

TB

"THE UNTITLED LENA DUNHAM PROJECT"
PILOT (TOGETHER)

Written by

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TB

INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT, EVENING

HANNAH-- 24, sweet-faced, slightly chubby-- sits across from her parents: TAD--early 60s, professorial-- and LOREEN, slim and understated, also in her 60s. Loreen and Tad slowly work on their food while Hannah eats speedily, back and forth between a bowl of pasta, a salad, a side of spinach and a baked potato.

LOREEN

Would you two slow down? You're eating like it's going out of style.

HANNAH

(mouth full)
I'm a growing girl.

A drip of sauce hits Tad's shirt.

TAD

Meant to do that.

Hannah laughs.

LOREEN

Your whole Brooklyn thing, Hannah. It reminds me of Berkeley in the 1970s. My boyfriend at the time, Ned. He lived in a communal space a bit like yours.

HANNAH

(laughing)
I have one roommate, mom.

LOREEN

But that boyfriend of hers seems always to be around.

TAD

We're sorry we never got to meet this fellow you're dating.

HANNAH

Dating is probably a polite word for what we're doing, but yeah.

LOREEN

Hannah, that's your *father*. Spare him the TMI.

(pause)

That's a thing, right? TMI?

(MORE)

LOREEN (CONT'D)
One of my students said it and I
thought it was *just so funny*.

HANNAH
(to Tad)
I'm sorry, papa. Did that upset
you?

TAD
I'm rolling with it.

Pause

LOREEN
Tad. We should probably bring it up
now.

TAD
Let's finish recapping the weekend
and then we can--

LOREEN
No, I don't want to just leave it
til the end of dinner.

TAD
(nodding)
OK, I hear that.
(sensitive)
Hannah. Your mother and I have been
talking and we feel it may be time--

LOREEN
You need to get a job.

TAD
(to Loreen)
OK, I wasn't going to phrase it
like that. The way you phrased it--
complete ambush, Loreen. You have
to approach these things like--

HANNAH
(quietly)
But I have a job.

TAD
(comforting)
We know you have a job.

LOREEN
You have an *internship*.

HANNAH

An internship that will probably turn *into* a job. That's how it works. You intern and then it turns into a--

TAD

Hannah, it's a unique time in history. You remember Janice Miller? Her daughter has her MBA and she's the personal assistant to an Israeli man who owns three Taco Bells.

LOREEN

Andrea Weisz supported her son for five years while he attempted to launch an urban t-shirt business. And now he's in jail.

HANNAH

You haven't been supporting me for five years. I just graduated and--

LOREEN

You didn't just graduate.

Hannah is in disbelief at her mother's cruelty.

LOREEN (CONT'D)

She didn't! I'm sorry, but it's been almost two years.

TAD

I told my mother I was "just trying" pot the first five times she caught me. But I guess at a certain point--

LOREEN

You were just a pot head.

TAD

That's the truth.

LOREEN

The bills add *up*. We're covering your rent, your insurance, your cell phone--

HANNAH

(scandalized)

But you said it was cheaper for *you* if I was on the family plan!

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LOREEN

Tad, can you get involved here?

TAD

(more patient)

If they're not going to hire you at this publishing outfit then--

HANNAH

They're not *not* going to hire me.

(pause)

They just haven't hired me *yet*.

LOREEN

Well if you can't find a job here, you can always look in Ann Arbor. The university press needs a--

HANNAH

(desperate)

What? I'm *not* moving home.

TAD

OK, calm down. No one's asking you to--

LOREEN

Ann Arbor is having a real renaissance.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

A paint-your-own-pottery place is not a renaissance! This is where my life is. My friends-- my *book* is set here!

LOREEN

What book?

HANNAH

My book. I'm almost done with my book. I mean, I basically have a draft, I'm just, like, getting the whole thing together...

TAD

We can talk more about this tomorrow.

HANNAH

I don't have time to see you tomorrow!

LOREEN

What? But we fly out Tuesday morning.

HANNAH

I have *work*, OK? And then a *dinner thing*. I'm busy. Trying to *become who I am*.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM, MORNING

A tiny Brooklyn bedroom. Pale pink, with a few carefully curated posters: Whit Stillman's "Metropolitan", Bette Midler's "Thighs and Whispers." A funny photo of Philip Roth. Jerry Seinfeld & co. in bondage gear on an old Rolling Stone.

Two pairs of naked tangled legs. Post-coital? Pan up to reveal a decidedly nonsexual embrace between HANNAH and MARNIE, 23, pretty like Audrey Hepburn circa middle-school, black glasses askew. Hannah wears a huge plaid sleep sack. Nearby: an empty sack of corn nuts and a laptop looping the Mary Tyler Moore DVD menu.

An iphone alarm goes off. Marnie slaps at Hannah.

MARNIE

Alarm.

Hannah feels around. It's somewhere in the folds of her covers. Sits up. The noise is becoming intolerable.

HANNAH

Stand up.

Marnie rises sleepily. Hannah stands.

MARNIE

What? Where?

Hannah rips the covers off the bed and the iphone bounces onto the floor. Hannah grabs it, still honking, holds it up like a trophy.

EXT. NOLITA STREET, DAY

A cab pulls to a stop. JESSA, 24, beautiful but strung out, wearing a bowler hat, dead sleep against a pile of suitcases.

CAB DRIVER

You here.

(nothing)

Miss, you here.

Jessa snaps to.

JESSA

Already?

She emerges from the cab, pulling her suitcase with her, and starts to walk.

CAB DRIVER

Miss, you have to pay!

She genuinely forgot.

JESSA

Oh, I'm so sorry.

CAB DRIVER

It's forty five from the airport.

Dazed, she fishes around in her purse, pulling out crumpled bills and stuffing them into the driver's hands. She's already made strides before he shouts:

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

This is not American money!

INT. HANNAH AND MARNIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, MORNING

Another tiny space but they've done what they can-- vintage furniture, a pool blue wall, assorted tchochkes (piggie-bank that says "Mad Money", wall plaque that reads "Shalom Y'all.") CHARLIE-- 25, skinny hipster oozing kindness-- makes coffee. The girls emerge from Hannah's room.

CHARLIE

Good morning.

MARNIE

(muffled by mouth guard)

You should have woken me up. I didn't mean to sleep with Hannah.

CHARLIE

(shrugging)

You two looked so angelic.

HANNAH

(groaning)

My dad says waking up gets a lot easier after you turn twenty five.

CHARLIE

Your dad... is a liar. Coffee?

HANNAH
Coffee's for grownups.

Hannah grabs something from the fridge and skitters into the bathroom. Marnie removes her mouth guard, holds it in the palm of her hand.

CHARLIE
A present? For me?

MARNIE
I'm sorry you had to sleep alone.

CHARLIE
Barely noticed.

He removes her glasses, kisses her on the cheek.

INT. BATHROOM, MORNING

HANNAH sits in the corner of the shower/tub, letting the water hit her lower half while she hangs her upper body over the edge so she can simultaneously eat a cupcake. MARNIE enters in a towel.

MARNIE
Need to shave mah' legs.

She sits on the edge of the tub, a leg on Hannah for support.

HANNAH
You're going to leave your towel on? You always see me naked and I never see you naked. It's not fair.

Marnie shrugs.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Why don't I ever see your boobs? Do you not like to have your friends see your boobs? Is that true?

MARNIE
Not really true, no. I don't really like to be *touched* by people I'm not having sex with. That's true.

HANNAH
(creepy voice)
You'll never guess what I did to you in the night.

Marnie shudders. Charlie opens the door, sees Hannah, closes it half-way.

CHARLIE

Whoa, sorry. Thought it was just my girlfriend in here.

HANNAH

Never just your girlfriend in here.

CHARLIE

Just saying goodbye. I'll see you ladies tonight. I'll pick up wine!

He shuts the door. Hannah has finished eating and sticks her head under the water, shakes it like a dog.

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY

JESSA in in the ground floor hallway.

SHOSHANNA (O.S.)

Right here! 1A, as in *big* apple!

Jessa drags her things down the hall, reaches the door where her cousin SHOSHANNA--27, a JAP in velour sweats-- waits.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

Bonjour, roomie.

The two girls hug, Shoshanna with more enthusiasm.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

You look so hip I wanna' puke. As usual. I can never pull off a hat. How do you pull off that hat?

JESSA

I--

SHOSHANNA

Body like a rockstar. It's too *much*. Do you work out? You must work out.

(squeezing her)

You're my *favorite* cousin, do you know that? You know that.

Pause

JESSA

Do you have anything I could eat?

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INT. HANNAH AND MARNIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, MORNING

Dressed for work, the girls stand side by side at the fridge. Marnie grabs a yogurt, looks for a spoon.

HANNAH

Is that half a yogurt?

Marnie nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That means you ate half a yogurt and put the rest back.

Marnie nods again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That is so alien to me.

MARNIE

My stomach's been really sensitive lately. My mom says stomach aches are a stress plague on women in their early twenties.

HANNAH

OK, well... Here's a glimpse into *my* psychology--

She pulls another cupcake from the refrigerator.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to eat this so it's not there anymore. It's like a dragon that needs vanquishing.

She takes a bite. Icing plops onto her blouse.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Meant to do that.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET, DAY

MARNIE and HANNAH walk toward the subway.

HANNAH

I'm just going to say it. Like, I've been working here for a year and if I can't get paid then I'll have to move on. It costs a lot of money to look this cheap.

(pause)

You think it'll work?

MARNIE

It better. Otherwise I'm fresh
outta' roommate.

HANNAH

Oh I'm sure Charlie is just waiting
to swoop in. He and I...

(laughing)

We're engaged in a silent, horns-
locked battle for your love.

MARNIE

(elbowing Hannah)

No contest... What's the head count
for tonight?

HANNAH

Just you, me, Charlie, Jessa. I
invited Adam, but...

MARNIE

When's the last time you talked?

HANNAH

Like... five days ago? When he gave
me the book.

MARNIE

That was a really lovely gesture.

(pause)

Had he cum on your face that
morning or just the night before?

HANNAH

(ignoring her)

The poems are beautiful. Robert
Lowell for the win. I texted him
thank you but I haven't heard back.

MARNIE

Left word, as we assistants say.

HANNAH

Maybe I should call him? I mean,
didn't you say texting is the
lowest form of communication? On
the pillar of chat?

MARNIE

The totem of chat. The lowest
form... that would be facebook.
Followed by g-chat. Then texting,
then email, then phone. Face to
face is, of course, ideal.

HANNAH

But how do I get him face to face
if he won't text me?

(pause)

That's the kind of thing you
overhear terrible girls saying at
brunch.

MARNIE

Fuck brunch.

(pause)

So I'm going to make pasta and that
bougey salad with the strawberries
and feta.

HANNAH

I think Jessa will really
appreciate this. It's a very
friendish thing of us to do.

(pause)

I can't believe she's coming back.

MARNIE

She's not coming *back*. She's never
lived here. And I just know she'll
show up late in, like, some
fabulous blanket-y dress from a
Grecian marketplace. It's all so
predictable.

HANNAH

(dreamy)

I have such fond memories of
freshman orientation. The three of
us on our bikes, being bitches to
hippies... It's the only time I've
ever worn shorts and felt OK about
it.

(pause)

We have something to learn from
Jessa, you know? She's *sweet*. she
isn't all...

Hannah makes two puppets with her hands that won't shut up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Life isn't a cleverness contest for
her.

MARNIE

Life isn't a cleverness contest for
us!

HANNAH

Remember what Carolyn used to call her? The no-drama mama.

MARNIE

She did call her that, yeah. Before Jessa had sex with Carolyn's boyfriend.

HANNAH

That guy was so slimy and manipulative. And then the buzzards descended on Jessa's prone carcass. That's why she left school.

MARNIE

She left school because she couldn't get her Adderall prescription refilled.

(softening)

I love Jessa, OK? But I don't know if she's playing for the girl's team. And that's a big deal.

HANNAH

What's the girls team? Am I playing for it?

MARNIE

You're the captain of it. You're the chairman of the league. I wouldn't trust Jessa alone with my boyfriend.

HANNAH

But you'd trust *me* alone with your boyfriend? After the way he looked at me in the shower this morning? Wolf eyes! A-woo-ga!

INT. SHOSHANNA'S NOLITA APARTMENT, DAY

A tiny studio with a queen-sized bed on one side and a single on the other, a *Sex and the City* poster hanging above it. The lone window faces a brick wall. JESSA scarfs Triscuits like she hasn't eaten in years.

SHOSHANNA

It's a great deal for NoLiTa. I mean, 2,100 a month? Amazing.

(pause)

Do you like the poster?

JESSA

I've never seen that movie.

SHOSHANNA

Only the show?

JESSA

It's a show too?

SHOSHANNA

Oh. My. God. You can't be serious.

She is.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

Agh! This is so *fun*! That means I get to start all over again. I'm being *revirginized*!

(pause)

You're a funny one, because you're probably a Carrie but with Samantha aspects. And Charlotte hair.

INT. BLUM AND CHISHOLM OFFICE, DAY

MARNIE, headset on, sits at a desk in a sleek, corporate office. Her boss, REESE-- early 40s botox blonde-- is inside a glass office.

MARNIE

Blum and Chisholm Public Relations.
Reese Kwartler's office.

(pause)

This is her assistant Marnie. Will you hold just a moment?

Marnie dials Reese, who picks up.

REESE

What's up?

MARNIE

It's the Traverse Daily Herald. They're looking for a quote on the Hasbrook Motors Spill... That killed the pack of doves.

REESE

Flock of doves.

MARNIE

The story is going online this afternoon.

(MORE)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Local news, but it'll most likely be linked from HuffPo, the Daily Beast.

REESE

I'm swamped in here. Just neutralize as best you can.

Reese is creating a J-Date profile, moving the mouse between "slim" and "athletic" as her body type descriptor. Terrified, Marnie picks up the waiting call.

MARNIE

I'm sorry about that. Reese is indisposed at the moment, but... In regards to the spill... We can safely say that if the public knew the truth, they wouldn't be quite so quick to condemn Hasbrook Motors.

(pause)

Why? Why? Well, sir, because doves...

(pause)

Doves kill babies.

(what has she done?)

Yes, sir. Their own babies.

INT. ROSEBLOOD PRESS OFFICE, DAY

HANNAH is in an open-plan Brooklyn office, among tattooed hipsters and girls with bangs, talking on her iphone. She has a pile of manuscripts on her desk, glancing at the first page then dropping them to the floor with a thud.

HANNAH

Doves kill babies? You told them doves kill babies?

INT. BLUM AND CHISHOLM OFFICE, DAY, INTERCUT

MARNIE

(horrified)

I said doves often kill their own young. Which is *true*.

HANNAH

I once held a baby sparrow from a nest on my porch, then put it back. And the next day its mom ate it.

GIRL WITH BANGS looks up from copy-editing, addresses Hannah.

GIRL WITH BANGS

Oh my God, that's *awful*.

MARNIE

See?

HANNAH

You're evil.

MARNIE

(palpably afraid)

And fired. I'm probably fired.

(pause)

Did you ask yet? About the money?

HANNAH

I'm going through the slush pile right now. This gives me such pleasure, rejecting submissions.

(looking at a manuscript)

Why would someone write a memoir of the months they spent living in Portland in 2003?

MARNIE

Hannah, *motivate*.

Reese comes to the door.

REESE

Marnie, can I see you a moment?

MARNIE

(to Hannah)

We'll get back to you on that.

Thanks so much.

Marnie hangs up, turns to Reese, terrified.

INT. ROSEBLOOD PRESS OFFICE, DAY

HANNAH approaches ALISTAIR-- an Irishman in his early forties.

HANNAH

Hey, Alistair.

ALISTAIR

G'day, Hannah.

HANNAH

So I finished reading that graphic novel about transgendering...

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

There are some great moments but I think it sort of steps on the toes of the bisexual short story collection.

ALISTAIR

Great. Just wanted your invaluable opinion.

HANNAH

Awesome, yeah.

(pause)

I just recently learned that invaluable means *very* valuable.

(pause)

As opposed to not-at-all-valuable.

(pause)

So I was hoping to speak to you about something...

He is updating his Facebook status: "Monday Bloody Monday."

ALISTAIR

Shoot.

HANNAH

Well I've been here since... well, over a year, now.

ALISTAIR

Has it really been that long?

HANNAH

(nodding)

But my circumstances have recently changed and I can no longer... afford to work for free.

ALISTAIR

Free? Well, we like to think we're paying you in experience.

HANNAH

(surprised)

Of course, yeah. And this has been, like, so *unbelievably* educational. But... I know Shannon mentioned that she got hired after interning, and I guess I wondered--

ALISTAIR

(chuckling)

Oh, Hannah. Shannon's been with us since 2006. But in this economy?

(MORE)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Do you know how many internship requests I get every day?

HANNAH

I assume a lot, but--

ALISTAIR

Fifty. About fifty. I practically route them to my spam folder.

(pause)

So if you feel like you have nothing left to gain from us...

HANNAH

It's not that, *really*. It's just... I have to eat.

ALISTAIR

When you're hungry enough, you figure it out.

Pause

HANNAH

Do you mean physically hungry or, like, hungry for the job?

ALISTAIR

(cheerful)

Well, Hannah. We'll really miss your energy. I wish you the luck of the Irish in all your future endeavors.

She's shocked.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Please take any books you might want. Just so long as you stick to soft covers.

Pause

HANNAH

You mentioned that I could send you my book... Once I'd polished it up. Is that still alright?

ALISTAIR

Well we won't have you to read it for us, will we?

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INT. SHOSHANNA AND JESSA'S APARTMENT, EARLY EVENING

JESSA lies across the single bed, looking at a worn Polaroid--
*Hannah (in shorts) Marnie and Jessa on bicycles in front of
 an ivy-covered building that says "East Hall." Jessa impishly
 points at a giant bong sticking out of her bike basket.
 Marnie laughs. Hannah looks very serious while
 surreptitiously flashing one tit.*

SHOSHANNA

You gonna' start unpacking? You
 must have all kinds of adorable
 French shit. And where were you
 before that?

JESSA

Before France? Um, Amsterdam?
 (pause)
 No, I was in Bali for a little
 while. Learning to weave. And then
 I met this surfer.

SHOSHANNA

Girlfriend had a blue crush!

Jessa looks queasy, rubs her stomach.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

Jetlag? Major jetlag?

JESSA

I'm just nauseous.

SHOSHANNA

Do you need something?

JESSA

Maybe... Do you have a Xanax?

SHOSHANNA

(shaking her head)
 Sorry, no.

JESSA

I'd take a Klonopin also. Or a
 Flexerill--

SHOSHANNA

I have, like, pepto.

INT. HANNAH AND MARNIE'S APARTMENT, EVENING

MARNIE is making dinner, with CHARLIE as her prep cook.

MARNIE

I really thought it was some complex firing hoax.

CHARLIE

(hanging on every word)
So what did you do when you realized it was real?

MARNIE

I went into the bathroom and puked.

CHARLIE

That's my girl. Pukey Roth.

MARNIE

I hate it when you call me that.

CHARLIE

You do? I thought you said it made you feel "known."

The door opens and HANNAH walks in, bedraggled and bummed, carrying a plastic bag of paperbacks.

HANNAH

Hello party people.

CHARLIE

Hannah! Did you hear?

HANNAH

Hear what?

CHARLIE

(to Marnie)
Did you tell her?

MARNIE

I didn't tell her yet--

CHARLIE

You are looking at a real live *account executive*.

HANNAH

You got promoted?

Marnie nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)
The dove thing?

MARNIE

Last week this publicist had a breakdown and enrolled in pastry school, and then they saw how I handled this reporter and the headline was really positive, so...

CHARLIE

Tell her what the headline was!

MARNIE

(vaguely guilty)
"Dove Situation Not So One-Sided After All."

HANNAH

That's so amazing, Marnie. That's, like, the best thing ever to happen to... not me.

Hannah looks stricken.

MARNIE

Are you OK?

HANNAH

Yeah, I'm totally fine, I'm just... Things didn't really work out that well at work.

MARNIE

Oh, Hannah.

HANNAH

No, don't worry, it's really--

Marnie hugs her.

MARNIE

You're going to be fine. We will find you a better job, one that's worthy of your--

CHARLIE

Wait, what's going on?

MARNIE

(a little annoyed)
Hannah's parents cut her off.

HANNAH

They didn't cut me off.
(pause)
They're *going* to cut me off.

CHARLIE
(weirdly hopeful)
Does that mean you have to move
out?

Marnie glares at him.

HANNAH
I'm just going to take a walk, OK?

MARNIE
What? Why? Jessa will be here in
like half an hour.
(forced cheer)
Da' girls. Together again.

HANNAH
It's very sweet of you to act
excited. I just need to, like,
breathe. Assess my creative goals.
Break in my new clogs.
(pause)
Because they're probably the last
shoes I will ever own.

Hannah heads for the door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I love you, you corporate queen.

Marnie smiles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
When I look at you, a Coldplay song
plays in my heart. See you soon.

Hannah descends the stairs of the building. As soon as she's
out of Marnie's sight, her faces crumples. She's terrified.

INT. SHOSHANNA AND JESSA'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

JESSA is in the bathroom retching.

SHOSHANNA
Jessa? Babe?

JESSA
Mmm hmm.

SHOSHANNA
You throwing up, babe? You
ralphing?

JESSA
(feeble)
Kind of.

Pause.

SHOSHANNA
On purpose?
(mouthed to herself)
I knew it.
(pause)
This is something Aunt Ilene
struggled with for years. That's
why her hair is so patchy. And *she*
said it's not *about* weight. It's
about control.

Jessa opens the door a crack.

JESSA
It's not that.

SHOSHANNA
(backing away)
Are you sick?

JESSA
Sort of--

SHOSHANNA
Because I really can't afford to
get sick right now. I'm supposed to
go to 10ak tonight. A *table*. With
bottle service. Last time I had a
stomach flu my whole
(motions to her bowels)
Situation was fucked for a *month*.

JESSA
(feeble)
I don't think I'm contagious.

SHOSHANNA
Maybe it's food poisoning?

JESSA
Maybe.

SHOSHANNA
OK, Good.
(pause)
And I'm very glad you're not
bulimic.

(MORE)

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

If I learned anything from being in a sorority it's that reverse peristalsis is *no joke*.

EXT. FORT GREENE BROOKLYN, NIGHT

HANNAH emerges from the subway and pulls out her iphone. Dials. Moves nervously from foot to foot.

HANNAH

(fake casual)

Yo. Hey. Yeah, I'm actually just leaving a friend's house that's, like, by your house...

She keeps walking until she reaches a pre-war apartment building. Stops.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Totally weird, yeah. So I'm right here, if you're not... Oh, cool. I'll be there in, like--

She rings the buzzer.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

A messy living room full of half-finished woodwork. ADAM opens the door for HANNAH. Adam-- 33, handsome in a slightly off way. He wears cool worn jeans, no shirt. A heady mix of sleazy and in-on-the-joke. Nice body.

ADAM

Doll.

HANNAH

(smiling)

Doll. That's what my dad calls me.

ADAM

(impish)

Yeah, he told me. We're in the same reading group.

(pause)

You were nearby?

HANNAH

Yeah, at my friend... Katie's. Katie from camp. She's... a speech writer for the mayor. Lives right around the corner.

ADAM

Where?

HANNAH

(dug herself a hole)

It's weird-- I had a few drinks so I'm actually not sure. I'm, like, really beat.

(pause)

I had a pretty shitty day.

She flops down on the couch.

ADAM

Oh yeah?

HANNAH

I kind of lost my job. At the press.

ADAM

Weren't you an intern?

HANNAH

(embarrassed)

I mean, sort of but--

ADAM

So they basically just asked you not to *hang out* there anymore.

HANNAH

I'm trying not to freak out. I was an English major, so I feel like there must be some use for my skill set, but I need to, like...

ADAM

I was comp lit. Haven't done much with it.

Hannah looks around the room at the half-finished shelves, tables. Messy tools. A pile of nails.

HANNAH

But it's really cool what you do. Being a carpenter is really, like, honest work.

(pause)

It's nice to see you. I loved the book you gave me.

ADAM

What book? Oh, yeah, the Lowell.
You said you liked stuff by authors
who wrote from the madhouse.

HANNAH

(smiling)

I do. And it was very sweet of you
to remember my birthday.

ADAM

(he'd had no idea, and
he's not trying to hide
it)

Of course, your birthday.

She laughs, looks at him for a long moment then kisses him
ferociously.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(amused by her fervor)

Yo.

HANNAH

(in his ear)

You know that part in Monster's
Ball where Halle Berry is like
"fuck me til' I forget."

ADAM

Haven't seen it.

HANNAH

Me neither. It's in the trailer.

ADAM

They say fuck in the trailer?

HANNAH

The way you touch me makes me feel
like someone else.

Hannah kisses him more, pulling at his belt.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You know that part on your resume
where they ask you to list your
special skills?

ADAM

I haven't applied for a job in a
long fuckin' time, kid.

HANNAH
I have no special skills.

Suddenly she doesn't feel sexy. Just panicked. She sits back on the couch.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I type pretty fast.
(pause)
I can read.
(thinking)
I have legs.

Her anxiety is palpable. She stops kissing him, folds her arms. They're quiet a moment.

ADAM
I might be able to hire you for something. But we have to see if you fulfill all the requirements.

HANNAH
What are--

ADAM
Lie on your stomach.

HANNAH
I don't...

He gives her the deep-eye stare. She does what he says.

ADAM
(whispering into her ear)
Don't come over here and act like you make the rules.

HANNAH
Excuse me?

ADAM
You modern *career women*.
(pause)
I know what you like.

HANNAH
(genuinely curious)
What do we like?

She is fully face down. He is straddling her back.

ADAM
You like to be reminded who's the boss.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(pause)
Grab your legs.

HANNAH

What?

He hands her own feet to her. She's in an odd boat position.

ADAM

(whispered)
You said you want to feel like
someone else?

HANNAH

(whispered)
Yes.

ADAM

But what if you're just my little
slut?

(pause)
What if that's your special skill?
(pause)
I'm going to get some lube--

HANNAH

Do we need--

ADAM

And when I get back I want you in
this exact same position. But with
no pants on. And no panties.

HANNAH

I really hate the word pantie--
(she thinks better of
expressing this)
OK.

ADAM

Leave your shirt on.

HANNAH

Get a condom?

ADAM

(wicked)
I'll consider it.

Hannah turns her face to the side. Smiles to herself like "I can't believe this is happening." Flips over, starts to unzip her pants.

TB

EXT. NOLITA STREET, NIGHT

JESSA hails a cab.

JESSA

(to driver)

Can you take me to Brooklyn?
Greenpoint?

She gets into the back and falls across the seat. She feels awful.

DRIVER

You can't lie down in my cab.

JESSA

Really? Why not?

DRIVER

It's not safe. Some idiot hits me,
your neck is breaking in a second.

JESSA

I'm sorry, I don't feel well. I'm
just trying to get...

DRIVER

(worked up)

Please don't throw up in my car. I
always get the party girls in my
car, saying "sorry, sorry" but they
don't feel sorry. They've never
worked a day in their--

JESSA

No, no. I'm not drunk. I'm just...
(a plea for mercy)
I'm pregnant.

DRIVER

(suddenly kind)

Pregnant? Congratulations! First
baby for you?

JESSA

(wincing)

Yes. The first.

DRIVER

I myself have six. Every one a
blessing. My wife is like you--
young and strong. I picked her from
a catalogue, sent from my country.

JESSA

Wow.

DRIVER

Because the babies that come from the young woman, they drink less milk but still they grow faster.

(pause)

Your husband is lucky man. Nice neighborhood I pick you up from. You live in this neighborhood?

JESSA

I just moved here, yeah.

DRIVER

Another good neighborhood for raising children? Dyker Heights. You know Dyker heights? Near Bay Ridge, Gravesend. Has it all. Three playgrounds and a butcher.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

HANNAH and ADAM are done having sex. They sit on the couch together, naked, their scandalous parts covered by a beach towel. Hannah is curled up in a ball, cold.

ADAM

Sorry. All my sheets are at the laundromat.

(pause)

This is what you have to look forward to once you hit thirty.

Pause

HANNAH

Am I the youngest person you've slept with? Like, the person who's the most years younger than you?

ADAM

(laughing)

Sadly, no. I'm trying not to date women under twenty-five, though. It's pretty much my only moral position.

HANNAH

I'm twenty four.

ADAM

You've got a pretty unique attitude, though.

(pause)

And you don't look like a little Filipino boy. That's been my weakness in the past.

(pause)

But it's hard-- women over thirty? It's a whole other thing. And it's not *my* thing.

HANNAH

Because of their biological clock?

ADAM

Well, that too. But I'm just talking about their skin. It starts to hang differently. And it's not about fat, or skinny. There's just a looseness there.

Pause

HANNAH

(terrified)

So my skin is basically the tightest it will ever be?

ADAM

Afraid so.

He stands, heads to the kitchen. His bare ass is a wonder to behold. He starts to boil water.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And girls your age expect a lot. I mean, you don't seem to have it, but most of them? They haven't yet been worn down by the world, so they're just full of demands.

HANNAH

Like, of their boyfriends?

Adam nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

My roommate Marnie... She's always calling her boyfriend in the middle of the night, like "I have a stomach ache. Bring me some food which I'm not going to eat."

(pause)

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You know those girls? With the tiny business suits and the tiny stomach aches? People love those girls.

ADAM

You want some tea?

HANNAH

What kind?

ADAM

I make this brew out of opium pods.

(pause)

It's just a pretty mellow high.

HANNAH

Opium? I don't know. Last time I smoked weed I told Marnie her face was knitting together and she had a crown of eyeballs.

(pause)

What does it taste like?

ADAM

Kind of like twigs.

HANNAH

Like twix?

(pause)

I have to go have dinner with my friends. Will it make me act weird?

ADAM

It's pretty subtle. And legal. You can buy the pods in the flower district.

HANNAH

OK. No work tomorrow, so...

He hands her a cup. She takes a sip, coughs.

ADAM

What?

HANNAH

I thought you said twix.

ADAM

No. Twigs. As in small sticks.

She keeps sipping.

HANNAH

The most awful part is that if I can't be in New York, I can't finish my book.

ADAM

Your book?

HANNAH

It's a collection of essays. About my experience. You know, finishing school, moving here. Just, like, bits of wit... Sort of like if Oscar Wilde fucked boys.

Pause

ADAM

That was kind of his main thing.

HANNAH

And my parents think they're so metropolitan, that they understand the big picture, just because they teach at a fucking *state school*. But that makes it even worse, because they *know* about cool things and still choose not to do them. And I don't want their life.

ADAM

How Varsity Blues of you.

HANNAH

(sheepish)

They're cutting me off just to prove a point. And my skin is the tightest it will ever be and they haven't even read my writing.

(doleful)

They don't even know who I *am*.

ADAM

Have you ever tried to tell them?

A light goes off in Hannah's brain.

INT. HANNAH AND MARNIE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

MARNIE and CHARLIE are cleaning the kitchen.

MARNIE
(livid)
I can't *believe* Hannah.

CHARLIE
Are you worried? Should we call
someone?

MARNIE
Oh, I know *exactly* where she is.

CHARLIE
Well, at least you didn't have to
entertain Jessa on your own.

MARNIE
Because all my friends are total
flakes. And I end up looking like
this old shrew with a vagina made
of sand, just because I want them
to, like, keep the *plans* they make.

CHARLIE
(comforting)
Your vagina isn't made of sand.
(pause)
I'm here, OK? Babe, *I'm* here.

MARNIE
(smiling wanly)
OK.

CHARLIE
And I'm in it to win it.

Marnie flinches. The doorbell rings.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Who's that?

Marnie peers out the window. It's JESSA, standing in the
street alone in her bowler hat. She looks up.

JESSA
Marnie?

MARNIE
(to Charlie)
Where's the key?

He passes her a key on an orange ribbon. Marnie lowers it.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
(coolly)
Top lock.

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

TAD and LOREEN are in bed in their pajamas channel surfing.
Alias is on.

TAD
Oh, this is fantastic.
(settling in)
A strong father/daughter bond is
the core of this show.

Jennifer Garner kicks across the screen in black leather.

LOREEN
I'm sure that's why you tune in.

TAD
(tickling her)
You saucy bitch.

She giggles. A knock at the door.

LOREEN
(loudly)
We already got the bed turned down!
Gracias muchas!

HANNAH (O.S.)
Mom? Papa?

LOREEN
Hannah?

TAD
I think that might be Hannah.

Loreen jumps up and gets the door. Hannah stands there,
clutching a sheaf of paper. She is subtly high.

TAD (CONT'D)
Doll! What the heck are you doing
here?

HANNAH
I was just in the neighborhood.
(pause)
Mom. Papa. I've come to plead my
case.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(pause)

I need to be in New York. If I'm going to have a chance.

LOREEN

A chance at what?

HANNAH

To live, to have experiences that fuel my work. To go full speed on my book. If you cut me off... I have nothing.

TAD

Let's not use words like *cut off*, OK?

LOREEN

Or "nothing." This isn't a Dickens novel. We're not going to let you starve. But we're not up for bankrolling you lifestyle, so if you need to be here you can find a paying job--

HANNAH

Let's not jump to any conclusions yet. Not before...

(thrusting her pages forward)

I have pages. From the book.

LOREEN

Great. We'll read them on the plane.

HANNAH

No, now. I need you to read them now. Because... I feel like I've been hiding something from you.

(pause)

I don't want to freak you out, but...

(pause)

I think I may be the voice of my generation.

(pause)

At least a voice. A strong voice.

Hannah sits down in a chair, removes her jacket. She is definitely on drugs.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Before you start, I'll just say...
I feel like I've done you a
disservice by not letting you read
this earlier. I think it would have
saved you a lot of anxiety to know
the seriousness of my product.

TAD

We know you're serious, and we--

HANNAH

And I also understand that for
parents, the great fear is your
children surpassing you. It's a
hope but also a fear. And that
makes reading my work... daunting.

LOREEN

Are you alright, Hannah? You seem a
little--

TAD

Keyed up...

HANNAH

Just read. There'll be plenty to
say... after.

They're reading together. Tad chuckles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(excited)

Which part are you at?

TAD

I'm at-- well, I don't want to say
because your mother is probably a
little behind me.

LOREEN

I think I'm ahead of you. I just
haven't laughed yet.

TAD

It's funny stuff, Loreen. Hannah,
you're a very funny gir--

He trails off.

TAD (CONT'D)

(suddenly incensed)

Now that's just...

LOREEN
(reading)
That line right there?

TAD
(angry)
That's absolutely-- you know I'm
your biggest fan, Hannah, but this
is just hostile.
(to his wife)
It's an acting out.

HANNAH
(scared)
What is?

TAD
(reading)
*'It's not my money' I told Marnie
as we charged the champagne on the
card my father had provided "for
emergencies only. I was pretty sure
my unanswered text message was a
kind of emergency. And anyway--*

LOREEN
(offended reading)
I could always deny the charges.

HANNAH
I forgot that was in there...
(regrouping)
That's *so clearly* a joke.

LOREEN
If it was *so clearly* a joke you'd
be writing fiction. It's hostile.

TAD
Flippant and hostile.

HANNAH
But it's, like, *appreciative*. Of
what you... Having you as my
parents... It's such a gift. Your
love and support has made it
possible for--

TAD
Oh don't piss on my face and tell
me it's raining. And to think, I
was just telling your mother we
should give you another few months.
To figure it out.

(MORE)

TAD (CONT'D)

Don't cut the cord just yet, I said. But now I feel like a real... nutsack.

LOREEN

A fool. He feels like a fool.

Hannah is slumping.

TAD

Can you hear that, girlfriend?

Hannah slumps further.

LOREEN

We're not WaMu, Hannah. And the least you could do is sit up straight and focus on--

Hannah slumps to the floor. Loreen goes to her.

LOREEN (CONT'D)

Hannah? Oh, Jesus. Hannah?

HANNAH

(muttering)

I shouldn't have taken it, but it was just...

LOREEN

Taken it?

TAD

What did you take?

LOREEN

Is she sick, Tad? Should we call the hospital?

Tad examines his daughter, who is flopping like a fish.

TAD

I'm pretty sure she's high. That she smoked some strong herb.

LOREEN

Learn your own body, Hannah. Even I know-- you have trouble obeying your hunger signals and you don't do well with substances.

(to Tad)

Do you remember when she smoked a clove cigarette and we had to put the ice pack on her head?

TAD

Hannah, I won't get mad, alright?
I'm really just curious. What did
you smoke? Was it just some g-
shock. Purps?

Loreen looks at him quizzically.

TAD (CONT'D)

(to his wife)

The various weeds have names.

(to Hannah)

Level with me. I once told my
mother someone had dropped Advil in
my coke but I was actually on LSD.

HANNAH

It's legal. Like flowers.

LOREEN

You're too neurotic for
psychedelics. I've been saying that
since you were a little girl.

HANNAH

Opium pods. A tea of opium pods.

TAD

Opium pods?

LOREEN

We should Google that.

TAD

I don't need to Google that. I know
about that. Tantamount to smoking
banana peels. For chrissakes, let's
just order her a coffee.

HANNAH

(faintly)

Coffee's for grownups.

TAD

You're drinking a strong coffee.

HANNAH

(reanimated)

I am twenty four years old. Don't
tell me what to do!

LOREEN

Well, this is a real *display*.

HANNAH

(feverish)

Why is this happening? You're both acting like crazy people... You can't do it like this, you have to wean me off the teat, I...

(deep sigh)

Don't be like doves. Don't be like doves and kill your baby.

INT. MARNIE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Tiny room, more maturely decorated than Hannah's. MARNIE and JESSA sit on the bed. Awkward distance.

JESSA

I'm sorry I was late.

MARNIE

I was expecting it.

JESSA

(hurt)

It's a little bit hard to get here. I wasn't feeling very well. I was throwing up.

MARNIE

I puked today too.

(pause)

I puke a lot. My mom says it's a stress plague on women in their--

JESSA

I'm pregnant.

(pause)

I'm late because I'm pregnant.

Shocked pause

MARNIE

On purpose?

Jessa looks scared, shakes her head. Marnie is suddenly wracked with guilt.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

(smiling gently)

Look. You're here, OK? You totally made it.

Marnie hugs her friend tightly.

TB

INT. HOTEL ROOM, MORNING

HANNAH awakes, groggy. Looks around. Her parents are gone. She picks up the bedside phone.

HANNAH

Hi. Um... I'm in room 407 and I'd like to get some room service.

(pause)

They've checked out already? So that means the account is closed? Like, I can't add anything?

(pause)

Um, OK. No thanks. Thank you.

She walks to the desk where her coat is folded beside with her book pages. There are two envelopes. One says HOUSEKEEPING, the other HANNAH. She looks in hers. A twenty dollar bill. Looks in Housekeeping's. Same. She adds the Housekeeping twenty to her own envelope.

EXT. MIDTOWN HOTEL, DAY

HANNAH exits, still groggy, sour looking. She doesn't know where to head next. A HOMELESS MAN surprises her by speaking.

HOMELESS MAN

Why don't you smile? Does your heart hurt?

Hannah smiles weakly.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, girl. When I look at you, I just wanna' say 'Hello, New York!'

Hannah holds her coat closed against the cold and walks.

THE END