

BROAD CITY  
"STD ISLAND"

Written by

Katie Constantine

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

1. EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

ILANA and ABBI are in torn hoodies and jeans, cuddling with ripped pieces of cardboard while passed out in an alleyway. Business men and women quickly walk by, engulfed in their morning coffees.

A stray RAT gnaws at Abbi's ear.

ABBI  
(asleep)  
Mmm stop it OJ. Okay but don't let  
the guards see.

The rat climbs on her face. Abbi opens her eyes.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
What the--Oh ew ew!

She throws the rat across the ally. It leaves a huge scrape on her cheek.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Ilana wake up.

(beat)

ABBI (CONT'D)  
Ilana!

Ilana, half asleep, reaches for Abbi's butt.

ILANA  
Oh there you are. Thought I lost ya  
big girl.

ABBI  
(to herself)  
Big?

Ilana opens her eyes and looks around.

ILANA  
Dude, what the hell? Did we pass  
out dumpster diving for lasagna  
again?

ABBI

No dude. I don't know where we are.  
That is the last time we test our  
weed limit.

ILANA

Wait. You smell that? It's like,  
rotten meetballs and rotten real  
balls.

They both jerk up and look at each other in horror.

ABBI

(screaming)  
Staten Island!

ILANA (CONT'D)

(screaming)  
Staten Island!

2. EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET - DAY

The streets are full of men with slicked-back hair, gold  
chains, and splayed out chest hair, while the women have huge  
curly brown locks and long nails.

Abbi stumbles through the streets.

ABBI

Who are you people? Don't you know  
what year it is?

A teen wearing a fuzzy puma hat walks by.

ABBI (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

ILANA

Abbi! My beautiful big butted  
goddess.

ABBI

(to herself)  
It's not that big.

ILANA

You gotta chill. Let's just find  
the ferry and get outta here.

ABBI

Okay you're right. I see some  
water. Maybe we can get our  
bearings.

ILANA

Yes. Brilliant mamacita.

They make their way towards the water, dodging slimy men as they go.

ABBI

How are you the relaxed one?

ILANA

Could have to do with the weed brownie I ate. A rat chewed through my pocket, but didn't get all of it.

Ilana flips off the sky.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Suck my dick, rat!

A SLIMY MAN in his 40s approaches Ilana.

SLIMY MAN

Heeyy I'm game sweetheart.

ILANA

Ew no a less hairy rat.

SLIMY MAN

Ay your loss.

The slimy man takes a comb out and pushes back his hair as he walks away.

ILANA

Staff Infection Island is the worst.

ABBI

Wait, hold up.

As they reach the water, Abbi checks her pockets.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Oh my god that fucking rat ate through my pockets. My money's gone.

ILANA

Okay, okay. No problem. I'll just call Lincoln. Wait, what happened to Lincoln?

## 3. EXT. TIME SQUARE - DAY

Lincoln wakes up in a character suit surrounded by bright lights and tourists with selfie sticks.

LICOLN  
(screaming)  
Time square!

## 4. EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET - DAY

Ilana checks her pockets.

ILANA  
Okay don't freak. My phone's gone too. BUT we're strong, independent, New York women. We can get across a little river. We just gotta walk along it until we find someone with a boat and explain our situation. I'm sure it happens, like, all the time.

Abbi itches the scratch on her face.

ABBI  
Yeah we're gonna make this river our bitch.

ILANA  
Magellan the tits out of it. And maybe get you to a clinic or something. That thing's looking nasty.

ABBI  
Yeah it's like really itchy.

Abbi runs off.

ILANA  
Yas, bitch. Love the enthusiasm.

Ilana follows. A car pulls out of a parking spot to reveal a NYC ad that reads SAVE THE FISHES, TAKE THE FERRY. IT'S FREE. with an arrow pointing in the opposite direction.

## 5. EXT. STATEN ISLAND YACHT CLUB - DAY

Abbi and Ilana stumble around holding their stomachs.

ABBI  
Dude I'm so hungry.

ILANA  
I feel like I drank a bunch of sea water. Like, I'm quenched, but not hydrated.

They pass by a street vendor selling noodles.

ABBI  
What kind of crazy person thinks Chinese food is good street food? It doesn't have the legs for that.

ILANA  
Wow, Abbi. This is 2018. Street food can be any ethnicity and I commend STD Island for including all.

ABBI  
Yeah I know. I was just joking.

ILANA  
Wanna help me steal some? Give them the ol' shake and bake?

ABBI  
Ohh yeah.

They give each other a knowing nod. Ilana aggressively approaches the cart and Abbi stands to the side pretending to take in the nonexistent view.

ILANA  
Sir? Excuse me sir? Have you seen my child?

She shakes the cart.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
My child is missing!

The VENDOR, a Chinese man with slicked back hair and a half-unbuttoned shirt, but no chest hair, walks around the cart to Ilana.

VENDOR  
Calm down miss. What's the little one look like?

Abbi meanders to the cart in an overly casual way.

ILANA

She has straight brown hair and uhh  
dark pools of chocolate brown eyes--

Abbi bends over and rummages through the cart.

ILANA (CONT'D)

(sneaks a peak at Abbi)  
and the ass of an angel.

VENDOR

What?

ABBI

What?

Vendor follows Ilana's gaze to Abbi's butt.

VENDOR

Hey you! Get outta there!

Abbi sticks her head out. Her mouth is full of noodles.

ILANA

Run baby girl! Run!

Abbi and Ilana sprint away, leaving a trail of noodles  
behind.

VENDOR

Come back here!

Vendor tries to run after them, but doubles over out of  
breath.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Eh. It's not worth it. The food  
doesn't have legs anyway.

6. EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

Ilana and Abbi collapse laughing and eating noodles. Their  
legs dangle over the side of the peer.

ABBI

That was insane.

ILANA

Right? He was all like sha-wing and  
you were like biicchh and I was  
like ruuuun.

Ilana stuffs a fist full of noodles in her mouth.

ABBI

Dude did you make me your child?

ILANA  
(laughing)  
What can I say? You have a child  
like wonder and the combination  
skin of a pubescent teen.

ABBI  
It's like, I need moisturizer, but  
it makes me oily.

ILANA  
She a tricky bitch.

(beat)

ABBI  
We should probably go back tomorrow  
to pay.

ILANA  
Yeah that's probably a good idea.  
Oh shit!

Ilana drops a chunk of noodles on a boat below them.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Damn.

A surly CAPTAIN who looks like someone straight out of  
*Pirates of the Caribbean* climbs above deck and spots the  
mess.

CAPTAIN  
Arrg which one of you wenches  
dropped your stank on my bow?

Ilana and Abbi, their ripped clothes now covered in grease  
stains, stand up.

ILANA  
Sorry, El Capitan.

Ilana salutes.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
It was an accident, but if you're  
shipping out across the river, we'd  
be happy to hop aboard your vessel  
and mop it up while we ride it.

ABBI  
(to Ilana)  
Cut it out with the sexy sea talk.



ILANA  
(to Abbi)  
I can't help it, it's a sexy  
language.

Captain pulls out a large fishing knife and sharpens it.

CAPTAIN  
Ahh so ye stranded here and ye want  
to get across the river.

ABBI  
You know what, we can find another  
way.

He hops off the boat and walks up the dock to them, still  
holding the knife. He looks them up and down.

CAPTAIN  
Ah yes, you'll do just fine. Come  
along now.

Abbi and Ilana reluctantly follow him down to the boat.  
Captain pushes mops into their hands.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Start cleaning and don't forget the  
white stuff.

He points to a pile of bird poop. Ilana gives Abbi a pointed  
look.

The boat pulls out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7. EXT. NEW YORK RIVER - DAY

The boat rocks back and forth as Captain steers the boat while singing a suggestive song.

CAPTAIN

(singing)

We mop the deck to wet the boat to  
slide it into port. And if it's too  
small, no fear one and all, we'll  
just slip in the tip.

Abbi and Ilana mop the deck begrudgingly.

ABBI

Okay this guy is creeping me out. I  
mean, that can't be a real song.

ILANA

I don't know man, it's kinda  
catchy.

Ilana grinds on the mop.

CAPTAIN

(to Ilana)

That's the spirit.

ILANA

Ew. No.

The Captain grinds on the steering wheel.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Okay, I dig it.

She goes back to grinding on the mop.

ABBI

Hey Ilana, are you feeling a bit--

Everything goes wonky to match Abbi's vision as she sways back and forth.

ILANA

Actually, now that you mention it.

Ilana clutches her stomach.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Man what was in those noodles?

They both stagger around the bow of the boat. Abbi falls to her knees holding the side railing.

CAPTAIN  
Hey now, the decks not clean yet.  
Stop lollygagging.

Captain goes back to grinding.

Abbi projectile vomits all over the boat. Ilana tries to hold Abbi's hair back, but instead throws up in it, thus causing Abbi to throw up more.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
Oh god.

He runs over to the girls and attempts to face them over the side. They throw up all over him instead.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
(flamboyant tone)  
My Ralph Lauren!

ABBI  
I'm so sorry. Wait what?

Ilana throws up more.

ILANA  
I'm dying. I'm dying.

She collapses to the ground, covered in sweat, and reaches for Captain.

CAPTAIN  
(flamboyant tone)  
Ew ew ew. Don't touch me. This is not what happens in the Pirate Queen.

ABBI  
You're practicing for a role?

CAPTAIN  
Of course! And you two were going to be my sassy crew, but now you've ruined everything! I'm gonna have to spend all day cleaning this up.

ILANA  
Oh god. It's coming out the other end.

## 8. EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Abbi and Ilana, covered in dried throw up and smelling of poop wave goodbye to Captain from an island in the middle of the river as he motors away.

ILANA  
(yelling)  
Totally get it. No hard feelings.

ABBI  
(yelling)  
The song was great.

CAPTAIN  
(yelling)  
Screw you.

ILANA  
Yep, that's about right.

They turn and face the island. There's just one building on it. The rest is covered in trash.

ABBI  
Fitting we're on a floating pile of garbage since we are literal trash.

ILANA  
Dude your cut is like green. Let's just check out that house. Maybe they'll have some antiseptic or something.

ABBI  
Yeah. Also, I'm kinda hungry.

They walk towards the one building on the island, avoiding piles of garbage as they go.

ILANA  
I literally was thinking the same thing. You know, I think when our throw-up intertwined, so did our souls.

ABBI  
No that's not a thing. That's actually pretty gross.

ILANA  
I feel it. We're totally on the same wave length.

A rat runs across their feet.

ABBI  
Why with the rats? God it smells  
like shit.

Ilana clears her throat.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
Oh Ilana I'm sorry.

ILANA  
It's okay. Yes, I shit my pants,  
but so do cute little koalas--

A stray mangled dog poops on the path in front of them.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
--and gross, disgusting trash dogs.

9. INT. TRASH CENTER - DAY

The inside looks like a large warehouse. There's a reception desk near the front entrance and giant empty dumpsters fill the rest.

ABBI  
Oh so this is where they take those  
dumpsters. You know, we really do  
have a trash problem.

ILANA  
Yes the world is just rolling  
around in it's own filth. You know  
New York is built on actual trash?

ABBI  
That's it. We're trash people  
living our trash lives.

They walk up to the reception desk where a male RECEPTIONIST in his early 30's sits half asleep.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you?

ILANA  
So here's the sitch. We are  
stranded on this god-forsaken pile  
of garbage and need to get back  
home to our happily ignorant pile  
of garbage.

RECEPTIONIST

Well the next shuttle leaves for  
Staten Island in about 10 minutes.

ABBI

No dude that's where we came from.

She leans over his desk, knocking over office supplies.

ABBI (CONT'D)

We need to get to Manhattan or  
Brooklyn or somewhere that isn't  
Staten Island. Do you hear me?

Receptionist takes a ruler and shoes her off his desk. He  
slowly puts the office supplies back in their place.

RECEPTIONIST

Well you're welcome to take the  
next shuttle back to Manhattan.

ABBI

Great. Sorry I came at ya pretty  
hard there.

RECEPTIONIST

It leaves tomorrow at noon.

ABBI

What?! You look too well-kept to be  
a Staten Islandite. How are you  
leaving

RECEPTIONIST

My mom has a boat. Duh.

ABBI

Can we possibly hitch a ride on  
said boat?

Receptionist looks Abbi up and down as she attempts to pose.

RECEPTIONIST

No.

Ilana wanders around and notices a machine loading dumpsters  
onto a rig. She whistles to Abbi and points at it.

ABBI

Will you excuse me for just a teeny  
tiny minute.

Abbi shuffles over to Ilana.

ABBI (CONT'D)

What? I think I'm about to break him.

ILANA

Look!

She points to dumpsters being loaded up onto a rig. They read Brooklyn Transfer Station.

ILANA (CONT'D)

We just gotta hop in one like a couple of hot ass stowaways and we'll be all set.

ABBI

Idk, is that safe?

ILANA

We'll take one on top. Plus, they're metal so there's like only a 10% chance we'll be crushed.

ABBI

I feel like that's a lot. Just give me one more second with him. I got this.

Abbi walks back over to the reception. She leans in close. Dry throw-up flakes onto the desk.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Are you sure there's not like something you can do?

She twitches her neck and twirls her hair until her finger gets stuck. She tugs to pull it free, but some hair comes out with it. She hides it behind her back.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you having some kind of attack?  
Did the animal that scraped you  
give you rabies?

ABBI

Just forget it.

10. EXT. TRASH CENTER - DAY

Abbi and Ilana sneak over to the dumpsters. The rig looks almost full.

ILANA

This is our chance dude. Hop in.

She holds the lid open for Abbi. They climb in right before a WORKER walks by.

11. INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

The dumpster is pitch-black and it's moving as the crane places it on the rig.

ILANA

Yes! Take that trash devil.

ABBI

New York here we come.

LADY

Yayyy.

Abbi and Ilana scream. LADY (54), a woman with unkempt hair and mom jeans, sits beside them.

LADY (CONT'D)

Oh my word I'm so sorry! Didn't mean to scare you both there.

ILANA

Who are you?

LADY

I'm Lady. Nice to meet you.

ABBI

Yeah yeah nice to meet you. So uh what exactly brings you here?

Abbi and Ilana back away slowly.

LADY

Well you know the darndest thing happened. I was visiting New York with my family. My girl Kara decided to move from Minnesota all the way over here for school. She's a silly goose that one.

ILANA

Uh huh. Uh huh.



LADY

Well, I went out last night to get some ointment for my foot when a lovely young man offered me something called pixie dust. That must have been some sugary candy because I woke up in this dumpster on a big boat!

ABBI

Ah yes yes yes.

ILANA

Classic story. Continue.

LADY

So I've just been riding the waves as you kids like to say until I get back to the city.

ILANA

Umm Lady, I hate to break it to you but that wasn't--

Abby covers Ilana's mouth with her hand.

ABBI

Ilana can I see you over in this corner please?

ILANA

(to herself)

It's happening.

They huddle in the corner of the dumpster while Lady hums to herself.

ILANA (CONT'D)

I mean did I think our first time together would be in a dumpster? Sure. With someone watching? Probably. But I thought it would at least entail lasagna.

ABBI

Ilana no! I don't think we should rock the boat. If she wants to think that was candy--

They look over their shoulders at Lady who is imaginary knitting.

ABBI (CONT'D)

--then that's fine. The woman has been in a dumpster for at least 14 hours. She can't be stable

ILANA

True, my record's 8 and even then my spirit becomes one with the mole people.

They watch as Lady pretends to have a tea party.

LADY

Want to join me for tea, ladies?  
The queen should be arriving soon.

ABBI

I gotta get out of here.

Abbi climbs up the side of the dumpster.

ILANA

No!

Ilana pulls at her shirt, but Abbi pushes the top open. The sunlight shines in.

LADY

My eyes!

Lady scurries to the dark corner.

ILANA

Pull it together woman!

12. EXT. DUMPSTER - DAY

Abbi emerges from the dumpster throwing her fists into the air.

ABBI

I'm the king of the world!

Ilana pops her head out.

ILANA

Oh my god dude we made it!

The rig is docked and a large sign reads Brooklyn Transfer Station. Ilana and Abbi hug each other and hop out of the crate, right in front of a POLICE OFFICER.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Well hello there good sir.

The Police Officer looks them up and down and shakes his head.

ABBI  
This isn't what it looks like.

Lady pops her head out of the dumpster.

LADY  
Hello America! I'm free!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

13. INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

The Police Officer slams the bars behind them. The cell is located inside a police station. It's barren except for a toilet and a bench. Two intimidating men covered in tattoos are seated on it.

ILANA  
Great. We made it to Brooklyn and now we're stuck in this god awful cell with a bunch of creeps.  
(to the cops)  
We weren't smuggling anything. We are American citizens. We have rights. And even if we weren't, #PeopleArePeople bitch.

A flush sound rings out and they turn around to see a LARGE MAN stand up from the toilet and pull up his pants.

ABBI  
I can't. I can't. Ilana all I wanted was to spend one night not worrying about the disaster that is my life. My sucky job, my nonexistent boyfriend--

ILANA  
--Wait what about George?

ABBI  
I made him up.

ILANA

I was wondering where you met a  
Jewish Guatemalan from Hawaii.

ABBI

You have it all together suddenly  
and sometimes I feel like you're  
leaving me behind.

LADY

That's why my cat left.

ABBI

Shut up, Lady.

ILANA

Shut up, Lady.

ABBI

And I was all, I don't know my weed  
limit let's test it like an idiot.  
I'm supposed to be an adult, but I  
make a mess out of everything.

Abbi collapses onto the bench. Ilana sits down next to her.

ILANA

Are you kidding me? You will have  
to pry my cold, dead, decomposing  
hands from that fine ass of yours  
to get me to go anywhere without  
you.

ABBI

Thanks but you have Lincoln and  
your new dog and your fancy  
apartment and I'm happy for you,  
but I feel like I'm just stuck  
where I was five years ago.

ILANA

Dude you were killing it then and  
you're killing it now. So what if  
you haven't found your "thing" yet.  
The Mona Lisa wasn't painted in a  
day. Plus, I only look like I've  
got it together. If Lincoln didn't  
have such a fine-ass apartment, you  
know I'd be right there in shits  
city with you. You're gonna be  
fine.

The Large Man sits down next to them.

LARGE MAN

When I graduated from MIT, I didn't know where my life was going, but then I jacked my first car and I found my passion.

The two girls look up at him incredulously.

ILANA

You see, Abbi? Big guy over here gets it. You just gotta jack the right car. Metaphorically speaking of course.

(to Large Man)

No offense.

Large Man shrugs.

ABBI

Yeah I guess. It's just taking longer than I anticipated.

Abbi cups her cheek.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Ow! God this thing really hurts.

ILANA

Let me take a look.

Ilana pushes Abbi's hand away. The cut is crusty and red. It begins to ooze.

ILANA (CONT'D)

(gagging)

Yeah that's gonna need some medicine.

Ilana hops over to the cell bars.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Excuse me cop guys and ladies? Can we get a medic? Anyone?

Cops walk by her and pay no mind.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Nothing? K thanks. My tax dollars pay your salaries.

She walks back to Abbi.

LARGE MAN

I took some medical classes when I was in college. Maybe I can help.

ABBI

What happened to you?

14. INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Abbi is slumped on the bench. She has a bandage made out of cloth from a shirt taped over her cut. Ilana tiredly plays the cell bars like a xylophone. Lady fiddles with her hair in the corner of the cell. Police Officer walks over.

POLICE OFFICER

You three--

He points to Abbi, Ilana, and Lady.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

--You've been cleared. You're free to go.

They all stand up. Abbi and Ilana hug each other.

LADY

Thank goodness. You know I don't know how much more I could take being locked in a box. I was ready to kill someone.

She holds up a make-shift shank.

ABBI

Okay byyyyye.

Abbi and Ilana hurry out of the cell before Lady can follow.

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - DAY

The place is bustling with police officers and perps. Ilana walks up to the front desk.

ILANA

Hey there. We didn't get that one phone call. Do you mind?

She points to the phone.

FRONT DESK OFFICER

Fine. But don't do anything weird.

ILANA  
Why would I--

FRONT DESK OFFICER  
--You'd be surprised.

She hands Ilana the phone.

ILANA  
(to Abbi)  
This is great. I'll call Lincoln,  
he'll come pick us up, and this  
whole mess will be behind us.

ABBI  
Yeah, another mess put back  
together by the great and powerful  
Lincoln.

ILANA  
You know what, screw it.

Ilana hangs up the phone.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna prove to you that you  
have grown and that you're not the  
mess you think you are.

ABBI  
Oh yeah? How?

ILANA  
You're gonna get us home.

Abbi paces around the room.

ABBI  
What? Are you insane. We don't even  
have money for the train.

ILANA  
We can walk to your place. Queens  
is just a borough away. Here!

Ilana grabs a map of the city from a stack on the front desk.  
She hands it to Abbi.

ABBI  
Yeah okay, I can do this.

ILANA  
Yes! Let's take it to the street!

They run out the door.

Abbi runs back in and flops the map on the front desk.

ABBI  
Would you mind pointing to where we  
are?

FRONT DESK OFFICER  
Here.

ABBI  
Great thanks. To the streets!

She runs back out the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The streets are full of people. It's clearly rush hour. Abbi walks with the map out, stomping down the sidewalk. Ilana hops around her, fired up.

ILANA  
C'mon mammacita. Show me what  
you're made of.

ABBI  
Left! March!

They take a left.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
I feel it. I feel it in my bones!  
Right!

They march right.

ILANA  
Yas yas yas yas. See? You are a  
queen with the wisdom of full on  
years in this city. You think you  
could have done this when you first  
got here?

ABBI  
Another right! We are on our way.

Abbi pushes past confused tourists and new NYC transplants who look lost and confused.



ILANA

No way! You were all 'duhh were is the empire state building.' But now look at you! You're making this city your bi-atch.

Abbi trucks on as Ilana continues to bounce around her.

ABBI

You know what? You're right. I have learned a lot. I think I'm just like too close to it to see, you know?

ILANA

Totally!

They come to a street corner.

ABBI

Okay it should be just around this bend here.

They turn the corner and end up in front of Abbi's place.

ABBI (CONT'D)

Yes! I did it!

Ilana slaps Abbi's butt.

ILANA

That's my girl.

Abbi rubs her butt.

ABBI

Okay that was a little much. At least I'm not a total mess.

They walk up the stoop.

ILANA

Exactly. Is Bevers home?

ABBI

No he's with his parents in the Hamptons for the weekend thank god.

ILANA

Please tell me you kept your house key in your bra.

Abbi turns to face Ilana.

ABBI

Shit.

INT. ILANA AND LINCOLN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is beautifully furnished and extremely clean. Lincoln is on the couch with his dog on his lap and Ilana is making popcorn.

Abbi walks in freshly showered, wearing a borrowed t-shirt and shorts.

ABBI

Hey thanks for letting me crash here. And for picking us up.

LICOLN

No problem. And Ilana told me about your little crisis. I just want you to know that I completely understand. I went through the same thing with my friend Raj. That dude was killing it on Wall Street when I was a struggling dentist student.

ABBI

Oh yeah?

Abbi sits down beside Lincoln and pets his dog.

LICOLN

Totally. But then the market crashed, he spent all his money on cocaine, and now works on some trash island in the middle of the Hudson.

Abbi picks at her finger nails.

ABBI

Haha that's crazy I thought those were myths.

LICOLN

So don't worry maybe one day when you're successful I'll be filling the cavities of hardened criminals.

Abbie chuckles.

ABBI

Thanks, Lincoln.

Ilana comes in and crashes on the couch between them, popcorn in hand.

ILANA

Heads up we might need some cash to ferry it over to Staten Island tomorrow.

ABBI

Yeah we kinda stole some Chinese food.

LICOLN

Money? The Staten Island ferry is free.

ABBI

What?!

ILANA

What?!

END OF TAG

FADE OUT.