

GIRLS

"CHAPTER ELEVEN"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM, LATE MORNING

It is hard to tell if HANNAH has just woken up or has spent nights without sleeping-- her eyes are bloodshot with bags under them.

She is eating cool whip out of the container as she looks at a BLINKING CURSOR on a blank document entitled "My Stupid Fucking E-Book."

Distracted, she surfs the internet on her laptop.

POV HANNAH as she reads the New York Post online

CLOSE UP: **Catherine Carson Takes the Plunge... To Her Death**

Hannah's mouth drops, the spoon sucks onto her tongue, hanging for dear life.

**24 year-old Debutante Kills Herself After Being Bullied**

**RX Pills Found in Fashionista's Rainbow- Patterned Louis Vuitton Purse Before Plunge**

**Catherine Carson leaves "Funeral Black List"-- CLICK HERE FOR RUMORED NAMES**

Hannah opens the link...

**Rumored Blacklist Sourced from Facebook: Business partner, Olivia Rice; PR Assistant, Jane Steinman; and former publishing intern, Hannah Horvath**

HANNAH

What!?

Hannah looks around, as if there might be anyone to share this with: no one.

Hannah runs to her

INT. BATHROOM, CONTINUOUS

Hannah opens the medicine cabinet, where various prescription bottles belonging to her former roommates-- Marnie, Elijah, and Jessa-- line the shelves.

She tosses all of them into the toilet, and flushes... EIGHT TIMES. For good measure. Then she tosses the pill bottles.

Hannah closes the cabinet and looks at herself in the mirror, out of breath from anxiety.

CUT TO:

INT. DUANE READE, AT THE SAME TIME

Marnie peruses the pregnancy test section while Shoshanna follows her, reading the same New York Post we saw Hannah with earlier.

The cheesiness of the Duane Reade elevator music lingers in the air.

SHOSHANNA

It's so sad.

MARNIE

(Dismissive) Yeah, I mean I feel so bad.

SHOSHANNA

I thought it like, gets better.

MARNIE

She just needed better friends.

SHOSHANNA

Totally. You have great friends and a support system though. You're like, so fine.

MARNIE

I am looking for the cheapest pregnancy test I can find to see if I'm pregnant with either one of my ex-boyfriend's babies or my ex-best friends's gay ex-boyfriend's baby. I'd hardly say I'm fine but I'm not making any drastic conclusions.

SHOSHANNA

If you were having dark thoughts, you'd tell me?

Marnie shoots matter-of-fact daggers at Shoshanna.

MARNIE

I'm having dark thoughts, Shosh. But I'll get over them.

SHOSHANNA  
OK, good. I just don't think I  
could handle finding you hanging  
from the ceiling light by your  
Hermes belt.

Marnie plucks a box of the shelf.

MARNIE  
I guess this one. I get a ten  
dollar rebate.

Shoshanna shrugs indifferently, as she is still engulfed in  
the Paper.

SHOSHANNA  
Did you see she had a funeral  
blacklist?

Marnie snaps back to Shoshanna.

MARNIE  
No!

Shoshanna closes in on Marnie and looks around suspiciously.

SHOSHANNA  
Yeah. And Hannah's on it.

MARNIE  
Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

SHOSHANNA  
I know, it's like published in the  
papers.

Marnie snatches the paper from Shoshanna to read.

CUT TO:

INT. GRUMPY'S CAFE- GREENPOINT- THAT AFTERNOON

Ray is working the cashier, while Hannah just sits at the  
bar, useless.

RAY  
So I got Shosh tickets to Bruno  
Mars in November.

HANNAH  
Why did you do that?

RAY  
Because she likes him.

HANNAH  
Ray, everyone knows the advance purchase of concert tickets is the curse to any relationship.

RAY  
No it's not.

HANNAH  
Oh really? Thomas- John bought tickets for Jessa for some like outdoor music festival in a couple months and now they are breaking up. *They're married.*

RAY  
I don't think concert tickets were the problem in that relationship.

Hannah rolls her eyes then stares out the window again.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You know, you don't have to pretend to want to be here all day anymore. You quit.

HANNAH  
I needed inspiration to help me remember my Facebook password and see exactly what I wrote to get on that list. Plus, I don't want to be alone right now. *I'm mourning.*

RAY  
Mourning? This girl just let all of New York City know she hates you so much that she doesn't want you at her funeral.

HANNAH  
There's a thin line between love and hate, Ray. And frankly, this sudden turn of events in my life has made me lean to the love side of the line, even if it's for Crazy Cate.

RAY  
Crazy Cate?

HANNAH

Yeah, that's what we called her.

RAY

No wonder you're blacklisted.

HANNAH

I'm not blacklisted. How can anyone really trust the validity of a list that was written by a person who subsequently jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge after writing it?

RAY

That's exactly why someone trusts that list. When's the last time you saw this girl anyway?

HANNAH

I ran into her at some gallery thing Marnie dragged me to.

RAY

When is the last time you planned to see her?

Hannah thinks on this for a genuinely long time. Ray awaits the explanation, knowing it'll be defenseless.

HANNAH

Sophomore year. But I always got invited to her birthday and never went.

RAY

You are not entitled to mourning.

He moves onto cleaning the opposite counter.

HANNAH

They were Facebook invites! Everyone knows those don't count anymore.

RAY shrugs indifferently.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know you think this list is something that I should adhere to but I really believe this is my chance to create the perfect moment of remembrance in an unexpected way that cements me as a brave, special, and genuine person all at the same time. Very Jerry Maguire after he gets fired.

RAY

I'd say just write a nice card to her parents and be done with it.

HANNAH

Well *I'm going* to her funeral.

RAY

Too bad she's dead.

HANNAH

Why?

RAY

She's one smart girl. She just created the most exclusive party in town.

GIRLS

ACT ONE

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM

Hannah composes an e-mail at her computer.

CLOSE UP ON COMPUTER

**To: Libby Carson**

**"...Cate and I just became different people-- I am a writer and Cate worked in fashion. Looking back, I deeply regret that wedge between us. I just think it's important you know the truth. All the best, Hannah"**

The cursor drags over the SEND and she CLICKS IT.

INT. SHOSHANNA'S BATHROOM, DAY

Marnie is dressed in her uniform for the Wedgebrook Club. She stares down the pregnancy test.

She clicks her iPhone screen to check the time: 5:30pm. Shit! She has to go.

Marnie stuffs the pregnancy test under the sink and walks out into

INT. SHOSHANNA'S APARTMENT/ LIVING ROOM, EVENING

Shoshanna is sitting on her couch, with a notebook, writing as THE BUCKET LIST plays on her TV.

Marnie ENTERS and Shoshanna PAUSES the movie.

SHOSHANNA

Just so you know, you're like the most gorgeous young woman I know-- both inside and out. Every day I have you in my life, I feel blessed.

Shoshanna runs to hug her and cries a little on Marnie's shoulder.

MARNIE

I haven't taken it. Thanks, though.



SHOSHANNA  
Well, it gets better, Marnie!

Marnie heads for the door just as Ray walks in.

MARNIE  
Hi, Ray.

RAY  
Hey. How you holdin' up?

MARNIE  
(Snapping) What's that supposed to mean?

RAY  
I saw Hannah today. She told me about that girl you guys were friends with.

MARNIE  
(Relieved) I think it's safe to say that Hannah wasn't a very good friend to her, either... According to the Post and all.

Marnie walks out.

RAY  
(To Shoshanna) What was that about?

SHOSHANNA  
She's just really sad that's all.

RAY  
Because of this chick?

SHOSHANNA  
She wasn't just a chick, Ray. She was a young woman who I have 32 mutual friends with on Facebook but I'll never be able to friend her because she can't look at the mutual friends list and decide it's appropriate for us to be friends and therefore accept my friendship. Because she's dead.

She PRESSES PLAY on the movie.

RAY  
Shoshanna.

Shoshanna starts taking notes on the movie in her journal.  
Ray looks at what she's watching.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Shoshanna... Is this The Bucket  
List?

She continues to scribble away. He sits next to her on the  
couch.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You have all your grandparents  
still, don't you?

Shosh continues to scribble, but now she nods her head with  
affirmation.

SHOSHANNA  
Well my Zaida died before I was  
born, but that's it.

RAY  
OK, so you've never experienced  
something like this before.

SHOSHANNA  
No. So I've decided I'm making a  
list.

RAY  
(Re: movie) A Bucket List?

SHOSHANNA  
More like a list of things I need I  
to achieve and experience in order  
to be more fulfilled with my life.

RAY  
So, a Bucket List.

SHOSHANNA  
It's my "Five Years of Fun" list.

RAY  
Why "Five Years?"

SHOSHANNA  
In five years, I'll be 28 and  
everyone knows that's when you  
really become an adult and need to  
like, have everything together.

Ray is miffed.

RAY

I'm 33.

SHOSHANNA

Which means you should have become  
an adult five years ago.

This stings Ray. Shoshanna realizes what she has said.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

Which you've like, done a good job  
of doing, so that's great.

RAY

Do you want to share with me what's  
on this list? Maybe I can help.

SHOSHANNA

This list isn't about you, Ray.  
It's about me.

RAY

Thanks for the heads up.

Shoshanna goes back to writing in her journal. Ray idly  
stares at her, Shoshanna doesn't even notice.

RAY (CONT'D)

Do you want to grab dinner?

She doesn't look up.

RAY (CONT'D)

Shoshanna? Dinner?

Annoyed, she puts her pen down.

SHOSHANNA

I am working on my personal  
development project. If you'd like  
to get dinner, go. I'll be here.

RAY

Fine.

Ray gets up to leave. Just before he leaves, he turns around.

RAY (CONT'D)

All I ask is that I can come to  
your funeral.

Ray slams the door.

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM

Hannah has been staring at her e-mail account since we last left her.

NEW E-MAIL APPEARS: LIBBY CARSON **re: Condolences**

Hannah opens the e-mail

**Please do not contact us in this difficult time.**

Hannah's entire body deflates.

She gets up and starts tearing her apartment apart looking for something. She finds a BOX OF THANK YOU CARDS. This will have to do.

She starts writing.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN, THE NEXT DAY

Hannah is walking with Jessa. Jessa's braless breasts bounce around in her hippie top. They stick out like sore thumbs... Hannah and Jessa that is.

Hannah is holding a card in her hand while Jessa looks at the Post.

HANNAH

I'm so happy you're back.

JESSA

I'm glad.

Jessa turns the Post around to read on.

HANNAH

I've been totally lost without you.

JESSA

This Crazy Cate is badass. A Black List to her own funeral? Wish I'd thought of it first. But then again, I don't want to die. So she can have this one.

HANNAH

Would I be on your list, too?

JESSA

Not right now. Two lists in one year can't be good for your soul. Was she always crazy?

HANNAH  
I mean, yeah. We called her *Crazy Cate*. I ate my weight in sodium-enriched processed foods. She ate hers in Popov.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING, CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the apartment building and a DOORMAN in a suit waits out front.

HANNAH  
Excuse me, sir. Could you leave this card with the Carson family?

She bows slightly and awkwardly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

DOORMAN  
What's your name?

HANNAH  
Hannah...

DOORMAN  
Hannah what?

HANNAH  
(Reluctant) Horvath.

DOORMAN  
You're one of the blacklisted girls, aren't you?

HANNAH  
Yes, your Honor, but I am not guilty. I mean, *I have no idea why I am on this list.*

DOORMAN  
I can't accept this card. I'm sorry.

He hands the card back to her.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)  
Now, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

HANNAH  
Please. I beg of you.

DOORMAN

Please leave.

Jessa drags her away then smiles back at the doorman, who takes a double take. Hannah takes out a chocolate chip muffin from her purse and starts picking off the top.

HANNAH

If only Amanda Knox responded to my letters, I may have some insight on to navigate this mis-allegation.

JESSA

I didn't realize this hand delivery was a card for this girl's family.

HANNAH

It's important for them to know I am innocent.

Hannah rips a huge part off the top and stuffs it in her mouth.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Also, I'd like to see them in person and create a barometer for my parents' behavior if something tragic happened to me.

JESSA

Well then, let's back track the relationship.

HANNAH

Like when I've lost my wallet and have to find it.

JESSA

Exactly. When was the last time you and Cate were close?

HANNAH

In college. It was a need-based relationship. We would walk home together from parties when I was too paranoid of getting raped and she was too paranoid from her Xanax and Adderral cocktails.

JESSA

So when do you think it went wrong?

HANNAH

When we moved to New York. I put her in the filter.

JESSA

The what?

HANNAH

The friend filter. You know, you decide you don't want the person around so you just stop answering calls, only send texts, then only write on her wall when it's her birthday... and gradually, you know...

Hannah whistles and her hands flutter away, like a bird.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Filtered.

JESSA

God, I'm glad I didn't waste my time at an elite university filled with privileged, boring white people.

HANNAH

Umm... Are you saying you think *I'm boring*?

JESSA

No. I just think you were bored. I mean bored enough to come up with a name for a girl you didn't even spend that much time with just to define her as something you didn't want to be associated with.

This stings Hannah to silence.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Don't feel too bad. I mean she was much more bored than you are. She had time to create a blacklist for her own funeral before she killed herself.

HANNAH

So my boredom is just above that of a girl who killed herself. I need to fix this.

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM, LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Hannah is engrossed in a box of old photographs from college.

CLOSE UP

Photo of a YOUNGER HANNAH with her arm around CRAZY CATE

More photos of the same night...

Hannah and Crazy Cate, Hannah and Elijah, Hannah and a bunch of hippie looking friends and finally, a photo of Hannah and Marnie, total best friends in best friend love.

Suddenly, a light bulb goes off for Hannah. She gets on her computer and ATTEMPTS LOGGING INTO FACEBOOK. She's in!

Hannah continues to surf through CRAZY CATE'S FACEBOOK PROFILE.

**WALL POSTS: Miss you so much already; You're an amazing angel in heaven; Who will I share clothes with now?**

Hannah proceeds to dial another number: MOM AND PAPA

INTERCUT:

INT. HORVATH FAMILY CAR, CONTINUOUS

Loreen and Tad huddle over their iPhone which is on speaker phone.

TAD

Hi honey.

HANNAH

Papa, is that you?

TAD

Yup. Your mother and I just went grocery shopping.

HANNAH

Hi Mom.

LOREEN

Hi honey, how are you feeling?

HANNAH

One of my best friends from college committed suicide.



Hannah rolls over onto her back from her stomach... eight times.

LOREEN

Marnie?!

What?! TAD

HANNAH  
No, not Marnie. My other friend,  
Cate.

Loreen and Tad look at each other clueless but they know what to do next.

TAD  
We're sorry honey.

HANNAH  
I'm just getting really bad anxiety  
about it. I thought I was getting  
better and then this happened.

LOREEN  
It will be okay, Hannah. Just stay  
busy and see friends.

HANNAH  
Remember when Nana died?

LOREEN  
Yes.

HANNAH

And how it made me feel so awful that she was this amazing, strong woman who never met her full potential because of the era she was born in?

TAD  
I know, honey.

HANNAH

Cate is like Nana. She had all the potential in the world and she grew up in the wrong time. A time where prescription drugs are really accessible.

TAD  
Honey, are you taking those flower  
pods again?

HANNAH  
No. It was a metaphor.

INT. THE WEDGEBROOK CLUB, EVENING

Marnie is idly waiting for business at her hostess stand, when Charlie walks in with some of his CO-WORKERS.

Marnie turns white as she chooses to ignore that they know each other.

MARNIE  
Table for four?

CHICK  
Yeah, four. Right, Charlie?

Marnie looks directly into his eyes.

MARNIE  
Is that right, Charlie?

Charlie is caught off guard.

CHARLIE  
Yeah.

Marnie leads them to a table and the group follows. Marnie walks with a bit more sway, knowing Charlie will have a long view of her ass in her uniform.

CHICK  
Hey. Aren't you that girl who sang  
that Kanye West song at our party?

MARNIE  
I'll send your waiter over.

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT, AT THAT SAME MOMENT

Hannah is logged into Facebook and is on Crazy Cate's Facebook profile.

Crazy Cate and other SOCIALITE GIRLS at bars

"Me and my bitches" written underneath

Hannah notices that she has "liked" this. Hmm. She surfs more and notices comments she has posted: **Whores! Dumb effing slut! Suck it, Cate!**

Hannah is horrified. She didn't write this.

Hannah picks up her iPhone and presses send.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT, CONTINUOUS

Adam is sitting on his weird futon carving a duck out of wood.

His phone lights up: HANNAH CALLING

He presses "IGNORE."

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

The straight-to-voicemail- TWO RINGS indication makes Hannah go from sad and longing to annoyed and vindictive.

HANNAH

Hi Adam. I *hear* you have ignored my call. Well, I hope you feel really, really bad when you hear this voicemail. A dear friend of mine has *killed herself*. No, not Marnie. But I am really sad. My Facebook account was hacked and I've been wrongly accused of hurting this girl. This is *very hard for me*. My name is in the New York Post. Hannah Horvath, *former publishing intern*. Goodbye.

She hangs up. For a moment she is pleased with herself, then she looks around, right back to where she began: bored and alone.

Suddenly, Hannah opens up her E-BOOK document that is on her computer.

She starts typing fanatically.

INT. SHOSHANNA'S LIVING ROOM, THAT NIGHT

Ray is reading in the living room. Shoshanna walks out of her bedroom with her purse, heading for the door, journal in hand.

RAY

Where are you going?

SHOSHANNA

Living.

RAY

Is that one of your word shortening things? Like you really mean living room?

SHOSHANNA

No, like, I'm going to live my life.

RAY

Oh. Can I come?

Shoshanna thinks on this for a moment while Ray gets his jacket-- he doesn't even notice her pregnant pause.

SHOSHANNA

I guess but you can't like, judge me on my path of self-discovery.

RAY

I'll bring my book. That way if you're doing anything weird, I'll bury my head in it and not take notice.

SHOSHANNA

Fine.

INT. THE WEDGEBROOK CLUB, EVENING

Marnie lingers near her hostess stand, occasionally looking over her shoulder to see if Charlie is staring at her.

In the same moment she realizes he's not here, he appears on the other side of her.

CHARLIE

Hi.

Marnie jumps out of her skin.

MARNIE

Jesus. Where did you come from?

CHARLIE

The bathroom..?

They share a glance.

MARNIE

I have to talk to you.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Did you hear about Crazy Cate?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What's up?

She starts organizing her hostess stand to cover up.

MARNIE

Oh. Nothing. Just this Cate stuff.  
It's been really hard. I like  
really wish I knew things were that  
bad for her.

CHARLIE

You weren't that good of friends  
with her. We called her Crazy Cate.

MARNIE

It just feels like a wake up call.

CHARLIE

You mean, like it's time to start  
getting real?

MARNIE

(This is the moment) Exactly.  
There's some stuff I want to talk--

CHARLIE

Did you see Hannah's not allowed to  
go to her funeral?

Another thwarted opportunity...

MARNIE

Yeah, insane, right?

CHARLIE

Totally weird.

MARNIE

Are you going to go?

CHARLIE

Probably.

MARNIE

Maybe we can go together?

CHICK (O.S.)

Charlie! Where the fuck have  
you been?

CHARLIE

I'll call you.

MARNIE

Cool. (Excited) I'll see you at the  
funeral!

Her excitement hangs awkwardly in the air as Charlie walks away.

MARNIE (CONT'D)  
(To herself) I'll see you at the funeral? Ugh.

EXT. SERENDIPITY 3 RESTAURANT, NIGHT

Shoshanna approaches the restaurant with Ray close behind. TOURISTS with baby carriages crowd the sidewalk, even at this time of night.

RAY  
This is what is on your bucket list?

SHOSHANNA  
I didn't invite you here to judge my list.

RAY  
There are so many...

SHOSHANNA  
People?

RAY  
Baby carriages.

SHOSHANNA  
I know, isn't it cute?

INT. SERENDIPITY RESTAURANT, NIGHT

The restaurant is bustling, loud, screaming children can be heard.

Shoshanna approaches the hostess.

SHOSHANNA  
Hi. I have a reservation for one under Shoshanna.

HOSTESS  
Oh, yes.

SHOSHANNA  
Well, now it's for two. Does that work? If it's not, that's okay.

Shoshanna addresses Ray with her eyes. Ray addresses the Hostess in the same manner.

HOSTESS  
It's fine. Follow me.

INT. SERENDIPITY RESTAURANT, CONTINUOUS

Shoshanna shimmies into a booth and Ray cuddles right next to her.

SHOSHANNA  
Excuse me, but can I have some room?

RAY  
We always cuddle when we're in a booth.

SHOSHANNA  
Doesn't mean I always want to.  
Sometimes I want space. Right now I want space.

RAY  
Since when?

SHOSHANNA  
(Trying to remain calm) This was supposed to be a date with myself as a formal attempt to reconnect with my inner goddess so that I may continue to live as a happy and fulfilled person.

RAY  
I didn't realize my presence was such an offense to your productivity.

She buries her head in her menu.

SHOSHANNA  
What's the best thing to get here?

INT. SHOSHANNA'S APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Marnie walks into the apartment after a long night at the restaurant. She takes off her shoes and rubs her feet.

On the floor, she walks over THE NEW YORK POST with the Crazy Cate article on the cover and into

INT. SHOSHANNA'S BATHROOM, CONTINUOUS

She pulls out the pregnancy test from underneath the sink.  
It's time to deal.

INT. SERENDIPITY RESTAURANT, AT THE SAME TIME

The Waitress walks over and drops the bill over to Ray in a  
BLACK LEATHER CASE. Shoshanna and Ray exchange a glance.

Shoshanna picks up the bill and Ray lets her.

SHOSHANNA  
You have to go home now.

RAY  
Fine, I'll pay it.

SHOSHANNA  
You can't afford it.

RAY  
I can, it's fine.

SHOSHANNA  
If you could, you would, so you  
can't. You weren't supposed to come  
here anyway. Just... it's fine.

She puts her credit card in the BLACK LEATHER CASE.

RAY  
Please, Shosh.

SHOSHANNA  
Honestly. By paying for this, I  
have fully earned the right to tell  
you to leave, which is way more  
valuable to me.

Ray gets up suddenly.

RAY  
Fine. I'll see you at home.

SHOSHANNA  
You mean *my* home?

He gets up and LEAVES.



INT. SHOSHANNA'S BATHROOM, SAME TIME

Marnie strips down to her underwear and sits on the toilet and begins reading the box for directions.

She opens the box and puts the stick in between her legs, under her vagina and starts to pee. She wipes up and puts the stick on the kitchen sink.

Then she looks at her phone and SETS A TIMER. Then she starts scrolling INSTAGRAM.

EXT. GREENPOINT STREETS, NIGHT

Hannah is carrying her laptop, looking a little worse for wear/ like a homeless bag lady who happens to have a two thousand dollar laptop.

She keeps checking behind each shoulder EIGHT TIMES.

HANNAH

4,5,6,7,8...

She checks the other shoulder.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

1,2,3,4...

She arrives in front of

EXT. FED EX/ KINKOS, CONTINUOUS

Hannah grabs the door handle to Kinkos but before she walks in...

HANNAH

5, 6, 7, 8.

She pulls the door open and ENTERS

INT. FED EX/ KINKOS, CONTINUOUS

The white light shining in here is almost offensive. Her eyes squint, revealing she hasn't been exposed to light like this in at least a day.

FED EX EMPLOYEE

Ma'am, we're closing.

HANNAH

Ma'am? I'm at least a Miss.

FED EX EMPLOYEE  
Ma'am. I'm sorry. We're closing.

HANNAH  
This Miss would really like to just  
print one document out.

The Fed Ex employee takes a second to think about it, but Hannah looks so crazy, it's not worth the risk to piss her off. This wouldn't be the first time...

FED EX EMPLOYEE  
Fine. That printer in the corner is  
still up.

HANNAH  
Thanks.

Hannah walks over and sees that the printer is numbered "8."  
Her face lights up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
This printer is number 8!

FED EX EMPLOYEE  
I guess so, yeah.

HANNAH  
It's a sign! It's a sign! This is  
it! This is right. It was meant to  
be.

FED EX EMPLOYEE  
Whatever you say, ma'am.

HANNAH  
Miss!

She starts to plug into her computer and set up the printer.

INT. SHOSHANNA'S BATHROOM, SAME TIME

SFX iPhone alarm GOES OFF

She practically jumps off the toilet and pulls up her  
underwear.

She faces the mirror.

MARNIE  
Her parents have it worse than you  
right now.

She picks up the stick. IT'S NEGATIVE. She breathes in a huge sigh of relief.

Marnie walks out of the bathroom and into

INT. SHOSHANNA'S LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Marnie, glowing with relief, is startled to find Ray passed out on the couch.

MARNIE

Jesus, Ray. You scared me. Is Shosh here?

RAY

No.

MARNIE

Where is she?

RAY

Probably joining the Rockettes or something.

MARNIE

What?

RAY

She's made some bucket list thing.

Marnie LAUGHS as she gathers her purse.

RAY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MARNIE

(Unsuccessfully covering her coyness) See Charlie.

RAY

What? Man, this Cate girl has really put all you hens in a spin.

EXT. GREENPOINT STREETS, MIDNIGHT

Hannah is back to walking again, but this time she has TWO COPIES OF HER TRANSCRIPT on top of her laptop in her arms.

She arrives in front of

EXT. DAVID PRESSLER- GOINGS' BROWNSTONE, CONTINUOUS

The Brownstone towers over Hannah, a tangible reminder of how much further Hannah has to go in order to achieve her dreams.

She walks up the stairs and RINGS the doorbell.

Hannah begrudgingly accepts her uncontrollable OCD need to...

RING THE DOORBELL SEVEN MORE TIMES.

At ring number SIX, David opens his window, pissed.

DAVID

What the fuck are you doing,  
Hannah?

Hannah rings one last time, despite seeing his face. Eight is eight.

HANNAH

I have my e-book for you.

DAVID

Couldn't you just e-mail it? Or  
deliver in the morning?

HANNAH

I may not be here then. I could get  
raped and murdered in a home  
invasion, or get hit by a cab on my  
way home.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

HANNAH

A girl I know-- a *friend*-- killed  
herself the other day and it's  
reminded me to seize every moment.

DAVID

Go home!

He SLAMS the window shut.

She leaves a copy of her E-BOOK at the door and walks away.  
She picks it up and puts it back down, eight times.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING/ OBSERVATION DECK, 1:45AM

Shoshanna ENTERS the Observation Deck. She is now wearing a  
FOAM STATUE OF LIBERTY HEAD HAT, with a HOT DOG in hand.

She has the biggest smile on her face and a SECURITY GUARD notices her.

SECURITY GUARD  
Welcome to the Empire State  
Building.

SHOSHANNA  
Thank you!

SECURITY GUARD  
Where are you visiting from?

SHOSHANNA  
Washington Square Park.

SECURITY GUARD  
New York City?

SHOSHANNA  
Mmm hmm.

Shoshanna is totally taken by the view.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)  
Do you mind taking a Snap of me?

SECURITY GUARD  
A what?

SHOSHANNA  
A snap. Here, just press this, but  
don't do anything else. The sending  
selection is incredibly exclusive.

She poses for the photo: HOT DOG ENTERING HER MOUTH WITH A  
BIG SMILE, WITH THE NYC SKYLINE IN THE BACKGROUND.

SECURITY GUARD  
Say "Big Apple."

SHOSHANNA  
Big Apple!

SNAP SHOT: POV OF SHOSHONNA'S IPHONE

The Security Guard hands the iPhone back to her. She looks at  
the picture with excitement.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)  
What should I draw?

The Security Guard takes the phone for a second, draws  
something then hands it back to her:

REVEAL: TWO BLUE BALLS ON THE SIDE OF HOT DOG, AND RIGHT NEAR HER MOUTH.

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM, A LITTLE BIT LATER

Hannah ENTERS looking exhausted and spent. She collapses onto her couch and starts to fall asleep.

Her iPhone starts to LIGHT UP and RING.

CLOSE UP: ADAM CALLING...

Hannah picks up the phone, her voice is tired and soft.

HANNAH

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT, SAME MOMENT

Adam is now carving a MINI TROJAN HORSE (which is still pretty big) with a HUGE SAW.

ADAM

Kid. You're alive.

HANNAH

Yeah.

ADAM

You're not going to go jump off a bridge because your friend did, are you?

HANNAH

No.

ADAM

Good. You're better than that.

HANNAH

Plus, according to the Post, she really doesn't want me doing anything like her, so...

ADAM

Oh, yeah I saw that. You must have done something awful. Even I would invite you to my funeral.

Hannah starts picking at her feet, eating her toe nail. They sit in silence on the phone. She spits out her own skin.

HANNAH  
I finished my book.

ADAM  
Good, glad you're okay. Stay on  
solid ground. Bye.

He's already gone before she say goodbye back.

EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Marnie arrives outside Charlie's apartment and starts THROWING STONES at his window. Charlie comes to the window and looks out.

CHARLIE  
What the fuck?

MARNIE  
Can I come up?

CHARLIE  
You could have rang the doorbell.

MARNIE  
This seemed more romantic.

He walks away from the window.

SFX BUZZER from the door.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Charlie waits at the door and Marnie walks in.

CHARLIE  
Hey.

Marnie wraps her arms around him and starts kissing him. He pulls away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

MARNIE  
It's been... a rough few days...

Charlie leans in and KISSES Marnie back.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

INT. JOHN KRTIL FUNERAL HOME, THE NEXT DAY

The room is filled with terrified TWENTY-FIVE YEAR-OLDS who stink of last night's booze and vomit.

A BOUNCER stands in front, checking names off at the door.

Hannah carries her TRANSCRIPT close to her chest, then eyes the BOUNCER and finds an attack strategy. She finds a hole in the crowd and dips through.

BOUNCER

Ma'am... excuse me, ma'am!

Ma'am again. How annoying.

INT. JOHN KRTIL FUNERAL HOME, CONTINUOUS

The solemn room starts to RUMBLE WITH CURIOSITY.

Hannah EYES the tunnel under the chairs that is created from them all being perfectly lined up to each other.

She DUCKS underneath and starts crawling, her large ass seems to have trouble getting through seamlessly, but ultimately her determination prevails.

BOUNCER

Hey!

HANNAH

I'm sorry, just dropped something.  
Ignore me, sir.

This strange behavior catches Marnie's eye, who is with CHARLIE, arms around each other. Marnie and Hannah lock eyes, registering both of each other's statuses.

Hannah finally APPEARS in the aisle and walks right up to the line to meet LIBBY CARSON (50s) and her husband DUKE (50s). They are a waspy couple, the sort that have cashmere bathrobes that match their monochromatic beige Upper East Side Brownstone.

Their faces are dried with tears as they seem appropriately drugged up to withstand the funeral and welcoming people.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Carson?

They turn around slowly and look through Hannah. Hannah puts OUT HER HAND and TAKES IT BACK

She's about to start the EIGHT TIMES RITUAL but instead just grabs her hand and hugs her E-BOOK.

The Carsons become more lucid at her weird behavior.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hi. I really wanted to give you this and pay my respects to Cate. It's my e-book.

LIBBY

What's your name?

HANNAH

(mumbling) Hannah Horvath.

Libby's face turns to a scowl and Duke matches it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know Cate didn't want me to be here. But that stuff on Facebook wasn't true. You see, my account was hacked but I didn't know because no one really goes on Facebook anymore anyway. Except Cate, I guess. So yeah, I just wanted to let you know, in person, how deeply sorry I am for the loss of Cate.

DUKE

Please leave.

HANNAH

And, also... Cate's death has motivated me to chase my dreams and I delivered this e-book to my editor late last night. Because of her.

DUKE

That's nice for you.

Marnie SWOOPS into the conversation and puts HER ARM AROUND HANNAH. Marnie has the wherewithal to know that people like the Carson's feel at ease with anyone who a person like Marnie spends time with.

MARNIE

Hi Mr. and Mrs. Carson. I'm Marnie Michaels. Hannah and I were both friends with Cate.

Hannah is shocked at Marnie's chutzpah.

LIBBY

Nice to meet you both as well.

MARNIE

We are so sorry for your loss.

DUKE

Thank you.

The Carson's smile at both Marnie and Hannah.

INT. JOHN KRTIL FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN, AFTER THE CEREMONY

Hannah and Marnie merge into the exiting crowd.

HANNAH

I didn't think I'd see you here.

MARNIE

It's nice to see you.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean, I didn't think you two were that close.

MARNIE

We weren't. Neither of us were.

Marnie states this matter of factly, hoping Hannah picks up on what Marnie just did for her.

HANNAH

Right. I mean, I saw her a few times. Her parents are really sweet.

THE CARSONS are ushered past the crowd, right by Hannah and Marnie.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's just sad, you know?

MARNIE

Right. I mean life is pretty shitty right now but not that shitty.

Marnie is looking around at the crowd.

HANNAH

Well, she was clearly not in a good, solid group, like when she was friends with us. We would have never let this happen.

Now Hannah is looking around.

MARNIE

No. Never.

The crowd moves towards the door and pours out to

EXT. JOHN KRTIL FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN, CONTINUOUS

The CROWD of young people aimlessly disperse into smaller groups outside the funeral home.

Marnie and Hannah pair off with each other. Marnie is looking around again.

HANNAH

Well, it was good seeing you.

MARNIE

(Without hearing her) Leave it to Charlie to like know everyone here.

Charlie is talking to a GROUP OF GIRLS.

Hannah turns around quickly and is about to wave when Marnie SMACKS her hand down.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

HANNAH

Why not?

MARNIE

He's just... Doing his thing. I'm doing mine. Playing it cool.

And Hannah lock eyes from across the crowd. She smiles awkwardly and does a small side wave. He smiles in return.

HANNAH

What's going on with you guys?

MARNIE

We're seeing each other.

Marnie's compulsive need to be perceived perfectly takes over and she covers up.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing right now?

HANNAH

I was going to go home and eat cool whip and continue picking the dead skin off my feet.

MARNIE

Do you want to hang out right now?

HANNAH

I have to-- sure.

EXT. HANNAH'S ROOF, AN HOUR OR TWO LATER, WHO KNOWS, WHO CARES

Hannah and Marnie are lying down on the roof, each wearing sunglasses, staring up at the sky.

Marnie takes a big hit off of A JOINT and EXHALES perfectly-- no cough.

She passes it to Hannah.

HANNAH

You know I can't have that.

She shakes her head from side to side EIGHT TIMES.

MARNIE

I just wanted to check.

HANNAH

When did you start carrying joints around with you?

MARNIE

Since I realized I could get them for free from the bus boy at work. When did you start doing that eight times thing again?

HANNAH

Since I felt my entire world crashing down on top of me. It seems like a better solution than suffocating.

MARNIE

So your e-book is done?

HANNAH

I handed it in. Who knows. I thought being the voice of my generation would flow more easily than it has.

MARNIE

(Ironically) You carry a tough load.

HANNAH

No kidding. Our generation is totally fucked and carrying the weight of everyone's fucked up problems is far more daunting of a task than I anticipated.

MARNIE

(Still ironic) Well, on behalf of our generation, thank you.

HANNAH

Don't thank me yet. And you, Miss Patty Pothead?

MARNIE

Well, I'm in a total gray area with Charlie, heightened by the fact that I just spent the last two days contemplating what our future baby would like.

HANNAH

Were you using that facial recognition program online again?

MARNIE

No, we had sex. Without a condom. Pity sex. And then I thought I was having a pity baby. I mean, can you think of anything worse?

HANNAH

Than a baby being born out of pity? I mean, jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge.

MARNIE

True.

Marnie starts pushing her stomach out then back in then back out.

HANNAH

You look five months pregnant max.

MARNIE

It's just a food baby. I ate a lot of cheese cubes at the funeral.

HANNAH

You're totally going to be one of those skinny assholes who is like nine months pregnant, still wearing your skinny jeans, *complaining about being bloated*.

MARNIE

Well, that won't be for awhile. The test was negative.

HANNAH

Thank God. I'm not ready to pity you and your pity baby in your skinny pity jeans.

They stare up at the sky for a moment. It feels like they are thinking of something big, something significant.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Who has a bigger penis? Booth  
Jonathan, Charlie, or Elijah?

Marnie BURSTS into laughter.

Hannah turns around and looks at Marnie.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Seriously.

Marnie thinks for a second.

MARNIE

Charlie.

HANNAH

(Very surprised) Really? I thought it would be Booth.

MARNIE

You can't be as wildly insecure as Booth and have a big dick.

HANNAH

That's true. His art is clearly a  
decoy to distract women.

MARNIE

Yup.

HANNAH

Charlie so lacks any reason to  
prove himself. He's just an  
effortless millionaire with a big  
dick.

MARNIE

Basically. But Booth knew how to  
use it.

HANNAH

Yeah well, he probably has it wired  
to some art installation in a whore  
house in Dyker Heights.

A BREEZE rolls in and in POV of HANNAH and MARNIE, a FEW  
LEAVES BLOW ACROSS THE BLUE SKY.

MARNIE

The first leaves are falling.

Hannah grabs Marnie's hand and turns her head to look at  
Marnie. Marnie turns her head and looks at her too.

They BURST INTO GIGGLES.

We PULL OUT in an AERIAL VIEW and see the TWO WOMEN lying on  
the Brooklyn rooftop amongst the New York City skyline, and  
of course, The Brooklyn Bridge.

END OF EPISODE