

TOOKEN

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

We start CLOSE ON the hopeful, wide-eyed face of KIMMY SCHMIDT (28). PULL BACK to REVEAL she's staring at an artificial Christmas tree decorated with homemade ornaments.

KIMMY
Merry Christmas, Sisters!

CLARISSE (40) joins her. Behind them, CYNDEE (29) sits cross-stitching. They wear long skirts and high-necked blouses.

CYNDEE
'Tis beautiful, Sister Kimmy.

She crosses over with DONNA MARIA (27) and GRETCHEN (32).

KIMMY
Now which one of you guys hath been
chosen as my Secret Santa?!

GRETCHEN
We canst not tell, Sister Kimmy!
Then 'twouldn't be secret! Duh!

The women laugh. (When Cyndee laughs we see she has a mouth full of rusty broken braces.) Kimmy hums a note and they start a lovely, harmonized "Christmas carol".

KIMMY/THE OTHER WOMEN
APOCALYPSE, APOCALYPSE/WE MADE OUR
JESUS ANGRY --

There's a LOUD BANG on the reinforced metal door to the room. The lights on the tree flicker. The women react, terrified.

KIMMY
Oh no! Fire Monsters!

An FBI SWAT TEAM bursts through the door.

SWAT TEAM GUY
Let's go, let's go!
(into walkie)
We found them!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. POOR RURAL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The women flinch in the blinding SUMMER sunlight as the officers pull them up through a metal hatch in a field.

CYNDEE

Kimmy, I think we counted the days wrong. It's not Christmas.

As other OFFICERS and MEDICAL PERSONNEL swarm the women, we PUSH IN ON Kimmy looking in wonder at the world around her.

KIMMY

(joyful, to herself)
But it's here! It's all still here!

We PAN OFF her to a GROUP OF LOW-RENT BYSTANDERS and NEWS CREWS, watching all of this from across the road. A FEMALE REPORTER talks to our camera like it's a news camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

A miracle today in Durnsville, Indiana. Five women found alive, some missing as long as fifteen years --

CUT TO:

Now an AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE REPORTER addresses our camera.

MALE REPORTER

-- an underground Apocalypse cult run by self-proclaimed "messiah" Reverend Richard Wayne Gary Wayne --

We CUT TO a FF creepy mug shot of a wild-eyed, bearded man.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

-- best known to Yelp users in this area as Durnsville's worst party clown.

FF photo of the same man in clown make-up. It's upsetting.

CUT TO:

An ASIAN FEMALE REPORTER in front of a beat-up mobile home.

ASIAN FEMALE REPORTER

I'm here with a neighbor who watched the drama unfold. Mr. Bankston?

The camera PANS TO a MIDDLE-AGED BLACK GUY in a very stretched-out banana yellow t-shirt.

MR. BANKSTON

What had happened was --

This interview immediately turns into an AUTO-TUNED VIRAL VIDEO full of JUMP CUTS to make rhymes. This song becomes our OPENING TITLES.

MR. BANKSTON (CONT'D)

THEM GIRLS GOT TOOKEN/I WAS CUTTING
UP BIKE TIRES WITH MY GRANDSON WHEN
OUTTA NOWHERE/FORTY HUNDRED POLICE
VEHICLES CAME BOOKIN'/THEY WENT
BUSTING IN THAT WEIRD OLD WHITE
DUDE'S HOUSE/WE CALL HIM "SPIRAL
EYES"/MY WIFE SAYS HE'S JUST A
NERD./I SAY CULT!/I KNEW SOMETHIN'
WAS UP 'CUZ I SEEN HIM IN TOWN AT
PUBLIX BUYING FEMININE NAPKINS.
WHO THAT FOR?!/THEM GIRLS GOT
TOOKEN!/HE HAD THEM UNDERGROUNT/
THEY DID NOT WANT TO BE IN THERE/
THEY COME OUT THAT HOLE LOOKIN'
AROUND/LIKE A BUNCH OF PUNXSUTAWNEY
PHILS/THEY WAS SHOOKEN/WHAT HAD
HAPPENED WAS/TOOKEN.

CUT TO:

INT. TODAY SHOW SET - MORNING (TWO DAYS LATER)

MATT LAUER addresses camera.

MATT LAUER

Joining me now for their first
exclusive interview, just days
after their decade-long ordeal came
to an end, the Indiana Mole Women.

REVEAL the women on the couch in new "normal" clothes.
(Except Gretchen who is still dressed in her cult outfit.)

MATT LAUER (CONT'D)

Welcome, ladies.

WOMEN

Thank you./Thank you, Bryant./Hola.

MATT LAUER
You were kept in a windowless underground bunker for over a decade. But you were being told by Reverend Richard Wayne Gary Wayne that it was for your own good.

(smiling)
Yes.

KIMMY

CYNDEE
Yes, Reverend Richard told us that there had been a nuclear apocalypse and that the earth was scorched and there were lakes of fire and stuff.

GRETCHEN
(still brainwashed)
And I believeth that this "rescue" is actually Reverend Richard testing us --

KIMMY/CLARISSE/CYNDEE/DONNA MARIA
No, honey --/No, Gretchen./We've been over this --/Idiota.

MATT LAUER
Cyndee, you were the first young woman to be abducted.

CYNDEE
Yes, I had waited on Reverend Richard a bunch of times at a Cracker Barrel I worked at, one night he invited me out to his car to see some baby rabbits. And I didn't want to be rude so... here we are.

MATT LAUER
(nods, sympathetic)
It's amazing what you can get women to do because they're afraid of being rude.
(then)
Now, Kimmy, you were in eighth grade --

KIMMY
Ms. Byerly's homeroom, yes.

MATT LAUER
But your story didn't get the media attention it deserved because you disappeared during the final days of the Nagano Olympics --

KIMMY

I know! Right before the figure skating finals! I'm so scared to ask but... did Tara Lipinski win?

MATT LAUER

Uh, I believe she did.

KIMMY

(genuinely happy for her)
Oh yes!

Kimmy pumps her fist in excitement.

MATT LAUER

And Clarisse, you're older than the other women.

CLARISSE

(put out)
Okay.

MATT LAUER

Tell us how you were drawn into Reverend Wayne's doomsday cult.

CLARISSE

(embarrassed)
Uhh, I was an agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and in 2003, following a lead from a cashier at a local Publix, I went to question Reverend Wayne at his farmhouse. He pretty quickly disarmed me and locked me in an old refrigerator until my spirit was broken enough to be put in the room with the other women.

MATT LAUER

Donna Maria, you were working for a company called Merry Maids and were lured to the house thinking it was a job --

DONNA MARIA

Si, Merry Maids.

MATT LAUER

And in your fifteen years with these women, you still didn't learn to speak English?

DONNA MARIA
Estos pajarones no quisieron saber
nada de Español, so...

Subtitle: "These bitches didn't learn any Spanish, so..."
The other women nod and smile, not understanding.

MATT LAUER
Ladies, you've been given this
amazing second chance at life. You
have some money thanks to the Mole
Women Fund --

CYNDEE
Oh, everyone has been so generous.
We got a hundred and eighty
thousand dollars between us and one
mini Cooper. I guess for us to
share?

KIMMY/CLARISSE/DONNA MARIA
Sure./Yeah./Si. Cooper Miniatura.

MATT LAUER
So what's next? What do you do
now?

CYNDEE
(shrugs, beaten)
Probably just go back to
Durnsville. Get my braces off.

CLARISSE
Go back to Indiana.

DONNA MARIA
Voy a volver a Indiana. Trabajar
por Merry Maids.

GRETCHEN
(to Matt, unsure)
I'm married to you now, right? I
go with you?

MATT LAUER
Uh... no, Gretchen.
(then)
What about you, Kimmy?

We PUSH IN ON Kimmy, wheels turning. She goes to answer,
then stops. A beat.

MATT LAUER (CONT'D)
Kimmy, you speak English, right?

Everyone laughs. We linger on Kimmy's face as:

MATT LAUER (O.C) (CONT'D)
When we come back, fall salad
mistakes, plus one of the Mole
Women gets an ambush makeover.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - MINUTES LATER

The Mole Women are ushered out a side door. Gretchen now wears a makeover outfit and bangs. A TODAY SHOW PA hands out gift bags.

TODAY SHOW PA
(perfunctory)
Thank you, victims. Good luck.
Thank you, victims.

The Mole Women start getting into a waiting airport van.
Kimmy holds back. Cyndee turns to her.

CYNDEE
Come on. We don't want to miss our
flight.

KIMMY
I'm not going back.

CYNDEE
What?

KIMMY
I'm staying here.

GRETCHEN
Sisters, if we're late, we shall
anger Reverend Richard --

CLARISSE
God dang it, Gretchen!

CYNDEE
Kimmy, that's crazy. You've got a
middle school education --

CLARISSE

You won't make it here. It's like
Reverend Richard used to say to us.
We're just --
 (in his scary deep voice)
-- garbage!

KIMMY

That's not true. We're not --
 (in same scary voice)
-- garbage --
 (normal voice)
-- we're human beings. I have to
get my life back. Everybody in
Durnsville is always gonna look at
me like I'm a victim. And that's
not what I am!

Kimmy grabs an old, purple kids' backpack from the van with
"KIMMY" embroidered on it. Cyndee studies her, then:

CYNDEE

If you're really going to do this,
take some of my Mole Fund money.

Cyndee gives Kimmy a wad of cash out of her purse.

CYNDEE (CONT'D)

I mean a pop here is like five
dollars.

KIMMY

Stay with me, Cyndee.

CYNDEE

 (beat, small)
I can't. I'm broken.

Cyndee gets in the van, then turns back around.

CYNDEE (CONT'D)

Also, I'm your Secret Santa.

She hands her a small gift wrapped in brown paper, then shuts
the door. The van pulls away. Kimmy looks around her at New
York. A joyful, excited grin slowly creeps across her face.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

A midtown white tablecloth place. Kimmy addresses a WAITER.

KIMMY

Yes, I don't see it on the menu but
I would love some children's
vitamins smooshed in a hot dog bun?

She hands the waiter her menu. At a loss, he exits. At the table next to Kimmy, a GROUP OF YOUNG MANHATTAN LADIES is drinking white wine and bitching.

MANHATTAN LADY

Why is it always, like, you're the
smart one. You're the pretty one.
Why are men always trying to put
women in a box?!

KIMMY

(joining in)
Tell me about it. And then
sometimes they don't even poke air
holes in the box. Men!
(off their looks)
I'm Kimmy. I just moved here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - A LITTLE LATER

As "Georgy Girl" (The Seekers) plays, Kimmy walks by Saks Fifth Avenue. She stops to admire the gowns in the window, then smiles and heads inside. ON A CUT, she comes back out, dressed the same but now wearing colorful, light-up Skechers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy marvels at the beauty of the park. She notices a carriage horse and pets it, lovingly, then whispers fiercely:

KIMMY

You deserve to be free.

She releases it from its harness and strolls away casually as the horse gallops off into the park. Kimmy smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. 6 TRAIN - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy rides the subway for the first time, thrilled. She can't believe her fellow PASSENGERS look tired and bored.

KIMMY
This is amazing! It's like
Disneyland... I bet!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM STOOP - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy sits down to tend to a blister. Just then, a screaming fight erupts from inside the brownstone. TITUS, 30s, and his boyfriend, TERRENCE, 20s, emerge from the basement apartment. Terrence carries some trash bags full of clothes to a waiting car-service car.

TITUS
Fine. I don't need you! I never
needed you!

TERRENCE
Good luck paying for this apartment
without me, you parasite!

TITUS
How dare you?! I am a Future
Broadway Legend! You do nails,
Terrence. You are not a doctor.
You do nails!

Titus pulls Terrence's clothes out of the bags, throwing them everywhere. Terrence has to run around and pick them up.

TERRENCE
I am so sick of your
ridiculousness.

Titus clocks Kimmy watching all this. She gives him a goony, friendly smile. He can't reciprocate.

TITUS

Are you forgetting you once told me
you loved me on the microphone at
Jay and Derek's fragrance swap
party?!

TERRENCE

That was before your broke ass
spent my food money on old Barbies!

TITUS

Vintage Barbies, you barbarian!
They inspire me. I am an artist.

TERRENCE

Artists actually make art, Titus.
You make nothing. You do nothing.
(then, cold)
My sister was right. You're
garbage.

Titus reacts, hurt and offended, as Kimmy leaps to her feet
in an impressive rage.

KIMMY

No he is not! He is not --
(scary voice)
-- garbage!
(then, normal voice)
He's a human being!

Titus takes her in. Who the eff is this person? Terrence
gets in his car and it pulls away.

TITUS

(sincere)
Thank you, white weirdo.

He exits back into the basement.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATER

Kimmy lingers by a middle school playground watching SEVENTH
GRADERS play. That's where her life stopped. She notices a
small group of girls doing a hand jive and lights up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Kimmy is now doing a hand jive with the girls. They don't seem to care but a TEACHER marches up, stern.

TEACHER

Excuse me. Are you a parent here?

KIMMY

(realizing)

Oh. No. Sorry.

She walks away, a little somber.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - A LITTLE LATER

The sun is setting. Kimmy approaches the information desk where a LIBRARIAN is reading a magazine.

KIMMY

Excuse me, where would I find a
list of places to live in New York?
Periodicals or Reference or...?

The librarian points to a row of old computers mostly being used by HOMELESS GUYS.

LIBRARIAN

Soon as a computer frees up you can
look online.

KIMMY

(no idea)

Online. Yes.

LIBRARIAN

Maybe try Craig's List? Or
just google "New York
roommates".

KIMMY

Mmm. Yes.
("knowing")
Gurgle. Sure.

The librarian looks at Kimmy's sweet face and takes pity.

LIBRARIAN

But look, honey, you don't want to
get in a situation where you're
trapped living with some weirdo --

KIMMY

I really don't.

LIBRARIAN

So maybe try to find a friend of a friend. You know anyone in New York?

KIMMY

(thinks, then)

Matt Lauer?

(gasps)

No! Other guy!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM STOOP - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy walks with purpose back up to Titus' building to find him outside arguing with his landlord, SLOBODAN.

TITUS

I do not deal with you, Slobodan!
Terrence is on a business trip!
Let me in my door, please.

SLOBODAN

You owe me fifty-six hundred, guy!

TITUS

SLOBODAN

(talking over him)
Because I'm withholding it!
All of my drains are
dysfunctional. I do not have Screw you, guy!
proper window guards. My
toilet is unstable. I saw a
rat have babies in the trash You pay me or I evict you!
room. I will call 3-1-1.

Slobodan storms off. Titus turns to find a smiling Kimmy.

KIMMY

Hi.

TITUS

Can I help you?

KIMMY

I can be your new roommate.

TITUS

Caucasia, please.

Titus starts to exit. Kimmy opens a side pocket on her backpack and takes out an enormous wad of cash.

KIMMY

I have money.

Alarmed, Titus guides her down the steps to his front door.

TITUS

Girl, don't wave money around in New York City. Richard Giuliani is dead and gone!

KIMMY

Look, I know you need a roommate. And I'm gonna be honest. I don't even have a place to stay tonight.

Titus takes this in, stares at the money, then:

TITUS

I will let you stay one night. For three thousand dollars.

KIMMY

Two nights. For five thousand dollars!

She folds her arms, confident in her negotiating. Titus tries to process who's scamming whom here. Then:

TITUS

Plus a six hundred dollar security deposit.

Kimmy nods and happily counts out the money. She hands it over and heads for the door. Titus stops her.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Hold up, Strawberry Shortcake. I don't know you from Who-Shot-John. I will need to intra-view you before I let you in this apartment.

KIMMY

Oh, sure, okay.

TITUS

("professional")

Are you a smoker? Do you have chirren?

KIMMY

No.

No.

TITUS

Are you shady? Are you into any shady business?

KIMMY
I don't think so.

TITUS
Lemme see your pupils.

She opens her eyes wide and could not look more childlike and innocent. Unable to think of any more tests, he lets her in.

CUT TO:

INT. TITUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kimmy looks around at the under-furnished apartment. There are some vintage Barbies on a crappy étagère. In one bedroom she sees a high-end robot costume.

KIMMY
Is that a real robot? Do people
have robots now?

TITUS
What?

KIMMY
(quickly)
Nothing.

TITUS
(shutting door)
That's my room. You will be in my
office. It's very cozy.

He leads her to an impossibly small nook with nothing in it but a trash-picked rolling office chair and an exercise mat that's too big for the space. Kimmy reacts, excited.

KIMMY
This is plenty of space!
(measuring with her arms)
It's two Gretchens by a Cyndee.
(noticing, amazed)
A window!

She crosses to some venetian blinds and lifts them up with her hands, revealing a tiny street level window.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
(drops blinds, noticing)
And it has this!

She repeatedly opens and closes the plastic accordion door to her area like a child. Titus watches her, unsure.

TITUS

Mm-hmm.

Titus takes to the couch and watches as Kimmy "unpacks". She takes out two worn library books: a middle school history book and "The Babysitters Club Mystery #12: Dawn and the Surfer Ghost". She sets her Secret Santa present aside for real Christmas, then zips her bag back up.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Where's the rest of your stuff?

KIMMY

Oh, this is it.

She enters the living area to put her books on Titus' bookshelf. He picks up her history book, confused.

TITUS

(reading title)

"Black Hands, White Sails: The
Story of African-American Whalers"?

KIMMY

Oh yeah, you're welcome to borrow
it. I've read it a bunch of times.

(off his look)

It was Black History Month... the
last time I was at the library.

He tosses the book aside and stares her down. A beat.

TITUS

You got a secret.

KIMMY

(caught)

What?

TITUS

You moved to New York today with no
stuff, a backpack full of cash, and
what is clearly a wig. Somebody in
here got beans. Spill 'em!

(off her silence)

What. Is. Your. Deal.

Kimmy fidgets, caught. A beat. He's waiting.

KIMMY

Okay. Yes. I have... a "secret."
And it's kind of shocking.

TITUS

(beat, "get on with it")

Mm.

Kimmy closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, then:

KIMMY

When I was in eighth grade, I was --
(decides to lie)
-- a very gifted figure skater. I
practiced nine hours a day. When I
became too awesome for my town, I
was sent to Russia to train full-
time. But it was really bad there.
They didn't let me use the phone.
The hamburgers were made of horse
meat. I was miserable... but I was
a star. I even met the president,
Boris Yeltsin, in the capital city
of Moscow. They tried to brainwash
me but I refused to be on their
Olympic team. I skated my long
program to "Born in the U.S.A."
just to embarrass them. And then,
right before the two thousand --
(does the math, unsure)
-- fourteen Olympics I tore my knee
up doing a triple Salchow and they
finally sent me home because I was
no use to them anymore.
(then, with finality)
But that's all in the past, Titus.
I am no longer --
(Russian gibberish)
-- "Shlostyuh Rasinovka Drago".
("translating")
"The American Rose." I am just
Kimmy Schmidt. And we are never to
speak of this again. Never!

Titus takes all this in, wary.

TITUS

Where is your family?

KIMMY

(caught, genuine)
I don't know. I can't find them.
(tearing up)
(MORE)

KIMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not their fault. I
was gone a long time. Everyone
else found some family right away --

Titus treads lightly. She's clearly emotional.

TITUS

"Everyone else"? Like other
skaters?

KIMMY

(covering)

What? Obviously. Duh!
Let's get pizza! I haven't had
pizza in fifteen years!

She smiles. He smiles back. Then:

TITUS

I'm gonna need money.

She happily goes to get money. This "new life" stuff is
going to be easy.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

Kimmy sits on the couch and eats pizza while flipping through
a stack of newly purchased glossy magazines. Off camera, we
can hear a shower running and Titus singing.

TITUS

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER LOVE/
TITUS?

KIMMY

(off magazine, confused)

Jeez, how many --
(Karda-shee-ans)
-- Kardashians are there?

REVEAL the shower is in a corner of the living room. Titus
turns off the water and sticks his head out.

TITUS

Two too many, baby girl.

He reaches into the oven, takes out a towel, and wraps it
around himself.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Mmm, that is toasty.

(then)

I am going out tonight. In
Manhattan. I am on the rebound,
I've recently come into some money,
and I found this shirt on a fence.

He holds up a shiny party shirt.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Don't wait up.

He exits into his bedroom and shuts the door. A beat.

KIMMY

So I'll just be here... alone?

We PUSH IN ON Kimmy as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REVEREND RICHARD'S BUNKER - YEARS AGO

Kimmy sits at Reverend Richard's feet. His face is unseen.

REVEREND RICHARD (O.C.)

(menacing)

We're all alone here, Sister Kimmy.
Ain't no world out there. Just
wolves and robots. Now rub my feet --

Reverend Richard places his dingy tube-socked feet in her lap. She sadly massages them.

REVEREND RICHARD (O.C.)(CONT'D)

(angry)

Work ma corns!

CUT TO:

INT. TITUS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Titus, in his party shirt and jeans, is lining his lips with a nude pencil. Kimmy bursts in, wearing her backpack.

KIMMY

I want to go with you!

Titus continues putting on make-up, not looking up.

TITUS

I don't know if you're equipped.
You seem a little fragile.

KIMMY

I'm not. I'm equipped. I'm here
to live life. There is a whole
world out there --
(catching herself)
I mean, there's a whole world out
there!

Titus shrugs, looks her up and down.

TITUS

Okay, but I'm gonna need to make
you over first.

Titus rolls up one of her pant legs to the knee and quickly
ties her shirt through her bra.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He exits. She follows, determined.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMNESIA - A LITTLE LATER

A packed, loud nightclub. Kimmy, holding her backpack and
looking a little overwhelmed, stands by the bar as a
BARTENDER mixes two drinks. Titus turns to Kimmy.

TITUS

It's gonna be sixty dollars.

She nods and carefully takes three twenties out of her
backpack. Titus gives two to the bartender and puts one in
his own shirt pocket, then:

TITUS (CONT'D)

(raises glass)
Now you and I have the same thing
to toast tonight. Freedom.

KIMMY

Yes. From the Russian Figure
Skating Federation. And from your --
(unsure)
-- roommate or boyfriend or...?

TITUS

My two-year mistake. I am an artist and I need to focus on my career. Terrence was just in the way.

KIMMY

So... to freedom!

She tentatively raises the drink to her lips, sniffs it, then takes a giant gulp. Her eyes go wide. She doesn't like it. With the alcohol still in her mouth, she looks at Titus, alarmed, and shakes her head.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

(points at mouth, "nope")

Mm-mm. Mm-mm!

She looks around for a place to spit it out.

TITUS

No no no! Don't spit that out!
That was seventeen dollars!

He bends down, motions for her to spit it into his mouth.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Right here! Baby bird it!

She leans forward to do it, but before she does...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMNESIA - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy and Titus are on the dance floor. Kimmy stands out doing her angular, high-kneed mid-nineties dance moves. Titus gives her a disapproving shake of the head. She looks at the WOMEN around her and starts copying them, trying to get up to speed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMNESIA - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy is now expertly twerking, holding her backpack in front of her for freedom of movement. She looks over at Titus and gives him a thumbs up. He's dancing with a PRETTY BOY TOY.

KIMMY

Titus, I'm twerking!

TITUS

Okay, girl. Do you need a water break? 'Cause your face is very red like a defecating baby.

KIMMY

I can't stop now! I've got fifteen years to make up for!
(then, to guy behind her)
Sir?! My hair is caught in your chain!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMNESIA - A LITTLE LATER

Kimmy stands in a corner with a cute but cheesy guy, JAYSON.

JAYSON

I'm a partner at DDBQR Global Strategies. I don't know if you've heard of it. It's like one of the biggest hedge funds.

KIMMY

Oh, someone started a fund for you? That's nice. People are generous.

JAYSON

(leaning in)
Now do you have a juice box in that backpack or can I buy you a drink?

KIMMY

("sophisticated")
I'll have a drink. A... shrimp cocktail, please.

He laughs, thinking she's joking, and heads to the bar. Titus pushes his way through the crowd.

TITUS

Is that gentleman bothering you?
Or do you like cheese?

KIMMY

(nervous, excited)
Isn't he cute? Doesn't he kind of look like Jason Priestly?

TITUS

Yes, for I am not a dream killer.
Now I do not want to abandon you,
but I've been invited to eat Korean
food with that pretty chorus boy.

He indicates the Boy Toy across the room.

KIMMY

Oh yeah, go have fun! It's all
good!
(then, self-conscious)
Does this backpack look babyish?

TITUS

It is a backpack.

She takes it off. Titus starts to go. Kimmy stops him.

KIMMY

Do you have any mints? 'Cause if
he tries to make out with me...
it'll kinda be my first kiss.

TITUS

(incredulous)
You didn't kiss any Russian skater
boys? Because they would have had
to drag me out of there in a bag.
(shrugs, handing mints)
Okay, well you go girl. Throw your
hat up in the air, Mary Tyler Less!

He exits. Kimmy sees Jayson approaching. She hides her
backpack on the floor but, concerned about safety, she PUTS
HER FOOT THROUGH ONE OF THE STRAPS so no one can take it.
She fluffs her hair, then smiles as Jayson hands her a drink.

JAYSON

You know what? You're the hottest
girl in here.

KIMMY

(charmed)
Pfft. As if. Opposite Day.

She takes a sip. A beat. She grimaces and swallows.

CUT TO:

INT. KOREATOWN STAIRWELL - A LITTLE LATER

A sign in Korean and English says "BARBECUE". Titus labors up a very long, narrow staircase, following his boy toy.

TITUS
(breathing hard)
This is a lot of stairs... for some
pickled cabbage.

Boy Toy's cell phone buzzes with an incoming text and he stops to look at it. Titus tries to catch his breath.

BOY TOY
(off phone, excited)
Oh my God! I got it?!

TITUS
Got what? Milk? Hep C?

BOY TOY
I got the part! I'm gonna be in
"The Lion King"!

TITUS
(pulled up)
Wait, what? On Broadway?

BOY TOY
My agent just texted me. I'm
sorry, I gotta go call my momma.

He dashes down the stairs, squealing excitedly.

BOY TOY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be Scar!

Titus stands there, gutted. He slowly starts downstairs.

TITUS
The way down is even harder on the
knees.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMNESIA - SAME TIME

Kimmy and Jayson are where we left them, but their drinks are empty and they're standing a little closer.

JAYSON
Your hair smells good.

KIMMY
(same flirty tone)
They checked it for lice at the
hospital.

JAYSON
I kind of want to kiss you.

KIMMY
(visceral)
Yes! Do it! I'm fine!

She closes her eyes. He goes to kiss her. Then, suddenly,
she's jerked violently down out of frame, landing hard on her
hands and knees.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
What the fudge?!

Jayson bends down to help her. Kimmy is dazed for a moment
but then, realizing, starts looking around in a panic:

KIMMY (CONT'D)
My backpack! Someone yanked my
backpack!

JAYSON
Don't worry about it --

KIMMY
Shut up! My money's in there!

She pushes her way through the dense crowd, looking for her
backpack. She sees a GUY carrying something purple. She
jumps on his back and starts punching him in the head.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
Give it! I'll kill you!

As SECURITY converges, Kimmy realizes it's not her backpack.
He's just holding his girlfriend's purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB AMNESIA - MOMENTS LATER

A BOUNCER forcefully escorts Kimmy out onto the sidewalk.

KIMMY
(freaking out)
You gotta help me find it! It's a
purple Jantzen --

But he's gone. Kimmy sees her backpack over by the curb. She runs to it, only to find it has been emptied and discarded. She drops the backpack and stumbles away, devastated, her Skechers blinking sadly in the dim light. As she disappears up TENTH AVENUE, the horse she freed earlier gallops past camera and into the night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TITUS' APARTMENT - LATER - EARLY MORNING

Kimmy enters and heads for her room, frantic.

KIMMY

You're okay. You're okay. You are
a person.

INT. KIMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kimmy pulls the accordion door closed behind her.

KIMMY

This is your home now. You have a
window.

She tries to open the venetian blinds. Only one side goes
up. She struggles to undo it. The other side goes down
farther. And now it's stuck.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

(losing it)

Come on! Come on, Kimmy! You
stupid --

(Rev. Richard)

-- garbage! You're garbage, Kimmy!
Work ma corns!

Enraged, she rips the blinds off the wall with a crash.
Titus enters, in boxer briefs and a Starlight Express tank
top.

TITUS

What the d, girl?! I was sleeping!

KIMMY

(bursts into tears)

They stole my backpack!

TITUS

(horrified)

What?!!!

KIMMY

I should never have come here! I
can't do this! Reverend Richard
was right!

TITUS

Wait, who?

KIMMY

I'm not a champion skater! I'm a Mole Woman! I'm one of the Indiana Mole Women.

TITUS

Oh. My. Gawt. From the news?! Why didn't you tell me?!

KIMMY

'Cause I just want to be a normal person! And I can't!
(hyperventilating)
I don't know anything and I can't tell phones from cameras and even policemen have tattoos --

Titus grabs her shoulders.

TITUS

Verbal slap!
(once she's calm)
I don't know what to say. I did not... want to care this much about you. Why did you come to New York City? You don't belong here!

KIMMY

You don't understand --

TITUS

I do understand!

KIMMY

But Titus --

TITUS

My name is not Titus!
(sighs, then)
My name is Ronald Wilkerson. I came here in 1998 to audition for "The Lion King". I came on a bus from Natchez County, Mississippi. You know who leaves Natchez County? Nobody. Have you ever met a person from Mississippi?

KIMMY

No, but I haven't met anybody --

TITUS

(cutting her off)

You are not a good example to test that on, but I'm telling you, nobody leaves Mississippi.

(then)

I changed my name to Titus Andromedon. I went to big "open calls" and got sent home every time. I went to commercial auditions and said nonsense like, "I'm wearing boxer briefs, Marjorie!" I didn't have the training other people had. I couldn't pass for straight. I couldn't read music.

KIMMY

But you're such a good singer. I heard you --

TITUS

I haven't sung in public in five years. You know what I do now? I dress up like a robot in Times Square and pass out fliers for a arcade. And people ignore me. I mean, where is the glamour?! But I kept telling myself I was still "in it". Until last night.

KIMMY

What happened last night?

TITUS

That pretty boy I left with just got hired as a replacement Scar in "The Lion King".

KIMMY

(shocked)

Mufasa's evil brother?!

TITUS

Yes. That twenty-four-year-old is playing the Jeremy Irons part in Broadway's "The Lion King".

(then, defeated)

I gotta stop lying to myself. My dream is dead.

KIMMY

But... you got out of Mississippi.

TITUS

Escaping is not the same as "making it", Kimmy.

Kimmy takes this in. Titus sighs.

TITUS (CONT'D)

I am very scared to ask you this --

KIMMY

Yes, there was weird sex stuff in the bunker --

TITUS

(cutting her off)

Let me finish!

(then, delicately)

How much money was in your backpack?

Kimmy's face screws up with tears.

KIMMY

Twenty-eight thousand dollars!

Titus takes a deep breath to keep from vomiting. He knows what he must do. He goes and takes money out of the freezer.

TITUS

Take your rent money back. Buy yourself a bus ticket and leave this place.

KIMMY

But... you'll be evicted.

TITUS

Don't worry about that. I don't want you to get hurt anymore.

He presses the money into her hands.

TITUS (CONT'D)

You can get a real nice place in Indiana with that. Work at the Walmart, go apple-picking on the weekends or some such nonsense.

(getting emotional)

Go.

He exits into his bedroom, limping. Kimmy stares after him.

KIMMY
Why are you limping?

TITUS
(not turning around)
I fell down some stairs!

CUT TO:

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - LATER

Kimmy holds a bus ticket and a plastic drugstore bag that contains her remaining worldly possessions. She notices pink liquid leaking out of the bag and dripping on her sneakers.

KIMMY
Gosh dang it.

She opens the bag and pulls out a leaky bottle of strawberry milk, then gingerly takes out her school library books.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
Ms. Hofstedler's gonna kill me --
(realizing)
Oh, she's dead by now.

Then Kimmy takes out her Secret Santa present. She pulls off the wet wrapping paper to try to save Cyndee's gift, then stops, staring at the present: a small cross-stitched map of the world. The map is quite inaccurate but the sentiment is clear. Stitched along the bottom is the word "SOMEDAY!"

KIMMY (CONT'D)
Oh, Cyndee...

She turns to a trash barrel with the word "GARBAGE" stenciled on it and throws away the plastic bag, then throws away Cyndee's gift. She doesn't need a map of the world. Not anymore. Inside the garbage can, a rat is eating from a Styrofoam container of Chinese food. She looks down at it. We PUSH IN ON Kimmy as a memory comes flooding back to her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. REVEREND RICHARD'S BUNKER (CHAPEL) - YEARS AGO

The women sit in folding chairs. THE REVEREND RICHARD WAYNE GARY WAYNE leads the women in "Bible" study.

REVEREND RICHARD
I was talking to my good friend God
earlier...

He pauses to let this sink in. The ladies look at each other, nodding, impressed. Only Kimmy looks skeptical.

REVEREND RICHARD (CONT'D)
We were talking about why He
allowed His creation to be
destroyed. The Earth of the land
and all the fowls of the air and
the sea monkeys of the sea. And I
was all, "Why, God? Why do all
that in your mysteriousness?" And
do you know what He hath told me?

Gretchen raises her hand. He smiles and nods at her.

GRETCHEN
That we're dumb and bad and that's
why He let the world get destroyed?

REVEREND RICHARD
That's exactly right, Sister
Gretchen.

Gretchen beams. Kimmy raises her hand in the back.

REVEREND RICHARD (CONT'D)
Yes, Sister Kimmy?

KIMMY
Reverend Richard, I was wondering,
the whole world was destroyed and
everything died, right?

REVEREND RICHARD
Except for all you dumb-dumbs here,
yes. All the birds of tree and
nest. All the fish of coral and...
fish nest --

KIMMY
(interrupting)
Then how come when I was cleaning
out the air filter earlier, I found
this?!

She holds up a live rat by the scruff of its neck. It hisses at Reverend Richard. He screams like a terrified child. All the other women scream. Kimmy holds the rat aloft, defiant.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
If all the animals are dead,
where'd this rat come from?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. REV. RICHARD'S BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

An upset Reverend Richard pulls Kimmy into another room,
empty except for a large, metal box.

REVEREND RICHARD
I am very disappointed in you,
Sister Kimmy!
(opening lid)
Get in the box!

KIMMY
(crossing to box)
Fine. I want to get in the box.

REVEREND RICHARD
(frustrated)
Saying stuff like that ruins the
whole point of the box! God!

Kimmy climbs in the box, staring him down, defiant.

REVEREND RICHARD (CONT'D)
I've got my eye on you, Kimmy.
You're different from the others.
You're strong. But I will break
you.

KIMMY
(staring him down)
No you won't.

As Reverend Richard closes the box, seething, Kimmy smiles,
knowing she's right.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - PRESENT DAY

Kimmy now has that same smile on her face as she stares at
the rat in the trash. A beat. She reaches into the trash,
pulls Cyndee's map out, and strides for the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - A LITTLE LATER

Titus, in his robot uniform and mini-stilts, tries to hand out fliers to indifferent TOURISTS. Kimmy runs around the corner and sees him down the sidewalk.

KIMMY

Titus! Titus Andromedon!

The robot sees her and shakes its head. She runs up to him.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Ronald Wilkerson, I know you're in there!

Kimmy reaches up and takes off the robot's head. There is nothing there. She gasps, horrified.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh God!

Titus opens a panel in the robot's chest, mid-eye roll. That's where his head is.

TITUS

What are you doing here, Amelia Bedelia? I told you to go back to Indiana.

KIMMY

I'm not going back. I'm not gonna give up. And neither are you.

TITUS

I'm trying to protect you --

KIMMY

From what? The worst thing that ever happened to me happened in my own front yard!

Titus takes this in.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Life beats you up, Titus. It doesn't matter if you get taken by a cult or you've been rejected over and over again at auditions.

TITUS

Some of which you paid to attend.

KIMMY

You can either curl up in a ball
and die like we thought Cyndee did
that time or you can stand up and
say, "We're different! We're the
strong ones! And you can't break
us!"

Titus nods, inspired and impressed by her resilience.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

We've still got five thousand three
hundred dollars. We're gonna pay
the rent, I'm gonna get a job,
maybe finish school -- I'm gonna
kiss a boy! Not an old man with
peanut skins in his beard! And
you're gonna sing at the Grammys
with Whitney Houston and Michael
Jackson!

TITUS

Bad examples but yes!

KIMMY

Now sing for these people! 'Cause
that's what you came here to do!

TITUS

(immediately belting)

IT'S THE CIRCLE OF LIFE/AND IT
MOVES US ALL --

She takes his hand, faking the African background part.

TITUS (CONT'D)

-- THROUGH DESPAIR AND HOPE/
THROUGH FAITH AND LOVE/TIL WE
FIND OUR PLACE/ON THE PATH
UNWINDING/IN THE CIRCLE/THE
CIRCLE OF LIFE!

KIMMY

SEBASEBA SEEKA AGAWAGA
INGANAMA WAGA MACARENA
INGANAMA WAGA MACARENA

The camera CRANES BACK as Kimmy and Titus sing, full of hope.
It's beautiful. Not one single person in Times Square pays
any attention to them.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

Tooken

Don't be afraid! "Tooken" is a celebration of the resilience of the human spirit. It is about hope and strength. It is the ultimate "starting over" story. Kimmy is asking the same questions as all your favorite TV heroines: "What should I do with my life?" "When will I find love?" "Do I still have feelings for the 'boy who got away'?" "Do I have anything in common with my old hometown friends?" She is not unlike Mary Tyler Moore or Hannah Horvath, she just has a much more extreme set of given circumstances. She is part pure innocent, like Will Ferrell in "Elf", but she is also part wily survivor, like a young John McCain.

The world of "Tooken" would "open up" immediately in episode two as Kimmy enters the workforce and social scene of New York City with her eyes wide open. She would continue to hide her backstory from people whenever possible, but eventually some people find out (if it serves our ends). Kimmy is such an inherently positive character that she inspires other people to escape from their own metaphorical "bunkers."

Examples of future stories and arcs:

- Kimmy goes to the local middle school and, after an awkward attempt to re-enroll in the 8th grade, ends up taking a job as a teaching assistant in a classroom where she befriends a troubled boy, Hector, and his family. Her job is basically to hold Hector in his seat all day. She learns with the kids, literally: algebra, earth science. Her emotional immaturity might cause her to have conflict with the mean girls in the class and she has to learn to deal with it like an adult. She might meet a nice young teacher to date. She eventually gets fired. But not before she is ready for high school, a GED, college, a law degree, and, probably, a seat in Congress (season nine).
- Kimmy's dating life. What kind of guy does a mental tween go for? What kind of man is interested in her? How does Titus advise her? What psychological obstacles would she face before really trusting someone and opening up to him?
- Kimmy takes a job as a nanny for a wealthy Upper East Side family. The socialite mother (think Jane Krakowski) suspects infidelity and is bracing for an impending divorce from her older billionaire husband. Kimmy helps her through the transition. She knows what it's like to "start over."
- Kimmy goes "home for the holidays" and visits Cyndee, Gretchen, Clarisse and Donna Maria and sees the different ways they've each rebuilt their lives. Is Cyndee partying too much with local radio deejays and relying too much on her small town fame? Probably. Basically it's the way any of us might feel visiting our old high school friends but, again, with heightened circumstances.
- Kimmy finds that she does still have family out there. Maybe a dirtbag aunt played by Frances McDormand or a long-lost brother played by Bill Hader.

In other words, like a beloved Disney Princess, Kimmy has just awakened from an evil spell. What will she do now? Whatever it is, she will remain sunny and charming in the face of adversity and she will get her life back.