wanting to talk to  
you about something.  
(beat)  
Beyoncé and Jay Z are in the  
Illuminati, right?

\*  
\*  
\*

ILANA  
Yes.

BOBBI  
And Blue Ivy...

ILANA  
...will become their Grand Master  
Supreme.

\*  
\*

Bobbi spots her target.

BOBBI  
Here we go.

They approach USHI, an Asian woman smoking under a parasol.

USHI  
(whispering)  
Bags, bags, bags...

\*

BOBBI  
(rehearsed)  
Buying counterfeit bags is illegal.

Ushi nods. She motions towards her sunglasses table, lifts the  
tablecloth, and reveals bags underneath laid out on a  
blanket. Bobbi inspects them.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(in Chinese)  
Shénme ta ma de shi gou shi?  
(subtitles)  
What is this shit?

USHI  
(bitchy)  
Uhhhh n dai?  
(MORE)

USHI (CONT'D)  
 (subtitles)  
 Uhhh... bags?

BOBBI  
 Bié ta ma de gen wo lái. Wo xiang  
 dirtbag zhenzhèng de jiamào  
 chanpin, hao ma?!  
 (subtitles)  
 Don't ~~fuck~~ with me, alright? I want  
 the real counterfeits, okay?! I'm  
 not some tri-state area dirtbag who  
 doesn't know the difference between  
 a cross stitch and a sailmakers  
 stitch.

Ushi, impressed, whistles to another Asian woman, who waits  
 at her table. Ushi leads Bobbi and Ilana.

USHI  
 Okay, follow me.

BOBBI  
 What the ~~fuck~~ am I talkin' in  
 Chinese for?

She leads them across Canal. Bobbi and Ilana, holding hands,  
 continue their conversation.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 I think Blue Ivy must look more  
 like Jay than Bey or we'd be seeing  
 a lot more pictures.

ILANA  
 Mom! Jay is so handsome!

BOBBI  
 Ehh, too much lips. I had a  
 nightmare once where I fell off a  
 cliff, thought I was gonna die, but  
 I was saved by Jay Z's lips.

ILANA  
 That's what's so hot about him!

They continue across the street to a windowless white van.  
 Bobbi and Ilana are about to be blindfolded when--

BOBBI  
 Oh, no. We bring our own  
 blindfolds, thank you.

ILANA  
 (remembering)  
 Oh my god, remember when I got pink  
 eye that one time? Haha, ew.

Bobbi grabs two blindfolds from her purse. Bobbi and Ilana  
 are blindfolded and ushered into the van.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A beautiful apartment with exposed beams and antique parquet  
 floors.

Abbi sits on a hand-woven Native American floor mat and looks  
 through a toolbox of vintage 1950s postcards as Jeremy gets  
 drinks from the kitchen.

ABBI  
 These are so cool.

JEREMY  
 (calling from the kitchen)  
 Yeah, they have a similar feel to  
 your drawings. \*

Abbi dies in the best way. \*

JEREMY (CONT'D) \*

I collected them on the last road  
 trip I took with my terminal dog.

Jeremy enters with two swing-cap bottles and sits next to  
 Abbi.

ABBI  
 That's so sweet. You know, I've  
 been surrounded by a lot of death  
 today. Sometimes death really makes  
 you think about... life.

JEREMY  
 Totally.

Jeremy smiles. \*

ABBI \*

(toasting)  
 To living and remember and being...  
 yeah, that's it.

They clink bottles and sip.

JEREMY  
You're really eloquent about death.

ABBI  
Yeah, well. My favorite show is  
"Six Feet Under".

JEREMY  
I've never seen it.

ABBI  
I am so jealous! I wish I could  
watch it again for the first time.  
I have the box set, if you wanna  
borrow it.

JEREMY  
Maybe we could watch together.

ABBI  
(too enthused)  
YES!  
(playing it off)  
I mean, sure I guess. Whatever. If  
you want...

They laugh and drink.

JEREMY  
I think I do.

Abbi almost spits up her beer.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Oops, you got some foam...

Jeremy wipes it away. They share an intense moment of eye  
contact - and he kisses her hungrily. She kisses back.

ABBI  
(pulling back)  
Oh my God. I'm kissing Jeremy.

JEREMY  
(charmed, sweetly)  
Oh my God. I'm kissing Abbi.

They kiss MORE!

INT. VAN - DAY

Bobbi and Ilana sit blindfolded, unfazed. They hold hands.

BOBBI

I don't want you eating any sushi, okay? Fukushima. I went to a website, and it said the radiation levels are off the charts.

ILANA

You wanna talk nasty seafood? I read a thing that said New York City drinking water has microscopic shrimp -- copepods, they're called!

BOBBI

No!!!!

ILANA

Ya!!! Google it!!! We have shrimp Lit'rally inside of us at all times, which actually sounds delicious now that I think about it, but it's like, ask me first ya know?

\*

The van screeches to a halt. The door opens, their blindfolds are removed, and Bobbi and Ilana are lead into:

\*

**EXT. ALLEY** - CONTINUOUS

\*

Ushi moves a manhole cover and climbs down the hole.

\*

BOBBI

(following)

Now we're cookin' with gas.

(to Ilana)

The good shit's always down a manhole.

\*

**INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM** - SAME

Abbi and Jeremy are having missionary sex on his driftwood bed. It's hot'n'sweaty and they're out of breath.

JEREMY

Why didn't we do this sooner?

ABBI

I don't know!

They continue to do it.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Do you want to switch positions?  
Change it up?

Jeremy stops.

JEREMY

You sure?

ABBI

Yeah, why not?

JEREMY

(sooo psyched)  
Awesome.

Jeremy jumps out of bed and goes to his closet. Abbi checks to see if her pit smells. It doesn't. Yay.

Jeremy hands her a pink strap-on dildo, and quickly gets on all fours.

Abbi, shocked, looks at the dildo in her hands, and at Jeremy's butt in the air.

ABBI

Oh...

Jeremy turns around, realizing the miscommunication.

JEREMY

(flustered)  
Oh my God. You just meant switch positions! I thought you were suggesting we switch. I'm so embarrassed.

ABBI

No, don't be!

Jeremy goes to take the dildo back.

JEREMY

Please, forget it. I'm sorry.

ABBI

It's totally fine, you just caught me off guard.

JEREMY

(genuinely)  
I'm such an idiot.

ABBI

No! Not at all! I just need a minute.

She grabs her phone on her way out.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She looks into the mirror (Hi, Oprah tattoo!), then at the pink dildo in her hand. Ab's freakin' out a little bit.

ABBI

Sure, cool cool cool cool cool.  
Yeah. Okay, alright.

Abbi takes her phone and calls Ilana.

INT. MANHOLE - DAY

The manhole is filled with legit counterfeit bags hanging from the walls. Bobbi puts purses into a rolling suitcase as Ushi counts her yen.

BOBBI

(reading list)  
Rachel Distenfeld, Rachel  
Lichtenfeld, Rachel Grossman, Aunt  
Cherrie, Rabbi Stein, Rachel  
Pollock...

Ilana's phone rings. She steps aside, out of earshot.

ILANA

Cut or uncut?!

INTERCUT MANHOLE/JEREMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ABBI

(whispering)  
Cut.

ILANA

Elegant. And girth?--

ABBI

Dude. I am freaking out right now.  
So I, ya know, suggested we "change  
positions", and then...um. He  
handed me a strap-on!

ILANA

Hold, please.

Ilana squats, slaps the ground and her chest, groaning.

ABBI

Hello?

ILANA

Abbi. This is a dream come true; to be with a man so comfortable in his masculinity that he's willing to push the boundaries of heteronormative sex. I thank you for sharing this moment with me.

ABBI

I'm not calling to share this moment with you! I'm calling for advice.

ILANA

Oh. Sorry. Lube up the head--

ABBI

No, I don't know if I'm going to do it!

ILANA

What's not to know!? This is once in a lifetime! You went from skewllgerrrrl crush to full-on sexual exploration in one date!

ABBI

Exactly! It's moving too fast! He hasn't even gone down on me, and now I'm gonna do this?

ILANA

Listen! I've wanted to peg a dude forever. I kept a strap-on under my bed all through college just waiting for the opportunity you have on a ~~fuckin'~~ silver platter!

ABBI

I just envisioned being with Jeremy in so many different ways, but this was not ever one of them.

ILANA

Abbi, I'm about to go to my grandmother's SHI-VAH.

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ILANA (CONT'D)

The only reason I'm not cwy-ing is because that bad bitch did everything she wanted to do in life. Do you want to go to your grave dreaming about Jeremy's adorable, hairy butthole? Or do you want to die knowing you brought him pleasure by plowing it like a kween?

ABBI

I just don't know, Ilana.

ILANA

You do know. You wouldn't have called me if you didn't.

Abbi considers this.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jeremy sits on his bed. He hears the bathroom door open and looks up. We see a shot of Jeremy between Abbi's legs (a la "The Graduate") with the pink dildo dangling. \*

ABBI

Turn around.

Jeremy's like ;)

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Abbi sleeps happily in Jeremy's bed, snoring with a sweet puddle of drool. It's been a long night of delicious pegging.

JEREMY

Ab. Ab...

Abbi wakes with a jerk.

ABBI

Jeremy...?

She pinches herself on her arm. He's still here. She smiles.

JEREMY

Sorry to wake you. I volunteered to teach some underprivileged kids woodworking today and I'm late.

ABBI

Oh. That's... beautiful.

JEREMY

Stay as long as you want. There's a farm-fresh frittata in the fridge.

He kisses her. WOW. As soon as she hears the front door close, she takes a deep whiff of his pillow and jumps up.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Abbi puts a record on Jeremy's record player: something upbeat in the style of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" theme.

MONTAGE:

- \* Abbi makes the bed.
- \* She cleans the discarded beer bottles.
- \* She tosses the dildo in the dishwasher.
- \* She showers, singing along with the music.
- \* She dresses and winks at herself in the mirror. Wink.

The music ends with the BEEP of the dishwasher. Abbi opens it to find Jeremy's dildo is WARPED! FUCK!!!!

INT. GRANDMA SUGAR'S APT - DAY

A classic Shiva in a old-school brownstone. Ilana and ELIOT look through old photos of Grandma Esther.

\*

Their Dad, MARTY, late 50s, puts his arms around them.

MARTY

It's just so nice to see you two. I love you so much. My Dad didn't love me as much as I love you guys.

ILANA

We know Dad.

ELIOT

Okay.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Ilana, where's Lincoln? He sent a very nice arrangement.

Reveal a huge flower arrangement with his name on the card.

ILANA

I didn't want to deal with introducing him as my ~~fuck~~ buddy to all these old people.

MARTY

I understand, and I appreciate the intricacies...

(sigh)

You know, your mother's taking this loss very hard.

ANGLE ON:

Bobbi commiserating with older relatives.

BOBBI

The toll into the city is \$13! You know that cash is going straight into Bloomberg's pockets!

AUNT LAURA

... Bloomberg isn't mayor anymore.

BOBBI

Ohhhh yeah, that's he what wants you to think.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

\*

Abbi enters wearing sunglasses. She accidentally knocks over a metal cock ring display. The cock rings loudly hit the ground and roll around. People stare.

At the counter, NICOLE (from Deals Deals Deals!) finishes her conversation with the employee, EUGENE.

NICOLE

Once again, these nipples clamps aren't tight enough. They keep popping off.

EUGENE

I'm sorry, ma'am. They don't make nipple clamps tighter than that.

Nicole leaves in a huff. Abbi approaches Eugene and takes the warped strap-on out of her purse.

ABBI

Hi, I --

EUGENE

(re: dildo)

Tried to wash a dildo in the dishwasher? \*

ABBI

Happens a lot, huh?

EUGENE

No. Most people read the cleaning instructions.

ABBI

Okay. Well, I need to replace it.

Eugene inspects it VERY closely, caressing it balls to tip.

EUGENE

Let's get to work.

They compare Jeremy's dildo to various others in a MONTAGE:

- \* One is too long. Nope.
- \* One is too wide. Bummer.
- \* One is too black. Getting closer!
- \* One is exactly right! Praise G-d.

At the register, Eugene rings her up.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

That'll be \$79.

ABBI

Jesus! That's real. \*

(sigh)

Okay.

She hands over a debit card. She gets a text from Ilana: \*

"dude hurry. only raisin bagels left at this shiva!!" \*

ABBI (CONT'D)

Shit!

In all her pegging ecstasy, Abbi forgot the Shiva!

EUGENE

Language! Would you like to  
purchase insurance for this dildo  
for an additional \$7?

ABBI

(annoyed)

No, I'm good, thanks.

Abbi signs the receipt, puts the dildo in her bag, and runs  
off, leaving Eugene with the warped one.

EUGENE

This could still work.

He's definitely putting this in his ass tonight.

INT. GRANDMA SUGAR'S APT - DAY

Ilana sits, holding the hand of an elderly woman, YAEL, as  
they take in Eliot's sweet rendition of "On Eagles Wings".

ELIOT

And He will raise you up on eagles'  
wings//Bear you on the breath of  
dawn//Make you to shine like the...

YAEL

Isn't this a Christian song?

ILANA

Yeah, isn't it beautiful?

ANGLE ON:

Marty answers the door to find a sweaty Abbi. We see Bobbi's  
suitcase of fake purses by the door.

MARTY

Abbi! So happy to see you!

He lifts Abbi off the ground with his bear hug, her feet  
swinging. She releases the cuuutest lil fart.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oops!

(sotto)

It'll be our little secret.

He winks. Abbi presents a popcorn tin.

ABBI

Sorry. I know it's traditionally seen as a happy food, but I thought, you know what? Let's celebrate Grandma Sugar's life with three types of popcorn.

MARTY

What a sweet gesture! Here, let me take your things.

He starts to take her bag and jacket, but Abbi recoils.

ABBI

I'll hold on to my bag for now.

MARTY

Girl power! Ilana's over there.

ANGLE ON:

Eliot's still singing. Ilana sees Abbi and tosses Yael's hand away to rush to her. \*

ILANA

Finally! Just tell me yes or no: did you or did you not... peg? \*

Abbi gives the most subtle nod of all time.

ILANA (CONT'D)

THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!!!

Reveal: Ilana is standing in front of the large portrait of her dead Grandma. Noticing the commotion, Bobbi comes over.

BOBBI

Abbi! Thank you for coming. Ugh, you're glowing! And I love that bag. What is that, Italian leather? How's the lining?

ABBI

(trying to hide it)  
Oh, it's nothing special.

BOBBI

I'll be the judge of that.

She tugs at the bag. Abbi recoils.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Abbi Anna Abrams. My mother is freshly dead. Show me the lining of your bag!

Abbi reluctantly opens the bag, trying to just show a small peek of the stitching, but Bobbi moves in and takes out Abbi's cellphone, a wallet, and the dildo, not noticing it.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Oh, it's waterproof. Love that.  
Nice back stitch. You really are a high-class Jew.

\*  
\*

She puts Abbi's phone and wallet back, and only now notices the dildo in her hand. She looks at it, then looks at Abbi over her top of her glasses. WTF.

ELIOT

(singing)  
Raise you up, on eagle's--  
(then)  
--is that a dildo?

Eliot immediately puts the mic down and leaves frame.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

We see the engrossed faces of the immediate Wexler family: Ilana, Eliot, Bobbi and Marty, sitting off to the side. They eat orange-tinted popcorn as they grill Abbi.

ABBI

(uncomfortable)  
... do I have to keep going?

MARTY

Hold on. Peg? What do you mean peg?

ILANA

Dad! Pegging is when a woman wears a strap-on and penetrates a man.

MARTY

They call that pegging? But it's not a gay thing...? Eliot?

ELIOT

No, how would I put a strap-on on top of my dick? But if you mean "butt sex," both straight and gay men enjoy prostate stimulation.

ILANA

It's very popular with married couples.

ELIOT

Is it?

ILANA

I don't know.

BOBBI

We went to the Miller's once and it turned out to be a swingers party. We didn't have sex with anyone, but stayed because the food was incredible.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARTY

Also, their kid had just died of a heroin overdose and we wanted to be supportive.

ABBI

... very nice of you.

BOBBI

Good for you for trying something new!

\*

MARTY

I wouldn't have pegged you to be that type.

\*  
\*  
\*

ABBI

Me neither. I didn't expect to talk it out with all of you. But then Ilana reminded me that Grandma Esther died with no regrets. So, in a way... I did it for her.

\*  
\*

The loss of Grandma Esther finally sinks in for everyone (except Bobbi). They all burst into tears and hug Abbi, getting orange fingerprints all over each other's clothes. Bobbi continues to inspect Abbi's bag.

\*

ILANA

Mom! Feel something!!!

BOBBI

I'm feeling the inside of this bag!

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Abbi and the Wexlers hug good-bye after the Shiva.

MARTY  
(hugs her, whispering)  
I won't ever tell about the fart.

Oh-kay. Marty and Eliot leave. Abbi gets a text. It's Jeremy:  
"I can't wait to have you back inside... my apt ;) - J". \*

ABBI  
I'll see you later. I... got  
somewhere I need to be.

BOBBI  
Don't forget to wear a condom-- or  
don't. I'm not really sure what to  
say in this situation. \*

ILANA  
(hugging her)  
Get. Dat. Ass. \*

Abbi leaves. Bobbi searches her pockets.

BOBBI  
Hold on. I can't find my phone.

ILANA  
I'm calling it.

They hear a muffled buzz coming from Bobbi's suitcase.

BOBBI  
~~Shit~~. I must have left it in one of  
the friggin' bags. \*

(searching suitcase) \*

WAIT! I don't want them to touch  
the filthy street. \*

Ilana takes a pashmina out and lays the bags down on it.

ILANA  
Look at this: bags, bags, bags...

Just then, two COPS roll up. It DEFINITELY looks like they're  
trying to sell knockoffs. As they realize what's happening:

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Oh Jesus.

BOBBI  
Not again.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bobbi and Ilana sit across from a young detective.

BOBBI  
Do you know what time it is?  
I'm clearly going to be too  
late to get to Zabar's to  
pick up the spread for  
tomorrow. I guess I'll have  
to use my call to call  
Zabars, because if you don't  
pick up your orders without  
cancelling they put you on a  
shit list, and you bet your  
ass if I end up on Zabar's  
shitlist I'll be suing the  
NYPD!

ILANA  
Aren't there some real crooks  
down on Wall Street you  
should be arresting? Reverse  
Robin Hoods who take from the  
poor and give to their rich  
Ivy League slash Harvard  
friends - and of course the  
fat cats in D.C. don't mind,  
'cause they're getting their  
kickbacks in the form of  
lobster rolls and little boy  
prostitutes!

The young cop sits, nonplussed. As we hear the BEEP OF A DOOR  
BEING UNLOCKED we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JAIL PROCESSING CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Bobbi and Ilana are being released. They approach a very  
disinterested DESK CLERK.

ILANA  
I guess cause we're white we're  
being let off easy, huh?

DESK CLERK  
No, you're being let out because  
you paid your fine.

BOBBI  
That's the Prison Industrial  
Complex for you. Pay them money and  
you can go.

ILANA  
It's all about profit for you  
people.

DESK CLERK  
Would you like to return to the  
group cell?

\*  
\*

BOBBI

No, we're gonna go but we just want to make sure our voices were heard.

\*

DESK CLERK

They were. You're very loud.

BOBBI

We'll just take our bags and go.

DESK CLERK

We can't give you the bags. They're evidence in an on-going counterfeit investigation.

BOBBI

Sure they are. Enjoy your new bags.

The Desk Clerk hands them back their belongings. They head for the exit. As they leave Bobbi gets on her phone.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Hello, Zabars? It's Bobbi Wexler.

(beat)

Don't you yell at me!

\*

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abbi and Jeremy are back at it - making out on his bed to sexy music. Abbi interrupts the make-out.

ABBI

(whispering, sexily)

Wait...

She steps into the bathroom.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She comes back into the bedroom wearing the strap-on and a big smile - this girl is ready to peg!!!

JEREMY

Wait. What is that?

ABBI

.....a dildo?

JEREMY

Um, that's not my dildo.

ABBI

Okay, I put yours in the dishwasher, and it melted, so I was like, 'I'm gonna go get another one,' cuz I ruined your thing. So I went to the store, and I got one that looks just like yours, but it's brand new!

JEREMY

I appreciate the effort, but mine was a Shinjo. That's clearly a knock-off.

\*

ABBI

Really? Cuz this cost \$79, so I feel like it should get the job done.

JEREMY

I'm sure your thing is nice. It's just that a Shinjo is custom-made with all natural materials. I don't put just anything in my body.

ABBI

Totally, I know you love things to be particular, but--

JEREMY

What does that mean?

ABBI

You know... your whole thing is that all your stuff is, like, specialty and curated--

JEREMY

Okay... like what?

ABBI

Well, your handwoven rugs and homemade beer - look at this whole apartment, it's like out of a magazine. In a good way! It's what I like about you!

JEREMY

Wow. I didn't realize you were judging me based on my stuff.

ABBI

Jeremy, I'm not judging you. I...  
pegged you last night. Without any  
judgment--

JEREMY

Why would you judge it?

ABBI

I'm not! That's what I'm saying. I  
did it on the first date! I'm cool!

JEREMY

Bragging about not judging  
something means you think it should  
be judged.

ABBI

No, I'm not bragging about not  
judging. I'm not even sure what  
we're talking about. I had fun! I  
liked it! Can we just start over--

\*

JEREMY

Do it again with some cheap  
knockoff? No. Did you seriously  
think you could put that inside me,  
and I wouldn't feel the difference?

Reveal Abbi still wearing the floppin' strap-on.

ABBI

Uh..... yeah!

JEREMY

I didn't think the age difference  
would be an issue but you're acting  
pretty childish.

ABBI

I'm acting childish?! I ~~fucked~~ you  
in the ass the first time we ever  
did anything together! I think  
that's pretty ~~fucking~~ mature! Plus,  
you're the one throwing a tantrum  
cuz you don't have your specialty  
dildo, made out of hand-blown  
leather or whatever.

JEREMY

Don't be an idiot. Hand-blown  
leather's not a thing.

\*

ABBI

Ooh, I'm not a leathersmith. Sorry!  
You know what? I only pegged you  
because Ilana's grandma died, and  
she ~~fucked~~ Little Richard.

JEREMY

Cool, real mature. I think you  
should go.

ABBI

No. I think I should go.

JEREMY

Also, maybe you can try to keep  
down the Alanis Morissette? Who  
blasts "Thank You?"

ABBI

Oh, are you "judging" me, based on  
my "stuff?" Real mature!

Abbi storms out and turns, slamming the dildo in the door.  
She opens it slightly, "pulls out" and shuts the door again.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Bobbi rushes down the street and Ilana hurries to keep up.

BOBBI

If we get to Chinatown in the next  
10 minutes we can make it before  
the manhole closes!

ILANA

What? Why!?

BOBBI

The bags! I need more bags!

ILANA

Mom, what are you talking about? We  
just got arrested!

BOBBI

Well I need the bags! If I don't  
have the bags I just don't know  
what I'm gonna do!

ILANA

(grabbing her arm)  
Mom. The bags are gone. You gotta  
let it go.

BOBBI  
 (emotional)  
 I just never got to say goodbye.

ILANA  
 The bags know, Mom. They know.

They hug, blocking a YANKEES FAN who crosses their path.

YANKEES FAN  
 You're taking up the whole ~~fucking~~  
 sidewalk!

ILANA	BOBBI
So move around us you	Learn some respect you fat-
patriarchal motherfucker!	headed motherfucker!

They continue to berate him until they smile.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abbi and Ilana hang out on Ilana's bed.

ABBI

I'll just avoid seeing him in the hallway by, like, jumping out my window any time I need to leave the apartment.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beat.

ILANA

How would you do that?

They don't know.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Whatever dude. This is a good thing. Your crush on Jeremy was holding you back, and now you're free!

ABBI

I guess. I'm going to delete all his texts.  
(looking at phone)  
Well, I guess there's only four...

ILANA

You're gonna find someone else to peg. There are plenty of holes in the sea. Maybe, I dunno...even--  
(googly eyes)  
girl holes...

ABBI

Not pegging you dude, sorry. I really wanna master regular sex first.

ILANA

At least you found a good use for your dildo.

Reveal the dildo is attached to the wall, and she has hung her necklaces on the shaft -- very crafty.

ILANA (CONT'D)

I should get one.

ABBI  
It was \$79.

ILANA  
I can find it cheaper in Chinatown.

ABBI  
You know what I can't get out of my head?

ILANA  
What?

ABBI  
(singing)  
And he will raise you up...

ILANA  
On eagles wings...

ABBI  
On eagles wings...

We move out their window as their voices mix, and are replaced with Eliot's sweet rendition. Music continues as we:

FADE TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bobbi and Marty drive home, listening to Eliot's version on a cassette. *Bobbi touches up her nails with her nail polish.* \*

MARTY  
So then Blue Ivy will become the President of the Illuminati?

BOBBI  
Yes, exactly. Also, I'm back on Jay Z's lips. I like them now.

MARTY  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, thank GOD. It's been a real sticking issue for me.

BOBBI  
(casually)  
Oh eat me out.

**END OF EPISODE.**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*