

INT. KITCHEN

JACK enters. HANNAH is sitting at the kitchen table, drinking tequila.

HANNAH
There's glasses on the windowsill.
If you want to join me.

JACK
You sure?

HANNAH
Yeah.

JACK
Thanks.

Jack retrieves a glass. Sits across from Hannah.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's one thing you have in
common, with your little sister.

HANNAH
What? The lush factor?

JACK
Ah, the self-aware, lush factor.

HANNAH
Oh.

JACK
Very important.

HANNAH
Um.

JACK
Big difference.

Jack pours himself a glass of tequila.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, you're on an island, it's three
in the morning, and you're drinking
by yourself.

HANNAH
Yeah.

JACK
What's going on?

HANNAH

Really?

JACK

I'm not good for small talk, so I apologize if I'm, uh, barging through the doors of your privacy right now.

HANNAH

Yeah, it's okay. You kind of are, but it's, uh--

JACK

I am. Well, I apologize. Let's talk about your slippers.

HANNAH

Okay, let's talk about my slippers.

JACK

Your slippers are awesome.

HANNAH

I just walked out on a seven-year relationship.

JACK

Whoa.

HANNAH

Hence the tequila.

JACK

Hence the tequila.

HANNAH

What's your story?

JACK

Mmmm, nothing really, I just kinda had a shitty year. Ya know? Thought it'd be nice to have a little sabbatical. Get some alone time.

HANNAH

Kay. Good place for it.

JACK

Good place for it.

HANNAH

Obviously.

JACK

Gettin' the alone time.

JACK (CONT'D)

But I gotta say, uuuh, not so terrible to have a drinking buddy.

HANNAH

Yeah.

JACK

You are not what I expected, Hannah.

HANNAH

How so?

JACK

Uum. You are, uh, I don't know, just not how Iris described you to me, I guess. That, you know--

HANNAH

How did she describe me?

JACK

She...well, if you don't know already, she worships you and looks up to you and thinks you are amazing and she loves you.

HANNAH

Yeah?

JACK

It's true.

HANNAH

What else?

JACK

Well, I--

HANNAH

Give me the dirt, come on!

JACK

I don't know, what am I supposed to say, she loves you, she thinks you're amazing.

HANNAH

I love her, I think she's amazing.

JACK

Well, good--well, drink your drink.

HANNAH
Drink your drink, don't tell me to
drink my drink.

JACK
Oh, I'm drinking my drink. You like
that one, watch this.

He downs his entire drink.

HANNAH
Oh yeah? Watch this.

She drinks her entire drink.

JACK
Wam! Okay.

HANNAH
Do you have any brothers or
sisters?

JACK
Now you're talking. I had a
brother.

HANNAH
That's right. I'm sorry.

JACK
Don't be sorry.

HANNAH
I, uh, I knew that, that's--

JACK
Don't.

HANNAH
I'm--

JACK
C'mon--

HANNAH
I'm sorry, that's my bad.

JACK
Why are you sorry?

HANNAH
I don't know.

JACK

There's nothing to be sorry about. I used to have a brother, and I don't anymore. And that's what it is. Ya know? It's like, it is what it is, and it sucks. And, it, ya know. It was, uh--you know, s'terrible, obviously. But I'm good, and, um... Thank you for that, but it's not necessary.

HANNAH

To your brother.

JACK

To your sister. And her sister. Meaning you.

HANNAH

That would be me, yeah. Uch, I guess I gotta drink to that.

JACK

Come on.

They drink. Hannah stops.

JACK (CONT'D)

(drinking)

Uh uh, uh uh.

HANNAH

I can't.

JACK

Look, if we're going to drink to someone as awesome as your sister and my dead brother, we're throwing this shit back.

HANNAH

Okay.

JACK

Come on. Wam it.

They empty their glasses.

HANNAH

Holy shit.

JACK

There it is. Mm! Yet another similarity with you and Iris.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
I can talk her into drinking anything. I can't believe you let me talk you into that. That's really great. You want another one?

INT. KITCHEN - MONTAGE

Hannah and Jack toast.

JACK
Okay, my best friend is your sister.

HANNAH
Right.

JACK
It's kind of an "in-law" of sorts, that would make sense, you know what I'm saying?

HANNAH
What are you talking about?

JACK
Emotionally.

HANNAH
No no no, go back. I put you off, you were actually going with something good.

JACK
Oh yeah, I'm brilliant.

HANNAH
Yuh.

JACK
Goin' down, gettin' weird, with the two sisters.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

HANNAH
Alright, what was I saying, what was I saying?

JACK
Yeah.

HANNAH

Alright, it's not that I was-- I was in love with her, I was totally fucking in love with her. But what I was in love with the potential that she was holding that was me.

JACK

Right.

HANNAH

You know what I'm saying?

JACK

Right.

HANNAH

That's what I was in love with.

JACK

Right.

HANNAH

Was that.

JACK

Right.

HANNAH

And I started to realize, was that, it like, it was like I gave her all my szhush, like all my good stuff.

JACK

Yeah.

HANNAH

Does that make sense?

JACK

Yeah, you should--

HANNAH

And she wouldn't give back. And so as the years went on, and everything went on, I was like, this is gonna sound so fucking melodramatic. It was like I was like this fucking, like little fucking bird, like in a cage, and finally she came over and unlocked it, and I just sat there. I sat there for three more months while she was hooking up with oth--

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(makes gagging noises)

This woman--girl--who was just so much younger than me, and I just couldn't, I just sat there and waited for her to be attracted to me again, or to just look at me like I was, uh...

JACK

Whoa.

HANNAH

Mm.

JACK

We're gonna stop this conversation. I got a sense of it, okay, and, um--

HANNAH

Okay.

JACK

Here's the deal. I've made a decision: Pam is a fucking moron, and--

HANNAH

She's not really, but alright, good, say so--

JACK

Look, for her to have given you the sense that you're not, like, young enough or pretty enough or just "enough" in general is fucking bullshit, and--

HANNAH

It is, right?

JACK

It's bullshit. Because what I see across from me, is...you're gonna have to let me descend her for a second, can I descend?

HANNAH

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

JACK

I have to tell you something, and I don't want you to take it the wrong way, it's to prove a point, okay? But it's about your butt...

Hannah bursts out laughing.

JACK (CONT'D)
So when I--

HANNAH
What?

JACK
When I went to look--

HANNAH
You are a fucker.

JACK
I know.

HANNAH
You were fucking peeping in the
fucking windows. You are a fucker.
Give me some more. You are a fu--

JACK
Okay.

HANNAH
G'head. No, I wanna hear your
confession. Confess.

JACK
I tried to find the key, I went
around the door, all innocent up
until that point. Innocent,
innocent, innocent, looking for the
key, looking for the key, total
innocence... Through the window:
Your Butt.

HANNAH
Pervert.

JACK
Mm hm.

HANNAH
Mm hm.

JACK
But you made me that way. 'Cause
your butt is fucking awesome.

HANNAH
Can you not?

JACK
'Cause it's like a super soft...

HANNAH
How do you know it's super soft?

JACK
'Cause I could tell.

HANNAH
You're so fucking weird.

JACK
I know.

HANNAH
And drunk--

JACK
I know.

HANNAH
--right now.

JACK
I looked at it for a while.

HANNAH
How'd that go?

JACK
I got a good sense of it.

HANNAH
Alright, g--Mm hm.

JACK
And let me tell you another thing
that's even more inappropriate, but
it's super safe 'cause you're a
lesbian. If I were differently
equipped, or you were differently
inclined, this night might go a
very--

HANNAH
Really?

JACK
--different way. I'm just sayin'!

HANNAH
Oh, you're just sayin'?

JACK

I would be super open to that in a whole other universe--

HANNAH

Okay.

JACK

Because--and this is just serving to prove my point of, like, you shouldn't feel not awesome because she was not interested in you. There would be a lot of people--

HANNAH

Well, I didn't say she wasn't interested in me. The fucking thing ran its course, but anyway. Go ahead, I like, I like it.

Jack raises a glass.

JACK

To your gorgeous, supple, soft, sexy, motherfucking butt.

They toast.

JACK (CONT'D)

And all the other things that I might be thinking about except for the fact that I'm not thinking about them.

HANNAH

You're thinking [about them, but okay].

JACK

(overlapping)
Anyway, the point is, you--
(drinks)
you're never gonna be happy if you're eating this fucking birdfood. You think--you know why you feel like a bird?

HANNAH

I love that food, I have to say.

JACK

[You know why] you feel like a bird? I mean, alright, what the fuck is this? Look at this.

He picks up dried fruit in a plastic bag from the table between them.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's a turd. You can't eat these things. I am here--"Dr. Jack"--to fix you. Okay? So I'm gonna make you a round, tall filet, super awesome, from the grocery store, cook it medium rare--

HANNAH

I can't do it.

JACK

--with the butter--

He looks at her.

HANNAH

I can't eat meat, go make me something else.

JACK

Okay, I'll make you something else. I'll make you...a super awesome steak, medium rare, with the butter, and the blue cheese, and the truffle oil drizzled over the french fries. And I'm gonna put this plate in front of you, and it's gonna be totally different, gonna be a change of pace, but you are out of the cage now, my friend. If you wanna fucking fly, you're gonna start with a steak. S'all I'm saying.

HANNAH

Let's do it.

JACK

Alright. We're going to the store--

Jack starts to rise.

HANNAH

No, let's do it.

JACK

I am gonna fucking cook you a meal!

HANNAH

Hey!

He sits.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm gonna take you up on your offer.

JACK

What are you doing?

HANNAH

I haven't, uh, been on that bicycle in quite some time, but...

JACK

What are you--wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait. Are you serious?

HANNAH

Yeah. I'm single, you're single.

JACK

I'm single.

HANNAH

I mean, maybe it's a bad idea.

JACK

It's not a bad idea.

HANNAH

No, maybe it's a bad idea.

JACK

It's not a bad idea.

HANNAH

Nah, you shouldn't do it. You're a straight guy.

JACK

I'm looking at your boobs.

HANNAH

It might be too much, it might be too much for you. Too much for you to handle. What?

JACK

You're serious.

HANNAH

I don't know. I mean, I'm game if you're game.