



ABBI AND ILANA ARE WALKING DOWN A BEACH. IT'S OVERCAST, HUMID, AND THERE ARE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. ABBI IS LOOKING AROUND WORRIEDLY BUT ILANA IS ON A MISSION.

ABBI: Are you sure I'm not going to be third wheeling?

ILANA: No, Abbi, I told you he's bringing his sister. If things get freaky you can always hang out with her.

ABBI: Ew, don't say that.

ILANA: Plus, he said she's really cool. Look, there he is.

ILANA AND ABBI APPROACH A MAN WHO LOOKS TO BE IN HIS LATE 20S. HE'S SCRUFFY AND HAS A BEER GUT.

CHESTER: What's cookin' good lookin'?

ILANA LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY AND HUGS CHESTER. MID HUG, SHE MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH ABBI, WHO STICKS A FINGER IN HER MOUTH AND GAGS. ILANA MOTIONS TO KNOCK IT OFF.

CHESTER: This is my sister, Sierra.

SIERRA STANDS UP AND WAVES. SHE'S 14. ILANA AND ABBI STARE AT THE GIRL THEN LOOK AT EACHOTHER. ABBI LOOKS LIKE SHE'S ABOUT TO GO OFF AND ILANA NUDGES HER HARD.

CUT TO EVERYONE SITTING IN A LAWN CHAIR, ABOUT 15 MINUTES LATER, DEAD SILENT. THINGS ARE EXTREMELY AWKWARD. ILANA IS THE ONLY ONE WHO LOOKS RELAXED.

THE ICE CREAM GUY SONG PLAYS IN THE DISTANCE. CHESTER CLEARS HIS THROAT.

CHESTER: I'm gonna go get some ice cream. Do you guys want anything?

ABBI AND SIERRA BOTH MUMBLE NO. ILANA STARTS TO SAY HER ORDER BUT CHESTER IS ALREADY RUNNING ACROSS THE BEACH. THEY WATCH HIM GO.

BEAT.

SIERRA: Hey... Do either of you have a tampon?

ILANA: Oh, honey, no, I love myself. Pretty sure Abbi has a clean Diva Cup in her purse though.

ABBI: Ilana?? You can't just offer up my diva cup?!

ILANA: Oh, please, you know your period isn't due for 10 days and you just carry it around 24/7 because you're neurotic as fuck. Don't you want to help a child in need?

ILANA AND ABBI BRIEFLY FIGHT IN HUSHED TONES. THEY FINISH ABRUPTLY AND TURN AROUND.

SIERRA: I don't know... I've never used a Diva Cup before..

ABBI: It's really nice, actually... Plugs you up so you can swim without worrying about sharks. Don't worry though, it's good for the sharks too since they won't accidentally snort one while they swim or whatever.

ILANA: Yeah yeah, less pollution. Don't stress girl, we can show you.

CUT TO ILANA AND ABBI HUDDLED OUTSIDE OF A GROSS OLD WOODEN OUTHOUSE ON THE BEACH, LEANING AGAINST THE SIDE. THEY'RE SITTING ON THE GROUND, SIPPING STRAWS THAT LEAD INTO ILANA'S PURSE. THEY'RE A LITTLE TIPSY.

ILANA: (talking loudly) Ok, so you have to spread your lips!

ABBI SHUSHES HER AND GIGGLES.

ABBI: Okay now you're gonna want to fold it and shove it up there... Gently, I mean.

BEAT.

SIERRA: Okay... I think it's in..

ILANA: You think? It's either in or out, honey, there's no think.

ABBI: Does it feel like.. Everything's plugged up? It should be comfortable, sweetie.

SIERRA: (triumphant) Yeah, it is.. I did it!

ILANA AND ABBI LOOK AT EACHOTHER AND BURST INTO LAUGHTER.

ABBI: I feel like I'm ready to be a mother..

ILANA: Bitch, you can't be a mother. I can't share your attention. I'll probably get jealous and drown your baby in the bathtub.

ABBI: That's fucked up. Cheers!

ILANA AND ABBI CHEERS THE STRAWS AND TAKE ANOTHER SIP.

END.