

FINAL CALL

Written by

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EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: NEW YEAR'S EVE

HANNAH LI (Asian, mid-30s) leans over the railing of the Golden Gate Bridge, speaking to a skinny GIRL (15, black) in a dark, hooded sweatshirt - on the other side of the railing!

HANNAH
I'm Hannah.

GIRL
I have to jump now.

HANNAH
Why the rush? Oh, before midnight?

GIRL
Why are you here?

HANNAH
Same reason.

INT. CAR - U.S. 101 SOUTH - NIGHT

Speeding in his sports car, wearing a tux, is MICK LEÓN (40, Cuban), handsome, but sleazy enough to be offered his own reality show. Radio BLASTING. An incessant WAILING coming from...his foot - it's an ankle monitor, blinking bright red.

In his rearview is a police car, lights flashing. Just then, a second police car joins. Mick sighs, shakes his head, and....TURNS UP the radio, then hits the gas.

EXT. U.S. 101 SOUTH - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A California Highway Patrol (CHP) car pulls out of a Toll Booth Employee parking lot, parks at the bridge entrance, blocking traffic. Two CHP OFFICERS exit the car, carrying a spike strip. They deploy it. Mick's car barrels toward it.

INT. MICK'S CAR - U.S. 101 SOUTH - BRIDGE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Mick hits the spike strip. His two front tires EXPLODE. The car fishtails, turns 180 degrees, and comes to a stop.

MICK
Armageddon!

He opens his door - and runs for his life down the bridge.

INT. HANNAH'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: ONE DAY EARLIER

A fire burns in a stainless steel sink. The flames eat away a half-torn poster board. The remainder reads "Vision Boa".

Hannah, in sweatpants, hair unkempt, watches it disintegrate.

INT. HANNAH'S CONDO - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Hannah finishes brushing her teeth. On the counter sit packages of floss. She tears off a length, but stops short of her teeth, then pushes the whole stack into the trash.

INT. HANNAH'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER

College photos are scattered all over Hannah's bed, on which she lies, a ring of used tissues surrounding the bed like a moat. The muted TV plays the film *The Crow*.

Bottles of anxiety and depression meds line her nightstand.

Donning glasses, she opens a drawer, pulls out a diary.

In an entry dated Dec. 30th, she fervidly writes:

PLANS FOR MY FINAL DAY:

- 1) Sleep In
- 2) Mail Letters
- 3) Buy Eggs
- 4) Egg Mick's House
- 5) Massage and Facial
- 6) Go to the Beach
- 7) Dinner with Lindsay
- 8) Jump off the Golden Gate Bridge

She closes the diary, pulls out paper and some envelopes.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

She begins writing "Dear Lindsay, I won't be able to make your birthday this year. Or ever again." And continues on with much more. She crosses out some stuff. Ends it with "Love, Hannah". Folds it up.

Inserts it into an envelope. Labels it "Lindsay".

She does four more: Little John, Grace, Mom & Dad, and Mick.

END MONTAGE.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

ON SCREEN: NEW YEAR'S EVE

Hannah takes a candy bar out of her pocket, unwraps it, then gobbles up the entire thing. Hands the wrapper to a TODDLER in a passing cart.

INSERT: The toddler pulls the wrapper taut, revealing "THC-Infused Twicks", "Keep out of reach of children", and "Eat only half a square & wait 2 hours before eating more".

She BURPS as she walks away, opens a refrigerated door, pulls out a carton of organic eggs.

INT. HANNAH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah pulls into the post office parking lot, ten dozen eggs in the passenger seat. On top of them lie the five sealed envelopes. She parks, grabs the envelopes, and exits.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She tries the door; it's locked. Then she notices a sign on the door, reading, "Closed - Coronavirus."

HANNAH
COVID-20??

EXT. MICK LEON'S HOUSE - LATER

Hannah parks in front of a glass McMansion towering over its Victorian home neighbors. She exits with several egg cartons.

She walks to the door, pushes an envelope through a mail slot, then backs up, opens the eggs, and throws them at the house, going through three cartons, at one point, wiping the yolk of a prematurely cracked egg all over her jeans.

She stands back, admires her work. She sends one more sailing right at the door, when-

The door opens, revealing, in a velour tracksuit - MICK!

MICK

What the fuck are you doing?

The egg hits Mick in the forehead. Albumin splashes into his gelled hair; yolk slides down his nose.

MICK (CONT'D)

Hannah??

HANNAH

Mick?

MICK

I almost called the cops.

(aside, quieter)

They're in my favorites.

HANNAH

Good! Let them arrest me!

He storms up to her. She hurls another egg; he jumps out of the way. It lands in the foyer of his house.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit.

MICK

Jesus, Hannah.

He grabs her, then looks down.

MICK (CONT'D)

Are you on your period?

HANNAH

No! I just hate you!

MICK

If you're going to insult me on my property, at least come inside.

HANNAH

Oh, am I ruining Mick León's fabulous reputation?

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Bay Area's #7 Babe-iest Cosmetic
Dentist?
(pause)
Why are you home? Ran out of party
favors for your Aspen friends?

He takes the eggs from her, turns for the house; she follows.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They step over the envelope, a broken egg over his name.

HANNAH
Can I use your washer and dryer?

MICK
(sarcastic)
Just please treat the place with the
respect you've already shown.

Not caring, she takes off her shirt, then her jeans. Walks to
his laundry room - she knows where it is. He follows her.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannah drops her clothes in the washing machine. She grabs
detergent, eschewing any measure - just dumps in a ton.

MICK
Always wasteful.

HANNAH
You're a waste of good flesh.

MICK
"Good" flesh!

He smiles. She hops up, sits on the dryer.

MICK (CONT'D)
Clothes always looked good on
you...or off.

She rolls her eyes, but can't help but smile.

HANNAH
You look the same. Despite the
Colombian-drug-lord tracksuit.

MICK
It's comfortable.

HANNAH
Mick, the old man.

MICK
(playfully)
Shut up. It's only been a year.

He leans in, kisses her. She doesn't stop him.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Mick's tracksuit lies on the floor of his bedroom. A bra hangs on an armchair in the corner. Mick and Hannah are moving around under the sheets.

HANNAH
Hold on.

MICK
What? What is it?

She grabs a pillow monogrammed with "M.L." and tries to heave it across the room. It falls a foot away.

HANNAH
Okay, continue.

He picks up the pace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Your chest hair feels like dandelion
puffs brushing against my boobs.
(pause)
Ha! "Boobs" is such a weird word.

MICK
Can you focus? I don't wanna be
blamed 'cuz you forgot to get off.

She giggles. Kisses him. Is soon really enjoying herself. He finishes, and - she laughs hysterically. Can't stop.

MICK (CONT'D)
I'm glad you find this amusing.

HANNAH
It's
(laughs)
not
(laughs again)
you.

Insulted, Mick throws off the sheets, gets up off her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Ow, Mick. Watch it!

MICK

Oh, I see you're out of practice.

HANNAH

It's not that. Something on your...

She points at a naked Mick. She cracks up again. He covers his crotch with his hands, but she shakes her head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your...your l...your leg!

REVEAL: A black ankle monitor around his right ankle.

MICK

I'm under house arrest.

She continues laughing, gasping for air. He puts back on his track pants. She puts on his tracksuit top.

HANNAH

What happened? You fuck a cop?

MICK

I'm on trial for criminally negligent distribution of a dangerous product.

HANNAH

Whaaaaat? Wait, what product?

MICK

Mick León's Shining Beacon At-Home
Tooth-Whitener.

She cracks up again. By now, it's clear she's stoned.

HANNAH

What...what did it do?

MICK

It allegedly eats through tooth enamel...but only if it's not taken off when the prescribed half-hour usage period ends...my lawyer says it's obvious user error. The fucking DA seems to disagree.

HANNAH

Did you know that could happen?

MICK

I know a lot of things. I don't have
to write them all out.

She shakes her head, grabs her underwear and leaves. He
follows her out.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah opens the fridge, shouts into it--

HANNAH

I need food! Pronto!

MICK

I could cook these eggs...unless you
plan on redecorating more of the
house. What kind do you want?

Hannah's eyes go wide. Frozen.

MICK (CONT'D)

Scrambled?...Over easy?...Over
medium? Over hard? Poached?
Sunnyside up? Fried? Soft-boiled?
Hard-boiled? Shirred? Deviled?

HANNAH

Ahh!!! Just stop!! Too many
choices!! Now I can't have eggs!

MICK

OK. You're gettin' scrambled!

She opens her mouth. Nothing comes out. She sees the
underwear still in her hand. Stares at it. Puts it on. Rubs
her lower back. Starts snapping the back of her underwear.

HANNAH

There's something on me! It won't
get off!

(pulling at the tag)

It's attacking me!

Finally, she rips the underwear off.

MICK

Are you high?

At the stove, Mick shakes his head, continues making eggs.

INSERT OF STOVE:

He turns over the mostly-scrambled eggs in the skillet. Then, SPLAT! In the middle of the eggs land Hannah's underwear.

END INSERT.

Mick picks up the skillet, slides everything off onto a plate, and hands it to her.

MICK
You need to eat something...besides
edibles.

She stares at the plate. He picks off the underwear, stuffs it in her jacket pocket, puts the plate in front of her, and exits.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Hannah licks the plate.

MICK (O.S.)
Was it good?

HANNAH
It was okay.

Embarrassed, she turns to see Mick - wearing a tux!

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What's with the prom rental?

MICK
It's my traditional New Year's Eve
outfit. You remember - from Aspen?

HANNAH
You're under house arrest.

MICK
Exactly. So, this year, I'm bringing
Aspen to me!

HANNAH
Aspen to Asshole!

DING! Hannah looks at her phone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Shit! I missed my spa appointment.

MICK

Hey, don't despair - we still got thirty minutes - enough time for me to give you a quick facial!

Hannah gives Mick a death stare.

MICK (CONT'D)

OK, well, you don't have to leave - you're welcome to hang out in my room. I'll check in on you.

HANNAH

Hide me in your bedroom while you court the latest delivery from your Tart of the Month Club?

(pause)

And when she's finally drunk enough to fuck you? I'll be in your bed!

MICK

It's just friends. And Armen. Can't have you two in the same room.

HANNAH

Armen Khartosian? You're not only talking to him, but hanging out with him?

MICK

He's my lawyer. He's familiar with the law from both sides...

HANNAH

After what he did to me?

MICK

It's been a long time. He's changed. I mean, they let Mike Tyson do *The Hangover*, and everyone loved it.

HANNAH

I take back what I said about you never changing; you do - you get worse.

She storms out.

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

She marches onto the lawn in his tracksuit top, washed clothes in her hand. She gets in her car.

Pulls out her diary. Opens it to her Dec. 30th entry. Adds in "5 and 1/2) Fuck Mick", then crosses it off. The car peels out.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - HANNAH'S CAR - LATER

A pair of underwear fly out the window of the speeding car.

EXT. RODEO BEACH - DAY

Hannah sinks her feet into the sand, breathes in the ocean air.

RING! Hannah ignores her phone, lets it go to voicemail. But it RINGS again.

HANNAH

Fuck.

She answers.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Little John?

INT. HANNAH'S DENTIST PRACTICE - EXAM ROOM - SAME TIME

LITTLE JOHN SUNNING-BUFFALO (26, Native American, muscular, flamboyant dental hygienist), in tailored scrubs, in a dental exam room, talks on the phone.

LITTLE JOHN

It's Mr. Danberry.

INTERCUT HANNAH/LITTLE JOHN

HANNAH

Tell him I'm leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again.

LITTLE JOHN

It's an emergency.

HANNAH

How emergent? I have plans today.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Behind Little John lies a PATIENT in the dental chair, wincing, his mouth full of blood-soaked gauze.

INT. HANNAH'S DENTIST PRACTICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

A large mouth is opened wide, with yellow-stained teeth. It's Mr. Danberry.

MR. DANBERRY'S POV:

Hannah, wearing a mask, gloves, and a gown, leans way in.

END POV.

As Hannah works, Little John looks on, wincing.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Hannah's gown, open to the back, shows her bare legs - she's still not wearing any pants.

INT. HANNAH'S DENTIST PRACTICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

A door CLOSES off-screen. Alone, Hannah reaches over to the dental tray, lays the envelope addressed to Little John on it.

She looks out the window. It's already dark. She shakes her head, then collapses into the exam chair. Takes a swig of Scope...swallows it.

EXT. HI"DRINKS" ENSUE - PATIO - NIGHT

Hannah, in track jacket and newly cleaned jeans, rushes onto the patio, trips over a leash tying a Chihuahua to a table, causing a drink to go flying and land...right on her jeans. She soldiers on.

LINDSAY

Hannah! Over here!

Hannah lowers the sunglasses she's wearing at night, spots LINDSAY FRIEDMAN (35, Jewish, past member of Tri-Sig, rushed only so she'd have friends), decked out in haute couture.

HANNAH

God, do I need a frikkin' drink.

LINDSAY

They don't serve alcohol - but they make a mean LSD-Shirley Temple - called the "stoned temple pilot".

HANNAH
 (shaking her head)
 Last time I did LSD, I fucked my
 pharmacology professor.

She opens her menu. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER
 Would you like something to drink?

HANNAH
 Yeah. I'll try the Sativa Soda.

LINDSAY
 And that caviar wrap I ordered is
 for her.
 (to Hannah)
 Oh, have you seen my IG photos?

She reaches into a Birkin diaper bag, pulls out her phone.

Hannah leans over to look. She swipes through photos of a newborn wearing onesies that say "Mommy's the trophy wife!", "I'm the Surprise", and "Golden-Anchor Baby!"

The Waiter returns with Hannah's drink.

WAITER
 Take your time - they're strong.

Hannah looks contemptuous, downs it defiantly.

LINDSAY
 And here's my second baby, Tommy.

REVEAL: A muscular late-teens man, in a Sears-like photo shoot, holding a teddy bear and a small security blanket.

HANNAH
 Who's the developmentally disabled
 stud?

LINDSAY
 I told you all about Tommy.

HANNAH
 You said he was in T-ball.

LINDSAY
 He coaches it.

HANNAH
 Listen, I have something for you.

She pulls out a tiny jewelry box. Slides it across the table.

LINDSAY

You got me a push present!

HANNAH

If that's something to do with your
vagina, that's not what this is.

Lindsay opens the box. It's two black pearl earrings.

LINDSAY

These are beautiful. But aren't they
your grandmother's?

HANNAH

I wouldn't give them to you if I
didn't want you to have them.

LINDSAY

Oh, I don't know. It's just-

HANNAH

I've been thinking a lot about my
funeral. Like, what'll happen when
I'm gone.

(off Lindsay's expression)

You know I like to plan ahead.

Lindsay's cell phone RINGS and VIBRATES.

LINDSAY

Sorry, I told Lloyd not to call
unless it was important. Hello -

(into phone)

Oh, my God, testicular torsion?

Hannah surreptitiously puts an envelope in Lindsay's purse.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

It sounds serious!...Well, he's my
son now...not legally, but-

(to Hannah)

Tommy had a little medical issue.

HANNAH

Sounds like it. You should go.

LINDSAY

OK, but, we need to finish this
talk. Here, at least take my card!

Before Hannah can object, Lindsay hands her a credit card and runs out, leaving the box of earrings on the table.

HANNAH

Text me how the testicles turn out!

The Waiter comes by, grabs the card. Hannah looks around at everyone enjoying their meals with a companion.

BUM (O.S.)

Can you spare any change, ma'am?

Hannah turns around to see a male BUM on the sidewalk.

HANNAH

You hungry?

BUM

Did I twerk with topless twink in
Castro clubs every weekend from 9/11
till the housing crash?

The Bum eagerly walks onto the patio and sits down. He dives into Lindsay's uneaten plate. The Waiter returns.

WAITER

Lady, are you insane? You can't have
him in here.

HANNAH

Fine. I'll never patronize this
upscale establishment again!

She stands up, pushes out her chair, and walks off.

BUM

Lady, you left your earrings!

WAITER

And your card was declined!

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(yelling back)

Keep 'em! Also, it ain't mine!

The bum tries to eat the pearl. Finding he can't, he puts the earrings through his ears.

INT. HANNAH'S CAR - LOMBARD STREET - NIGHT

Hannah passes a sign for the Golden Gate Bridge when RING!
She answers the phone.

HANNAH

(annoyed)

Hi, Mom.

MING LI (O.S.)
(filtered) (excited)
Grace in labor!

HANNAH
Good for her.

MING LI (O.S.)
Hannah-duck. We need doctor.

HANNAH
I'm a dentist, Mom.

MING LI (O.S.)
Harvard dentist same as community
college doctor. You could be real
doctor, you no spend so many time
with college ultimate Frisbee team.

HANNAH
It's the only non-racket sport
Asians were allowed to play.

MING LI (O.S.)
Even though teeth cleaner, still
have Harvard degree. Hippie your
sister hire, no Harvard.

HANNAH
She's a doula, Mom.

MING LI (O.S.)
Medulla.

HANNAH
She's not a brain in a jar - she's a
birth-coach!

MING LI (O.S.)
Well, hairy-armpit hippie late!

HANNAH
Labor takes forever. Grace'll be
fine.

MING LI (O.S.)
Grace overachiever. She always do
everything early. She already
overdilated!

HANNAH
Then just slap her on the back - it
should slide right out.

MING LI (O.S.)
No, she eight inches!

HANNAH
Wait, you mean "centimeters"? How do you know?

MING LI (O.S.)
I use protractor.

HANNAH
Where's Kevin? He's a doctor.

MING LI (O.S.)
At the hospital.

HANNAH
Well, take her there!

MING LI (O.S.)
Grace refuse. Keep insist on wet waterslide birth.

HANNAH
Diva! Fine - I'm on my way.

Hannah pulls a U-turn, and...finds herself stuck in traffic waiting to meander down the hairpin turns of Lombard Street.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Dammit!

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LATER

Hannah parks on the crowded street, in front of a large Victorian home, between two SUVs. She hits both as she's parallel parking. Doesn't care. Grabs her envelopes, her purse, and goes to the front door.

She knocks, looks at two envelopes, for Mom & Dad, and Grace.

MING LI (60s, Asian), in a blue sequined dress, answers.

HANNAH
That's what you're wearing to the water birth?

MING LI
What you expect me wear, bikini?

HANNAH
Where's Grace?

MING LI

In conservatory. With Colonel Mustard. What you think? In master bath upstairs. Spa tub.

(pause)

Why you come in stained pants?

Hannah rolls her eyes, unzips and steps out of her jeans, shoves them at Ming, then stuffs the envelopes in the track jacket's pocket, pushes Ming aside, and walks in.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hannah walks into the foyer, turns a corner towards the stairs, but stops dead in her tracks when she sees-

Thirty-five people, dressed in black tie, all conversing in the living room, holding glasses of champagne.

EVERYONE

Happy New Year!

HANNAH

(mutters)

...voyeur freaks...

(to Ming Li)

Why are they here to watch the birth?

MING LI

At \$20 a head, baby already rich.

Someone hands Hannah a drink from the side. She turns around to see her twin sister, GRACE ANG, a near-carbon copy of Hannah, except very pregnant, glowing, and in a black gown.

HANNAH

Grace. Why aren't you naked, your legs spread in a jettied tub, screaming?

Grace kisses Hannah on both cheeks.

MING LI

Grace not 10 inches yet!

GRACE

Mom, the ruse is over.

MING LI

Always give Hannah too many credit. She not doctor. Could have fooled her least more five minutes.

HANNAH
Why would you lie?

GRACE
Mom thought it was the only way to
get you here.

HANNAH
For what? A mahjong convention?

MING LI
That's Sunday.

GRACE
To ring in the New Year with your
family.

HANNAH
That's twisted, even for you, Mom.

Hannah walks off, but is soon intercepted by a MAN.

MAN
Happy New Year!

HANNAH
It's not even midnight!

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - FOYER - SAME TIME

Mick opens the door, welcomes a GUEST. As he follows them, he unsticks an envelope from the bottom of his shoe. Despite some egg on the front, it's clear it says "To: Mick, (aka "Asshole")". He opens it. Begins reading. His eyes go wide.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

As MUSIC PLAYS, Grace pulls trays of hors d'oeuvres out of the fridge. Hannah, in the corner, not helping, drains her drink, then hops on the counter, crosses her legs.

HANNAH
Can I borrow some underwear?

GRACE
(studying Hannah sitting
on the counter)
Yeah, but what happened to yours?

HANNAH
They flew out the window.

GRACE

Then you wanna get off the counter?
And why do you smell like L.A.
Looks? Are you seeing Mick again?

Hannah, not budging, covertly smells her own hair.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hannah, you can do better than an
Asian fetishizer. Get someone who
loves you for you.

HANNAH

Mick's no "rice farmer"!

GRACE

He only dates Asians.

HANNAH

You're married to an Asian!

GRACE

Yeah, but I'm Asian!

HANNAH

So you're worse - you're an
inbreeding Asian fetishizer!!

GRACE

At least Kevin's a surgeon. And
6'3".

HANNAH

That's even worse - that means you
have achondroplasiaphobia!

GRACE

No, Hannah - that just means I have
standards!

(pause)

I just want you to find someone who
stabilizes you. When you're alone,
you're depressed. When you're with
him, you're depressed and psycho.
And, tonight, you seem...kiiinda
psycho.

HANNAH

Because Mom lured me here by lying
about you giving birth!

GRACE

(shrugging)

Maybe I'm just having flashbacks.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I bet Mick's dick has fallen off by now.

HANNAH

That dick was just inside me!!

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Hannah blurts out her admission just as the MUSIC STOPS; all the partygoers in the adjacent room stare at her.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Mick locks the bathroom door, sits on the closed toilet, and reads the letter.

MICK

"You were a prick, Mick, but you're one of the only people who appreciated me for more than how well I did in scholastic and professional endeavors. It was lots of fun...and infuriating...and insanity-inducing...but so much fun."

(he smiles)

"I won't forget it. But I'm done with this life...time for my swan dive. See you in Hell."

He drops the letter, jumps up, takes out his phone. Dials.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Hannah's in line for the bathroom. She doesn't notice her phone RING. Grace comes to hand her pants and underwear.

HANNAH

Can I use the master bath?

GRACE

I wouldn't. Kevin's been in there for an hour.

HANNAH

How sweet. Sympathy labor.

GRACE

I hope you forgive Mom for lying - it just really meant a lot for her and Dad to have you here.

HANNAH

Where is Dad?

Grace shrugs. Hannah looks at her watch, impatient.

GRACE

You better not be planning on skipping out before midnight.

HANNAH

It's just me - where would I need to go?

A WOMAN exits the bathroom, closes the door on Hannah. Hannah glares at her, opens the door.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Mick opens the bathroom door, exits, his phone to his ear.

MICK

Hannah, it's Mick. I should've known something was off when you slept with me - gimme a call back! Please don't do two stupid things in one day.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah puts on Grace's clothes, stares at herself in the mirror. Her phone BEEPS - it's a voicemail from Mick. She ignores it.

Opens a GPS app, types in "Golden Gate Bridge".

APP VOICE

There is unusually heavy traffic. You should reach your destination by 10:37 P.M.

HANNAH

Motherfucker.

She decides to use the toilet after all. On it, she reaches for the toilet paper, but it's empty. Even the roll is gone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You got to be kidding me.

She looks toward the bathroom counter, scanning it for paper. - nothing on the counter but a scented candle. She opens drawers, the cabinet under the sink - nothing.

She stops and focuses on the burning candle.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mick paces, looks out at the sports car in his driveway. A female GUEST (late 20s) walks by.

GUEST
Need something, Mick?

MICK
Nope.

GUEST
I can run out and pick something up
for you, if...y'know...

She looks down at his ankle.

MICK
No, I'm just thinking.

GUEST
OK. I'll be in the bathroom.

MICK
I think I'm out of toilet paper.

GUEST
No problem, I'll use a \$20 - I'm
just gonna rail some blow.

She heads off. Mick looks out at the car. Paces. Looks again.

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mick sneaks out to his car. Looks around. Gets in.

INT. MICK'S CAR - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

He pushes the ignition. Exhales.

MICK
Fuck it.

He peels out of the driveway, and his ankle monitor begins blinking red, WAILING incessantly.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hannah exits the bathroom with the burning candle. She bumps past the woman who earlier closed the door on her, almost lighting the woman's hair on fire. She goes to the end of the hall and looks up at a smoke alarm, makes sure no one sees her.

She holds the candle up to the smoke alarm and waits.

Nothing. Panicked, she checks her purse for something to ignite. Comes up empty. Then she checks her pockets and pulls out the two envelopes. She looks at them, indecisive. Shrugs.

She puts the ends of both in the candle flame, lets them catch, and raises them to the smoke detector. After a few seconds, the alarm BEEPS. She smiles, then drops them and runs off. Where they fall, the carpet catches fire!

A PARTYGOER down the hall spots it.

PARTYGOER ONE

FIRE!

The Partygoer runs up to the burning spot of carpet - stares at it. They're soon joined by PARTYGOER TWO.

PARTYGOER TWO

The carpet's on fire!

Others join them. After a bit--

PARTYGOER THREE

Does anyone have a fire-retardant blanket?

Everyone looks bewildered. Ming joins the spectacle.

MING LI

Everyone out of house! I not getting sued by your heirs.

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LATER

People mill about. There's a fire truck, but things seem contained. A couple FIREMEN walk out of the house, head toward Grace and Ming. Some guests then make their way to their cars. Hannah sneaks away with them.

MING LI

Everybody stick 'round! We be back inside by time for Hawaii New Year!

GRACE

Mom, let it go. It smells like the aftermath of the Yulin Dog Festival in there.

The remaining partygoers hear this, look horrified, disperse.

EXT. MICK'S CAR - U.S. 101 SOUTH - NIGHT

As before, Mick speeds along, two cop cars in his wake.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT - LATER

Hannah stands on the sidewalk of the Golden Gate Bridge among a mob of people. Sees, posted underneath a speed limit sign, another sign: "Suicide Hotline: 1-800-DONT-JUMP".

HANNAH

Call a suicide hotline? I'd rather kill myself.

She leans out and looks over the edge. Takes a deep breath.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: NEW YEAR'S EVE - ONE YEAR AGO

Hannah, Lindsay, and three other WOMEN, 30s, dressed in Coachella festivalwear, sit around a roaring fire, surrounded by nothing but constellations, cacti, and errant tumbleweeds.

LINDSAY

One hour till midnight!

She passes a stack of recycled paper to the girl on her left.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Okay, everyone write down your number-one New Year's resolution.

Three of the girls immediately scribble something down. The fourth, Hannah, chews on her pen. Sighs.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Hannah - this is the final step for attracting one's soulmate.

HANNAH

Who are you?

Hannah rolls her eyes, but writes something down.

LINDSAY

Good. Now come throw it into the fire. It seals your fate for the upcoming year.

Hannah takes her place next to Lindsay and looks down at her note - "Find happiness, or die trying." She lets it float into the fire, and...a FIREBALL ignites out of the flames.

END FLASHBACK.

Hannah steps back from the railing nervously. Looks around, looks back at the sign.

HANNAH

OK, try to convince me, fuckers.

She dials. It RINGS and RINGS. Finally...

HOTLINE (O.S)

(Indian accented)

Hello, and welcome to Don't Jump. If you're interested in killing yourself right now, kindly press the number 1. If someone else is killing themselves, kindly dial 9-1-1. If you will be killing yourself after some time, kindly press the number 2. If you would like to have these options repeated, kindly press the number 3. Para español, marque cuatro.

Hannah presses 1.

HOTLINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We are experiencing larger than normal call volumes. Your wait time is approximately 17 minutes. If it is more convenient for us to call you back, please enter your telephone number.

Hannah slides to the ground, listens to bad HOLD MUSIC.

ON SCREEN: 10 Minutes Later

Hannah is in the same spot, phone in her lap, on speaker.

VOICE (O.S.)

(Indian accent)

Hello, aspiring suicidant!

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My name is Tyrone. May I ask what is
depressing you?

HANNAH
Everything.

TYRONE (O.S.)
I'm sorry. I didn't quite catch
that. Could you please repeat?

HANNAH
I said, "Everything."

TYRONE (O.S.)
I'm sorry. I'm having trouble
understanding your accent. Please
hold while I transfer you-

HANNAH
No, wait-

TYRONE (O.S.)
-to a specialist.

Hannah throws her phone to the ground. It emits a loud TONE.

Her phone case (bright white teeth) bounces off in one
direction, the phone in another, disappearing.

Hannah hunts for the phone, finally retrieving it, sans case,
a conversation apparently already in full swing-

VOICE (O.S.)
(American accent)
And that's why it's such a Godsend
that we have someone calling up at
this hour. I'm sorry, I'm not
letting you get a word in edgewise.
Oh, Lord, I didn't even ask your
name! What is it?

HANNAH
Hannah.

VOICE (O.S.)
Last name, dear?

HANNAH
Li.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hannah Li? You're not that cute-as-a-
button little dentist, are you?

HANNAH

Umm...I used to be...I guess I am.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, you do amazing work! I'm Mathilda McCreight. I've picked up my granddaughter from your practice. I'm so glad it's you! Do you have plans tonight?

HANNAH

Well, I, ah -

MATHILDA (O.S.)

Great, come down as soon as you can. We can use all the help we can get tonight. Holidays are our busy season! And we're not far from the Golden Gate. I'm on my way in. Traffic is bad - lot of crazies out tonight! Some kind of police chase, too. Okay, see you soon, dear.

She hears police SIRENS in the distance, looks at her watch.

HANNAH

Shit, it's now or never.

She stands, grabs the railing, pulls up one foot when - as before, she sees the skinny Girl on the other side.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hey.

Startled, the Girl momentarily loses balance, but regains it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Sorry - didn't mean to scare you.

(pause)

So...come here often?

The Girl seems out of it. Doesn't answer.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Sorry - first time. Don't know the etiquette. What's your name?

GIRL

Kit.

HANNAH

I'm Hannah.

KIT
I have to jump now.

HANNAH
Why the rush? Oh, before midnight?

KIT
Why are you here?

HANNAH
Same reason.
(pause)
But then I called that number.

She points to the "Don't Jump" sign. In looking, KIT LOSES HER BALANCE. Hannah reaches out, and Kit GRABS HER HAND!

After a moment of heavy breathing by both--

KIT
That might work for you; if I don't jump now, I might never do it.

HANNAH
Doesn't that tell you something?

KIT
(shaking her head "no")
I've been thinking about it for a long time.

HANNAH
You got a reason?

KIT
I like girls.

HANNAH
You're in the right city for it.

KIT
My parents are Baptists.

HANNAH
Oh...shit, yeah...

KIT
Why are you here?

HANNAH
No one supports me, and...
(realizing)
I hate my job!

Kit looks at Hannah in total confusion.

KIT
So? You can quit.

Hannah stares back, seeing the shortsightedness of her complaint.

HANNAH
Listen, it's too fuckin' cold to
keep talking here...

She looks around.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
...on a railing over a shark
infested ocean. Let me buy you some
hot chocolate, and we can talk.
(pause)
If it sucks, we can come back.

This time, Kit cracks a smile. She steps toward Hannah and
grabs onto her tight.

Hannah carefully pulls Kit back over. By the time she's done,
Kit won't let go, and is weeping.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's OK.

INT. MICK'S CAR - U.S. 101 SOUTH - BRIDGE ENTRANCE - SAME
TIME

As before, Mick's car hits the spike strip and stops.

MICK
Armageddon!

He opens his door - and runs for his life down the bridge.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

An SUV with a Jesus fish bumper sticker, and cross hanging
from the rearview, comes to a stop on the 101 South side.

Angry drivers HONK.

Hannah, still embracing Kit, looks over her shoulder.

MATHILDA McCREIGHT (a heavy-set older woman) leans out of the
car, frantically waving her arms.

MATHILDA
Hannah! Hannah Li!

HANNAH
Kill me now.

KIT
Who's yelling at you?

HANNAH
Some crazy lady from Don't Jump.

The DRIVER behind Mathilda jumps out of his car.

DRIVER
Hey, lady, if you're gonna jump,
take your fucking car with you!

Hannah looks from the Driver to Mathilda and back at Kit.

HANNAH
(to Kit)
Listen, I think we can get out of
here if we go with Crazy. C'mon!

Hannah grabs Kit's hand, dragging her along.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
But, be careful crossing - don't
wanna get ourselves Froggered.

They cross two lanes of traffic and hop the divider.

DRIVER
(to Mathilda)
Are you deaf and stupid?

HANNAH
(to Mathilda)
Hope it's OK, I brought a friend.

MATHILDA
Oh, the more, the merrier!

Hannah pushes Kit into the backseat. Before she climbs in, she flips off the Driver. As they drive off, Hannah looks out the back window, sees a helicopter circling. As the bridge disappears from her view, she puts her hand to the glass.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Mick is at the middle of the bridge - when FOUR CHP OFFICERS tackle him, bind his hands behind him.

He looks up to see - a phone case on the ground - a smiling set of perfect white teeth painted on - Hannah's. He's in shock.

INT. "DON'T JUMP" HOTLINE CALL CENTER - LATER

Hannah walks in with Kit, sees people in cubicles with headsets. On the walls are posters with text: "Don't Do It", "We're Just a Call Away", "No Need to Rush the Inevitable".

Kit starts to sob again.

HANNAH
(to Mathilda)
She's had a rough night.

Mathilda understands and jumps into action.

MATHILDA
Kit, why don't you come with me? So
we can talk a bit?

Kit looks at Hannah; Hannah nods. So does Kit. Mathilda leads Kit away. Hannah sighs and takes an empty seat in a cubicle.

On the desk before her, next to the monitor and keyboard, is a large chef's knife lying atop a plastic-encased cake (on top of which is written, in icing, "Made It Through Another One!"). She looks at the door to the bathroom. Looks at the knife...at her watch...at the door to the bathroom...

The phone RINGS. Hannah looks around, but everyone else is on a call. RING. She pushes the cake aside and picks it up.

HANNAH
Uh...Suicide...Hotline?

VOICE (O.S.)
...hello?

HANNAH
...Uhh, hey. How are things...err...
(reading prompts on the
computer screen)
Oh, my name is...uhh...Hannah! What
prompted you to reach out today?

VOICE (O.S.)
Things...have been better...

HANNAH
Join the club...

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, you too...what's wrong?

HANNAH

(laughs)

No, no, you go first.

VOICE (O.S.)

You sure?

HANNAH

Yeah. I think that's how it works.

VOICE (O.S.)

I just had a horrible fight with my boyfriend. He stormed out, said to never contact him again. I've called him over and over. I left a dozen messages. He won't pick up. I don't know what to do. I tried to shower, but I just want to die. I want the pain to stop.

HANNAH

(looking at the prompts)

A lot of people feel this way.

You're not alone. There are people here for you. I'm here for you.

(cringes, improvises)

OK, look, you feel terrible right now. You feel worthless and like no one cares about you and that it would serve them right if they found out you were dead. But...

(reflecting)

...think about all the things you do have. You were happy with him, right? And he sounds like a bastard. Just think how happy you'll be with a good guy - someone who deserves you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Pfft! I'll be alone forever.

HANNAH

C'mon, girls always think that. I have a best friend...this time last year...no prospects. Thought she deserved to die alone. Now? Married, mother of two - and one is even hers! Never been happier. Frankly, she's a different person.

VOICE (O.S.)

I guess there are a few guys who
like me. Or, did, when I was single.
But I love Lenny.

HANNAH

Hey, now, there are about a thousand
apps for meeting people without
leaving your phone. And we'll search
until we find a good one who doesn't
walk out on you!

VOICE (O.S.)

You have a great outlook on stuff.
You must have only healthy
relationships, huh?

HANNAH

Ha! Well, coaching and doing are two
different things...

VOICE (O.S.)

I feel a bit better now. I should
let you go - it's almost midnight.

HANNAH

No! You're barely off the ledge.
Let's set up an emergency plan for
when insidious thoughts once again
invade your head and you don't have
my annoying voice in your ear.

VOICE (O.S.)

You make it sound inevitable.

HANNAH

It's not totally hopeless, but,
people like us - we need a plan.

Mathilda enters, turns up the call center TV VOLUME as the
ball drops. Hannah sneaks a peek over the cubicle wall, meets
Kit's eyes, gives a "one minute" sign, then ducks back down.

MATHILDA

Everyone who's free, join in!

MULTIPLE VOICES

...Three! Two! One! Happy New Year!

MATHILDA

OK, everyone saving lives, please
continue. Everyone else, let's go
eat!

Mathilda picks up the knife and cake, then scoots off.

HANNAH

Sorry for the noise. Our director is
apparently psychotically cheerful.
But, congrats!

VOICE (O.S.)

For what?

HANNAH

You survived another year! Now,
let's figure out that plan.

INT. "DON'T JUMP" HOTLINE CALL CENTER - LATER

Hannah hangs up a call, Mathilda comes by with some cake.

MATHILDA

I see you were taking calls?

HANNAH

Well, no one was here. The phone was
ringing. And I was like, "Well, what
if no one answers, and..."

MATHILDA

No, you did the right thing! The
reps in Bangalore have cost us a few
lately. Thank you. It seemed the
call went well?

HANNAH

Yeah...I think so.

MATHILDA

I'd planned to give you some
pointers, but...Kit told me what you
did. You're a natural.

(pause)

She's calmed down some. One of the
girls is going to take her home.

(pause)

So, when can you come back?

HANNAH

Me? Counsel callers?

(devoid of excuses)

...my nights are wide open...

MATHILDA

(smiling)

Eight tomorrow night? And I'll put
you on the list for training.

Hannah nods, turns to leave, but glances at the TV, showing a
handcuffed Mick being led to a police car.

HANNAH

(motioning to TV)

Mathilda! Can you...turn that up?

Mathilda grabs the remote and raises the VOLUME.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

This is video from just before
midnight of police taking into
custody cosmetic dentist Mick León
after a high-speed chase that ended
at the Golden Gate Bridge. No word
on what started it, but some suspect
León, under house arrest for crimes
against teeth, was making a run for
the bridge with the intention of
pulling off a dramatic New Year's
Eve suicide dive. Celebrity
psychologist Dr. Bill called León's
actions a desperate grasp for
publicity by a highly troubled
individual, noting that the
dentistry profession has one of the
highest rates of suicide.

Hannah's jaw drops.

HANNAH

Never thought I'd live to see that.

END OF SHOW