

HANNAH

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ACT ONE

EXT. SIDEWALK. MORNING.

HANNAH SIMONE (awesome, 29, but lives like she's 22) hustles down the street with swagger, holding a tray of coffees, earbuds in. Kendrick's "Humble" plays.

HANNAH (V.O.)
"I don't mean to brag, but I love
my life right now..."

She suddenly trips over nothing, spilling coffee all over herself, knocking out her earbuds and ruining her jacket.

HANNAH
Fuck my life!

EXT. GOODWILL. LATER.

Hannah exits wearing a new, second-hand ski jacket. Buds back in, music back up.

HANNAH (V.O.)
"It's such an exciting time to live
in this city. Everywhere I go I
meet the most interesting people."

Hannah warmly leans down to offer a HOMELESS PERSON change. He reflexively lunges at her, jabbing a pencil in her shoulder.

HOMELESS PERSON
ARGH!

HANNAH
DUDE! WHAT THE HELL?!

She pulls the pencil out of her shoulder.

HANNAH
I'm keeping this.

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Hannah sits on her bed-slash-desk-slash-couch in her cramped studio apartment, writing an email on her laptop.

HANNAH (V.O.)
"My apartment is SO cute. I love
the open floorplan..."

All without getting up, she reaches into the fridge, grabs soup, smells it, decides "no," and dumps it into the toilet.

INT. KENDALL COMMUNICATIONS. BOARDROOM. DAY.

A meeting filled with important people, including ELON MUSK.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"Work is amazing. Being at Kendall Communications means I'm at the forefront of PR. Today I was in a client meeting with Elon Musk!

Hannah hands out coffees, trying to stay out of the way.

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE BULLPEN. DAY.

Hannah's dad, SID (60's, Indian, all heart), reads the email that Hannah's V.O is narrating. He turns to a co-worker.

SID

Elon Musk specifically requested a meeting with my daughter!

INT. KENDALL COMMUNICATIONS. OFFICE. DAY.

Hannah stands with MEREDITH KENDALL (50's, no-nonsense) who bumps into Hannah as she talks on the phone, gesturing, annoyed.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"Dad, you'll be proud to know that I'm working shoulder to shoulder with industry baller, Meredith Kendall. She includes me at every level. I'm basically her Huma."

MEREDITH (INTO PHONE)

What? No, idiot. I'm sending my intern.
(to Hannah)
There's a problem with my pool. Go!

As Hannah rushes out...

HANNAH (V.O.)

"It's satisfying to know she values me so much..."

EXT. MEREDITH'S MANSION. DAY.

Hannah directs a crane as it lowers a port-a-potty next to a pool construction site. She turns her head at the smell.

INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A fancy cocktail party is in full swing.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"It's not just my days that are busy. Most nights you'll find me kickin' it at a big, elite event."

REVEAL: Hannah, in a caterer's uniform, passing out apps.

HANNAH

(to guests, alternating out-loud, under breath)

Tuna crisp? Kill me? Tuna crisp? Hate my life. Tuna crisp?

INT. CAROLINE'S STUDIO. DAY.

Hannah's mom, CAROLINE (60's, white, genuinely wants to know what your sign is) lounges on a meditation pillow, reading Hannah's email on her ipad, (light Bollywood music in the BG).

HANNAH (V.O.)

"But don't worry, mom, I'm still prioritizing self care. Just like you, I'm doing yoga every morning..."

INT. SUBWAY. DAY.

Hannah balances coffees, etc. as she twists through a mass of people. She ducks the turnstile with the grace of a master yogi.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"And although I haven't found my great love story, like you and dad or Justin and Hailey, I'm keeping myself open..."

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Hannah waits, looking at a HANDSOME GUY on a dating app. He enters, only he looks nothing like his picture; he looks like a young Ted Cruz. Hannah grabs a waiter's tray and walks out.

HANNAH

Order up!

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hannah's back on her bed.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"Anyway, see you guys soon at dad's retirement dinner! But for now, I thought you'd be happy to hear that things are good, life is full, and I'm killing it!"

Hannah collapses into her pillow with a dejected grunt.

TITLE CARD: HANNAH

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. MORNING.

Hannah's startled awake by the sound of knocking at her door.

HANNAH

(out of it)

If you're not someone delivering
free pizza I'm gonna be mad at you!

She shuffles to the door and opens it to reveal her LANDLORD.

HANNAH

Mr. Kim? Oh god, rent...

(covering)

It's a Venmo issue. Or Apple Pay. Which
did I use? Either way, Zuckerberg's to
blame.

LANDLORD

No, I have good news. The building's
going condo, and current tenants get the
first opportunity to buy!

Hannah stares at him a beat and then starts laughing.

HANNAH

I'm sorry-- that's dope. I'm in.
And I assume the *eleven* dollars and
half a Kit-Kat I have to my name
will cover the down payment?

(off his look)

Seriously dude, this neighborhood needs
affordable housing, *not* condos. Don't
make me tweet at AOC about this...

LANDLORD

Hannah, can't you just be happy for
me? I'm gonna make a lot of money.

(off her look)

Look, if you can't buy in, you
gotta move out.

HANNAH

Whoawhoawhoa, hold up my man. Hold
UP. My man. How long do I have?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Hannah stands outside with duffle bags and boxes.

TITLE CARD: "EPISODE I: WHERE TO?"

HANNAH
(as if answering)
I DON'T KNOW, DUDE!

INT. WEDDING TENT. DAY.

Hannah stands with her caterer friend, ORANGE (large, always seems stoned, honest to a fault), holding trays of champagne.

ORANGE
So you're homeless?

HANNAH
Only on paper. And in real life. Yeah I'm legit homeless. That was the only place I could afford working these busted ass catering gigs.
(to bride and groom)
Congratulations, beautiful ceremony!

ORANGE
Y'know, you'd have money if you had a real *job* during the day instead of an *unpaid internship*.

Frustrated, she takes a sneaky, long sip of champagne.

HANNAH
Don't judge me. I'm having a week.
A month.
(sighs, takes another sip)
Several years.

Hannah looks over and notices a nearby CAGE OF DOVES.

HANNAH
Disgusting. Caging majestic animals for this basic-ass lunchtime wedding.

ORANGE
Are you drunk?

HANNAH
Lil' bit, homey. But I timed it so I'll be sober by the time I have to go to my dad's retirement dinner. Which will be VERY relaxing since he thinks I essentially run the PR world.

ORANGE

Well you clearly do great PR for yourself if he thinks that.

HANNAH

Okay, so I've been *spinning* the truth a bit. But it's out of love! The man moved his family to America so *I* could succeed. The least I can do is make him *believe* it was worth it!

ORANGE

I feel like we're fighting, but it's hard to tell which side I'm on.

HANNAH

Whatever, it's all gonna be fine soon enough. There's an opening for a junior publicist, and after years of hustling for free I'm a lock. I'll be mid-level in five years, veep in ten, partner in twenty. Which is, y'know... the dream?

She downs another champagne, clearly not sure it's "the dream" at all. Her phone rings.

HANNAH

Dammit, it's *her*.

She ducks behind an ice sculpture to answer.

HANNAH (INTO PHONE)

Meredith! Hiii!

INTERCUT with MEREDITH in her house.

MEREDITH (INTO PHONE)

Hannah, I have a full day of projects I need you to take care of before I leave for Cape Town tonight. Write this down...

Hannah thinks quick and rips a page from the guest book.

MEREDITH

The presentation deck needs to be printed, my entry visa needs to be picked up, I need you to get Kyle from daycare and bring him to the doctor--

HANNAH (INTO PHONE)

Oh no, is Kyle okay?

MEREDITH

Yes, he's coming with me, and I want him to sleep on the plane. He needs meds.

HANNAH

Uh, Meredith, I of course want to crush this for you, but my dad's retirement dinner is tonight...

MEREDITH

Hannah, if you want to start getting paid, you need to *earn* it. Every task is a chance to prove yourself.

Meredith hangs up. Hannah deflates. A WEDDING PLANNER approaches.

WEDDING PLANNER

Excuse me? Are you *hablo*-ing on your *telo-phono* during your shift?

HANNAH

Why are you speaking Span--
(giving in)
Si, Lo Siento.

WEDDING PLANNER

No comprende, dear. Back to *trabajo*.

Hannah stands up, pissed, teeters, tries to steady herself on an ice sculpture, sending it to the ground with a CRASH.

WEDDING PLANNER

Okay, you're fired. *Fired. Fuego.*

HANNAH

No-no-no, I need this job--
(off her leaving)
Fine! Walk away! But know this: I'm half-Indian! I spoke Spanish because it's easier than explaining how racist you are. And "fired" is definitely not *fuego*.

She starts to storm out, then notices the dove cage.

HANNAH

C'mon, guys, follow me...

She opens the cage, but the birds don't follow her out. They fly back into the tent, causing chaos. Terrified guests duck under tables, knock over the cake, etc. Hannah slinks out.

EXT./ESTAB. SIMONE HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. LATER

INT. HANNAH'S 2004 PRIUS. SAME.

A Prius pulls up... with a SHEEPDOG driving? REVEAL: The sheepdog (KYLE) sits on Hannah's lap.

HANNAH

Okay, Kyle, check it, I'm gonna go in for the world's quickest dinner: "Congrats-on-retiring-dad-food's-delish-uhp-gotta-go-do-something-important-cause-I'm-a-huge-success!" And *then* you and I will get everything done, which *seems* low-key impossible? But we'll find a way because I'm screwed otherwise.

(off his blank look)

You getting any of this? Stay here. If my parents find out I'm a glorified dog sitter it'll be Weezer-cover-album level bad.

Hannah exits the car, then sticks her head back in:

HANNAH

Want me to put on a paw-dcast?
That's a hilarious pun but I don't have time to congratulate myself.

INT. SIMONE HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Hannah enters the living room. The museum placard would read: "1980's American Family With Slight Indian Influence."

HANNAH

Mom? Dad?

Hannah's dad, Sid, comes out of the kitchen, wearing jeans and a denim shirt. He gives her a big hug and a playful look.

SID

Banana! Oh no! You just missed the *Forbes* people! They dropped off a copy of their new cover!

Sid hands Hannah a crudely photoshopped magazine cover with Hannah's face: "PR's Rising Star!" Hannah smiles and rolls her eyes.

HANNAH

Wow, you are literally turning into an Indian Bob Saget.

SID

You flatter me. And if you don't want me to be proud, stop being so amazing. Or start lying and telling me you're *not* doing well-- just joking, don't do that, I love that you tell me everything!

Hannah shifts, uncomfortable as Sid puts the cover on a shelf dedicated to Hannah's successes: a framed article about a young Hannah raising money for the homeless, teen Hannah leading a massive beach clean-up, etc.

HANNAH

So, happy retirement! It's like that old song, *school's out for summer*, but you're at the *school's out FOREVER* part.

SID

I don't know that song.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Probably 'cause it's not Huey Lewis.

REVEAL: Caroline, dressed in an over-the-top, ornate sari.

HANNAH

Damn, mom! Where are you going, a London Bollywood premiere?

CAROLINE

This sari has been worn during celebrations by three generations of women in our family.

HANNAH

Cool, is that from your Dutch side or your Minnesota Irish side?

CAROLINE

Hannah, I gave birth to Indian children, so... I AM mother India.

HANNAH

I AM mother India.

HANNAH

Okay crazy woman, I love you. Hey, can we eat? Where's Jacky?

SID

In a hurry? New client? Oh man, is it Ted Danson?!

CAROLINE

Sid, let her be. Hannah, Jack's on his way, but you know how he is. He's finishing his hair...

INT. JACK'S TOWNHOUSE. SAME.

Drake's *In My Feelings* plays over STYLIZED QUICK CUTS:

-In the bathroom, JACK (20's, vain, manicured yet hip-hop, undercover sweetheart), meticulously does his hair, carefully using product after product. Then, to the mirror, satisfied:

JACK
Alright, playa.

-Moments later, Jack enters his garage and does a complete walk-around of his new BMW 3-series, admiring every angle.

-He hops in and revs up the engine, opens the garage and pulls out onto the street... then immediately makes a right turn into the driveway next door, which we reveal is...

EXT. SIMONE HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

...his parents' house. Jack lives next door to his parents.
END MUSIC. Hannah, Sid and Caroline wait on the front steps.

HANNAH
Seriously? You drove here? You just wanted me to see your new car.
(off his look)
I *really* like it. You're *hella* rich.

JACK
Thank you.

HANNAH
Can we eat now?

Hannah heads inside.

JACK
What's her rush?

SID
She won't say, but I think she's about to sign a big client. Some people are saying it's Ted Danson.

INT. DINING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

The family sits around the dinner table. Sid raises a glass.

SID
I'd just like to say how nice it is to be here with all of the most important people to me--

SUSAN (O.S.)
Here, here.

REVEAL: SUSAN (middle-aged, Australian, boozy, confident, insane) sliding into the table with a glass of wine.

SID

Don't remember inviting you,
Susan... but thrilled you're here.

SUSAN

Wouldn't have missed it. I'm
Caroline's ride-or-die, I'm as much
a part of this family as anybody.
Plus, I'm getting a bunch of weed
delivered here later, so...

HANNAH

Guys, I'm really sorry, but I kinda
have to eat and bounce.

SID

That's fine. I know you're busy. I
just want to give a quick toast.
(raises glass)
To the end of an era and a big change
for me. I've been going to the same
office for nearly thirty years...

The family looks around, lovingly playing a game they've
clearly played before: *Pile On Sid*.

CAROLINE

Eating the same breakfast...

JACK

Driving the same route...

HANNAH

Bumpin' the same Huey Lewis CD...

SID

How fun. Jokes at my expense. My
family of Jay Lenos. I know I have
become a creature of habit...

Sid looks down a beat. Caroline clocks this and keeps it upbeat.

CAROLINE

How about we open up presents?

Hannah silently freaks out. She doesn't have a present.

CAROLINE

I wanted to get you tea from
the village you grew up in,
but then I remembered...
"America is better."

SID

(laughing)

USA! USA!

CAROLINE

So I got you Emeril's new cookbook. It's
similar to his *last* cookbook, so...

Bam! CAROLINE SID
BAM!

JACK
(handing gift to Sid)
Check it out, I got you a fob bag.
It protects your fob so no one can
break into your car remotely.

CAROLINE
He drives a '98 Chevy Malibu, it
doesn't use a fob. I told you to
get him a denim shirt!

SID
(happy fact)
I do like Western wear.

JACK
I'm trying to quietly encourage him
to get a better car!

SUSAN
In the meantime, I'll take that.

Susan grabs the fob bag. All eyes on Hannah. She tries to stall.

HANNAH
Oh! My turn! Yes. Okay. My gift is a
little... less traditional... in that
it's not a *thing* per se... Really when
you get down to it what *is* a gift?

SID
Shh! Did you hear that?

There's a SCRATCHING at the door. Hannah looks nervous: shit,
it's the dog. Sid starts over towards the door.

HANNAH SID
Uh, dad, wait-- Oh my god, no you did not...

Sid opens the door. Kyle jumps on him and starts kissing him.

SID HANNAH
OH MY GOD YOU DID! YOU GOT ME
A DOG! I LOVE HIM SO MUCH! Oh god, please no.

SID
Only my daughter, who knows me so well,
could get me this gift. You remembered my
stories about growing up in India with my
sheepdog, Jafar. My best and only friend.

HANNAH

(pained, gritted teeth)

I did! I did absolutely remember that!

SID

Hannah, my god. Wow. Every single sacrifice I made to leave India and raise you here, so that you could be the person you are today, brimming with generosity and *integrity*... it was all beyond worth it...

(gets choked up)

Not only are you a huge success, you have a huge heart. You're the world's best daughter--

Hannah can't do it anymore. She braces herself and then it all comes out. An avalanche.

HANNAH

YOU CAN'T KEEP THE DOG! It's my boss's! I'm just an intern! I lost my one actual paying gig and, side-but-related-note, I'm homeless. So I need to get out of here RIGHT now - with that dog - and get a million things done so I can impress Meredith and actually start getting paid. Okay?!

Sid and the family look at her shocked a long beat.

HANNAH

I'm sorry, I'm a terrible daughter. I shouldn't have lied, but it was just this once, I promise. Actually, that's a *huge* lie. I lie all the time. But I'm going to get better, because you raised me better. You taught me to be honest, and you've always honest with me, and I'm so sorry--

SID

Your mother and I are divorced!

HANNAH

What?!

Hannah and Jack are shocked... Beat, then DING DONG.

SUSAN

Tough timing, but does someone have two-hundred dollars to pay the weed guy?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SIMONE HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

As we were. The family stands, shell-shocked.

HANNAH

What do you mean, divorced? I called you on your anniversary last month and you said you were having "a beautiful and relaxing day!"

SID

Well, separately, we were. Your mother was at a meditation retreat and I was home, binging Bosch... What about you? You told us you were "in charge of the Chipotle account."

HANNAH

It's the petty cash account we use for picking up Chipotle. I'm in charge of it.

SID

I thought we told each other everything.

HANNAH

So did I.

An uncomfortable beat.

SUSAN

This feels like an immediate family thing. I should go.

She refills her wine and stays.

CAROLINE

Hannah, your head must be spinning like a pottery wheel. Let me answer some questions you must have. For the past several months, I've been staying in the studio--

HANNAH

You mean the garage?

CAROLINE

A *studio* is any space where one's soul can dance. Hannah, I just want to explain my perspective on this divorce. Because, the truth is, I needed it.

HANNAH

You needed it? So it was your idea? What about dad?!

Sid silently puts his hands up: what could I do?

CAROLINE

Change is a river, Hannah. I couldn't just stand like a dam, I had to *flow*. I really think this divorce is an opportunity for us to be like sisters who tell each other everything: I fell in love with someone new.

HANNAH

WHAT.

CAROLINE

Yeah, and she's really great. "She?!"

HANNAH

Hannah incredulously looks at Caroline, and then to Sid, who looks down, not willing to engage.

CAROLINE

Me! I'm finally in a relationship with myself. In every way. *Every way--*

HANNAH

Okay, I gotta go. I can't afford Spotify right now, let alone therapy.

Hannah stands to leave. Susan leans into Jack.

SUSAN

You're quiet, huh? Like a little titmouse. Thinking about how you're from a broken home now?

JACK

I wasn't!

Jack storms out suddenly spinning and upset.

HANNAH

Thanks for that, Susan. You broke Jack. Jacky, wait!

Hannah exits after Jack.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Hannah finds Jack on the curb. He sighs.

HANNAH

Dude, I know this is crazy. Mom and Dad were like the best love story of all time and now I don't know what to think and honestly if I talk about it now I'm going to cry and my contact

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

will pop out and I don't have time for that, so can we talk about this later with so much whiskey?

JACK

I just can't believe I'm from a broken home. Where am I even gonna live?

HANNAH

Bruh. In your *townhouse*. That you *own*. What about me? Your girl's *homeless*. Actually, can I stay with you?

JACK

Hell no! I have a roommate. And remember last time you crashed? Remember Juicegate?

INT. JACK'S TOWNHOUSE. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

Romantic vibe. Jack snuggles with his DATE on the couch.

DATE

Your hair smells good.

JACK

I know this.

As they're about to kiss:

HANNAH (O.S.)

Knock-knock, big sister patrol!

Hannah enters with a tray, completely ruining the moment.

HANNAH

I thought you guys might want juice! Or as Jack used to say when he was little, "juith." Ha ha...

(off his look, taking hint)

Psht, you guys are way too old and cool for juice. Get outta here, grandma! Ha ha. Have a good night.

She exits. Jack turns to his date to make a move when there's a loud O.S. crash: clearly Hannah dropping the entire tray.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Oh god! Big spill! REAL big one! Glass everywhere! Oh no, I'm bleeding! Oh man, lotta blood! Wait-- no, wait. That's just the juice. I'm fine. Gonna sop it up with some paper towel-- uhp! Nicked myself on the glass, now I *am* bleeding.

Off Jack's annoyance...

EXT. SIMONE HOUSE. (BACK TO SCENE)

JACK

Why don't you just move back home?

HANNAH

Ha. No. We're *not* that kind of traditional Indian family. Plus mom's a little... *extra* right now and dad's never even heard me swear. I'll find something. Is the Y still a thing?

(re: ping on her phone)

Shit. Meredith. Jacky, I promise we'll figure this all out, but right now I *have* to concentrate on killing this assignment so I can *actually* make something of myself.

JACK

And *make money*. You know why I work in finance? 'Cause it's rewarding? No! 'Cause I love getting paid! Get that fetti, girl!

Hannah hurries off just as Sid exits the house with Kyle the dog and gets into...

EXT. / INT. HANNAH'S 2004 PRIUS. CONTINUOUS.

SID

Okay, let's hit it!

HANNAH

What-- no, dad. First of all, my car can't handle that much denim. Secondly, I have work to do.

SID

Oh I know, Chipotle. That's why I'm coming. From what I've just learned, the way you're doing things is clearly not working, and since I had a long, successful career at one company, maybe I have a thing or two to offer...

HANNAH

I get it. You're worried. And I haven't been telling you everything. But frankly, have you? Just let me do my thing. I've got this.

SID

(little smirk)

Okay. You've "got this." My apologies.

He gets out of the car. Kyle follows him.

HANNAH

Kyle, get back in the car, my dude.

Kyle stays with Sid, who shrugs.

SID

We've become very close. Please,
"do your thing."

HANNAH

C'mon, Kyle. Up boy! Woof boy! Y'ah
boy! Leaving in three! Two! One--

Kyle still doesn't move.

HANNAH

OK, fine! But we're doing this my way.

As they settle in:

HANNAH

Okay, there's a lot to do. I have to
get Meredith's visa, dry cleaning,
print an entire presentation deck
and get Kyle to the vet for his
travel anxiety medicine...

Hannah consults her phone while Sid jots notes in a notebook,
looks at his watch, jots more notes, looks at his watch again...

SID

Exactly how many minutes do we have?

HANNAH

I don't know, like two hours-- will
you stop obsessively looking at
your watch? And where did you get
that notebook?

SID

I always carry a notebook. How else
would I make my flow charts-- uhp, my
pen's out of ink. Can I use yours?

He grabs what's clearly a vape pen from Hannah's cup holder.

HANNAH

Dad, that's not gonna--
(grabs it back)
Look, we don't need your flow
charts! I have a plan.

SID

Fine, I'll just navigate and plan the most efficient route...

(digging in glovebox)

No map... but I found where your *many* unpaid parking tickets live. They're going to boot your car!

HANNAH

No they won't, there's a grace period. I'll pay them when I get the job. Do you not trust me?

SID

I do! I do. I do I do I do I do I do.

HANNAH

Saying it a thousand times really is convincing, thanks. Y'know, if you want to talk about *trust*, and have a *real* conversation, you *could* start with why you never told me what was going on with mom...

Sid looks down. He's definitely not ready for that. A beat, then he retreats to comfortable territory.

SID

Banana Bread, I love you. You're great at so many things. You would drop anything to help anyone at any time... but maybe that doesn't make for the best *time management*. I can help, I've always been good at *organization*.

(re: notebook)

Now, let's start with the visa, as the lines may be the longest...

HANNAH

Sorry to interrupt your Tedx Talk, but I hired a task rabbit to stand in line so we can handle everything else, all of which is gonna require stuff outside of your flow chart, so hang onto your Canadian tuxedo.

She pulls out. Sid rips the flowchart from his notebook and checks his watch again.

SID

(under his breath)

I don't like this.

HANNAH

What did you say?

SID

I said, I don't like this. I don't know why I said it under my breath, I openly don't like this.

INT. JACK'S TOWNHOUSE. A LITTLE LATER.

Jack sits in the den with his roommate TOM (mid-20s, gay, geeky heartthrob), who half-watches something on his laptop.

JACK

I can't believe my parents split up. I just didn't see it coming.

TOM

I did.

JACK

You did?! You've met them like twice.

TOM

I'm tuned into people. I'm very sensitive. I'm an empath.

(re: laptop)

HA! This guy for sure broke his nose.

REVEAL he's watching a YouTube compilation of people falling. Caroline and Susan enter.

CAROLINE

Ding dong!

JACK

Are you making a doorbell sound? We do have an actual doorbell...

SUSAN

I poured gas station tequila into a wine bottle I found in the neighbor's recycling. A little trick I learned from Frankie Ford Coppola.

CAROLINE

We thought we'd just pop over for a hang! How fun is that??

TOM

Very?

JACK

Mom, I'm kinda twisted about the whole divorce thing. I just wanna chill and get my head together.

CAROLINE

That's why we're here! I know you think of me as your mom slash local crystal expert, but this divorce is actually an exciting chance for the two of us to get closer. As *bros!* Should we order some 'Za??

JACK

(beat, then)
What?

ANGLE ON Susan tinkering around in the kitchen.

TOM

Can I help you find something?

SUSAN

Just stoned and snooping, thanks.

Off Jack and Tom, in hell...

INT. YO! NUTZ DONUTS. LATER.

A very hipstery donut spot. Cool customers order from tattooed employees. 90s hip hop plays. Hannah and Sid enter. Sid checks his watch, worried about time.

SID

If you had allowed me to make a flow chart, it would have shown we have no time for snack stops.

HANNAH

Dad, I hope this isn't too uncomfortable, but I need to ask: is mom leaving you because she found out you're having an affair with a flow chart?

SID

(ignoring, re: donut names)
Ilana Glaze-er, John Tur-Churro...
This is silly. This entire place is frivolous.

HANNAH

It's part of the plan! And yikes! When did you become so judgmental and stuck in your ways? And you wonder why we never talk about anything real?

Sid looks stung. Hannah pulls back -- did she go too far? A tense beat, then she walks off to order at the counter. After a beat, an EMPLOYEE approaches Sid with a sample tray.

EMPLOYEE

Wanna try the *Rudy Jellyani*?

Sid rolls his eyes, takes a sample and eats it.

SID

(mouth full, quiet)

Holy *jalebi*.

A hip hop beat plays. He nods his head to it as he chews. His bobbing head gets more into it. He opens his eyes and starts fully dancing to the beat, taking pronounced bites of donut. The hipster crowd surrounds him. He full-blown dances, blowing handfuls of powdered sugar at his adoring fans.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Dad? Hello? You dead?

Sid opens his eyes. The crowd's gone. Just a little daydream.

SID

Oh yeah- yeah, I'm fine. This place just gives me a headache, you know?

HANNAH

Let's go, you're scaring the white hipsters.

Hannah sighs and exits with a box of donuts.

INT. COPY COP COPY SHOP. MOMENTS LATER.

Hannah and Sid enter a crowded copy shop. Lines everywhere. Sid again nervously checks his watch.

SID

Look at these lines! We shouldn't have wasted all of that time at the donut shop... Okay, I'll quickly assess which line is fastest based on work load...

Hannah gives Sid a "wait for it" look and makes a beeline to JONAH, a frazzled employee, carrying the donuts.

HANNAH

(sing-songy)

Jooo-nahhh.

JONAH

Hannah, yes! Gimme gimme.

He takes the donuts and eats one in a single bite.

JONAH

Yikes, Jonah. Chew please.

He hands her a stack of documents bound in brown paper.

JONAH

Here's your deck. You're lucky I'm a sucker for these things, we're at a two-hour wait.

Hannah high fives Jonah, and walks triumphantly towards Sid.

HANNAH

Hear that? We never would have made it. I told you I had a plan.

SID

Okay, I'm impressed. Is that what you want to hear?

HANNAH

SO badly.

They laugh. It's finally a nice, light moment between them.

HANNAH

Okay, let's bounce. This is still going to be tight... like your Wranglers. Sorry. But they're too small on you.

SID

Says the girl in the adult-sized baby onesie.

HANNAH

It's a romper!

They start to walk out as JENNY, a harried thirty-something woman, enters. She gets in line for a machine, realizes it's too long, gets in another, checks the time on her phone, and starts to quietly cry. Hannah can't help but notice.

HANNAH

Hi-- are you... okay?

JENNY

I can't believe I'm crying in public. I promised to make fifty programs for my son's kindergarten play, but I got stuck at work and now I'll never make it... you ever feel like a huge disappointment?

Hannah gives her a warm, empathetic smile.

HANNAH

Literally all the time.

Sid hears this. It clearly hits him. A moment of culpability and regret on his face. Jenny looks to Hannah.

JENNY

I'm sorry, this is not your problem,
and you seem like you're in a hurry...

HANNAH

I mean, yeah...

She looks over to Sid. Rather than checking his watch, he calmly smiles at Hannah and gives her an encouraging nod. With that, Hannah springs into action, takes the program from Jenny and jumps up on a counter without hesitating, addressing all:

HANNAH

Excuse me, everyone? I want
to introduce you to--

JENNY

(a little embarrassed)
Jenny.

HANNAH

Jenny! She's an amazing mom and unless
we help, her son's gonna be expelled.

JENNY

That's not actually--

HANNAH

Lemme do my thing, Jenny.

Hannah hands out pages as she directs.

HANNAH

Machine one, you get page one, fifty
copies. Two, you get two. Three? You get
the drill. Guy in the bike shorts - REALLY
hope you have a bike outside - you're on
fold, woman in the headband THAT I LOVE
you're on staple. Jonah, put down the
donut and give me some work music!

UPBEAT MUSIC as the store springs into action. Jenny and Sid watch as Hannah directs the chorus of strangers working in perfect harmony. Barely twenty seconds pass and they're done. CHEERS and high fives all around. Jenny hugs Hannah and runs out. Hannah beams, proud -- but not as proud as Sid.

EXT. STREET. MOMENTS LATER.

They walk towards the car. Sid can't contain his excitement.

SID

Did you see yourself back there?
You're Obama of the print shop!

HANNAH

C'mon, anyone would do that.

SID

Literally no one would do that.
You're extremely special.

Hannah looks at Sid with an appreciative smile. Just then, they get back to their parking spot to find Hannah's car BOOTED.

HANNAH

Oh amazing! The grace period's up!
(then)
And we're *sure* you can't drive with
that thing on?

INT. JACK'S TOWNHOUSE. LIVING ROOM. SAME.

Susan lounges next to Tom.

SUSAN

Let's go to Vegas, Tom. Right now.
Me and you, we're creatures of the
night. We'll shoot machine guns
with Dan Bilzerian. He's a friend.
Come on, you know you want to.

TOM

I very much don't. I have work
tomorrow. I'm the manager of a very
high-volume Hertz. Do you think, just
because I'm a young gay man, that I'm
automatically drawn to unhinged,
alcoholic, middle-aged women?

SUSAN

Fine. I guess you don't want to
hear about the time Lady Gaga and I
stole a horse.

TOM

I-- damnit, I do wanna hear about that.

Jack enters, followed closely by Caroline, carrying wine.

CAROLINE

You sure you won't just have a
splash? It'll loosen our spirits!

JACK

I'm trying to hydrate for CROSSFIT
TOMORROW! Why are you being so weird?

CAROLINE

I just want to *connect*. When I move
out I *will* be further away.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But I can still come over here once a week, twice a week, four times a week, whatever... now what kind of pizza do you want, I'm buying!

JACK

What's with you and pizza?! Mom!
Stop being so thirsty.

Caroline pulls back, stung by *both* of her kids now having rejected her. An uncomfortable beat. Then Jack's phone PINGS.

JACK

Hannah's stranded. I gotta go.

SUSAN

Ooh! Shenanigans. Let's roll.

CAROLINE

I'm gonna stay... out of the way.

Jack and Susan head out, leaving Caroline. As they go:

SUSAN (O.S.)

If you have a sun roof, I'm gonna stand and scream a lot of the way!

TOM

Ugh, see, now I *am* interested in her.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Sid sits on the curb by Hannah's booted car. Hannah paces.

HANNAH

Okay, if Jack gets here in the next forty seconds, and Meredith is wearing her Louboutins, she'll be walking slow and I can run to meet her, but I need the task rabbit to be ready and-- oh no, Kyle's medicine! Okay, think Hannah...

SID

Hannah, all day you've been running to make this work, but can I ask... what are you running toward?

HANNAH

Don't do that. How you gonna Dalai Lama me right now?

SID

Because you're Tibet and you need me. I just want you to pause, and ask yourself: do you really want this job?

This hits Hannah for a half beat but she shakes it off. Her stress level ramps up and her pace quickens.

HANNAH

Of course I want this job. More than *want*. I *need* it! I can't *fail*. I can't keep being this big *disappointment*...

SID

Disappointment? Hannah...

Just then, SCREECH. Jack Tokyo Drifts his BMW next to them.

JACK

Yo yo yo! Triple-A BLACK.

Hannah smiles at Jack. Susan sticks her head out of the roof.

SUSAN

Whoo! No seatbelt! I was clacking around like a Pachinko Ball.

HANNAH

Thank god, Jack! We gotta go, now-- shit! Kyle's medicine, we don't have time to get to a vet!

Sid looks up, activated, getting an idea...

SID

There's no difference between dog medicine and people medicine, it's just about the dose. Susan--

SUSAN

Don't even need to ask. Yes, I have pills. An alarming amount, yes.

Susan pulls pill bottles from her purse and turns to Kyle.

SUSAN

You look like a valium guy.

She bites a pill in half, swallowing her half.

SUSAN

One for you, one for me.

Hannah points to Sid: my man! They jump in the car, energized.

HANNAH

Okay, let's go let's go let's go.
(to Jack, playful)
Can your car go fast?

JACK

Is that a serious question? It's a
3-Series! Yes, it can go fast!

Jack revs the engine. MUSIC UP...

INT. JACK'S BMW. MOMENTS LATER.

Drake blasts. Jack tears through traffic, criss-crossing
lanes. Hannah triangulates something on her map app.

HANNAH

Right on Flower! Left lane...
there's a little alley on your left
in three... Two... NOW!

Jack pulls into the alley and screeches to a halt, reverse
side-by-side with another car. It's Hannah's task rabbit, who
holds the visa documents out of his window so that Jack can
scoop them up without even fully stopping.

HANNAH

Five Stars for Christopher! Go go
go go go go go!

SUSAN

I'm taking my shirt off!

HANNAH / SID / JACK

NO!

EXT. AIRPORT. CURB. / INT. TERMINAL. A LITTLE LATER.

Jack screeches to a halt. Hannah starts to run, calling out:

HANNAH

Susan, take Kyle to pee, I'll meet
you inside. Dad, grab the deck. I
got the travel docs, let's go!

Hannah sprints inside, followed closely by Sid. A grin breaks
out on Hannah's face.

HANNAH

Rushing to catch somebody before their
flight! This would be so romantic if I
wasn't with my dad! I can't believe
we're really doing this!

TSA agents immediately tackle Hannah and Sid.

HANNAH

Riiiiiiiiight, we're brown, we can't
really do this.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. AIRPORT. DETENTION AREA. LATER.

Hannah and Sid slump on a bench in the airport detention area.

HANNAH

If anyone was wondering if it's okay for two brown people to run through an airport, there's your answer.

SID

There was a Norwegian couple fully sprinting. But no tackle for them!

HANNAH

Nordic ass bitches.

(then)

Well, at least there's no mystery. I'm not gonna get that job.

SID

Hannah, the person I saw today -- being resourceful, helping people -- that's who you've always been. That's why I was asking if you've ever really *paused* to consider if it's *what you truly want*.

HANNAH

Well, I'm paused now. Because I'm literally detained.

SID

Helpful in that way, huh?

HANNAH

Oh no, pops, don't do that. Don't get all Zen about being in airport jail like it's a good thing.

(then, giving in)

I don't know, dad. When I got out of grad school, Kendall Communications was like *the* internship to get. On paper it seemed amazing, but really I was just the errand boy.

(off his look)

I'm trying to be gender neutral.

SID

It's not neutral if you say "boy."

HANNAH

Anyway, the longer it went on, the harder it was to leave.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

There was always the promise of the job I was *about* to get. And if I left I'd be almost thirty with *nothing*. You didn't leave India to have a daughter in America who has nothing.

SID

I did it to have a daughter who could be *happy*. Whatever that means. Hannah, pardon my crude language but dream the heck bigger! Y'know, it was scary to marry your mom for love and anger my entire family, but it was the best thing I ever did. The problem was when I *stopped* dreaming and got stuck in a rut. Your mom just wanted to keep the adventure of life going. I let her down... The divorce is my fault.

HANNAH

Dad, that's not true--

SID

It *is* true. I lost myself. I don't even speak Hindi anymore. Your mom used to love listening to it...

(re: wedding ring)

Truthfully, I'm having a hard time accepting that this is real.

(off Hannah's look)

I'm not looking for pity. I only bring it up because I don't want you to be like me. You're amazing. You could *never* be a disappointment to me.

Hannah smiles, then:

HANNAH

Even though I basically turned today into Fyre Fest?

SID

I don't know what that means, but this is the best day I've had in a *WHILE*. I got to spend it with you. The *real* you. Plus...

He pulls donut samples from his pockets. Hannah smiles.

SID

I took a bunch. Best thing I've ever tasted. I can't believe I was such a pain in the tush about the whole thing.

Hannah eats one.

HANNAH

Definitely eating lint but still good.

SID

Keep dreaming, Hannah. The "nothing" you're scared of? *That's* nothing. In *you* is *everything*.

They share a smile.

HANNAH

Well, now neither of us have jobs so I guess we just do this? Get arrested in a new airport every day? I'd have a place to sleep...

SID

You *could* move back home.

HANNAH

We're not that kind of Indian family.

SID

What's more *American* than a jobless millennial crashing with her parents?

Hannah reluctantly smiles. Just then, a TSA AGENT enters.

TSA AGENT

Okay, you guys are free to go.
(then, slightly ashamed)
Can you tell your mom to leave me alone?

Hannah and Sid exchange a confused smile.

INT. AIRPORT. SECURITY AREA. MOMENTS LATER.

Hannah and Sid exit to find Caroline waiting.

CAROLINE

Jack called me and told me what happened. I had a little... conversation with TSA.

INT. AIRPORT. SECURITY. (FLASHBACK)

Caroline berates the beleaguered TSA Agent.

CAROLINE

My family's being held WITHOUT CAUSE. Do you know how many action groups I can mobilize? I will fill this terminal with protestors chanting YOUR name-- ZANDER.

INT. AIRPORT. SECURITY AREA. (BACK TO SCENE)

Hannah hugs Caroline. It catches her off guard. Jack joins.

HANNAH

Sorry I was a dick earlier. I'm still just trying to get my head around everything.

JACK

Me too, mom. I freaked out. But then I remembered: I'm a relatively-white looking man in America. I can handle this.

CAROLINE

Odd apology, but I'll take it. Kids, just because I'm the one who left doesn't mean I'm not scared. I don't want to lose my family. "Divorce" is so limiting. I want a "conscious uncoupling."

HANNAH

Oh I'll stab you-- sorry. Goop stuff makes me unreasonably angry. But I hear you.

JACK

Yeah, we're not normal, so why do you have to have a normal divorce?

CAROLINE

Exactly! I wish I could just stay in the back house. But you know your dad. That may be too much to ask of a creature of habit.

HANNAH

I don't know... you might be surprised.

Something catches Hannah's eye. It's Meredith, speed walking through the airport. Shocked, Hannah runs over to meet her.

MEREDITH

Where have you-- I've been texting you nonstop. My flight was delayed-- do you have everything? Where's Kyle?

SUSAN

(rushing over with Kyle)
Doogie Schnauzer MD. He's good for the flight and I tucked a little something under his collar for you...

HANNAH

(off Meredith's confusion)
I... employed a *mobile vet*. It was the only way to get everything done.

MEREDITH

That's-- good thinking. Good job.

HANNAH

Thank you. It was a lot of work.
(deep breath)
I bust my ass for you.

MEREDITH

That's true, you do. Hannah, I want to offer you the junior publicist position.
(off Hannah's beaming face)
Don't make me regret it. You'll start on tween influencers. A lot of them are going through nasty emancipations from their families, so it can get ugly...

As Meredith prattles on, we push in on Hannah's face. This job is clearly *not* dreaming bigger. Hannah looks to Sid. He gives her a supportive nod. She looks back to Meredith.

HANNAH

I quit. I appreciate the opportunity, but I'm ready to do work that fits who I really am. Even if that means having nothing for now, I'm ready start my life.

A triumphant beat, then:

MEREDITH

I have no idea what that means. You are blowing a massive opportunity. You're an *intern*. I'll replace you by the time I get to my gate. There's nothing special about you. Give me my travel documents and get out of my face.

Sid, hearing this, walks over, takes Meredith's boarding pass from Hannah, jots something down then hands it to Meredith, smiling.

SID

(*Pleasant, happy-sounding Hindi*)

Caroline hears this and smiles. Sid explains to Meredith:

SID

A blessing for a safe journey.

He winks. She shakes her head, whatever, and starts to walk off.

MEREDITH

Come on, Kyle. Kyle, now. Come to mommy.

Kyle doesn't budge. Sid puts his face to Kyle's face.

SID

Go. We'll always be a part of each others' stories, friend.

Swear to god the dog understands him and goes to Meredith. They disappear into the terminal. Sid and Hannah join the family.

HANNAH

What did you say to her? And what did you write on her boarding pass?

SID

I wrote SSSS.

HANNAH

Secondary Security Screening Selection, damn pops!

SID

Yep. I know it all too well.

HANNAH

Same same. So I take it that wasn't a real blessing?

SID

I said "enjoy you full body search you ice cold demon woman." Loose translation.

Hannah and family laugh as they exit the airport.

INT. SIMONE HOUSE. MULTIPLE. LATER.

To music, we pan through the house: IN THE BACK HOUSE: Susan helps Caroline unpack. Jack enters with a pizza and offers his mom a slice then helps unpack her crystals. IN THE GUEST ROOM: Hannah opens a drawer, hesitates, closes it, and then opens it again and unpacks a single shirt. IN SID'S ROOM: He looks at the wedding ring on his finger, pauses, then puts it in a drawer.

INT. SIMONE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Sid sits on the couch. Hannah walks in and joins him.

HANNAH

I'm not "moving in." But while I have -- how do you say -- nothing, I'm going to pause here a minute. If that's okay.

Sid smiles and hands her a glass of champagne.

SID

To... dreaming bigger.

HANNAH

And figuring out what's next.

They cheers and sip the champagne. It's triumphant for a beat, but then they each look off into the middle distance.

HANNAH / SID

Shiiiiit.

END OF ACT THREE

INT. SIMONE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. (TAG)

HUEY LEWIS is on the stereo. Hannah and Caroline dance. Jack makes a show of being miserable. Orange sips a beer, bemused.

HANNAH JACK
Y'know, Drake sampled this on his first mixtape. That's not-- there's no way.
He thinks a beat, then bobs his head in case she's right.

ORANGE
Hannah I'm having fun, but when you invited me to your "new place" you could have added a detail or two.

Sid enters from the kitchen with a tray of food.

SID HANNAH
Bam! Emeril's Nola Shrimp Poppers... Gimme gimme gimme...

As Hannah eats, Caroline and Jack eye her enthusiasm.

JACK
Damn, you're eating like Heathcliff.

CAROLINE
She was homeless. Know her history and respect it.

Just then, SCRATCHING at the door. Sid's eyes go wide. He runs to the door and opens it. Kyle jumps into his arms.

SID
It's a miracle!

HANNAH
WHAT. He found his way back?? Did he hitchhike with a cat? What kinda Disney ish is this?

Just then, Susan enters wearing leather gloves.

SUSAN
Don't ask too many questions.

Off everyone's face, and Sid's joy with Kyle, we...

END OF SHOW