

Twas The Night Before 4/20

TEASER

INT. ILANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark and quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O)

'Twas the night before 4/20 and all
through the house.

There is a light coming from Ilana's bedroom.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Not a sound to be heard except the
click of a mouse.

We hear the CLICKING of a mouse.

INT. ILANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abbi spins to face Ilana who is sitting on the bed.

ABBI

The 4/20 e-vite is sent.

Ilana checks over her 4/20 to-do list.

ILANA

Sweet dude, now all we need is to
wait for Jamie to come back
tomorrow with the fresh batch of
weed.

ABBI

Let's go to bed so we can wake up
quicker!

The girls make their way into bed.

ILANA

Yas! And can I just say, that I am
so happy your beautiful body will
be gracing my sheets tonight, on
this, the eve, of the most holy
days of the year.

Ilana tries to spoon Abbi, but is quickly rejected as the
Narrator begins speaking again.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The girls got nestled, all snug in
the bed.

Ilana turns off the light and Abbi snuggles up with Bingo
Bronson.

NARRATOR (V.O)

While visions of purple kush danced
in their heads.

A dream bubble appears above all three of their heads, with
dancing, smiling, purple kush buds.

INT. ILANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is still dark and quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The bongos were placed on the coffee
table with care,

Two bongos sit on the middle of the coffee table.

NARRATOR (V.O)

In hopes that 4/20 soon would be
there.

We move closer to the coffee table and see more weed
paraphernalia.

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING TTILES.

ACT ONE

INT. ILANA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The apartment is decked out: garlands made of marijuana
leaves adorn the walls, green lights are hung around the
window, and a ginger-bread grow-op sits on the kitchen
counter. The girls decorate a fake cannabis tree.

ABBI & ILANA

(singing)

Oh Cannabis Tree, oh Cannabis Tree.
We light our joints from youuuuu!

ILANA
I love this time of year.

ABBI
Me too!

ILANA
Should we do presents, or wait
until 4:20?

ABBI
No, I can't wait.

ILANA
Me neither!

Abbi and Ilana grab green wrapped parcels under the tree.

ILANA (CONT'D)
1, 2, 3!

The girls quickly exchange gifts and unwrap.

ABBI
A turtle pipe!

ILANA
A light up lighter!

Abbi pets the tiny turtle.

ABBI
I shall name you Franklin.

Ilana flicks the lighter and an array of colors flash
intermittently.

ILANA
Dude! It's just what I wanted!

Ilana takes out her phone and begins to take a picture of
the lighter. Her phone BEEPS as she receives a text message.

ILANA
NO!

Ilana shows Abbi the message.

ON THE SCREEN: Jamie: I know I said I would have weed for
you today, but I'm stuck in Staten Island, no ferries going
out.

The time on the phone reads: 10:20AM

ABBI

Noooooooo!

Abbi and Ilana look at each other concerned.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

The girls walk with purpose.

NARRATOR (V.O)

With Abbi in her toque, and Ilana in her cap, they took to the streets to sort out this crap.

ABBI

Dude, I am so excited for tonight.

ILANA

Yas. It sucks Jamie was dry, but this dispensary has a four star rating on ganjpaths, and has won a Willie Nelson.

ABBI

Yeah, dude. Feeling the 4/20 vibes. We should pick up some brie and those crackers with the seeds that I like so much.

ILANA

Yas kween, we'll even get the ones with seeds *and* cranberries.

ABBI

But you don't like cranberries.

ILANA

I plan on being so stoned tonight, I won't even be able to taste them.

ABBI

Nice, dude. So, do you need a membership for this dispensary, or...

ILANA

Yeah, but you just have to sit in a small room and talk to a "doctor" on skype.

ABBI
Oh man, what are you going to say
your symptoms are?

ILANA
I don't know, night blindness?

ABBI
How would weed cure that?

ILANA
Good point, how about psoriasis?

ABBI
Just say anxiety.

ILANA
Anxiety! Yas. You're so beautiful
and smart.

Abbi and Ilana turn the corner.

ABBI
Woah wtf--

The girls stop dead in their tracks.

EXT. DISPENSARY - MORNING

A SWAT TEAM is raiding the dispensary. Armed police guards
are carrying out buckets and buckets of weed.

Ilana reaches her hand out, but Abbi stops her as two
officers escort out a dreadlocked man, clearly the owner,
one holding a gun to his head.

DREADLOCKED OWNER
Not cool, man.

OFFICER
(into radio)
I have a resister.

They taze him.

Ilana and Abbi look on with shock, and then both back-up
slowly.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

They walk back along the same route they just took. Ilana is looking at her phone.

ILANA

Apparently there's a bunch of dispensary raids all around the city today. Starting to feel some real anxiety.

ABBI

It's okay. So we won't have special 4/20 weed, we can just smoke whatever you have stashed at your place.

ILANA

It's gone.

ABBI

Really? Everything?

ILANA

Everything.

ABBI

Bookshelf weed?

ILANA

Smoked it.

ABBI

Green tea container?

ILANA

Steeped it, in my bong.

ABBI

Fake flask weed?

ILANA

Got drunk off dat high.

ABBI

Cannabis cow?

ILANA

Smooooooked it.

ABBI

Reefer rooster?

ILANA
Cock-a-doodle doob no more.

ABBI
Toilet weed?

ILANA
Flushed it down my lungs.

ABBI
Wall weed?

ILANA
Rats got it.

ABBI
Dude.

ILANA
I needed to smoke everything in my
place in order to cleanse for the
new 4/20 moon cycle.

ABBI
Well, I don't think I have anything
at my place.

Ilana has a realization.

ILANA
You sweet-bottomed angel. You are a
brilliant goddess - I totally hid
an emergency joint in your freezer!

Ilana cups Abbi's face in one hand and Abbi's butt in the
other.

INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ilana and Abbi enter the apartment to find Bevers smoking
the emergency joint.

ABBI
Where'd you get that joint from,
Bevers?

BEVERS
The freezer.

Ilana and Abbi turn to face each other slowly, eyes widening
with every second.

Finally exhaling, Abbi puffs up her entire body into a swan-like fight stance. Ilana drops into several squats, mouthing what she wishes she could do to Bevers, and then begins to shadow box.

Abbi lets out several grunts, trying to lunge toward Bevers as if someone is constraining her.

ABBI

Hold me back. Hold me back.

ILANA

I don't know if I even want to.
That was OUR emergency joint,
Bevers.

Ilana and Abbi continue to move about the space acting like animals in distress.

ABBI

What have I told you about taking things that aren't yours, Bevers?

BEVERS

What? It's 4/20, and I needed to open my mind for my philosophy exam tonight.

Abbi and Ilana freeze, and approach him, getting right in his face, as if it's an interrogation.

ABBI

You're taking philosophy?

ILANA

Why, because you don't know how to think already?

Ilana pulls back dramatically to confer with Abbi

ILANA (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do now, dude?

ABBI

Let's just leave. I can't even look at you, Bevers.

The girls leave the apartment, and Bevers takes out a container of food, clearly marked Abbi and digs in.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ilana and Abbi sit in adjacent chairs. Abbi holds a Cosmo magazine.

ABBI
Five points... Okay.

Abbi examines the magazine.

ABBI (CONT'D)
So you're a fearless flirter. And only moderately hard to get.

ILANA
Now I know.

ABBI
One more point and you would've been a sassy senioritta.

ILANA
Ah fuck, that's way cooler.

ABBI
At least you're not a wimpy wallflower... That's what I got.

ILANA
What?! No way, dude. If I were to describe you, in cosmo terms, I would classify you as a bootylicious babe, for sure.

ABBI
Aw, thanks.

Beat of silence as Ilana looks anxiously around at the other people in the waiting room.

ILANA
Is it just me, or is everyone staring at us?

Abbi checks and sees that no one is paying any attention to them.

ABBI
Yeah, I think that's just you, dude.

ILANA

I don't think I've ever not been high in a doctor's office before, is it always this awful? Is it dry in here? I'm parched. I feel like that guy knows I'm sober. I feel judged.

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Abbi Abrams?

Ilana shakes it off, and they both stand up and follow the nurse into the office.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

The nurse places Abbi's chart on the desk.

NURSE

The doctor will be with you shortly.

She leaves the two with a nod.

Abbi turns to Ilana.

ABBI

Do you think this is going to work?

ILANA

Totally, with your acting skills? Please.

ABBI

Well, I have been taking those improv classes.

ILANA

Yas, I can, like, SEE a difference. You are so much more confident in your body.

The doctor enters and picks up Abbi's chart, the clock on the wall reads: 11:45am

DOCTOR

Abbi, what can I help you with today?

Abbi holds her stomach.

ABBI
I've been having really awful
cramps. T3's haven't been working.

ILANA
It's true, It's been hard.

Ilana places a protective hand on Abbi's arm.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, who are you?

ILANA
A really concerned friend.

The doctor nods.

DOCTOR
Okay, I can prescribe you a dose of
Anaprox which can be taken with
T3's, and that should really help
in masking the pain.

ILANA
Hmmm, that's not going to work for
her.

ABBI
I was reading online, Queen
Victoria had her doctors prescribe
her marijuana drugs to alleviate
menstrual cramps.

The doctor furrows his brow.

ABBI (CONT'D)
I mean I've never tried it before,
but if it worked for the Queen...

Ilana grabs Abbi's hand, sympathetically.

NARRATOR (V.O)
That little old doctor, so lively
and quick, he knew in a moment they
weren't really sick.

The doctor frowns and looks skeptically at the girls who
smile sheepishly.

INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bevers opens the door to find Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Oh hey man. Is Ilana or Abbi here?

BEVERS

No, they just left.

LINCOLN

Shit. Ilana texted me, 4/20 911. I went to her place first, and the door was unlocked and her bong was cold, so I knew this was a serious situation.

BEVERS

No, they seemed pretty good to me.

LINCOLN

Do you know where they went?

BEVERS

They didn't say, but I'm pretty sure Whole Foods.

LINCOLN

Damn, I hope they get some spelt flour soft pretzels. Well, I guess I'll take off then.

BEVERS

Before you go, you wouldn't happen to know anything about philosophy would you?

Bevers raises an eyebrow.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The girls approach an apartment door.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Their plan - how it failed, no help was the Queen.

Abbi points to the right door, and the girls pause in front of it.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Luckily, nearby lives an ex who
smokes green.

ABBI

I really don't want to see Male
Stacy.

ILANA

Dude, it'll be great. Catch up on
some old correspondence. Clear the
air.

ABBI

Well, he doesn't know that I date
raped him.

ILANA

Exactly. It'll be great.

Ilana shrugs and knocks. Male Stacy opens the door,
displaying a full beard.

NARRATOR (V.O)

His sad little mouth was drawn down
with a frown, and the beard of his
chin was all grizzled and brown.

MALE STACY

Wow, didn't expect to see you
anytime soon.

ABBI

I know things ended kind of
abruptly, but we were in the
neighbourhood, so...

Abbi looks away awkwardly.

MALE STACY

It's been a while.

ILANA

How ya doing?

MALE STACY

My hamster just died.

The girls look sympathetic.

ILANA

Well, your beard looks great.

MALE STACY

Thanks, I lost my job, so razors
are a luxury now.

ABBI

It's really working for ya.

MALE STACY

I was just about to bury Hammy, but
if you guys want to come in.

ILANA

Yeah, great.

The girls push their way into his apartment.

INT. MALE STACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is covered in clothes and garbage.

ABBI

Great place. It's so... rustic. And
manly.

ILANA

Yes, and such a distinct musk.

MALE STACY

So what brings you guys here?

The girls awkwardly look at one another.

ABBI

Like I said, we were in the
neighbourhood and...

ILANA

And Abbi turned to me and said,
with her perfect mouth, wouldn't it
be nice to see Stacy?

ABBI

I did say that. Yes. Especially, on
such a day of celebration and
frivolity.

Male Stacy stares at them blankly.

ABBI (CONT'D)

I mean, you're probably up to your
elbows in your own 4/20 plans, but
we were wondering if...

ILANA
If you would like to... celebrate
with us. And... And...

The girls mouth wordlessly.

ILANA AND ABBI
Provide... The ganj.

Male Stacy stares at them blankly once more.

INT. SOULSTICE - DAY

Close up on Trey's fitbit watch, as he finishes his reps. We see the time is 1:30pm.

Lincoln and Bevers enter.

TREY
Oh hey guys, are you here for
soulpedal?

LINCOLN
No, actually we were hoping to use
the equipment here.

BEVERS
Yeah, Lincoln is helping me study
for my philosophy exam today.

LINCOLN
I figured for every answer he gets
wrong, he has to work out.

Bevers pulls out a churro from his pocket and starts nibbling.

TREY
Say no more. When I was preparing
for my Soulstice interview, I
read the complete works of
Aristotle, while running a 10k, to
hone both my mind and my body.

LINCOLN
Oh, cool man.

TREY
Can I help?

LINCOLN

Of course. The more the merrier.

Beyers chucks his churro, hitting a girl on a treadmill in the face. Beyers remains oblivious.

TREY

Let's start in the studio?

Trey leads the way.

EXT. THE STREETS - DAY

Abbi and Ilana walk along the sidewalk.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Male Stacy a bust, they're back to square one. Their options are dwindling, but what can be done?

ABBI

It can't be that hard to find weed, it's New York!

Ilana is scrolling through her phone.

ILANA

No one has responded to our craigslist post yet.

ABBI

What about that drug dealer you used to know?

ILANA

She died.

ABBI

No, I mean the guy.

ILANA

Which one?

ABBI

You know the one with the face tattoo.

ILANA

Oh, he found God.

ABBI
Jesus would totally be a stoner if
he was alive today.

Ilana does the sign of the cross.

ILANA
In the name of the reefer, the
weed, and the holy ganj.

Abbi stops dead in her tracks.

ABBI
Do you smell that?

They both take a sniff.

ILANA
Our prayers have been answered.
Follow it. Follow it.

The girls rush after the reefer smell.

INT. SOULSTICE STUDIO - DAY

Bever and Trey each stand on a treadmill as Lincoln puts on
a game show host persona.

LINCOLN
And we're back on Philosophy is
Right, for the treadmill round.

Lincoln adjusts his cue cards.

LINCOLN
Currently we have Trey with the
high score of 8 correct answers.

Trey pours his sports drink all over himself, dramatically.

LINCOLN
Trailing behind we have Bevers,
with an astonishing 0 questions
answered correctly. That's 0
answers.

Bever salutes.

LINCOLN
Let's begin with the two types of
relationships described by Martin
Buber.

Beverly buzzes in by pressing a button on the treadmill. It starts inclining slowly causing him to almost lose his footing.

BEVERLY

What are platonic and sexual?

NARRATOR (V.O)

More rapid than eagles, the answers they came!

Beverly attempts to level out the treadmill as Lincoln rubs his brow ridge in frustration.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And he whistled, and shouted, and messed up the names.

Beverly continues to struggle. Trey reaches over and clicks a button, grounding the treadmill.

LINCOLN

Incorrect. Trey would you like to steal?

TREY

What are I-it and I-thou.

LINCOLN

Correct!

Beverly deflates.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A group of teens are smoking. Abbi and Ilana are close by, trying to breathe in the sweet cannabis vapours.

ILANA

Just go up to them and ask if we can join.

ABBI

No way dude, that's so weird.

ILANA

You're right, we shouldn't ask, we should just jump in.

Ilana pulls Abbi into the smoke circle. The teens stare at them, freaked.

ABBI
Smoking on 4/20, that's cool,
that's cool.

TEEN BOY
Are you a mom here, or something?

ABBI
A mom?

ILANA
Why, just because she's a woman,
you automatically assume she's a
mother? Is this the ass of a
mother?

Ilana points to Abbi's butt and the teens shrug,
contemplating.

ABBI
Choose your words wisely.

ILANA
This is a classic example of a man
defining what a woman should be.

ABBI
Yeah, you know what, because of
that, we are confiscating this
weed.

Abbi takes the joint from the Teen Boy and puts it out.

ILANA
Youth these days.

ABBI
(To the teens)
You disgust me.

The girls walk off, continuing to shake their heads and
mutter.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ilana and Abbi are hiding in the bushes, about to re-light
the joint. Abbi pauses.

ABBI
Should we wait?

ILANA

Why?

ABBI

Because it will be more special if we wait until 4:20 pm.

ILANA

I can't wait, dude! I need it now. Gimme.

Ilana tries to take the joint from Abbi, but Abbi holds it up high.

Suddenly, a bird swoops down, grabbing a hold of the joint and flies off.

ABBI

That son-of-a-bird just took the joint!

ILANA

No!

The girls chase after the bird, looking like idiots, until it finally flies out of sight.

The girls take a moment to mourn.

INT. SOULSTICE - DAY

Bervers sits in a small blow up pool, with floaties on his arms and goggles on his eyes. Trey is dressed in a punisher costume.

LINCOLN

Now time for the redemption round. Bervers with a dismal score, has been placed in the chamber of mayhem. If he answers incorrectly the punisher will dump expired Kombucha on his head.

BEVERS

Great, I'm starving.

LINCOLN

Who said "True knowledge exists in knowing that you know nothing."?

BEVERS

Pft, I don't know. I know nothing.
Socrates couldn't be more right.

Lincoln and Trey look surprised.

LINCOLN

That's correct! Well done.

BEVERS

Aw, I was really looking forward to
trying combo-cheese.

Lincoln shakes his head.

LINCOLN

Now time for a real zinger: In
Plato's Allegory of the Cave, what
is the only thing the prisoners are
capable of seeing, and what is
their only source of light?

BEVERS

Uh. I know this.

LINCOLN

You have six seconds.

BEVERS

I'd like to use one of my lifelines
please.

LINCOLN

You only have one, but sure. Trey
give him a clue.

TREY

Two things I'm most scared of.

BEVERS

Shadows and fire.

Lincoln and Trey clap, again surprised by his victory.

LINCOLN

I think you might be ready.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And then, with a twinkling, they
heard from his phone, The exam time
alarm, as Bevers let out a groan.

Bevers groans and grabs his backpack.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. ILANA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Abbi and Ilana sit on the couch, utterly dejected. Abbi strokes her turtle pipe, while Ilana flicks her light-up lighter on and off.

They look towards the door, at the sound of a knock in a sober daze. Lincoln and Trey enter Ilana's apartment.

ABBI

Welcome to the weedless 4/20 party.

LINCOLN

Oh man, you weren't able to find any?

ILANA

No, but we did snag a sale on cannabis scented incense.

Ilana pulls out a package of incense and lays it on the coffee table as Lincoln heads to the kitchen in search of water. Ilana sits down and glares at the package.

ILANA

You're just a tease.

Everyone congregates on or around the couch. As Lincoln leaves the kitchen he passes the microwave, and the time flashes: 4:19pm

LINCOLN

We could always celebrate 4/20 another day.

Abbi and Ilana look unimpressed.

TREY

Or we could drink?

ABBI

It's not the same.

TREY

Or, we could try visualizing being high. In my meditation for constipation class visualization has proven to be very powerful.

Ilana gives Abbi a look, and Abbi ducks her head, embarrassed.

There's a loud sound from outside.

NARRATOR (V.O)

When out on the fire escape there arose such a clatter.

They look up, alarmed.

NARRATOR (V.O)

They sprang from the couch to see what was the matter.

Everyone gets up from their spots and goes to the window.

EXT. ILANA'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Jamie climbs up the fire escape revealing a small red sack thrown over his shoulder.

NARRATOR (V.O)

When what to their wondering eyes should appear, but an out of breath Jamie, the trusty drug dealer.

Jamie pulls out a small packet of weed from his pocket.

ILANA

It's a stoner miracle!

LINCOLN

Why'd you use the fire escape, man? You live here. Also if the weed's in there, what's the sack for?

JAMIE

I like to make an entrance and I'm doing laundry later.

The girls nod their heads, knowingly.

INT. ILANA'S APARTMENT - EVENING - LATER

Ilana, Abbi, Lincoln, Trey, and Jaimie sit around the living room. Ilana puts a pipe to her mouth.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The stump of a pipe she held tight to her teeth,

Abbi blows out smoke from a bong.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And the bong smoke encircled her
head like a wreath.

The girls smile contentedly. Bevers arrives, giddy.

BEVERS

I think I passed!

TREY

Alright!!

LINCOLN

I knew you could do it, man.

ABBI

Why are you here, Bevers?

BEVERS

Lincoln invited me.

JAMIE

Can I be honest with you all? The
true meaning of 4/20 is love and
acceptance, and I feel like we
should enjoy his company, even
though he's hideous and smells like
an infection. (Beat) Oh, I feel so
much better saying that.

BEVERS

And I brought pie!

ABBI & ILANA

Pie!

TREY

None for me, sugar clogs up my GI
tract.

Abbi already mid-mouthful tries to hide her chewing from
Trey.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And we heard her exclaim as they
dug into the pie.

ILANA

Happy 4/20 to all, and to all a
good high!

Ilana exhales, and we follow the puff of smoke as it floats out the window, framing a picturesque 4/20 gathering.

END OF ACT THREE.

TAG

INT. ILANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abbi and Ilana sit on Ilana's bed wearing weed-themed onesies, that say "Best Buds". They dip cranberry-seeded crackers into the pie remains and watch a video of a crackling fire on Ilana's laptop.

ABBI

You know, I know it's not giving off heat, but I feel warm.

ILANA

Yeah, dude, I'm feeling all around toasty.

Ilana takes a joint from a joint-menorah and lights it, inhaling.

ABBI

Man, visualization IS powerful.

Ilana passes Abbi the joint.

ILANA

Let's visualize more pie.

Jamie comes into the room with a plate of pie.

JAMIE

Please take this. I can't finish.

The girls hold each others hands, revelling in the power of 4/20.

CUT TO BLACK.