

BROAD CITY

"Lights Out "

by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. STREET - MORNING

ILANA tears down the street at breakneck speed. Is she being chased?

RUSTY(25) races. It's hard to make out his chiseled and large proportions as he frantically speeds.

Ilana - hustling, PANTING, sweating. She WHIMPERS fretfully.

Rusty EXHALES DEEP as he tears down the street.

RUSTY

C'mon dude!

Rusty halts and spins around - he's frustrated.

It was Ilana chasing him .

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Okay. What is this?

Ilana skids to a stop, nearly bumping into the man that is now visibly identifiable as a parking attendant.

WHEEZING, Ilana looks up at the hunky dude sporting a red windbreaker.

ILANA

Hey, man. Got you.

RUSTY

Got me how?

She reaches over and swipes his arm.

ILANA

Tag. You're it.

RUSTY

I'm not it. I can't be it.

ABBI (O.S.)

She's just playing with you.

ABBI appears from behind, startling Rusty - he flinches.

Ilana PURRS and mimes a tiger.

ILANA  
Kitty always plays with her dinner.

MEOW. It's not cute it's creepy. Rusty grimaces.

RUSTY  
I'm the valet guy. I'm working. Are  
you guys dining at the restaurant?

ILANA  
Is that an invitation?

Abbi and Ilana are closing in, sandwiching Rusty. He darts  
his gaze between the two.

ABBI  
Do you have the sunrise special of  
bottomless mimosas?

RUSTY  
That's just Sundays.

ILANA  
(sexually)  
The lords day.  
(monster truck voice)  
Sunday. Sunday. Sunday. Is today  
Sunday?

ABBI  
No.

ILANA  
You asked me out right? You want to  
make this a date, yeah?

Rusty breaks the pack and starts heading away.

RUSTY  
I'm working, I have a car to get.

Abbi and Ilana hustle to keep pace as they enter :

EXT. CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rusty pulls out a key.

RUSTY

Look. I gotta get back or I lose my tip.

Rusty hops in a fancy vehicle, FIRES IT UP and PEELS out away from Abbi and Ilana, whom scoff at him.

ABBI

Whatever, broseph!

ILANA

I got a tip for you. Drive away from here in someone else's car, loser!

Ilana produces a J.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Let's hit this.

Abbi looks left and right.

ABBI

Sure. Gotta be a shade spot around here.

INT. OLD BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

Abbi and Ilana sit in the front seat of a beat up 1973 Buick Riviera. It's smoky and hot-boxed.

ABBI

Valet fella was way into you.

ILANA

No doubt. Oh well, I'm occupado on this eve anyhow. Lincoln made a big ta-do about wanting to have proper date, so...

ABBI

Aw, that's sweet.

ILANA

Yeah. I'm letting him buy me dinner.

Puff puff pass.

IRMA HAMBY

Turn offa the stove, yer'll burn the house down!

Flying out from beneath a pile of newspapers in the backseat is the disheveled old-timer, IRMA HAMBY (72).

She looks like the crypt-keeper. Abbi and Ilana turn towards each other and SCREAM with fright.

Ilana slams the car into gear -- puts pedal to the metal!

The engine isn't started however and the car slowly rolls down a small slope as all three women HOLLER and HOOT.

Gliding about ten feet, the junkers inertia is halted when the front headlight CRUNCHES into the bumper of another car.

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. AQUADUCT RACEWAY - DAY

Shuffling single file through a downtrodden CROWD, Abbi and Ilana are shoved through the turnstile entrance to the horse races by an anxious Irma.

IRMA HAMBY

C'mon, ladies. Iff'n yer ta fix my conveyance, you'll hafta pick us a winner.

ILANA

But we don't know the first thing about horse races.

ABBI

I might know the second thing.

IRMA HAMBY

Oh. Not a thing of it ladies. Simple business. I owe all I have in this world to the fates of the ponies.

INT. CASHIER STAND - MOMENTS LATER

Abbi and Ilana stare dumbfounded at the odds board. Irma pokes their ribs as the wall-eyed CASHIER (55) glares at the three.

IRMA HAMBY

Pick me a winner and lets buy me a new headlamp today.

ILANA

Can't you choose, lady? This isn't what you'd call my forte.

CASHIER

(anxious)

We will be starting this race today.

IRMA HAMBY

I can't choose. Twas me you offended and tis only you that could right the occurrence.

ABBI

We got this. I do know the second thing about this game. Go with the gut. Pick the name you like.

The two start reading off horse names.

IIANA

Grueso Cho-cho?

ABBI

Manky Hanky?

ILANA

Rudolpho Mejor?

ABBI

The Twixler's Grundle.

ILANA

Enormous N' Gentle.

ABBI

Hoof-a-stank.

ILANA

Bay's Breeze.

ABBI

Bay's Breeze?

ILANA

S'up bae.

ABBI

Bay's beezy.

ILANA

Bae, bae, bae. Bae, bae, bae.

Ilana and Abbi nod their heads in agreement. Ilana SLAPS her hand down on the cashier's window.

ILANA (CONT'D)

We're throwin' down everything we got on our main bae, Bay's Breeze.

Cashier looks down upon Ilana's hand as Ilana pulls it away to reveal that nothing is beneath it.

Ilana and Abbi turn around to Irma - defeated.

ABBI

We're broke. We don't have two stones to rub together.

ILANA

Actually I have a few minerals, but their technically healing crystals and aren't meant to touch. Or rub.

Ilana pulls two crystals out of her pocket and displays them.

Irma wobbles as she takes off her filthy old shoe. She pulls a dime out from it and hands it over.

IRMA HAMBY

Here. It's me last dime.

CASHIER

Funny. A dollar is the minimum bet.

Irma wobbles as she takes off her other shoe.

IRMA HAMBY

Here. Is me last dollar.

She hands the cashier dollar bill pulled out from her shoe.

EXT. AQUADUCT RACEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

In the stands, amongst SCREAMING throngs of DEGENERATE GAMBLERS, Abbi and Ilana CHEER for their horse.

ABBI

Oh my God. She's way ahead of the pack.

They SCREAM wildly as the pack of horses THUNDER by them.

ILANA

Here she comes!

Solitary hooves CLOMPING as Bay's Breeze runs by...in the wrong direction.

Abbi and Ilana high five. Irma glares at them and begins to leave.

IRMA HAMBY

Your beast is going the wrong way.  
She's as ass backwards as a lass at a  
piss pot.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leaving the Aqueduct raceway, Irma fumes.

IRMA HAMBY

OOOooo. I've never seen such a  
terrible horse pickerer!

ILANA

Hold your cabbalos, we were just  
trying our best.

ABBI

Yeah, that took a lot of effort back  
there.

IRMA HAMBY

It was a far sight from doin' enough.  
And now yer gonna have to find a  
somehow to get it straight.

ILANA

Fine. What do you want us to do?

IRMA HAMBY

Just get the cash by tonight or I'll  
beat you savagely with a tire iron.

ABBI

You wouldn't.

ILANA

We're calling your bluff.

IRMA HAMBY

The last man called me bluff was  
thrown offa a high, steep cliff.

ABBI

I'd call that a bluff.

ILANA

We'll see what we can do.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Abbi and Ilana stroll down a street with a smattering of  
TOURISTS and PEOPLE. Dejected sad sacks, the sprawling and  
garish rides and attractions are behind them.

Abbi kicks a can. Ilana punches the air in an "aw shucks"  
gesture.

ILANA

If we don't get that cream... we are  
like toast.

A huge gust of wind blows a big wheat paste notice right into  
Ilana's face. She tussles and wrestles to get free of it.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Ewww.

Ilana removes the poster and Abbi takes note.

ABBI

Three rounds with the champ!

ILANA

Huh?

Abbi refers to the text of the poster.

ABBI

Says here. Last three rounds with the  
champ and get five hundred bucks.

ILANA

That's a lot of canola oil. How much  
that old grifter want off us?

ABBI

She didn't specify. I just got a  
general extortion feeling from her.

ILANA

Five hundred! That'll cover it.

ABBI

This is tonight! You gotta train.

ILANA

Um. One, two, three not it. You gotta be the fist receiver.

ABBI

But you crashed the car.

ILANA

Exactly. It's your turn to do something now.

ABBI

It was your kind buds that led us into that jalopy.

ILANA

See! I've been doing everything so far today. I told you before I may be the more natural fit for alpha positioning in our dynamic, but I would never do that to you.

Abbi shrugs big time.

ABBI

Okay. But we are not going to impose on my place of employment for training.

ILANA

Sure nuff.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP / MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Ilana grimaces as a huge slab of cow flies into her face.

POW -- PUNCH -- CLOBBER

Abbi is punching a hanging rack of meat - training, as Ilana spots her.

ILANA

You got this. You're hitting really hard.

ABBI

It doesn't have a face though. I don't think I can hit a face.

PUNCH -- GRUNT -- SOCK

Bald BUTCHER MAN (55) walks into the meat locker. He's got a big ole knife in hand. He does a double take.

Butcher Man shuffles over to Abbi and Ilana.

BUTCHER MAN

Why is this happening?

ILANA

Sorry, guy. We saw the sign up front. You don't mind right?

BUTCHER MAN

This is very extremely unsanitary and I want to ask you to leave now.

Abbi stops punching. Butcher Man inspects her hands.

BUTCHER MAN (CONT'D)

Jeez. Not all of this is meat blood!

INT . SOULSTICE - DAY

Ilana holds a large pink plastic exercise ball as Abbi

PUNCHES -- KICKS -- and KABLAMO'S it.

Ilana bounces backwards but hops forward into the assault. It's like a weird rhythmic dance.

Trey bounds up on a jovial warpath.

TREY

Abbi. What's going on here?

ABBI

Training. It's my day off and I have privileges.

TREY

Right. But we can hear your aggressive energy in the Spin and Win sesh in the next room.

ILANA

(to Trey)

We won't be getting those five hundo clams without a little blood, tears and fears. Okay, haircut?

ABBI

Eyes on the prize. That's right, I'm goin' up against the champ! Me. I got the power.

TREY

Whoa! Whoa! Fitness and health isn't about competition. It's certainly not "Soulstice".

ABBI

What would I know? I'm just the cleaner.

With that Abbi pulls back and WALLOPS the exercise ball with great force - sending Ilana flying backwards.

TREY

We can look the other way on this. I just need you to do me a solid.

ABBI

What?

TREY

There's a solid trapped in the ladies room toilet.

INT. SOULSTICE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Abbi and Ilana are crammed in the toilet stall.

Abbi manipulates a hand crank toilet auger, trying to clear the clog. She struggles.

ABBI

No dice. I think I've met my white whale.

The door to the bathroom OPENS.

ILANA

How big's that thing?

ABBI  
I dunno. I didn't look!

A hurried KNOCK on the stall door.

ILANA  
(re: knock)  
Occupado, lady.  
(to Abbi)  
What?! How can you not?!

Ilana peers into the toilet real close.

ABBI  
I saw well enough. A poop's is a poop  
is a poop.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the stall.

ABBI (CONT'D)  
HEY! I'm tryin' a work here!

DIARRHEA WOMAN (52), stands outside the stall, angrily  
dancing with need of relief.

DIARRHEA WOMAN  
C'mon... I had a super green kale  
smoothie!

ILANA  
Like zoinks, dude! There's a smart  
phone in here under all the mud.

DIARRHEA WOMAN  
I'm bout to make some mud!

ILANA  
This is what I call a come up... Kay.  
I just need to psych myself up to  
reach in and grab it.

Abbi pulls Ilana away. The women have to raise their voices  
over Diarrhea Woman's incessant BANGING.

ABBI  
It's not worth it. It won't work  
anyway. It's been in the water.

ILANA  
What?! Just put it in a bag of rice.

Abbi shoves the snake in and tries to clear it.

ABBI

That's an old wives tale- besides I am morally obligated to turn it in to lost and found.

ILANA

What?! But it's your day off.

Abbi is SWEATY and GRUNTS from her violent snaking action. The BANGING on the door crescendos.

ABBI

FINE!

She rips out toilet seat covers and wraps up her hand like a mummy- dives down and thrusts her hand into the toilet.

DIARRHEA WOMAN

I can't cork this any longer!

Diarrhea Woman pulls back and BAM - shoulder rams the door.

CRASH

She flies through. Ilana reacts in shock. The door slams Abbi's butt and jams her forward - her arm twisting in the toilet.

CRUNCH.

Abbi SCREAMS. Her face alight with pain.

Ilana's eyes bug, reacting in terror.

EXT. LINDEN BLVD - DAY

Ilana struts down the street on her phone, Abbi is a few steps behind rubbing her arm.

ILANA

(on phone)

Just sayin, you take the hydraulic belts away from Jamiroquai and maybe he don't dance too good after all.

INTERCUT

INT. BOXING CLUB - SAME

JAIME talks on the phone on the sly as two BOXERS go at it behind him.

JAIME

(on phone)

But maybe jew take very good dancer,  
put him on a treadmill and is better.

ILANA

Point. Match. What's the prognosis on  
the champ then? Gimme the deets.

Jaime looks to CHAMP (35), pummeling OTHER BOXER. All we see are punches pulverizing the poor fellow - we can't make out the features of Champ.

PUNCH after PUNCH lands - Jaime grimaces.

Abbi catches up to Ilana.

ABBI

Hey forget it, I can't swing with my  
arm like this.

ILANA

I got this. I work better as a back-up  
bitch. Gimme high risk and low  
expectations and I shine.

Jaime see's another PUNCH land.

JAIME

I dunno, Ilana. Is very strong man.

ILANA

Three rounds, yo. I got this.

Another PUNCH.

JAIME

Is big man.

ILANA

Big where it counts?

Jaime looks at Champ's package. We see it.

JAIME  
Oh yes very big.

ILANA  
Could I take him?

JAIME  
No, no. You will lose.

ILANA  
Could I take his d?

Jaime again looks at Champ's package.

JAIME  
Yes, for sure. Is very good.

BEEP BEEP

ILANA  
Hey gotta another call, byeeee.

Ilana clicks over.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. VIDEO GAME ARCADE - DAY

LINCOLN, phone to ear, is playing a claw machine - trying to win a plastic ballerina.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Hey there, pal.

LINCOLN  
Lana, just checking in, I'm still going to see you soon right?

ILANA  
Actually it looks like I'm going to be late to never. Something came up and I need to bust on a fool.

LINCOLN  
Dang. But I'm going through a romantic gesture as we speak.

He briefly snags the ballerina - it falls.

ILANA  
Yeah?

LINCOLN

You know that George Harrison video... "I Got My Mind Set On You"? Not the second one with the singing taxidermy animals, but the first one with the kid trying to win a prize for the lady?

ILANA

Go ahead.

LINCOLN

Do you know who George Harrison is?

ILANA

Sure. A Monkee or something.

Lincoln LAUGHS.

LINCOLN

Alright. Can't be mad at you. Hey. Exactly what do you mean by bust on somebody?

ILANA

I have to take Abbi's place in a boxing match and last three rounds with the champ to get five hundo.

LINCOLN

Well. I have to formally register my distaste in that idea. Not just as the man who likes to kiss your face, but also as the man who gives you free dental work.

ILANA

Thanks Lincoln, I knew you'd understand. Hey, I gotta run. I haven't said anything to Abbi for a minute.

She CLICKS off the phone. Lincoln frowns.

Lincoln succeeds with the claw machine, drops the ballerina down the shoot. He smiles.

END INTERCUT

ABBI

Thanks for having my back.

ILANA

No doubt.

ABBI

I'll be right there ringside. Adrian to your Rocky.

ILANA

How long is three rounds?

ABBI

Hardly anything, probably like twenty minutes tops.

ILANA

Oh. Easy.

INT. ABBI'S BUILDING / HALL - DAY

Heading towards the door to Abbi's apartment.

ABBI

We got a few hours and I got boxing on me ole video game console- What the?!

Foamy bubbles can be seen seeping under the door.

INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Abbi and Ilana bust into the apartment. Foam fills the whole place, rising at least five feet up. Abbi and Ilana move their way through a SPATTERING of DANCERS and PARTIERS gyrating to CHEESY EDM MUSIC. BEVERS rejoices at their appearance.

BEVERS

Abbi!

ABBI

What the hell is this, Bevers?!

BEVERS

Y'know how you're always on me to do more chores?

(smirky pause)

Well. Took it upon me-self to do some dishes. Turns out you can't put hand dish soap in the dishwasher. But when apples give you oranges...make lemonade! So--

Abbi AUGH's --Party goers WOOOO!

BEVERS (CONT'D)  
-- FOAM PARTY!!

Abbi hustles over towards the TV, digging into the foam. She emerges with her XBOX - still plugged in.

BEVERS (CONT'D)  
My XBOX, is it water logged?!

ABBI  
My XBOX better not be. I swear, if this doesn't turn on...

Abbi tries to turn it on. It lights up and sparks like a firework - she throws it and SQUEALS.

Ilana and Abbi are aghast.

BEVERS  
You should have left it in a bucket of rice first.

ABBI  
Sorry, Ilana. Looks like you won't be getting much practice.

ILANA  
I think I can get a practice stroke in.

Ilana hurls back and SOCKS Bevers right in the grill.

INT. CONEY ISLAND ARCADE - DAY

Ilana stares down the arcade's HAGGARD CASHIER (55). Haggard Cashier stares back then hands Ilana two rolls of quarters.

Abbi and Ilana share a look.

Ilana makes a fist, closing her hands around the quarters. Abbi slips two large winter mittens over Ilana's hands. These serve as her boxing gloves.

MOMENTS LATER

Ilana is at a boxing video game complete with punching bag - socking it like crazy.

ABBI

Yeah!

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

It's on. Lights flash, a small smattering of PEOPLE are in the stands. Ilana in one corner and in the other - Rusty. They glare at each other from their corners.

Abbi stands ringside, opposite side of the ropes, a towel around her neck.

ILANA

I am so gonna knock this chump out.

ABBI

I can't believe the valet guy is the champ.

ILANA

Hey. A working man such as himself can have dreams beyond his station.

ABBI

But can you hit him and his pretty face?

ILANA

Girl, what I really liked was his buns and I'm bout to lay him down right on dat fine ass.

Across the ring, Rusty shakes his head and throws a gesture to say - "What the hell are you doing?"

IN THE CROWD

Lincoln, stares - nonchalant as ever.

LINCOLN

Ilana!

Ilana looks straight ahead - mugging her opponent.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Ilana!

Ilana doesn't care. Still in a stare off.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Ilana!

She breaks down and turns in Lincoln's direction.

ILANA

What, dude?!

LINCOLN

(yelling)

Although I'm fundamentally in opposition to your decision to enter this foolhardy contest I am committed to supporting you.

Heart warmed, Ilana cracks a smile. Lincoln gives her a thumbs up. She steels and turns towards her opponent. The REF (75), a sweet old man in a cute tiny bow-tie strides to center ring. He seems a little lost and world weary.

REF

(into mic)

Hi everybody. Quiet please. We have a boxing match, YAY!

(indicating Ilana)

In this corner we have Ilana! She looks like a sweet young girl. She looks like a hundred pounds I'll bet.

(muttering to himself)

I can't believe we can do this actually, she didn't even sign any papers or nothin'.

The crowd CHEERS, Ilana does a bounce and strut, waving about.

REF (CONT'D)

(indicating to Rusty)

And in this corner, we have the defending champ! Two hundred pounds of muscle and hate, it's Rockin' Rusty! I'll tell ya folks I've seen this guy knock a few headlights out.

Ilana and Rusty move into the center ring.

ON TO RINGSIDE with TWO AGED BROADCASTERS.

BROADCASTER 1

In all my years of radio boxing  
teleplay I've never seen a match- up  
like this.

BROADCASTER 2

That's right, Joe. It's too bad our  
commentary hasn't been broadcast over  
the airwaves or recorded since 1972.

IN THE RING

Ilana and Rusty face off.

RUSTY

Look lady, you shouldn't be this hard  
up for a date.

ILANA

Ew. Don't flatter yourself cause I'll  
be flattening you when I throw you  
down on the mat and f\*\*k the s\*\*t out  
of you.

RUSTY

That's just what I mean. You've  
crossed a lot of my social boundaries.

Ref separates them.

REF

When you hear the bell come out  
swingin'. Last three rounds and win  
five hundred dollars. Them's the  
rules.

RUSTY

I don't wanna hit her, she freaks me  
out. Call this off.

REF

Just knock her out.  
(sotto to champ)  
These days a fella doesn't get too  
many chances to hit a lady. Savor the  
moment.

A SEXY WOMAN in bikini struts through the ring showing the  
card "ROUND ONE".

ILANA

You don't have to peacock, girl. Not  
for these PATRIARCHAL LOSERS.

Ilana dances up and down, and blows a kiss to Sexy Woman.

REF

Okay. Fight already.

DING DING DING

Rusty approaches Ilana with fists up.

RUSTY

I will hit you once. Just fall.

As he approaches Ilana... she flips backwards.

Rusty pivots to her next location.

Ilana begins to do somersaults and other moves- flying around  
the ring.

Rusty looks to Ref - confused.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

You gonna do something?

REF

Don't look at me. If you can't hit her  
face just hit her cootchie or  
something.

ILANA

Free capoeira lessons in the park on  
Wednesday morning. You should try it  
sometime.

Ilana continues - flipping around and sweeping the floor in  
sequences of complex moves.

IN CROWD

LINCOLN

(like Adrian)

Ilana!

RINGSIDE

BROADCASTER 1

I've never seen anything like this.

BROADCASTER 2

It's capoeira. Free in the park on Wednesdays just like she said. Wanna check it out maybe this week?

DING DING DING

The round ends, the Ref steps in and separates the two pushing them to their respective corners.

Abbi squirts water in Ilana's face. Ilana looks like she enjoys it too much, closes her eyes and takes it with glee.

RUSTY

C'mon, Ref!!

Rusty is frustrated. Ref steps up to Ilana.

REF

No more malarkey this round. Stay flat footed. If you ain't takin a punch I spect to see you giving one.

Sexy Woman returns with a "ROUND TWO" card. But now she is conservatively dressed and winks at Ilana. Ilana throws her a "thumbs up" gesture.

DING DING DING

The boxers approach each other.

RUSTY

Sorry. I gotta end this.

Rusty takes a swing.and it WHIFFS as Ilana ducks.

ILANA

Oooh. C'mon champ. You ain't so bad.

Rusty takes another swing. Ilana ducks again but this time swiftly PUNCHES his package.

OOOF! Rusty retreats a few feet. He holds his stomach.

RUSTY

Sweet lord. That hurt my gut.

Ilana does a little dance.

On Abbi RINGSIDE

ABBI  
(slow motion)  
YEAH!

Rusty regains himself. Stumbles toward Ilana and throws a half hearted PUNCH in her face.

On Lincoln in CROWD.

LINCOLN  
(slow motion)  
ILANA!

Ilana pops back instinctively. She quickly composes herself.

ILANA  
(impressed)  
Well. Looks like your fist was just formally introduced to my psycho-level threshold of pain tolerance.

Ilana quickly squats and again SOCKS Rusty in his junk.

Rusty spins around and doubles over. His ass to her face.

Without missing a beat Ilana begins in rapid succession to punch his left and right butt cheeks.

ILANA (CONT'D)  
Twerk it like a champ.

RINGSIDE

BROADCASTER 1  
This can't be regulation.

BROADCASTER 2  
Never in my forty plus years of largely uncompensated amateur commentary have I seen so much below the belt action.

IN THE RING

Rusty gets it together. Now he is angry. He begins wildly swinging at Ilana's face. She deftly ducks and dodges.

SLOW MOTION - Rusty swings. Ilana ducks - PUNCHES his sack.

Rusty swings. Ilana ducks - PUNCHES his sack.

Rusty covers his privates. Ilana PUNCHES him right in the face.

ILANA

Oh. I'm sowwy.

Ilana wraps her glove around the back of his head, leans in and kisses him right on the kisser.

As Rusty suffers Ilana does a victory lap around the ring, pumping up the crowd that is now CHEERING.

Rusty CURSES himself, wipes his lips and SPITS - he's really getting pissed. He hollers across the ring --

RUSTY

That actually hurt a lot!

From the corner Abbi pumps up her pal.

ABBI

You're doin it! You got this! You're like a squirrel the way you're mobbin' on his acorns.

Ref intercedes and approaches Ilana. He protects his junk with one hand.

REF

Please. What are you thinkin, lady. You can't hit him in his penis.

ILANA

What?! But he hit me in the face!

REF

Exactly. Hit him in his face. Hey! Go for the liver, too. Just not the penis.

ILANA

Are you kidding me?!

REF

This is a classy game. Kids are watching.

ABBI

She just needs to last three rounds, buddy. No one told us the crotch was a no fly zone.

ILANA

Yeah. Imma do what I gots ta do

REF.

If you want to try any more of these shenanigans, I'm calling the match and you can forget about the money.

Ref glares at the two and backs off.

REF

Back at it you two.

Rusty has regained himself, begins cautiously approaching Ilana.

RUSTY

You're dead meat.

Ilana shuffles to the center of the ring.

SLOW MOTION - Rusty's face twisted into an evil glare.

INSERT QUICK FLASH

Ilana imagines Rusty from earlier that day - sweet, handsome.

ABBI

(slow motion)

Kill him! Poke his eyes out.

LINCOLN

(slow motion)

ILANA!

Ilana looks down at her mittened hands.

ILANA

(sotto)

What have I become?

She looks back up at Rusty as he approaches. A look of determination overcomes Ilana, she stands up straight and thrusts her arms to her side.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Hit me.

Rusty SWINGS and connects with Ilana's face.

Ilana briefly turns her head but otherwise remains composed and takes the punch.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Is that all ya got?

Rusty PUNCHES her again. Ilana again absorbs the punch without much hesitation or reaction.

ILANA (CONT'D)

C'mon, Champ. You ain't so bad, you ain't so bad.

Rusty is psyched out. He sneers, winding back for a huge punch.

RUSTY

Hit me back! What're you doing?!

He throws a punch but stops short of connecting with her face. Ilana doesn't even budge.

ILANA

That's right. It's okay. Hit me.

Rusty belts out a frustrated YARGH.

RINGSIDE

BROADCASTER 1

I've never seen anything like this in all my years.

Broadcaster 2 looks up from texting on his phone.

BROADCASTER 2

What? Sorry. I was distracted for a second.

BROADCASTER 1

I was just saying I've never seen anything like this. The young lady, well she's just been taking the punches. Not even trying to fight back.

BROADCASTER 2

Interesting. Like a cat toying with her food.

FROM THE CORNER

ABBI

Ilana. What are you doing?!

Ilana turns back to her friend.

ILANA

Look at what we almost became, Abbi. We're not the killers. I hear the boots of imperialism on the march towards a hegemonic New World Order and I say "NO". I will not hold arms against my brothers and sisters. Instead I will be the last gasp of humanity, the voice that cries for peace, dignity... PLUR muthafu\*\*a.

Abbi has a moment looking silently upon her proud friend.

ABBI

Or. Or you could just hit him back?

ILANA

That's who we are. PLUR.

Ilana slowly turns back towards Rusty who is psyched up and ready to end this.

Ilana outstretches her arms - miming the appearance of Jesus on the cross.

LINCOLN

(slow motion)

ILANA!

SLOW MOTION - Rusty winds back and thrusts his fist towards Ilana's face. Ilana closes her eyes - smiles.

His fist connects to her chin.

Ilana gracefully, with arms outstretched, falls back upon the mat.

She lands. The crowd ERUPTS. Lights flash all around.

Ref gets down on the mat to count her out.

Rusty looks down upon his defeated opponent. His face becomes struck with horror. He looks upon his gloves as if to say - What have I done?

IN CROWD

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

(in phone)

Yeah. Clear my schedule tomorrow.  
That's right. Clear it all up. Looks like I will have a lot of emergency dental work to fit in.

IN THE RING

Ilana lays back Christlike upon the mat. The Ref stands above her counting her out. Ilana opens her eyes and looks up proudly. Sexy Woman walks up. She's back in a bikini which momentarily confuses Ilana.

SEXY WOMAN

I've gone full circle- reclaiming my sexuality. I've gone through and past the tyranny of male gaze.

Ilana nods approvingly at her.

The Ref holds up Rusty's arm - he's still the champ. Rusty won... but looks defeated.

EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT

As the crowd exits, Abbi and Ilana shuffle out. Ilana has a black eye and a bit of swelling but her face is in pretty good shape, considering.

ABBI

You could have had the guy. I mean he was halfheartedly hitting you and you have like that unexpected, psycho strength.

ILANA

The fact that we could both recognize how brave I am, to hold back and not stoop to his level. I am so proud of us.

Lincoln converges with them.

LINCOLN

Yo.

ILANA

Hey.

LINCOLN

Good fight.

ILANA

Yeah?

LINCOLN

No. You were terrible.

Lincoln takes out a small flashlight and looks in Ilana's mouth.

ILANA

Wait. Hold up.

Ilana fishes around in her mouth and pulls out a crown.

ILANA (CONT'D)

Yup. I could tell that was loose.

LINCOLN

Ilana. I just put that crown in your mouth about a month ago.

ILANA

Sorry. I live hard, put a lot of mileage on these chompers.

LINCOLN

But. But that was my crowning achievement.

The three pals stroll away.

ILANA

I can tell you've used that joke before.

LINCOLN

Yeah. It's pretty standard dentist patter.

ILANA

Don't recycle jokes with me.

EXT. CAR LOT - NIGHT

Ilana and Abbi approach the Buick Riviera and arrive at opposite ends of the two front doors. They lock eyes as if to steel themselves.

ILANA

Well, pal.

ABBI

Yup yup.

ILANA

The day of reckoning.

ABBI

(doubtful)  
This could be ... this could be curtains.

ILANA

Those who dare.

ABBI

(resigned)  
Those who dare.

The pals strain to fist bump over the roof of the car. They open their respective doors and enter.

INT. BUICK RIVIERA - CONTINUOUS

Abbi and Ilana settle into the front seats of the car and shut the doors. They put an arm over the seat and look into the back.

There is Irma, laying like Dracula across the back seat. Her eyes are open - creepy.

IRMA HAMBY

How'n ya be raised where ye don't even knock?

ILANA

Sorry, Irma.

ABBI

My bad.

IRMA HAMBY

What'n is it? Couldn't ya see I'm sleepin?

ABBI

It's the money. The dinero. The bread and the cheese... We don't have it.

ILANA

So the tire iron. We just wanted to mention that I already took a lot of hits today - like a lot. So, as per our discussion, we were thinking Abbi...

Ilana looks doe-eyed at Abbi as she trails off. Abbi is surprised but then offers...

ABBI

(sheepishly)

I can take the hits. I can take all of the hits.

Irma PSHAWS with a wave of her hand.

IRMA HAMBY

How coulda yew possibly think of me? Tall talk bein' the strongest axe I carry, girls. No, though I have suffered many a blow through this world...I just never could blow back.

Abbi and Ilana share a poignant look.

ABBI

We'll get you a new headlight, Irma. Just give us a few days.

IRMA HAMBY

Oh. That bitty detail.

Irma sits up and pulls a bag from the floor up to her side.

Out of the bag she produces the headlight.

IRMA HAMBY (CONT'D)

The beamer is fine. Set it in a bag of  
rice I did.

With that the headlight LIGHTS UP - illuminates in her hands.  
And yes this is completely impossible.

Abbi and Ilana look to each other amazed.

ABBI

That's... amazing.

IRMA HAMBY

Be sure that it is. And whomever owns  
this car will be none the wiser what  
transpired here today.

CUT TO BLACK