

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - LATER

We haven't been here yet. It's exactly what you'd expect though: an elegant bachelor-pad. Modern furniture. Sleek. Everything just right. Jacob puts an album on his record player.

HANNAH

This place looks like something out of a men's magazine.

JACOB

Is that a compliment?

HANNAH

I'm not sure.

Music starts playing: "As Tears Go By" by the Stones.

HANNAH

I like this song.

JACOB

I thought you would.
(then)
Drink?

HANNAH

Yes, please.

Jacob pours two nice glasses of SCOTCH, neat. Brings them (and the bottle) over towards the couch. He pats the couch. Hannah nods, walks over, sits down.

JACOB

Cheers.

HANNAH

Cheers.

They CLINK. Jacob takes a sip. Hannah downs hers. She holds out her glass for a refill. Jacob raises a brow, pours her another. This time she HOLDS HER NOSE as she downs it. As soon as she finishes choking...

HANNAH

So is this how it normally works?

JACOB

What?

HANNAH

How you woo a woman? You take them back to your granite-countered bachelor pad, put on the perfect song, and make them a drink?

JACOB

Yes. That's how it normally works.

Hannah NODS, grabs the bottle, takes a swig.

HANNAH

And then you sleep with them?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNAH

So that's what happens next? We sleep together?

JACOB

At some point, yes, I was under the impression that was your plan. She takes a deep breath, admits:

HANNAH

I'm very nervous.

JACOB

I'm getting that.

HANNAH

I know at the bar I seemed confident, but I was more just soaking wet and cold and trying to be dramatic.

Jacob LAUGHS. He actually LAUGHS.

JACOB
You're adorable.

HANNAH
No! Not adorable! Sexy! R-rated
sexy! Because I know what happens
next in the PG-13 version of
tonight: I get really drunk, and
I pass out, and you cover me with
a blanket, and kiss my forehead,
and nothing happens... but that's
not why I'm here!
(then)
I'm here to bang the hot guy from
the bar who hit on me.

JACOB
I don't think people say 'bang'
anymore.

HANNAH
I do. We're going to bang. I'm
finally going to do something
exciting and dangerous and Liz can
blow me!

Hannah shakes her hands out, pumping herself up.

HANNAH
Okay, okay, this is happening.
(then)
Take off your shirt.

JACOB
What?

HANNAH
I need to stop thinking. Take off
your shirt.
Jacob SHRUGS, stands, unbuttons his shirt and takes it
off. He's ripped.

HANNAH
Holy crap.

HANNAH

It's like you're photo-shopped.

JACOB

Now take off yours.

HANNAH

No way! Not with all that
happening...

HANNAH

So... do you prefer to do it here
or in the bedroom?

JACOB

(amused)

In the bedroom is preferable.

HANNAH

Good. Let's go there.