

PURE

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OVER BLACK.

PRE-LAP a persistent *SWISHING SOUND*. Something sliding.

Open. Shut. Open. Shut.

Underneath, the sound of *STEADY, DEEP BREATHS*.

BLACK SCREEN DISSOLVES TO TITLE CARD:

PURE

EXT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY

CLOSE ON HANNAH ABRAMS. Recently 30, dark haired. Intense, white-knuckling it through life.

A deep breath. Seemingly preparing for some significant physical trial.

REVERSE TO SEE that Hannah stands in front of a HEALTH FOOD GROCERY STORE.

We realize the sliding sound is an *AUTOMATIC DOOR*. Posh Pacific Northwesters -- self-important in their North Face fleeces -- move in and out around her, pushing carts and hefting bags, vaguely annoyed by her inconvenient placement.

She takes another heavy breath, readying herself to go inside.

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - A LITTLE LATER

A beautiful PYRAMID of PEACHES. Hannah trails her hand across them, feeling the soft hair of the fruit.

She looks around the store, eyes wide, taking it in. She's not scared so much as... titillated. Intoxicated. Simultaneously allured and horrified by the abundance, the luxuriant excess of the place.

Drowning in the intensity of it all.

There is a distinct *otherness* in the way Hannah holds herself apart from the shoppers. Like she's better than them, as they succumb to their baser desires, the animal need to feed.

All SOUND CUTS OUT. Stirring score kicks in, like we're about to watch a training montage in a sports movie. And then --

QUICK CUTS:

- A wall of supplements.
- PACKAGE INSERT: "Good for you, good for the earth!" a label screams.
- The wall of BULK BINS. All stocked to the bursting point.
- Hannah stares at a WOMAN with a TODDLER as the woman reads the ingredients list on a box of cereal.
- PACKAGE INSERT: "Only ingredients you can pronounce. Real food for real people."
- Hannah watches a MAN and a WOMAN -- she laughs as he, clueless, tries to figure out what type of VINEGAR to buy.
- A water sprayer douses the Fibonacci-esque coils of ROMANESCO.
- PACKAGE INSERT: The ingredients list of vegan "beef". "Modified corn and potato starch, rice protein, expeller-pressed canola oil, potassium chloride, sunflower lecithin".
- Hannah puts a package back on the shelf, grabs a different one.
- CLOSE ON: A PIG'S HEAD. The swollen tongue protrudes, blood pools around the nostrils. A SAW cuts through the spine, as a BUTCHER severs the head from the body at the meat counter.
- The Butcher wipes his BLOOD-TINGED HANDS on a white apron.
- PACKAGE INSERT: "Adaptogenic meal replacement powder."
- Closer on the bulk bin dispensers, neatly labeled. Red beans. Mung beans. Kidney beans. White beans. Black beans.
- PACKAGE INSERT: "Don't panic, it's organic!"
- Hannah pulls her hand through a wooden flat of ORGANIC HEIRLOOM TOMATOES. The colors are wild, rich dark browns and brilliant greens and everything in between. She's soothed by contact with their taut skins.
- INGREDIENT LIST: "Degerminated yellow corn flour, expeller pressed soy grits, cane syrup, cottonseed and/or sunflower seed oil".
- PACKAGE INSERT: A cartoon LARGE INTESTINE asks, "What's gluten doing to your gut? Go gluten free today!"
- Thick, leafy kale, curling and fresh.

- A tired-looking MOTHER, a BABY resting on her hip, pleads with a CRYING CHILD who has sat down in the middle of the aisle, throwing a tantrum.

- CLOSE ON: Freshly ground beef curls out from the meat grinder, pooling in a METAL TRAY. The strands look like bright, fatty worms.

- PACKAGE INSERT: "You are what you eat. So eat the best."

- Hannah, from behind, framed in front of the fluorescent, colorful array of cold beverages.

RING. RING. RING.

MUSIC STOPS. As if woken from a trance, Hannah checks her phone. Incoming call from "Cal".

HANNAH

Shit.

She hurries to the check out.

PART I: INFECTION

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - REGISTER - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah shoves a GREEN JUICE bottle, a GLASS JAR of COFFEE BEANS, and a REUSABLE PRODUCE BAG of rainbow carrots into her backpack. For all her time in the store, all her reading of ingredients and packaging, she's only purchased these three things.

For Hannah, food is both beautiful and dangerous.

EXT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - MOMENTS LATER

She unlocks her BIKE from the rack outside the store, hops on as she starts pedaling. She's late.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - DAY

We follow Hannah as she weaves through traffic. She doesn't seem overly concerned with her own physical safety, darting in front of a bus to make a wide right turn.

EARBUDS in, Hannah listens to a podcast.

PODCAST HOST #1 (V.O.)
But Mike, the thing people don't understand is just what exactly those animal by-products are doing to your system.

PODCAST HOST #2 (V.O.)
Right, you can eat cage-free eggs, grass-fed milk, whatever, all you want, but at the end of the day you're still jamming your arteries full of things that are simply not supposed to be in there.

PODCAST HOST #1 (V.O.)
I mean, literally we have science telling us that dairy causes brain fog, and can prevent clear thinking and analytic reasoning. And then you look at all these campaigns from the dairy industry pushing this shit on us, and you have to start to wonder--

PODCAST HOST #2 (V.O.)
I don't wonder, I can tell you exactly--

Hannah's nodding along, her beliefs bolstered by their words.

PODCAST HOST #1 (V.O.)
Right, tell us what happened when you first cut out dairy--

PODCAST HOST #2 (V.O.)
Literally had withdrawal at first. All the same symptoms as a heroin addict trying to get clean. So that alone should terrify you--

EXT. HANNAH AND CAL'S HOUSE - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

She cruises up to the small, gray bungalow.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah bangs in.

(Hannah is always banging in and out of spaces, slamming into chairs and walking into doorframes. Her hyper-fixation on the internal processes of her body leaves no room for external awareness.)

HANNAH
(calling out)
Sorry, hi, I'm here!

She opens her backpack, pulls out her three GROCERY PURCHASES as CAL (aka Caroline, 33, androgynous, lots of tattoos and piercings) enters from the BEDROOM.

Cal's followed by a large, joyful PIT BULL, ELLIOT, who throws himself at Hannah. She drops to her knees, scratching behind his ears as he licks her excitedly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Elliot)
Hi baby boy, were you so good today? Did you know I missed you so much?

CAL
What happened?

HANNAH
Work was a shitshow.

Cal kisses Hannah, looks at the counter. Grabs the carrots and juice and moves toward the fridge.

CAL
More rich bitches fighting over exclusive candle drops?

HANNAH
It was actually a limited edition lotion today, thank you very much.

Hannah pulls off her jacket and shoes, starting to strip down. She wears a black t-shirt with a chic logo, her work uniform. Cal pretends to be chagrined--

CAL
Oh my god and I missed it???

HANNAH
(laughing)
How long do I have?

Cal looks at her phone.

CAL
Six minutes. But like really truly six minutes, not six minutes that's actually twenty minutes.

Hannah kisses Cal again.

HANNAH
I'm gonna take a one minute shower.
Promise. I'll be ready.

Cal shakes her head, not believing it, but still endeared.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah, hair knotted on top of her head, quickly rinses off in the SMALL SHOWER. Cal puts on mascara in the mirror.

HANNAH
Ashley literally ran into the
storeroom today to ask me if a
straight guy dating a bisexual girl
means he's secretly gay. So
actually a very intellectually
compelling shift at Des Rêves.

CAL
(laughing)
You gotta get out of there dude,
before you lose your mind.

HANNAH
I know, I know.

Cal hesitates a little. It's a fraught question, but--

CAL
Have you thought more about grad
school?

Hannah puts her hands to her hip bones, tilts her head to the side, letting the hot water hit her neck. Holding her hip bones seems to soothe her.

HANNAH
Kind of. I'm still looking at
programs.
(beat)
You sure it's cool I'm coming
tonight?

CAL (O.S.)
Babe, of course. Sonya said she's
excited to spend more time with
you.

She turns off the water, grabs a towel as she steps out.

HANNAH
Did you warn her I might not eat?

CAL
Thought it'd be good for you to
tell her yourself. Dr. Schulman
said--

Hannah looks skeptical. Cal touches her face, kind.

CAL (CONT'D)
But whatever you want. I got you.

Hannah smiles. She knows. Loves Cal for it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hannah and Cal sit at a table with FOUR or FIVE others, all also QUEER, of various orientations and genders. They're gathered to celebrate SONYA's birthday, according to the BALLOONS tied to her chair.

Hannah has a glass of RED WINE, Cal a cocktail. One friend, CHARLIE, points a beer at Hannah, opining--

CHARLIE
But why are there TWO maids of
honor. Like, just fucking choose
one.

HANNAH
Well, it's me and her best friend--

CAL
I think she thought it would hurt
your feelings--

HANNAH
It hurts my feelings that she's
making me do it! I hate all this
wedding shit--

FRIEND #2
How long has your sister even been
dating this guy?

CAL
EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

FRIEND #1	FRIEND #2
Insane.	Getting straight married in Palm Springs feels homophobic.

CHARLIE
Seriously, that's ours!

CAL	FRIEND #1
Straight people just fucking	And yet everyone is always
love to get married.	shit on lesbians.

SONYA
Haven't you guys been together way longer?

CAL	FRIEND #2
We're four years, yeah.	They probably want to have kids.

SONYA
Get on that biological race to
nowhere?

HANNAH
Nah. Eve wouldn't risk it, people
might be more excited to see the
baby than her.

Everyone *LAUGHS*. Hannah seems pleased with herself.

A WAITER arrives.

WAITER
We good to order?

CAL
Yeah, just had one question -- are
the brussel sprouts vegan?

WAITER
They've got Worcestershire sauce?
So I guess no, right?

CAL
Yeah. No. What about the Harvest
Salad, could that be made vegan?

WAITER
Sure.

Cal looks to Hannah, who nods slightly in confirmation. She's good.

CAL
Sick. Can I get a cheeseburger, add
grilled onions and avocado, and
fries on the side?

The Waiter blinks a beat, confused by the pivot, but writes it down anyway. A few of Cal's friends seem interested by the exchange, but don't comment.

The Waiter looks to Hannah.

HANNAH

I'll do that Harvest Salad, vegan,
please, so no feta or chicken, and
dressing on the side.

Cal smiles encouragingly, and we understand that she was asking the questions for Hannah's benefit.

It's both kind and infantilizing.

TIME CUT: Later in the meal. Everyone is on their second or third drink.

Hannah's picking at her salad, listening to the others talk. She inspects each bite of food before putting it in her mouth. Cal talks around a huge mouthful of burger.

CAL

(to Charlie)

You have Tyler Larken in pre-calc,
right?

CHARLIE

Regrettably, yes.

CAL

He didn't turn in his Hemingway
essay and when I asked why, he said
he's got 'too much dread' to take
on Hemingway.

Everyone *LAUGHS*.

FRIEND #1

I mean he's not wrong, Hemingway
sucks.

Hannah is carefully picking out pieces of kale that look bad to her, piling them on the side of her plate. Inspects another forkful, and her face tightens with anxiety. She puts the fork down, pushes the salad away from her.

CAL

Nah, you gotta appreciate a guy
with so little respect for
subtlety that they blow their
protagonist's dick off.

As the others *LAUGH*, Cal notices that Hannah has gone rigid.

CAL (CONT'D)
(low, to Hannah)
Babe?

HANNAH
The kale is old. There was mold,
look--

Cal grimaces. Soothing--

CAL
It's okay, you don't have to eat
it.

Despite their low tones, the others have stopped talking, are looking at Hannah's tense posture.

Cal nods to her, encouraging.

HANNAH
Sorry. I, uh-- I used to have, I'm
in recovery for-- orthorexia. But
it's still hard for me to eat in
restaurants, sometimes.

SONYA
(kind)
My cousin had that. Fucking brutal.
Glad you're doing better.

Hannah smiles a little, grateful. A big step for her to share this publicly.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hannah is in bed, scrolling through her phone. On her bedside table is a THERAPY WORKBOOK -- "Healing from Orthorexia: When Healthy Eating Becomes an Obsession."

Cal puts on face lotion, turns down the covers on her side.

CAL
You did really good tonight, not
freaking out about the salad.

HANNAH
(self-deprecating)
Yeah thanks, I'm really brave.

CAL
(delicately)
It seems like the past few weeks
have maybe been a little hard...

HANNAH
Just stressed. I want this fucking
wedding to be over.

Cal gets in bed, kisses Hannah deeply.

CAL
Soon. In the meantime-- wanna be
less stressed?

Hannah smiles. Kisses Cal back and pulls her shirt off over
her head.

EXT. HANNAH AND CAL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Cal dumps a DUFFEL BAG and BACKPACK in the trunk of their
PRIUS. Hannah follows with Elliot on his leash, and a GIANT
TOTE BAG.

HANNAH
This is all of Elliot's stuff, so I
think we're good.

CAL
I'll lock up.

Hannah opens a backseat door and Elliot jumps in, excited not
to be left behind. Cal locks the front door, then turns,
calling to Hannah.

CAL (CONT'D)
Do you have your nuts?

Hannah holds up a REUSABLE ZIPLOC BAG of WALNUTS in
confirmation.

CAL (CONT'D)
Great.

Cal returns to the car, as Hannah explains--

HANNAH
You really should be eating these
too, if you're not pre-soaking nuts
it's basically impossible for your
body to process the nutrients. Just
can't break them down.

Cal shuts the trunk, checking Elliot, as she answers
absentmindedly--

CAL
I know, honey.

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - DAY

They're leaving the city behind, the lush expanses of the Pacific Northwest opening up around them. Cal drives, Hannah sits with her legs folded up, a notebook in her lap.

Music plays on the radio. Hannah doodles in the margins of a page. She hasn't written anything yet. Glances up, catches Cal looking at her. The girls exchange a smile. It's nice.

EXT. REST STOP/PRIUS - DAY

Hannah leans against the car watching Elliot, who scampers around the dense undergrowth. Cal catches up on text messages and emails.

CAL

How is this sub already confused, I left her like, a binder of notes.

HANNAH

Maybe it was too many notes. Just drowned her in them.

Cal chuckles, continues typing. Hannah's still looking at Cal, becomes more serious.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know it's really hard for you to get time off. So, you know, thanks for using it to go to my normie sister's wedding.

CAL

(laughing)

I like your normie sister. And I love you.

She pockets her phone, comes over to Hannah. Kisses her lightly.

HANNAH

I can drive now, if you want a break?

CAL

Elliot!

The dog bounds up to them, unendingly cheerful, and hops in the open back seat.

CAL (CONT'D)

You sure? Don't you need to work on your toast? Gotta show up the other maid of honor, right?

Hannah GROANS.

Cal tosses her the keys, and the girls climb back in.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - ESTABLISHING

The freeway winds past ORANGE GROVES. Jagged MOUNTAINS rise in the distance, as the PRIUS continues its trek west.

EXT. VEGAN CAFE - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Cal and Hannah sit on the patio of a trendy VEGAN CAFE. Elliot's tied up, contentedly snoozing under the table. Both girls are drinking wine, and Hannah has a GRAIN BOWL, loaded with RAW VEGETABLES.

Hannah's much more at ease here than at the bar the night before -- this kind of food feels safe to her.

CAL

(laughing)

Do not say that.

HANNAH

She did though! She was so mean about it too, like it was my fault Mom and Dad heard her starting the car.

Hannah spears a big bite of food, chews and swallows. She's relaxed enough that she's not checking every bite.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It doesn't even matter. Whatever I say, she won't think it's good enough.

CAL

She did seem chillier, last time we saw her. I think Jonah's good for her.

Hannah shrugs, her almost permanent state -- one shoulder tugged up in defensive indifference.

HANNAH

She's just so smug. Like she has to do everything first, even though she's younger. So I know she's better than me. She still talks about how we ended up graduating high school at the same time.

CAL

Maybe it makes her feel close to you.

Hannah snorts as she roots around in her bowl.

CLOSE ON the grain bowl as she flips a tomato over with her fork. She freezes, her entire body tensing.

CAL (CONT'D)

What is it?

BACK TO the bowl.

The underside of the tomato is covered in LONG, THIN MOLD SPORES. Soft and white, the strands seem almost magical, a fairy's glen.

Hannah is horrified. Gags. The tomato has undoubtedly been bitten into it-- half of the slice is gone, teeth marks along the side.

CAL (CONT'D)

Hannah?

Her breath is short, the beginnings of a panic attack.

HANNAH

It's bad-- the food. Moldy--

Cal nods, this is almost routine now.

CAL

Okay baby, just don't eat it--

But Hannah looks like a trapped animal, fearful and panicky.

HANNAH

(almost hysterical)

It's the same. The same that was on the kale last night. It was exactly...

CAL

I don't think--

Realizing it's not worth trying to talk Hannah out of believing that, she continues speaking with the practiced calm of a teacher.

CAL (CONT'D)

Okay, it's okay. You're fine. I'm sure you didn't eat any--

HANNAH

I did. I know I did.

CAL

It's not going to hurt you. You're okay, I promise.

TIGHT ON Hannah, forcing herself to breathe.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL - NIGHT

A small boutique hotel, retro neon sign glowing brightly in the dark parking lot.

Hannah and Cal enter, the dog in tow.

INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Cal checks in with a RECEPTIONIST, Hannah hovering off to her side, still traumatized. She pets Elliot absently, comforting herself.

RECEPTIONIST

Just the one night?

CAL

Yep. Road tripping, for her sister's wedding.

RECEPTIONIST

Aw. So sweet. Hope you guys have fun.

From the way Cal keeps glancing at Hannah, it's clear she's chatting with the Receptionist in an attempt to distract her.

The Receptionist shoots Hannah a concerned look, but hands Cal the keys.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Room 308.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL - ROOM - LATER

Hannah and Cal have sex, a further effort to distract Hannah. White COMFORTER thrown aside, Hannah's on top, her hand on Cal. Cal kisses her, hard, into it.

Hannah suddenly goes still. Cal pulls back, questioning. Hannah jumps up, runs for the BATHROOM.

CAL

Baby?

Hannah barely makes it, THROWS UP in the SINK. Cal close behind her. Hannah retches hard, like something is being wrung out of her body.

Cal rubs Hannah's back, tentative. But Hannah is staring down at the sink.

Her vomit is tinged red, STREAKED through with LONG MOLD HAIRS. Like the kind growing on the rotting tomato she ate.

HARD CUT TO:

PART II: INCUBATION

INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

Dawn light still just breaking through the windows. Hannah is lying awake, turned away from Cal, who sleeps deeply.

Hannah looks exhausted, but clearly no more sleep is coming, so she rises from the bed.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA STREET - MORNING

In beat-up tennis shoes and shorts, Hannah runs, Elliot bounding cheerfully beside her.

She's trying to regain her equilibrium, resettle herself after the traumatizing events of the night before. But her body doesn't feel right. She keeps scratching her skin, can't get into a good rhythm with her breathing.

Finally she slows to a walk. Hands on her hips, frustrated.

HANNAH

Elliot.

She jerks her head the way they came and begins walking back. Elliot follows obediently.

INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL - BATHROOM - MORNING

Cal showers. Hannah comes in, still in her workout clothes.

CAL (O.S.)
How was your run?

Hannah shrugs, although of course Cal can't see her. Pulls off her shirt and stands in front of the bathroom mirror. Assessing herself. Trying to see what's changed.

She leans forward, examining a little patch of dry skin near her mouth. Picks at it, the skin flakes.

CAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Babe?

HANNAH
Can I get in?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Both girls are freshly showered and dressed, grabbing breakfast before the second leg of their drive. Elliot is tied up OUTSIDE.

At the register--

CAL
Large iced coffee with milk and two
pumps of sweetener, and an onion
bagel with cream cheese.

She looks expectantly at Hannah.

HANNAH
Small black coffee, please.

Cal stares at her, but Hannah determinedly looks down at her phone, refusing to engage.

CAL
(to cashier)
That's it, then.

She pulls out a card to pay.

CLOSE ON the giant bottle of SIMPLE SYRUP. One pump squirts into a large plastic cup, then another. It's thick, almost viscous.

Hannah stares at it as Cal finishes the transaction.

INT. PRIUS - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Cal unwraps her bagel. Hannah sips her coffee studiously.

Cal takes a bite, but doesn't start the car. Seems to be waiting for Hannah to speak.

Hannah glances at her.

MACRO CLOSE on the BAGEL. The holes in the dough look cavernous, with hard, salty ridges.

CUT OUT on the sound of Cal chewing loudly. Still looking at Hannah expectantly.

HANNAH

I'm not feeling well. Whatever I ate... Whatever that shit was, it made me sick.

CAL

What kind of sick?

HANNAH

I dunno. I think I just need to do a cleanse. Like three or four days totally organic, no gluten or GMOs, that whole thing.

CAL

Do you think you should talk to Dr. Schulman first?

HANNAH

People do cleanses all the time, it's not a big deal.

CAL

It's a big deal for you.

HANNAH

Listen to me, please-- this is physical. I'm not in my head here. I just need to get it out of my system. I promise, I'm in control.

(beat)

Trust me?

Cal *SIGHS*, nodding.

CAL
Of course. But will you--

HANNAH
(quickly)
I'll eat some nuts.

To appease Cal, she leans into the backseat, grabs her bag of SOAKED WALNUTS. Cal finally starts the car, pulls out of the parking spot as Hannah shakes out, at best, seven walnuts.

INT./EXT. PRIUS - MOVING - 5 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cal pulls onto the freeway, picking up speed. Hannah turns on NPR, eats another walnut.

NPR ANCHOR (V.O.)
--the microplastics were found on both the maternal and the fetal side of the placentas, suggesting that these particles travel into the bloodstream of unborn babies--

CAL
Jesus.

Hannah is immediately engrossed, nodding along to the report, eyes wide.

NPR ANCHOR (V.O.)
While the health effects of microplastics are currently unknown, researchers believe this could have far-reaching consequences in immune development, and may result in fetal exposure to toxic contaminants. In a separate study, it was recently determined that babies fed from plastic bottles consume millions of plastic particles a day--

Hannah hangs on every word.

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - LATER

Hannah is asleep, curled up in the seat. She twitches, restless, scratching at her cuticles.

Cal, listening to music quietly, looks over with concern. Hannah scratches harder. The sound of nails digging into flesh. Hannah's skin is streaked red, angry welts rising up under her nails.

Cal reaches out and catches Hannah's hand, holding it tightly to stop her. Hannah twitches again, then settles.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - ESTABLISHING

A SERIES OF LANDSCAPE SHOTS as the girls enter the expansive sprawl of the DESERT.

Craggy mountains. Clusters of cacti. Low mid-century houses.

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - SAME TIME

Hannah looks out the window, taking in the scenery as they near PALM SPRINGS.

Her gaze is intense. Almost fearful, like she can sense that something has shifted irrevocably. But if the shift is within her, or just in this new barren landscape, she doesn't know.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - SUNSET

The Prius pulls into a STUNNING DESERT COMPOUND, rented for the occasion. There's a large main house, carefully curated "wild" gardens, a smattering of small guest houses, and a stone swimming pool, designed to look like a hot spring.

It's beautiful, set against the purple sunset and dramatic vistas.

People stream from the main building as Hannah and Cal climb out of the car. EVE (27, tiny, high-strung) reaches them first, hugging Cal tightly.

Hannah releases Elliot from the backseat, and he bounds out excitedly, jumping up on everyone.

CAL

Hi! Congratulations!

EVE

I'm so happy you guys are here!

Eve is followed by her fiancé JONAH (early 30s, self-important, thinks he's cool), and her younger brother AARON (25, actually is cool, with a San Francisco hipster vibe).

Hannah hugs Aaron, the youngest of the Abrams children.

HANNAH
God, you look so grown up.

AARON
I'm 25, I'd be worried if I didn't.

She rolls her eyes at him fondly.

Behind them are their parents -- SARAH (late 50s, vigilantly image-conscious and riddled with anxiety, though she'd never admit it) and NOAH (early 60s, interacts with his children as if they were employees at his law firm).

A lot of hugging and hellos are exchanged, a tangled mass of bodies as everyone clusters around, Elliot nosing his way in.

Hannah smiles politely at her parents, there's more distance here than there was with Aaron.

HANNAH
Hi Mom.

SARAH
My sweet girl.

NOAH
How was the drive?

CAL
Really easy, we made good time.

SARAH
Let's go in, there's so much food.

HANNAH
You didn't have to wait for us--

NOAH
You want me to take your bags?

SARAH
Leave the bags, we'll eat first.

AARON
Jonah you should talk to Cal, she's a teacher too.

CAL
I teach high school, totally not the same as being a professor.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Hannah)
You better get your dog.

JONAH
(to Cal)
Please, I'm an adjunct, it's actually probably exactly the same--

HANNAH
(to her mom)
Don't stress about Elliot, okay?

SARAH
Who said I'm stressed?
(stern)
Hannah.

NOAH

HANNAH
We've been here for two minutes,
please don't jump down my throat--

But Sarah has already turned away.

Everyone talking over each other, they begin to move back inside. A unified mass -- Jonah holds hands with Eve, Aaron throws his arm around Cal.

Hannah, already annoyed, stays back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Elliot! Elliot, come on, let's go
inside.

Everyone else enters the HOUSE.

Hannah stands alone, looking around at the almost alien landscape.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is seated around a large table, laden with food -- rotisserie chicken, vegetables, bread, roasted potatoes, salad. A couple BOTTLES of wine. (It won't be discussed, but their meals should always be kosher -- no pork, no mixing of meat and milk, etc.)

Everyone's plates are piled high, except Hannah, who of course has only salad, and isn't drinking. She looks vaguely ill, her skin dull and uneven.

AARON
So the investor takes us to this
super fancy restaurant, like fully
wining and dining us, and the whole
time he thinks I'm my boss, right?

Aaron is magnetic. Everyone enjoying his story, even as they interrupt, as is custom at a Jewish dinner table.

EVE
Pass the potatoes, Dad?

JONAH
Everything is so good, thank
you.

AARON

And finally we're on dessert and he still hasn't said a word about the project so I just come right out and ask, like, you just spent thousands of dollars getting the best programming team in Silicon Valley drunk, go ahead and make the pitch.

Under the table, Hannah picks at her right thumbnail. It looks almost infected, hot and swollen. Sarah is watching her pointedly, so Hannah grabs her fork, starts picking at the salad on her plate.

AARON (CONT'D)

And then he goes, 'Wait, I thought you guys were pitching me?'.

Everyone *LAUGHS*.

AARON (CONT'D)

Nobody had a plan! But I'm like, I gotta give him something. So on the fly, I just start explaining this app idea I'd been kicking around with my team.

AARON (CONT'D)

Literally hadn't practiced at all, I just went for it.

SARAH

Hannah the potatoes are vegan.

HANNAH

I know, thank you.

Sarah purses her lips. Hannah forces herself to take a bite of salad. Eve brings a DRUMSTICK to her mouth. *MACRO CLOSE* on the crackling, glistening CHICKEN SKIN.

CUT OUT as Aaron continues--

AARON

And I've had like a full bottle of wine at this point, but of course I fucking nail it. And before the check even came, he'd committed two million in seed funding.

CAL

So sick.

JONAH

Seems like you're the boss now, huh?

Hannah's still looking at the chicken skin, trying not to gag. She picks harder at her nail.

Slowlllllllyyyyyy, the corner of her nail peels up, tearing away from the skin. She *GASPS*, pulls her hand away.

Noah shakes his head, trying to look disapproving but clearly enamored with his youngest.

NOAH I don't know where you learned to bullshit like that, but thank god you did.	SARAH (to Hannah) You know skipping meals actually leads to weight gain, not loss.
---	---

HANNAH I'm not trying to lose weight.	AARON She's eating, Mom.
---	--

EVE

(to Jonah)

I can't wait any longer.

JONAH (smiling) Go for it.	HANNAH (suspicious) Wait for what?
---	---

Eve stands, picking up her glass. Everyone looks to her.

EVE

Well, there's something me and Jonah wanted to tell you all, while it's just the family here. Obviously it'll be secret for awhile, but...

She grins at Jonah.

Sarah puts her hands over her mouth in anticipation. Everyone waits, looking at Eve. Hannah starts pulling up her nail again, revealing soft, bloody skin.

AARON

Well???

EVE

I'm pregnant! We're going to have a baby!

Sarah bursts into tears, everyone jumps up, thrilled.

CAL Oh my god!	AARON MAZEL TOV!!!!
------------------------------	-----------------------------------

HANNAH

On purpose?

Hannah, stunned, is the only one still sitting down. Cal puts a hand on her shoulder, trying to stop this, but Eve has already stiffened.

EVE
Excuse me?

HANNAH
Just-- you're so young.

EVE
I'm 27. I'll be 28 when I have the baby, just like Mom when she had you.

CAL
I think she--

EVE
(over Cal)
This is what people do, Hannah.
Just cause you've never wanted to do anything--

Jonah puts a hand on Eve's arm, giving her a look that suggests they discussed this possibility in advance. Hannah's expression sours further.

Aaron jumps in.

AARON
There's champagne, right? I'm getting a bottle of champagne!

He runs into the kitchen. Cal squeezes Hannah's shoulder, and she tries to salvage this. Still pulling at her nail under the table.

HANNAH
I'm really happy for you.

EVE
Thank you.

HANNAH
Truly.

She finally rises and hugs Eve, then Jonah.

Aaron returns, clutching a BOTTLE and a SHARP KINFE, over-compensating for Hannah's tepid reaction with wild enthusiasm.

AARON
You have to saber it! Get some
reckless behavior in while you
still can!

JONAH
Oh my god.

SARAH
I'll get champagne glasses.

CAL
Let me help you.

NOAH
I'm really going to be a
grandfather?

The room descends into joyful, chaotic movement once more.
Hannah tries to smile at Eve.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

Through the windows of the MAIN HOUSE, we can see everyone
doing dishes, cooing over Eve.

Hannah stands alone in the night air, watching Elliot sniff
at the cacti. Pulls a sweater tightly around her body against
the chill.

AARON (O.S.)
Well that was bitchy.

Hannah turns to see Aaron, lighting the cigarette he holds in
his mouth.

HANNAH
Please don't blow that shit at me--

Aaron licks a finger and holds it up, like a sailor checking
the wind, then positions himself downwind of Hannah.

AARON
Happy?

She rolls her eyes.

HANNAH
Do you think she's pissed?

AARON
Eh. Just go in there and fawn over
her non-existent baby bump. That's
what Cal's doing.

HANNAH
Smart girl.

AARON
Smarter than you.

Hannah doesn't disagree. Aaron exhales smoke, leaning away from Hannah. Studies her.

AARON (CONT'D)
You good, Banana?

HANNAH
Fine.

AARON
You're not...

HANNAH
(vehemently)
No.
(beat)
I'm doing a cleanse.

AARON
And this was the opportune moment?

She turns to look at him, changing the subject.

HANNAH
Can't believe she's giving them a grandchild. Like she wasn't already the favorite.

AARON
Yeah well we didn't go to law school, did we? Follow in Mom and Dad's footsteps?

HANNAH
Knew I was forgetting something.

Hannah smiles at her brother. Genuine love there.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cal unpacks a few things from her bag, while Hannah sits on the bed, still fiddling with her nail. Trying to work on her maid of honor speech, not getting anywhere.

HANNAH
Did my dad talk to you, at all?

CAL
Mhm, he asked about work. While we were doing the dishes.

HANNAH

Good.

(beat)

He said six words to me. I counted.

CAL

Han--

HANNAH

It's fine.

CAL

Noah loves you.

Hannah flops down, exasperated.

HANNAH

Sure, he just doesn't know... what I'm for, you know? Eve makes sense to him, Aaron makes sense to him. But me...

Cal comes over to the bed, sits down next to Hannah.

CAL

If I ask you a question are you gonna yell at me?

HANNAH

(offended)

I've never yelled at you.

CAL

Are you feeling any better?

Hannah shakes her head, looks at Cal, anxious.

HANNAH

I don't know. I can't tell... what's happening. But that shit from last night... I can still feel it. Like it's spreading, inside me. Growing.

CAL

(genuinely concerned)

Growing?

HANNAH

I can't explain it.

CAL

I think we should take you to a doctor then. First thing in the morning--

HANNAH

No. It'll pass, if I can clean my system out. Purge all the toxins.

(beat)

And I just have to get through this week. I've already been a bitch to Eve, I can't make more drama.

Cal nods, understanding. Hannah catches Cal's hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know it stresses you out but, can you please not like, micromanage my food for the next few days? I'll tell you if I need help, I promise, but my mom's going to be on my ass and if you're hovering too I just, I can't deal.

There's a hardness in her voice, even as she holds Cal's hand. The edge of meanness. Cal looks a little hurt, swallows it. Nods.

CAL

But if you're still not feeling well when we get home--

HANNAH

Totally. I promise. Thank you.

OFF Cal, not looking entirely sold on their deal.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The girls are in bed. Cal on her back, Hannah on her side, turned away from her. Both lost in thought. Elliot at their feet, snoring loudly.

Suddenly, into the darkness--

HANNAH

It's so easy, for straight people. To just get accidentally pregnant. Like. Just let nature force their hand, one way or another.

CAL
(sighing)
I know.
(beat)
But we could have a baby. If we
wanted to.

HANNAH
Yeah. It'd just be so... so
deliberate. If we did it.

CAL
I know.

HANNAH
We'd have to mean it.

They're still not looking at each other. Quieter--

CAL
Do you want to?

HANNAH
I don't know... if I could handle
it. My body's fucked... I think
you'd have to do it.

CAL
I could. I would. If it's what we
want.

HANNAH
I don't know.

CAL
I know. Me neither.

The girls fall back into silence.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - MIDNIGHT

The high desert moon shines in through the windows,
illuminating Hannah's wide-awake eyes. She's on her back now,
Cal curled up on her, sleeping with her head tucked under
Hannah's chin. Hannah stares at the ceiling fan, listening to
its rhythmic *CLICK CLICK CLICK*.

She can't sleep. Disentangles herself from Cal, who doesn't
wake, and slips out of bed and into --

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She turns on the light, harsh after the darkness of the bedroom.

Leans against the counter, both hands splayed out, bracing herself. Then freezes. She stares at her fingernail, the one she was picking at all night.

It moves.

The nail stretches further from the bed, as if something underneath it was struggling to emerge.

Horrified, Hannah brings her hand to her face. A wet, tearing noise as the nail pushes further up. As if in slow motion, she brings her other hand to the nail, presses it tentatively.

Her ENTIRE NAIL slides off, ripping away from the skin and revealing...

A clump of MAGGOT EGGS, like long, sticky grains of rice, sprouting from her bloody nail bed. Hannah stares at them, mouth open in disgust.

One of the eggs starts to VIBRATE slightly -- the maggot inside preparing to be born, growing and writhing.

Hannah jumps back, the nail and eggs falling to the floor. Claps her hand over her mouth, trying not to scream.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - GROUNDS - MORNING

Hannah sits with Aaron, watching Elliot sleep lazily in the sun. A band-aid over her thumbnail.

Cal's PRIUS pulls up in front of them, and Cal exits, holding a GROCERY BAG.

Walks up to them, pulling out a bottle of GREEN JUICE, which she hands to Hannah. As Hannah checks the label--

CAL

It's the kind you like, I made sure.

Hannah flashes a grateful smile at her, opening the juice and taking a sip.

HANNAH

I had some nuts.

Cal touches Hannah's hair tenderly, heads into their CABIN.

Hannah realizes Aaron is staring at her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

She doesn't like that I'm doing a
cleanse.

AARON

(sarcastic)

No shit.

HANNAH

You know the worst part, of having
an eating disorder?

AARON

Dying?

HANNAH

(ignoring that)

No one ever believes you again. If
you say you're not hungry, or you
need to eat or not eat a specific
thing, or whatever. No one believes
you know what your body needs.

Aaron looks at his sister, assessing. Then --

AARON

I believe you.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Sarah drives, Eve in the passenger seat. Hannah's in the
back, her position inextricably evocative of childhood.

EVE

Cal didn't want to come?

HANNAH

Religious shit makes her twitchy.

(shrugging)

Raised Catholic.

EVE

Nightmare.

HANNAH

She's not technically allowed,
anyway.

EVE
Neither are you, I think, so maybe
keep--

HANNAH
Yeah and you're supposed to be a
virgin--

EVE
I wonder what's worse--

HANNAH
(laughing)
Dyke or slut?

Eve *LAUGHS*.

SARAH
Hannah, don't call yourself that.
And don't say slut, either. Anyway
I called and asked, this is a very
progressive mikveh, they're
comfortable with same-sex
marriages.

EVE
Ohhh, they're comfortable with you,
Han, that's nice.

Eve turns to look at Hannah, and both girls *LAUGH*,
temporarily united against their mother.

INT. MIKVEH - PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A hand removes rings and stud earrings.

CLOSE ON: A metal tool scrapes under fingernails.

CLOSE ON: Floss pulls through clean white teeth.

CLOSE ON: A comb slides through dark hair.

FIND Eve, freshly showered and scrubbed of make up.

She sits, wearing a bathrobe, in front of a large mirror.
Standing behind her, Hannah brushes out Eve's hair carefully,
taking her job seriously.

They're in the PREP ROOM of the mikveh, which looks like an
upscale spa bathroom. Sarah watches her two daughters in the
mirror, pride on her face.

Hannah sets down the comb.

HANNAH
Okay. No tangles.

SARAH
I'll get the attendant.

She steps away.

HANNAH
You look beautiful, Evie. Truly.

Eve squeezes her hand.

INT. MIKVEH - MAIN ROOM - DAY

What looks like a large HOT TUB is situated in the center of the tiled room. A low couch on the edge, where Sarah and Hannah sit, watching the proceedings.

An older Jewish woman, the MIKVEH ATTENDANT, stands with Eve in front of the entrance to the pool, checking under Eve's fingernails. Deems them satisfactorily clean--

MIKVEH ATTENDANT
Turn around and remove your robe,
please.

Eve does so.

The attendant holds up a WHITE SHEET, covering Eve from the waist down. She checks her back, removes one stray hair caught on her shoulder.

Deliberate and methodical, she examines her skin for adornment, her hair for any knots.

MIKVEH ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Contact lenses?

EVE
No.

MIKVEH ATTENDANT
Alright my dear, enter the water.
Mazel tov. You're going to be a
beautiful bride.

Eve smiles, grateful.

The attendant raises the sheet to COVER HER EYES as Eve turns and takes the seven steps down into the MIKVEH waters.

Eve takes a deep breath, then submerges herself completely in the water. CLOSE ON her dark hair, fanning out around her. Her face tilts up toward the surface, her smile almost ecstatic.

The Attendant watches, the sheet lowered just below her eyes.

She breaks through the water and, quietly--

EVE

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu, Melech
ha'olam, asher ki'shanu
b'mitzvotav, v'tzianu al hat'vilah.*

MIKVEH ATTENDANT

Kosher.

Sarah beams with pride. Eve submerges again.

ON HANNAH as Eve emerges this time. Watching her sister be purified for her wedding. There's something far more complicated than pride in her eyes as Eve prays--

EVE

*V'ayras'tich li l'olam,
v'ayras'tich li b'tzedek
uv'mishpat, u'chesed, uv'rachamim.
V'aryas'tich li b'emunah v'yadaat
et Adonai.*

MIKVEH ATTENDANT

Kosher.

She submerges for a third and final time.

EXT. MIKVEH - DAY

Sarah has her arm around Eve, hair still wet, as they walk back to the car. Hannah is ahead of them, walking quickly, arms folded tight.

The mountains jut up behind as the third and final prayer from Eve's mikveh, the *Shehecheyanu*, plays over them --

EVE (V.O.)

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu, Melech
haolam, shehecheyanu, v'kiy'manu,
v'higiyanu laz'man hazeh.*

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - DAY

Hannah returns, throws herself down on the bed next to Cal and Elliot and buries her face in Elliot's fur.

Cal puts aside her laptop and kisses Hannah's hair as she asks --

CAL
(mock serious)
Hast Eve been purified??

HANNAH
It's just a tradition. No one
really cares anymore.

CAL
Mhm. Did you...
(not sure of the verb)
...mikveh?

HANNAH
Nah. On my period.

CAL
Since when?

HANNAH
This morning.

Cal rolls her eyes, dismissive of what she sees as an antiquated, anti-feminist practice.

CAL
Of course you can't do it on your
period--

Hannah's about to argue, strangely compelled to defend a religion she isn't always sure she subscribes to, but is interrupted by Elliot. He barks loudly, jumping up off the bed. Both girls startle.

HANNAH
What's wrong with him?

CAL
Dunno. Been kind of freaked all
morning. He must be smelling
something from outside. Another
animal, I guess.

Elliot whimpers, lowering his head.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A large pile of PIZZA BOXES are placed on the table. Hannah continues to pick at the dry spot on her face, eyeing the boxes anxiously. Her skin is starting to peel, the surrounding area blotchy and red.

Jonah's parents-- HARRY and MIRIAM (both 60s, aggressively opinionated) -- have arrived, and everyone hugs and shakes hands as they're introduced.

Miriam embraces Eve tightly, rocking her back and forth.

MIRIAM

What a blessing for our families!

JONAH

Okay, okay, don't suffocate her.

Everyone *LAUGHS*, still basking in the glow of this good news. Aaron puts a stack of plates down.

AARON

Alright, everyone get in there.
Cheese, Margarita, Veggie Supreme,
and Hannah, that one's vegan.

Everyone starts grabbing plates and opening pizza boxes, chattering as they do so. Hannah makes no move to eat.

Cal glances at her, Hannah shakes her head slightly. She can't do it. Cal understands, lets it go.

HARRY

What can we do to help tomorrow?

EVE

We're in pretty good shape,
actually--

SARAH

The rabbi is coming at 2 to
meet with us all--

JONAH

Right.

EVE (CONT'D)

We'll run through everything
with her, then get ready for
the rehearsal dinner--

AARON

Should I get another bottle
of wine?

NOAH

Please.

Hannah still hasn't moved, as everyone else settles with their plates of pizza.

MIRIAM

(to Hannah and Cal)

What did you girls do for High Holy Days? Is there a strong Jewish community in Seattle?

HANNAH

Nothing, really. We don't usually go to temple...

Returning from the kitchen with another bottle of wine, Aaron hears this. He's behind Jonah's mother, and draws his hand over his throat, grimacing, trying to silence Hannah.

MIRIAM

Not even for Yom Kippur?

Cal puts half a piece of pizza in her mouth. Hannah shrugs.

JONAH

Leave them alone, Ma--

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

I suppose I forget you're not Jewish, Cal.

HARRY

How could you, with all those tattoos?

Noah *CHUCKLES* in agreement; clearly Cal's tattoos bother him.

Hannah takes a sip of water, drawing attention to the fact that she doesn't have a plate of food.

MIRIAM

Not hungry, dear?

CAL

She'll eat later.

HANNAH

No.

SARAH

You'll have to excuse Hannah, she can be a bit rude at mealtimes. Gets very anxious when confronted with dinner.

Hannah flushes.

MIRIAM

(disapproving)

It's just food, you know. We've been eating it for thousands of years, there's nothing to worry about.

EVE
(trying to change the
subject)
Actually, Miriam, one thing that
would be great to have your help
with tomorrow--

HANNAH
Did you know microplastics are
showing up in the placentas of
unborn babies?

Eve stares at her. Cal puts her head in her hands.

AARON
What the fuck.

HANNAH
(to Eve)
I'm just saying, you have to start
being really careful--

NOAH
That's enough.

Hannah crosses her arms, Eve still glaring at her.

INT. KITCHEN - MAIN HOUSE - LATER

Hannah washes the plates, Cal drying them. It's quiet,
strained.

Sarah enters, holding the rest of the dirty wine glasses. She
looks at Hannah accusingly.

HANNAH
(defensive)
What?

Sarah doesn't say anything, just puts the glasses down and
leaves. Cal puts a tentative hand on Hannah's back.

CAL
Come on. Let's go back to the room,
I'll help you with your speech.

HANNAH
(shaking her head)
Aaron wants us to do Midnight
Snack.

Cal gives her a questioning look, she continues--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's a stupid game, we played it when we were kids. Everyone'd steal a snack, something we weren't supposed to have, and we'd meet at midnight in the treehouse to eat Oreos and shit.

CAL

(smiling)

That's a terrible game.

HANNAH

Hey, it felt VERY high stakes when we were eight. But I gotta go, I think Eve is pissed at me again.

CAL

Oh you think? Why'd you say that shit about the microplastics?

HANNAH

It's true, isn't it? I'm just trying to help--

CAL

Not saying shit that's true is like, the backbone of our society. She probably doesn't want to think about it.

HANNAH

Well she has to want what's best for the baby. It doesn't matter what she likes thinking about.

Cal nods, letting the brewing argument go.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - FIRE PIT - LATE NIGHT

Hannah approaches from the main house.

Just ahead of her, a desert KIT FOX trots across the property, scampering off into the brush. Hannah smiles a little at its sweet face.

At the FIRE PIT, Aaron tends a bonfire. He brought a box of Oreos. Sees Hannah is empty handed--

AARON

Okay I know you have a whole
cleanse thing going on and
whatever, but not bringing anything
is very disrespectful to the
integrity of Midnight Snack.

She *LAUGHS*, as Eve arrives with a bag of grapes and Jonah in
tow, carrying a six pack.

HANNAH

I didn't know Jonah was
coming, I would have brought
Cal.

AARON (CONT'D)

Grapes?? Am I seriously
seeing GRAPES!

EVE

(to Hannah)
Go get her, then.

(to Aaron)
I have to wear a wedding dress in
like 36 hours, bitch.

AARON

Fair enough.

HANNAH

She's probably asleep
already.

Aaron lights a cigarette, offers the box around.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You can't smoke in front of her--

EVE

It's fine, the baby's like an
almond right now, I don't think it
cares.

Hannah looks upset, concerned for Eve and the baby. But
remembering Cal's instructions, she bites her tongue.

Jonah takes a cigarette, offers the box to Hannah, who shakes
her head.

AARON

Don't worry, no one will breathe
near you either.

Jonah lights up, and Aaron nods appreciatively.

AARON (CONT'D)

Finally someone normal around here.

EVE

Is it normal to smoke? No one
smokes anymore.

AARON
It's called nihilism baby, and it's
very trendy.

Hannah *LAUGHS*. Aaron and Jonah both break open beers and the Oreos. Eve eats a handful of grapes. Hannah has nothing, of course.

EVE
(to Aaron)
Are you going to tell us why you
didn't bring Molly?

AARON
We broke up. Again.

Immediately ganging up on him--

HANNAH	EVE
Well yeah, we guessed that	What happened this time?
much.	

AARON
(to Jonah)
Fucking nightmare, having sisters.
You dodged a bullet.
(to the girls)
I don't *know*. Life. Shit. I guess.

Eve and Hannah continue looking expectant, so he goes on--

AARON (CONT'D)
She wants to like, plan a real
life. Save money for a house and
think about kids. And I just can't
wrap my head around it, you know?
(beat)
No offense, Evie.

EVE
None taken.

JONAH
You're young, trust me. Don't rush
anything.

EVE
Well you have to grow up sometime
though.

AARON
Why? Hannah hasn't.

Eve and Aaron both *LAUGH*.

HANNAH

What the fuck?

AARON

I just mean you're not exactly the poster child for adult ambition. You're just chilling, selling candles.

HANNAH

First of all I'm about to apply to grad school--

EVE

(laughing)

Any specific program? Or just like, the concept of grad school?

HANNAH

(louder)

-- Second of all fuck you both, and third of all it's different for queer people, okay? Our temporality is like, different, like we have to go through an additional period of adolescence after we figure our shit out, so everything is delayed. Don't compare me to you guys.

Eve rolls her eyes, Aaron *LAUGHS*.

JONAH

It's fine. You're still young too.

HANNAH

Shut up Jonah, you're like two years older than me.

EVE

Hannah!

HANNAH

You guys never fucking take me seriously. I'm the oldest, you know?

EVE

We do take you seriously, you're just being a bitch. Like you do realize we're at my wedding right? Where I am pregnant--

HANNAH

Oh my god are you pregnant, why haven't you mentioned it?

EVE

Oh fuck off Hannah. You just can't handle anyone but you getting attention--

HANNAH

I don't want attention! I've never wanted attention!

EVE (CONT'D)

--because in your mind you're the only real person in the world.

AARON

Woah--

JONAH

Evie--

HANNAH

I don't think that.

EVE

Then stop acting like it.

AARON

You guys--

HANNAH/EVE

(to Aaron)

Shut up.

HANNAH

(to Eve)

I'm sorry everything isn't as easy for me as it is for you.

Hannah throws her arms apart, gesturing as if in supplication.

EVE

Nothing is easy for me! I work really fucking hard! I've been in therapy since I was fifteen!

HANNAH

Oh so that's my fault too?

EVE

That's not what I said.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(to Jonah)

That's when they locked me up for the first time. In case you haven't memorized the timeline of ways I failed Eve yet.

EVE (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I'm talking
about--

But Hannah isn't listening anymore. She's staring at the crease of her elbow, a tangle of raised, bluish veins. In the half-light from the fire pit, she watches as...

SOMETHING MOVES INSIDE HER VEIN.

A small oval, bulging under her skin as it travels up her arm. Without saying a word, she spins on her heel and hurries away, rushing back toward the cabin.

EVE (CONT'D)

--way to prove my point!

Without stopping, Hannah raises a hand to flip Eve off.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Hannah bangs in, but Cal is passed out in bed. Hannah moves through to --

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heart pumping, Hannah looks at herself in the mirror.

It's not just the veins of her arm. The skin of her face is PULSING. Swollen, straining, as if something is moving underneath her flesh, struggling to find freedom.

Angry and afraid, she scratches hard at her face, where the skin has already started to peel. The sound is terrible, indecent. She digs her nails in deeper, pulling up skin, trying to exorcise whatever is throbbing through her veins.

A drop of BLOOD falls to the counter, thick and splattering.

In the center is a small, white worm -- a maggot. They've hatched now, squirming and searching beneath her skin.

Hannah's eyes widen in fear. She tears more viciously at her face, and blood streaks her cheeks. It's too thick, looks almost like the SUGAR SYRUP pumped into Cal's coffee.

She leans in closer, fixating on one scratch. Pushes her nails in and forces the flesh apart.

The red, viscous goop tracks down her face as MORE WORMS spill out. Three or four maggots dot her face, she swats them off violently.

She's fully freaking out now, breathing hard and jagged, whimpering as the thick blood runs into her nose, her mouth. She spits a bloody worm out into the sink. She can't breathe.

Keeps scratching frantically, needing to get it all out of her, even as the fluid chokes her.

HARD CUT TO:

PART III: DETERIORATION

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - MORNING

HANNAH JOLTS AWAKE, head on her pillow. Just a bad dream, then? A moment of relief as she lifts her head, puts a hand to her face... and feels the intersecting scratches she inflicted last night.

Not a dream.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She rushes to the mirror. The scratches are disgusting -- deep and jagged, coated, thick, as if stuffed with Vaseline.

Elliot noses the door open, sniffing hard at Hannah.

He growls. Hurt, Hannah pushes him away, shuts the door. Then notices her hands.

Her fingernails are jammed with flesh and blood and white chunks of worm. Disgusted, she digs under a nail with her other hand, trying to pry the stuff out. (For the rest of the film, Hannah will continuously pick at her fingernails. Never able to fully get them clean.)

Her hands shake.

EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

Hannah runs with Elliot, feet pounding the dirt. She grimaces in pain, her movements uncoordinated and strained.

Suddenly Elliot breaks away from her, sprinting into the open desert.

HANNAH
Elliot! Stop!

She jogs after him, stumbles down a little embankment. Elliot is sniffing feverishly at something, a few yards ahead of her. Whatever he's interested in is obscured by his body.

Hannah hears the low *HUM* of insect wings. Suddenly apprehensive, she slows down, keeps her distance.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Come, Elliot. Now.

He lifts his head, revealing what drew him off the road.

The carcass of the KIT FOX lies twisted at the foot of the embankment.

Its stomach is ripped open -- a predator has removed the choice meat. A few ribs are intact, picked bare, standing guard over an empty cavity.

Baking in the hot desert sun, the decomposition process has already begun. Entrails smear across the ground. Flies jockey for position, ants stripe the fox's body black.

CLOSE ON a FLY, perched on a glassy white eye.

Hannah turns away, squeezing her eyes shut. Hit by a wave of grief for the innocent creature, overwhelmed by the cruel vagaries of life.

Elliot puts his face back down towards the fox's body.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
No! Stop it!

She lunges, grabbing his collar and dragging him away. Looks back once over her shoulder at the carcass, horror in her eyes.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Hannah sets a massive TRAY of PASTRIES down on the table.

She's cleaned her scratches, and is wearing a significant amount of makeup, but they're impossible to fully hide. The TV is on in the background, the morning news promising doom and gloom at low volume.

Turns back to the KITCHEN, sees Sarah staring at her. The women are clearly in the middle of a stand off as Sarah grills her about her face.

HANNAH
I said I was sorry, okay?

SARAH

But why didn't you just let the dog go?

HANNAH

I don't know what's out there! Coyotes and wolves and shit? He didn't mean to scratch me, he just got scared.

SARAH

I told you not to bring him.

HANNAH

He doesn't like being left.

Sarah turns back to the PAN of scrambled eggs she's tending.

SARAH

Well. I'm sure Eve will understand that the dog's emotions are more important to you than her wedding photos.

HANNAH

(rolling her eyes)

The photos will be fine--

Hannah grabs a large bowl of CUT FRUIT and starts taking that to the table, but freezes as she passes the TV. She grabs a remote, turns the volume up.

TV ANCHOR

...the USDA announced a massive recall of North American grown yellow and red onions today. More than 700 people have been hospitalized with salmonella after consuming contaminated onions.

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW of salmonella replaces the stock image of an ONION. The virus particles look like small stacked worms. Hannah flinches back from it.

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

If you're unsure of the origin of any onions in your home, the USDA recommends throwing them away for safety. If you're feeling ill, please contact--

HANNAH
Are you cooking with onions? Mom?
(more frantic)
Mom!

SARAH
No.

HANNAH
Were there onions on the pizza?

SARAH
I don't know, probably.

HANNAH
Are you feeling okay?

SARAH
I'm fine. Everyone's fine.

AARON (O.S.)
You didn't even eat last night,
what do you care?

Aaron has entered, and Hannah glares at him, annoyed he's not taking this seriously. He stares back at her until she ducks her head, embarrassed about her behavior last night.

HANNAH
We need to make sure the restaurant
knows, and the caterers, for
tomorrow--

SARAH
I'm sure they do.

Aaron sees how upset Hannah is, softens a little.

AARON
I'll call them.

He steps back out of the kitchen. Hannah's buzzing with anxiety, rounds on her mother.

HANNAH
This just keeps happening. And you
know it's only going to get worse
right? With climate change? Our
food supply is gonna become way
more impure, and all these natural
disasters are gonna contaminate
ground water and displace wild
animals and--

Sarah clucks.

SARAH

Every generation thinks the world is ending. You have some children and you get over it.

HANNAH

Yeah but like... this time it actually is ending.

SARAH

Every generation thinks that too. Put the butter out.

CUT TO:

MACRO CLOSE on the jiggling, almost fluorescently yellow SCRAMBLED EGGS. They sway like jello. CUT OUT. Hannah sits with everyone else around the breakfast table, drinking only GREEN TEA. She looks vaguely nauseated.

Gets up quickly and heads to the fridge, where she grabs a SMARTWATER (as anyone with an eating disorder can tell you, keeping your electrolytes high helps prevent cardiac failure). Eve follows her. The murmur of the others' chatter in the background as--

EVE

Hannah--

HANNAH

I'm really sorry about my face--

EVE

I don't give a shit about your face. I just...

(beat)

I don't want to fight. We always fight, and I don't know why--

HANNAH

Because we're sisters?

Eve smiles.

EVE

Probably that, yeah.

HANNAH

I don't want to fight either. I shouldn't have said that, last night--

EVE

Me too... It's just hard sometimes,
competing with you.

HANNAH

Me? I'm competing with you, dude, I
work retail--

EVE

You know how perfect I had to be,
when we were kids? Mom and Dad were
always worried about you, and I
just didn't want to make any noise.
There was no room left for me. I'm
not saying you wanted them to be, I
know you were sick, but--

Hannah nods. Understanding. Grabs Eve's hand.

HANNAH

(means it)

I'm sorry.

Eve feels her earnestness, appreciates it.

JONAH (O.S.)

Babe, do you still want to shower
before the tailor comes?

EVE

(to Jonah)

Coming!

She squeezes Hannah's hand, lets go.

HANNAH

Evie? Just promise me you won't eat
any onions, okay? For the baby's
sake.

Eve smiles sadly. Hannah's fallen back into her singular
focus, it's like their conversation never happened.

EVE

Okay. Sure.

INT. EVE AND JONAH'S CABIN - DAY

A TAILOR supervises the final fitting of Eve's wedding dress,
witnessed by Sarah, Miriam, Cal, and Hannah.

SEAMSTRESS

I'll bring it in just a nip here,
okay? Excellent work, what is that,
another two or three pounds you've
lost since last time?

Eve glances quickly at Hannah, then nods, smiling.

MIRIAM

You'll have these pictures for the
rest of your life, dear, and I
promise, you'll always be grateful
for how thin you look today.

SARAH

Hannah, will you go check on the
rental company outside? Make sure
the chairs are being set up
properly?

Hannah and Cal exchange a look at Sarah's transparent efforts
to keep Hannah away from discussions of weight loss, but she
rises anyway.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - GROUNDS - MINUTES LATER

There's a faint wind, kicking up dust. From a distance,
uninterested, Hannah watches a group of THREE MEN set up
folding chairs in rows, facing the CHUPPAH.

She coughs lightly. Then again. Harder this time. The men
don't notice, continuing to move chairs and joke with each
other in *SPANISH*.

Embarrassed, she moves away from the men as she coughs
harder, starting to choke. Now they pause to look at her. She
coughs so violently she lowers herself to the ground, falling
into a sitting position. The men exchange glances, and one
hurries over to her, grabbing a water bottle.

WORKMAN

Miss? Water?

He proffers the bottle, but she shakes her head, waving him
off, still coughing. He backs away, uncertain.

Finally she catches her breath. Looks down, and in the palm
of her hand are hardened amber ovals... fly pupae.

The maggots inside her have begun the next stage of their
metamorphosis.

She turns one cocoon over with her finger, fascinated and disgusted. Inside, she can just see the faint outline of WINGS.

She glances up. The men still watch her with concern. She tightens her hand, *CRUNCHING* the pupae into dust.

EXT./INT. FLORIST - DAY

THROUGH THE LARGE FRONT WINDOW, we watch as Hannah and Cal trail behind Sarah and Eve while a FLORIST shows them a preview of the bouquets and arrangements for tomorrow.

INSIDE: Eve and Sarah look frustrated.

SARAH

My daughter specifically said she wanted to minimize the amount of greenery--

EVE

It just makes it look cheap, you know?

SARAH (CONT'D)

--there was a whole conversation about this--

Hannah puts her hand to her lower back, grimaces in pain.

As the florist tries to soothe Eve and Sarah, Cal sidebars with Hannah--

CAL

You okay?

HANNAH

Yeah. I must have pulled something weird, when I was running.

FLORIST (O.S.)

I assure you, we can fix this--

SARAH (O.S.)

For the amount you're charging, you better be able to--

CAL

Soooo we're just gonna elope right?

HANNAH

Fuck yes.

Cal smiles.

EXT. UPSCALE STEAKHOUSE - EVENING

A sleek restaurant, leather and dark wood paneling, rented out for the rehearsal/out-of-towners dinner. Maybe FIFTY or so guests in attendance, spread out across several tables. Eve and Jonah stand together, mid-speech.

JONAH

It means so much to us that you all
can be here, and that we can start
our married life surrounded by so
much love.

FIND Hannah, sitting at a table with the rest of the bridal party -- Aaron, Sarah, Noah, Jonah's parents, Jonah's brother (GABRIEL, late 20s), and Eve's best friend DELIA (late 20s, sorority girl). An empty seat next to Hannah. She peers around, looking for Cal, as Eve takes over.

EVE

There's SO much food, thank you to
my future in-laws, Harry and
Miriam, for hosting us tonight--

A smattering of applause for Jonah's parents.

EVE (CONT'D)

--so please eat and drink tons.

JONAH

Unless you want to go on the group
hike tomorrow morning at 10, in
which case don't drink too much!

Everyone *LAUGHS*. Hannah finally spots Cal, standing by the door to the KITCHENS, speaking quietly with a WAITER.

The room has begun *APPLAUDING* Eve and Jonah. Hannah joins in a beat late, watching as Cal winds her way back to their table and drops into the empty seat between Hannah and Aaron.

CAL

(whispered, to Hannah)
The broccoli is organic. Just
steamed in water, with a little
salt. You can eat that.

HANNAH

(full volume)
I asked you not to babysit me.

Cal looks away, wounded. Aaron stares at his sister.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE STEAKHOUSE - LATER IN THE EVENING

MACRO CLOSE on a SPEAR OF BROCCOLI. Tiny green florets become a dense forest. CUT OUT as Hannah stabs one of the five broccoli spears on her plate. Not eating any, just dissecting it slowly into broccoli mash.

DELIA (O.S.)
Hold on, you've got a hair--

Hannah looks up to find Delia, the other maid of honor, picking a STRAY HAIR off her shoulder. Delia's trying to be helpful, but she comes away with a WHOLE CLUMP of Hannah's hair tangled in her fingers.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I'm so sorry--

HANNAH
It's fine, seriously--

DELIA
Have you tried that custom shampoo stuff? It's a total lifesaver, I'll send you a link--

HANNAH
Most shampoo has triclosan in it--

SARAH	DELIA
Oh Hannah--	(kind)
	What's that?

Cal exchanges a helpless glance with Aaron, which Hannah clocks.

HANNAH
They banned it from soap a while ago, but you can still use it in shampoos and deodorant and stuff. It's an antibacterial, but it causes all this hormone damage. Can even result in miscarriages.

She looks pointedly at Eve.

AARON
I don't think that's true.

Cal leans over, whispers something to Aaron. Hannah continues even more heatedly--

HANNAH

It is! It's been completely outlawed in Europe. There's actually tons of pesticides and chemicals they don't use over there that are legal here. You see the pictures of these farm workers, who have to breathe it everyday, and--

EVE

No one wants to hear this shit.

Hannah looks up, and her eyes widen in shock.

An entire LIVE KIT FOX is sprawled across Eve's plate.

Its legs dangle off the table, its head lolls on the white linen cloth. Jonah, grinning beatifically at his bride, holds down the squealing animal as Eve CUTS INTO ITS BELLY with a steak knife.

Blood pools on the plate, the fox whimpers and cries, impotently trying to escape its fate. Eve lifts a piece of raw flesh to her mouth. Swallows, then--

Eve smiles cruelly at Hannah. Blood stains her teeth.

SARAH (O.S.)

(briskly)

Delia, I'm looking forward to your maid of honor speech.

DELIA

Oh yeah, Evie, who's going first?
Me or Hannah?

Hannah blinks, and the food on Eve's plate is just steak again. Eve, still glaring at her sister, turns to Delia. Sweetly--

EVE

Whose is better?

Delia glances at Hannah -- there's an inherent tension between them as dueling maids of honor.

Cal sees, and despite knowing Hannah hasn't written a word--

CAL

Hannah's is really special. You're gonna love it.

OFF Hannah, looking down at her broccoli.

INT. UPSCALE STEAKHOUSE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Hannah stands in front of the mirror, reapplying CONCEALER to her scratches. As she straightens up, her back twinges again. Puts her hand to it, tentative. Slowly starts untucking her shirt, turning to look at her skin. Almost afraid of what she might find...

There's a slight sniffing from the stall behind her. Hannah quickly stuffs her shirt back into her jeans, moves for the door.

But then Sarah exits the stall. Looks like she's been trying not to cry.

HANNAH

Mom?

SARAH

Oh, Hannah.

HANNAH

Want me to... get... Eve?

SARAH

No, no.

Sarah walks to the sink, turns on the faucet, then grips the sides of the basin, unsteady.

HANNAH

Are you drunk?

SARAH

Of course not.

She begins to wash her hands.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Just hard to believe. My baby, pregnant and married.

HANNAH

Totally.

Hannah moves subtly for the bathroom door.

SARAH

You were never my baby. Not really. You never needed me.

HANNAH

What are you talking about, of course I needed you.

SARAH

Maybe you did, and I just didn't know how to help you...

(beat)

Do you remember... when you were a little girl, you used to collect pieces of string? Just little spare threads, that you'd find around the house or pull off your clothing?

Hannah shakes her head, looking hopefully over her shoulder at the exit again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You'd give them to me, you'd asked me to save them. I kept them in a drawer, for a long time. You never wanted them back, and so eventually... one day I just threw them out.

She's come closer to Hannah, touches her daughter's face softly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And of course a week later you asked for your strings. And I didn't have them. You cried so hard you threw up.

HANNAH

I don't even remember that, it's fine--

Sarah shakes her head, seeming haunted by the incident.

SARAH

I don't know. Maybe it's my fault.

HANNAH

What is?

SARAH

You. Did I do this to you?

HANNAH

No one did anything to me--

A long beat, then--

SARAH

Your grandmother was in Dachau. And you can't even eat broccoli.

Hannah's eyes widen. Absolutely no way to respond to that.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cal sits on the bed, texting rapidly. Her back to Hannah, who slowly removes her jewelry, watching Cal.

HANNAH
Are you and Aaron talking about me?

CAL
What?

HANNAH
I saw you at dinner, whispering.
Are you texting him?

Cal turns, her face closed off in disbelief.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Well?

CAL
Jesus Christ. I wouldn't do that.

HANNAH
Then who are you texting?

Can't believe she's making her say it--

CAL
Sonya. And we're not talking about
you, believe it or not.

She tosses her phone across the bed towards Hannah.

CAL (CONT'D)
See for yourself, if you're so
fucking paranoid.

Cal turns back around, frustrated. Hannah softens. Doesn't pick up Cal's phone.

HANNAH
I'm sorry.

Hannah gets on the bed, crawls across to Cal.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(kissing her)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Cal *SIGHS*. Kisses her back, then pulls away.

CAL

I'm exhausted, I just want to go to sleep.

Cal rolls over. Hannah can feel herself hurting Cal. Hates it, but can't seem to stop.

HANNAH

I know you're trying to help me. I know all you've ever done is try to help me.

Hannah waits, but Cal says nothing. Presses her face into the pillow so Hannah can't see the tears pooling in her eyes.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cal is asleep, still turned away from Hannah. Even now, stress is clear in the tension of Cal's body.

Hannah stares up at the ceiling fan. It *CLICKS* once on every rotation.

Elliot is in the far corner of the room, unable to settle. He keeps getting up and circling his bed, huffing loudly, glancing at the girls.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

She turns over, frustrated. Watches a line of red FIRE ANTS make their way up the wall by the headboard.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

She's drowning in her own mind, a thousand competing thoughts and fears and hurts vying for dominance.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of the expansive compound, illuminated only by the silver moonlight. It appears deserted until we...

FIND Hannah, alone. In the darkness, the desert feels apocalyptic. Like Hannah is alone here, at the end of everything. She moves slowly, almost somnambulistically.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - MAIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah stands outside the building. Looks in through the square windows. Nothing moves inside.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah stares at the unbroken surface of the water. The pool shimmers with the half-light of underwater bulbs.

She stands for a moment before the pool, just staring at the water. Something almost like longing on her face. Her eyes catch on the small POOL SHED nearby. Considers...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Hannah's fingers, gripping a heavy rock. She smashes the rusted old padlock of the POOL SHED, yanks it open.

Scans the contents of the shed. A pool rake, a tarp-like cover, some gardening supplies.

And then she smiles. She's found what she was looking for.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a LARGE BOTTLE OF CHLORINE. Hannah has one in each hand. Walks the length of the pool, emptying both bottles into the water. The acrid smell stings her nose and eyes, but she seems to not even notice.

When she runs out of chlorine she stops. Shakes out the last few drops, then lets the bottles fall to the flagstone deck.

And then, deliberately, Hannah pulls her hair out of her ponytail. Runs her fingers through it. Then removes her shoes. Her shirt and pajama pants. Her underwear.

She stands there, completely naked in the jumping light beams reflecting from the water. Her teeth chatter in the cold.

Checks her shoulders, removes a stray hair, just like Eve did before entering the mikveh. Pulls another hair. A handful comes out, but she doesn't stop. Pulls harder, more hair coming out in her hands. Not even seeming to register the hair, she tosses it aside, an offering to the gentle desert breeze.

She tries to clean under her fingernails, scraping out flaky crusts of blood and dry skin.

Looks at her other nails, all still bloody. Scrapes harder, more frantically. Another fingernail breaks off, exposing raw pink flesh.

She stops. Collects herself, and then...

Slowly, Hannah wades into the pool water. It's cold. Goosebumps rise on her skin, but she doesn't react. Her eyes water from the chlorine, or maybe she's crying.

She's submerged up to her neck.

Hannah looks around, feeling stupid. Scared. Then.

She submerges herself in the water.

She stays underwater for a few moments, eyes screwed shut.

Comes up for air. Now there really are tears in her eyes. She looks around. All alone.

Desperate to be purified, to be cleansed, she submerges herself again. Comes up quicker this time, her breath a short little burst.

Now she prays, choking on the words, the water and the chlorine in her mouth.

HANNAH

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu--

Goes back under. Up again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*--melech ha'olam... Baruch atah
Adoni Eloheinu melech ha'olam--*

She's dunking herself over and over, feverish in her pursuit.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*--ha'olam, asher ki'shanu
b'mitzvotav, v'tzianu--*

Almost hysterical now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu, Melech
ha'olam--*

JONAH (O.S.)

Hannah?

Hannah whips her head around, caught-- Jonah stands at the edge of the pool, baffled.

JONAH (CONT'D)

We heard splashing, thought an
animal fell in or something...

HANNAH

I'm sorry--

Jonah rubs a hand across his face, exhausted and a little drunk.

JONAH

(genuinely asking)

Look, I'm just wondering -- what
the fuck is wrong with you?

Hannah wipes the water from her eyes. Her skin is turning red from the chlorine, almost like a chemical burn. Doesn't know what to say.

Jonah's about to leave, decides he's not done and turns back to Hannah--

JONAH (CONT'D)

Eve lets you get away with murder,
you know, she loves you so much.
But... all I care about is Eve
getting the wedding she deserves.
So just please, for once, try not
to fuck everything up tomorrow.

Jonah goes. Tears flare in her eyes again. She takes a deep breath and then submerges herself once more in the dark water.

UNDERWATER: Hannah lets her body sink to the bottom. Opens her mouth and SCREAMS soundlessly.

HARD CUT TO:

PART IV: DECOMPOSITION

EXT. DESERT TRAIL - DAY

The PRE-WEDDING hike that was threatened. About twenty PEOPLE hike leisurely, Hannah alone at the back of the group.

Cal is towards the front, walking with Delia. She keeps glancing back to Hannah. Clearly still some tension between them.

A few steps ahead of Hannah, Noah calls over his shoulder--

NOAH

Hannah, don't fall behind.

Hannah quickens her pace, trying to catch up with her father. She runs her hand through her hair, then freezes, looking more closely at her forearm.

A fine layer of downy MOLD grows over her arms, like the white coating on a rotting orange. Could almost be mistaken for lanugo hair (the hair anorexics develop for temperature regulation), but it's tinged blue.

She rubs her arm, the fuzzy mold peels off in strips. She gags as she scrapes harder at her skin.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be alone out here,
it's not safe.

He's stopped now, waiting for her. Hannah is touched by his concern, almost lights up with it.

She quickly pulls on the flannel that was tied around her waist, covering the strange growth on her arms, then catches up.

Falls into step beside him. He notices her ratty tennis shoes.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Your little job doesn't pay you
enough to buy shoes without holes?

Immediately cut back down again. They continue in silence.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - SHOWER - DAY

CLOSE ON: A RAZOR slides up Hannah's arms as she shaves off the VELVETY MOLD.

Taps the razor on the side of the bathtub, running it under water to clear out the white gunk. Moves on to her other arm, carefully removing all the downy white mold.

Steam curls around her as she hangs the razor back up. We linger CLOSE ON THE RAZOR for just a moment too long as she turns off the water...

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannah steps out of the shower, wrapping herself in a towel. The mirror is FOGGED with steam, and she wipes it down.

The bones of her shoulder CRACK ominously with the motion.

Looks at herself. Her arms and legs are red and patchy, burned by the chlorine and rubbed raw from shaving. Her face is marked with deep scratches, the skin flaking and peeling.

Her heart is thumping.

She turns to grab a hairbrush, winces in pain again as her back twinges.

She looks at herself in the mirror again, a weighty sense of foreboding. Slowly she lowers her towel, starts to turn to look at her back. Fears what she's going to see...

CAL (O.S.)

Oh my god I didn't tell you, Delia would not shut up on the hike. Kept complaining about how many straight people were here.

Hannah snaps out of her reverie. Pulls her towel back up. Not going to look at her back.

She steps out into the BEDROOM. Cal is in a BATHROBE, leaning over the little table.

HANNAH

Isn't she straight?

CAL

She dated a girl in college. For a few weeks. Couldn't wait to tell me she was in the club.

Hannah rolls her eyes. Trying to make a peace offering to Cal, she grabs her bag of SOAKED WALNUTS.

Shakes the last four out into her hand.

She looks at the empty bag. No more safe food. Places one on her tongue, deliberately, like it's a communion wafer.

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

Here.

Cal tosses a few INDEX CARDS onto the bed.

CAL (CONT'D)

I finished your maid of honor toast. You know, the one you're supposed to give in like, three hours.

HANNAH

God, you're a lifesaver.

Cal's expression is tight.

CAL
I just... how did you envision this
going? What was your plan, if I
hadn't helped??

Hannah shrugs, picking up the cards. She scans them.

HANNAH
This is perfect.

OFF Cal, frustrated. Knows she's enabling, but can't bring herself to let Hannah crash and burn.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Eve, Sarah, Miriam, Hannah, Cal and Delia all wear cute matching bathrobes, getting ready together while a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps self-consciously staged "candid" photos.

A MAKE-UP ARTIST does Delia's lipstick. A NAIL TECH works on Eve.

NAIL TECH
(to Hannah)
You sure you're okay?

Hannah, with her two broken nails, hides her hands in her lap.

HANNAH
I don't like nail polish. Sorry.

SARAH
At least take off those ratty band-aids.

EVE
It's fine, Mom.

Hannah rises, wanting to get out of there, and goes to stand by the window. Watches as the CATERERS unload TWO VANS, preparing for dinner.

A seemingly endless loop of people in chef whites, carrying plastic-wrapped metal HOTEL PANS, crates of vegetables, giant bottles of oils and spices.

Just like in the health food store, Hannah stares, fascinated and horrified by the excess of food parading before her.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - POOLSIDE - LATER

Against a dramatic mountain backdrop, the immediate family and a FEMALE RABBI are gathered for the signing of the ketubah (the Jewish marriage contract).

Jonah, in a suit, and Eve, in an elegant white shift dress, sit at a small wooden table with two chairs. The ketubah is beautiful, a hand-painted poster-sized document that will be framed in their home.

The family is arranged in a semi-circle behind the table, the Rabbi stands in front. The bridesmaids, Hannah, Delia, and Cal, wear color coordinated outfits (dresses for Hannah and Delia, a suit for Cal).

The Photographer continues surreptitiously snapping photos.

RABBI

In just an hour, your wedding ceremony will take place -- a public declaration of your love. But for now, we gather solely with those closest to you for the private ceremony, in which you'll sign two legally binding documents. One which will join you together in the eyes of our God, and one which will join you in the eyes of the state of California.

Sarah is already crying, watching Eve and Jonah gaze at each other with devotion.

Hannah coughs subtly, trying not to draw attention to herself. Cal glances at her. Takes her hand.

There's a faint *BUZZING* coming from somewhere.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Your ketubah will hang in your home, offering these blessings and reminding you of your vows. I will ask Jonah's father to read the ketubah now.

Harry steps up solemnly.

HARRY

I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

On the first day of the week, the
twenty-eighth day of the month of
Tishri, in the year 5783,
corresponding to the twenty-third
day of the month of October...

Harry's voice continues in the background, but Hannah isn't listening. She's desperately trying not to cough, her eyes watering with the effort. Clears her throat, attempting to cough quietly, but the sound rips out of her violently.

CAL

(whispered)

Are you okay?

HANNAH

(whispered)

I can't... breath...

Sarah glares at them, and the girls fall silent.

RABBI

I ask you both to sign the ketubah
now, as the first act of your
wedding day celebration.

Jonah signs the ketubah, passes the pen to Eve.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Now I ask your parents to sign.

Harry and Miriam, then Noah and Sarah, step forward and sign the ketubah.

RABBI (CONT'D)

And now I will sign.

She does so, then places another document on the table.

The *BUZZING* sound grows louder, more insistent. Hannah's eyes are teary, her chest quivering with the effort not to cough. She can't take it anymore.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Now, onto matters of the state.
This document makes your marriage
legal in the eyes of the government
and society at large. Jonah and
Eve, please sign your marriage
license.

Jonah signs, passes the pen to Eve.

JONAH
 (low, but not that low)
 God I love you so much.

Everyone *CHUCKLES*.

RABBI
 (teasing)
 Stay focused now. Next we will ask
 your chosen witnesses to sign the
 document. Jonah has asked his
 brother Gabriel to act as witness.

GABRIEL steps forward, shakes hands with Jonah and signs.

Hannah moves away from the group, turning to face the pool,
 and finally opens her mouth to properly cough as the *BUZZING*
 reaches a crescendo and...

A BLACK FLY crawls out of her mouth, hovering on her lower
 lip.

Hannah feels it there, knocks it off in a panic, but more
 flies stream from her mouth. The *BUZZING* consumes Hannah, it
 feels inescapable. The Rabbi's words are faint and far away--

RABBI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And Eve has asked her sister Hannah
 to act as witness.

She coughs harder as they crawl across her face, moving
 towards her nostrils and eyes, dotting her skin black. She
 swats at them, disgusted. A fly slips into her tear duct,
 embedding itself in her eye with a wet *SUCKING* sound.

CAL
 (urgently)
 Hannah?

Cal puts her hand on Hannah's back.

The flies are gone.

Everyone is looking at her. Hannah forces a smile,
 apologetic.

HANNAH
 Sorry... the dust...

She steps up and Gabriel hands her the pen. Jonah shoots Eve
 a look, and Eve ducks her head -- it's clear they argued
 about Eve wanting Hannah to act as witness, and Jonah's been
 vindicated.

Hand shaking slightly, Hannah signs the marriage license.

The Photographer *SNAPS* a photo.

Hannah returns to Cal's side, looking dazed, not fully present in her body. Her skin is flushed and sweaty, almost feverish.

RABBI

And now I will sign.

(she does)

And with that, these documents are legally binding. Eve and Jonah, please join hands. In a few moments you will be further joined together by love and intention in your wedding ceremony, embraced by the community of your friends and family.

Sarah is glaring at Hannah. Cal puts an arm around Hannah, helping support her.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Congratulations! You may now share your first ceremonial kiss of the day.

Eve and Jonah kiss, the families applaud.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Nobody move, going to grab a few photos!

Everyone poses.

The *SNAPPING* of the photographer's camera gets louder and LOUDER...

And suddenly the film FREEZES into a series of tableaux (as in the sex work scenes of *My Own Private Idaho*), the action replaced with images from the photographer's camera.

Disjointed photos progress steadily, stilted, jumpy, as Hannah disassociates her way through her sister's wedding. (Hannah is present in all photos, even if just discernible in the background.)

BEGIN PHOTO MONTAGE:

- BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM, Eve emerges, now in her wedding dress.

- Sarah cries, reaching to hug her baby.

- Hannah, Cal, Delia, and Eve stand with their arms around each other, smiling at the camera.
- OUTSIDE, SUNSET. Eve has her arms around Delia. In the BG, Hannah presses her lower back, in pain.
- Sarah directs people to various positions.
- The bridesmaids and groomsmen gather at the chuppah with the Rabbi, everyone finding their place, trying to arrange themselves.
- Delia stands closest to the chuppah, Hannah behind her, followed by Cal.
- A more posed shot of the wedding party assembled, waiting expectantly.
- Harry and Miriam escort Jonah, sharp in his tuxedo, down the aisle, hugging him at the chuppah.
- Eve appears at the end of the aisle, between Noah and Sarah.
- The crowd *OOHS* and *AHHS* over Eve.
- The bridal party cheers as Eve is handed off to Jonah (Hannah looks distracted, checking her arms).
- Jonah takes Eve's hands.
- The Rabbi begins speaking.
- The assembled crowd *LAUGHS* at something.
- Eve and Jonah circle each other.
- Eve and Jonah kiss.
- Eve and Jonah both raise a foot to stomp a GLASS WRAPPED IN A WHITE NAPKIN, and we SYNC BACK INTO FILM FOOTAGE as the glass shatters.

Everyone cheers and claps, the bridal party hugging. Cal has to nudge Hannah. She was still looking at her skin.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - OUTDOOR TENTS - EVENING

As guests stream towards the tents for cocktails and appetizers, the families gather for wedding photos.

The massive ABRAMS family, including cousins and aunts and uncles, surrounds Eve and Jonah, posing for a photograph.

PHOTOGRAPHER

And now one with just the immediate family, please.

Everyone leaves but Noah, Sarah, the Abrams children, and Jonah and Cal.

The photo *SNAPS*.

Eve looks to Hannah, who's glassy-eyed. She appears almost drunk, although of course she isn't.

EVE

Can we do one with just my parents?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Of course.

Hannah, Cal, and Aaron step away, but--

EVE

You can stay for one more, Aaron.

Cal's eyes widen, understanding what just happened. Hannah crosses her arms tightly. Pretends it didn't hurt.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - OUTDOOR TENTS - NIGHT

Released from the photographs, Hannah and Cal head towards the bar. Hannah is moving slowly, seemingly weakened. Her eyes are dilated, her skin sweaty, even as she shivers slightly, despite the heat of the day.

CAL

I need a drink, Jesus.
(to Hannah)
You okay?

HANNAH

I fucked it up--

CAL

It's okay. You signed. They're married. We're almost out of here.

ABRAMS RELATIVE (O.S.)

Hannah! Come say hello!

Cal squeezes her hand.

CAL

I'll get you a water. Good luck.

WAITERS swirl around, bearing trays of HORS D'OEUVRES. Hannah passes one, who holds up his offering.

WAITER
A blini, miss?

MACRO CLOSE: The caviar is gelatinous, a thick, shiny orb. The texture is nauseating.

CUT OUT as Hannah is called again by an AUNT.

AUNT #1 (O.S.)
Hannah dear, there you are.

Hannah shakes her head at the waiter, then turns to find her AUNT, smiles politely.

AUNT #1 (CONT'D)
Such a beautiful wedding, your
sister is so lucky.

Hannah nods in agreement. SCREEN WIPES.

Throughout the following, we STAY ON HANNAH, interacting only with her family as disembodied voices.

Hannah, in the same position.

UNCLE (O.S.)
I hear you're an associate at that
law firm now?

HANNAH
Oh, that's Eve, actually. I work at
a cosmetics boutique.

UNCLE (O.S.)
I'm sure your parents love that,
after all the money they spent on
college!

Hannah smiles tightly. SCREEN WIPES.

AUNT #2 (O.S.)
Is it awful? Having your little
sister married before you?

HANNAH
Oh no, Evie's always been ahead of
me.

AUNT #2 (O.S.)
But why don't you marry that nice
girl? You can now, you know!

SCREEN WIPES.

Hannah tries to stay upright as the barrage of relatives continues. She has to lean against a chair, no longer able to support her own weight.

TEEN COUSIN (O.S.)
Jonah's just sooo handsome you
know? Or maybe you don't know. But
he is. I just wish I could meet
someone like that.

Hannah nods. SCREEN WIPES.

On Hannah, and this time, her face relaxes in relief. REVERSE
TO SEE Cal standing before her. She offers her a glass of
water, which Hannah sips eagerly.

HANNAH
Thanks.

CAL
Sorry, the line was long.

Sarah appears, taking the water glass from Hannah's hands.

SARAH
The toasts are going to begin.
Eve's letting you go first.

Hannah looks to Cal, suddenly panicked.

HANNAH
I can't, I don't feel good--

SARAH
It's not a choice. Go. Now.

Hannah checks her arms, ensuring the rot has not returned.
Wipes at the sweat on her forehead, bracing herself.

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - OUTDOOR TENTS - A LITTLE LATER

Hannah stands with a microphone, all eyes on her. She reads
off the INDEX CARDS Cal wrote for her, her voice rote and
uninflected.

HANNAH
I was there when Eve was born, so I
think it's safe to say I know her
better than most people.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Which is how I also know that Jonah is absolutely, unquestionably, her soulmate.

An awkward pause, microphone feedback spikes as she takes a deep breath. She glances up at Eve, who's watching her expectantly. Hopeful.

Jonah looks distrustful.

Hannah puts the index cards down. Tightens her grip on the microphone, determined... and goes totally off-script.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You know, one of my favorite stories about me and Evie is the time we were on vacation in Hawaii, when I was seven, and I guess Eve was three or four. I was so proud of being her big sister, I always made sure to hold her hand crossing the street, or help her put her seatbelt on.

Her eyes are bright, slightly manic. Her voice more emotional now, she's getting into the story, improvising the speech as she goes.

Cal twists her hands under the table -- feels like she's watching a car crash, can't do anything to stop it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So I watched her like a hawk. And not that our parents were ever inattentive -- no, we all know, if anything, they veered into being too attentive --

Eve smiles -- despite Hannah's mania, she's touched that her sister is pulling this off.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

-- but anyway, we were at the swimming pool, a little kiddie pool, like three feet deep. Tons of kids around. And I was standing in the water, watching Eve, and suddenly she just slipped underwater. And you know how little kids just freeze. She had her eyes open, just staring up through the water, and she looked at me. Like she was waiting for me to help her.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I grabbed her and pulled her up, and she was so scared, she just clung to me. And right then I knew that the most important thing was always going to be protecting my baby sister.

Hannah looks up toward the audience as they collectively AWWW over her words.

One RELATIVE leans over to another, speaking in whispered conversation. Of course it probably has nothing to do with Hannah, but it throws her off.

She becomes even more frenzied, convinced that she's being discussed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm really honored to share that job now with someone who loves Eve just as much as me, my new brother-in-law Jonah.

A smattering of applause.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And I'll be honest, I'm glad to have a little help! It was a bit of a full time job keeping Eve out of trouble in high school, as I'm sure some of you can recall.

Polite laughter, Eve mugs, *true!* as Jonah pretends to be scandalized.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Evie, I've been there with you through ups and downs, through nights spent crying and laughing over boys, painting each others nails, and yes, that one time I locked you out of the house after you borrowed my Abercrombie and Fitch sweater without asking and you had to come in through the dog door--

Everyone *CHUCKLES*, but Eve's face is falling, almost imperceptibly. Their relationship never included any of this.

This isn't real.

But no one else knows that.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And through it all, that commitment to protecting you never changed. I'm so, so happy to see you with Jonah, and I truly wish you every blessing, and so much joy and health for you two and your b--

Hannah cuts herself off. She almost revealed that Eve is pregnant.

Eve's face is tight, Jonah is livid. A few GUESTS exchange curious looks, a murmur of *WHISPERS*, as some guess what would have come next. Hannah rushes on, wrapping it up quickly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

--you and your loved ones. I'll always be here for you. To Eve and Jonah!

The *CROWD* claps, Cal looks incredibly relieved. Only Eve knows how false the speech was, but she smiles and rises to hug Hannah.

Hannah passes the microphone to DELIA, sits back down next to Cal--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(mouthed)

Thank you.

Cal smiles tightly, nods at her. Hannah looks down at her lap. Her hands are shaking slightly.

TIME CUT: Jonah finishes his speech.

JONAH

Eve, you're my best friend, and I can't wait for our next adventure together.

He gives her a secret little smile, then shoots Hannah a pointed stare, still angry that she almost revealed their pregnancy news.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Thank you for making me the happiest man in the world. I love you.

She blows him a kiss, everyone loves it.

JONAH (CONT'D)

And now I'd like to invite Eve and my father-in-law Noah onto the floor for the father daughter dance. After Eve and I have our first dance, dinner will be served, so don't go anywhere!

The DJ begins to play "FATHER AND DAUGHTER", by Paul Simon, as Eve and Noah take the floor.

Noah can't stop beaming, hugging Eve tightly.

SONG LYRICS

I'm gonna watch you shine / Gonna watch you grow / Gonna paint a sign / So you always know / As long as one and one is two / Ohh ohh / There could never be a father / Love his daughter more than I love you.

Hannah watches them glide across the dance floor. Envy sears inside of her, hot and vicious.

HANNAH

(whispered, to Cal)
I have to go to the bathroom.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hannah leans against the closed door, trying to collect herself.

Takes a deep, steadying breath, then pauses. Runs her tongue over her teeth, and suddenly...

Rushes to the sink, where she SPITS OUT a dead fly.

CLOSE ON the dead fly, legs in the air. A black speck in the marble white. She GAGS, repulsed by her own body. Spits again, trying to get the taste of it out of her mouth. Another DEAD FLY follows.

Frantic now, she opens the medicine cabinet, searching for something to purge herself. But it's mostly empty.

Hannah drops to her knees, tears open the cabinet under the sink. Roots around until she emerges with a BOTTLE OF BLEACH.

She stands back up slowly, staring at the bleach.

Then she unscrews the cap and brings it to her lips. She looks at herself in the mirror as she tilts her head back and TAKES A SIP OF BLEACH.

She coughs again, choking on it, but just manages to keep it down. Wipes her hand roughly over her lips. And smiles. Hopeful.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah slips down the stairs, preparing to return to the wedding party.

As she passes the KITCHEN--

CATERER #1 (O.S.)
Okay, here we go. Fish is going out first, you have your table number assignments, then the vegetarian entree.

Intrigued, Hannah hovers near the door, drawn to the kitchen with almost morbid curiosity.

CATERER #2 (O.S.)
We're not seriously serving that?

CATERER #1 (O.S.)
It's what we have. Put more sauce on, no one will notice.

Hannah peers into the KITCHEN, which has been converted for use by the caterers, and her jaw drops in horror.

SLABS of ROTTING SALMON are stacked on top of each other.

MACRO CLOSE: Long, fine mold hairs bloom from the pink skin of the fish. Exactly like the kind that grew from the tomato. The toxic mold that started her illness.

Hannah GASPS.

In another corner, a CATERER dices RED ONIONS, adding them to the salad he mixes. MACRO CLOSE on the onion skin, fuzzy with the same MOLD HAIRS.

CATERER #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Alright let's go, need hands please!

CUT OUT, but Hannah immediately refocuses on the next CATERER, who grates PARMESAN CHEESE into the vegetarian entree. MACRO CLOSE as the mold hairs are grated into fine dust, falling directly on the pasta.

WAITER #2 (O.S.)
Excuse me, miss.

Hannah snaps back into her body, realizes in horror that WAITERS are moving past her, each bearing platters laden with the salmon entree.

HANNAH
You can't serve that.

WAITER #2
Sorry?

HANNAH
You can't, look--

She gestures back at the moldy salmon in the kitchen, stacked and ready to be grilled. The Waiter looks at her blankly.

WAITER #2
... I better get these out.

The other waiters are already returning, loading up their trays with more plates.

Panicking, Hannah rushes back out to--

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - OUTDOOR TENTS - MOMENTS LATER

At the BRIDAL PARTY table, Eve and Jonah have both been served the SALMON DINNER, as have Hannah's parents, Cal, and Aaron.

Hannah rushes up to them, out of breath and panicked.

HANNAH
You can't eat that.

EVE
Jesus fucking Christ--

CAL
Hannah don't--

HANNAH
Please, I'm begging you. It'll make you sick.

Eve throws her fork down, pissed. Stands up, comes around to face her sister. Cal, Jonah, and Aaron hurry to join them, trying to deescalate, but it's too late.

EVE

You know all you had do was show up and be NORMAL. Like, I went out of my way to include you, to give you chances to be part of this. Because I actually want us to have a relationship. But you couldn't even write a stupid little maid of honor speech--

HANNAH

I heard them talking, they know it's rotted--

EVE

"Painting each other's nails?" Come on. And that thing with the sweater? That was Jessie Warren and her sister. Not us.

CAL

She tried--

EVE

(to Cal)

Why do you even defend her? It's not worth it, Hannah doesn't care about anyone but herself.

Still at the table, Sarah just shakes her head, seemingly giving up on her eldest daughter. She picks up her fork.

Hannah sees, lunges forward and knocks the fork out of her mother's hand.

HANNAH

You can't Mommy, please--

SARAH

Hannah!

CAL

(soothing)

Baby, why would they want to make people sick--

HANNAH

(almost in tears)

I don't know! I don't know! But I saw the mold--

People are starting to notice the fight.

Some guests half-stand at their tables, openly staring, while others try to at least appear uninterested, even as they hang on every word.

AARON

It looks fine. Look at it.

He gestures at the plate. In Hannah's POV, the salmon is covered in long mold hairs, just like the tomato she ate.

Hannah shakes her head, despondent. Grabs Eve's hands. Jonah reacts, trying to put himself between Hannah and Eve, but Hannah grips Eve tightly.

JONAH

Don't touch her--

CAL

(to Hannah, begging)
Let's go, come on. I'm so sorry--

HANNAH

(to Eve, almost yelling)
You can't. I'm not crazy, I'm telling you. I saw it. I know. Everything that's happening to me will happen to you if you eat that. Please-- for the baby.

GASPS and *MURMURS* from the crowd. Eve is stunned. *WHISPERS* spread like wildfire.

JONAH

You need to go--

A WAITER, oblivious to the family drama unfolding, passes by the group bearing another tray laden with SALMON DISHES.

Panicking, instinctually, Hannah reaches out and FLIPS THE TRAY OVER.

The china *SHATTERS* to the floor, food goes everywhere, people *EXCLAIM* in surprise and confusion. Hannah and Eve are splattered with food, salad dressing stains Eve's white dress.

Voice shaking with rage--

EVE

Leave.

Aaron grabs Hannah's arm, Cal takes the other side. They begin literally dragging her from the reception.

Eve is crying, Jonah wraps his arms around her. Sarah rushes to Eve's side. Hannah cries too, as her girlfriend and brother pull her away.

CAL
(to Aaron)
It's fine, I got it.

Aaron lets go of Hannah. Heartbroken.

INT. CAL AND HANNAH'S CABIN - NIGHT

The door slams shut behind Cal and Hannah.

CAL
Are you insane?

Hannah shakes her head sadly.

HANNAH
I'm trying to help. It's not safe--

Cal throws up her hands.

CAL
Stay here. I'm going to try and
salvage your relationship with your
family.

HANNAH
I should come, I need to talk to
Eve--

CAL
I promise, she doesn't want to talk
to you right now. Just stay here.
And don't do anything fucking
crazy.

Hannah nods, defeated. The door *SLAMS* as Cal leaves again.

TIME CUT: Hannah sits on the floor. Head in her hands, frozen with anxiety and horror.

Suddenly realizes how oppressively silent it is. The only sound is Elliot's steady breath as he sleeps on the bed.

Hannah looks down at her stained dress. Abruptly she jumps to her feet and yanks the dress off, not even bothering to unzip it. She needs to get out of her clothes, her skin, her life.

Strips down and rushes into--

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOT WATER sprays from the shower head. Hannah lets the water wash away her makeup as she pulls bobby pins from her hair, letting it down.

She closes her eyes. Leans her forehead against the tile, puts her hands to her hips. And then jumps, pulling her right hand away as if she's been burned.

She turns to look over her shoulder, trying to see the spot on her lower right back that's been bothering her since yesterday... Strains her neck, and...

The skin of her lower back is mottled, speckled with tiny holes and black mold. ROTTEN.

HANNAH
(softly)
What the fuck.

Hesitantly, she presses a hand to it. Her skin gives slightly, indenting under her gentle touch. The way your thumb would go through a piece of moldy fruit. Almost involuntarily, her fingers press deeper into the wound, scrabbling for purchase.

It crumbles under her touch. Doesn't bleed, just... falls away into mush. She scrapes it aside, trying to clear away the decaying flesh.

Her back muscle is exposed now. Also rotted, it hangs limply. She keeps reaching around her body, contorting herself, trying to understand.

She pulls the muscle apart, and it gives easily.

Her breathing comes faster, she's starting to hyperventilate. Between the remaining stringy muscle, she can see her kidney. IT LOOKS LIKE RANCID MEAT.

A moldy patch spreads ominously, scabby and pustular and hard. Fully panicked, Hannah looks around the shower, desperate...

She spots her RAZOR.

She grabs it, snaps the cheap plastic in her hands. EXTRACTS A SINGLE RAZOR BLADE.

She grips it tightly. Hesitates for one second, staring at the little blade in her hand...

And then Hannah plunges the razor into her EXPOSED KIDNEY, attempting to SAW OFF THE ROTTED PORTION. There's a terrible wet *SQUELCHING*.

Now she bleeds. Blood runs in streaks down her back, her butt, her legs. It's thick, syrupy, like the blood that streamed from her face.

Her hand slips, she slices open her index finger. From outside the closed BATHROOM DOOR, Elliot begins *BARKING*. He's frantic-- knows something bad is happening inside.

But Hannah doesn't react, her focus unshakeable. She re-grips the razor blade, twists her body harder, to get a better angle. Goes back in.

She saws at the biggest moldy piece, it starts to separate from the rest of the kidney. She gets her fingers around it, pulls.

Tissue strains, stretched to the breaking point.

CAL (O.S.)

Hannah?

BANG BANG BANG. Pounding on the locked bathroom door.

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

Are you okay?

Hannah reinserts the razor, slicing through tissue. Now she *CRIES OUT*, anguished.

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

Fuck! Hannah! Let me in!

The banging on the door increases. Hannah sways, she's going to pass out. Blood is thick on the shower floor, with stringy muscle and clumps of tissue stuck in it.

SLAM. The door bangs open. Cal's broken it down.

CAL (CONT'D)

What the FUCK.

CAL'S POV OF HANNAH: Suddenly, in a discordant JUMP CUT, Hannah's body is in a different position, leaning back against the shower wall.

She still holds the razor, and her body is coated in blood. But it wasn't just her back she was digging into.

Her entire body is carved up. Criss-crossed with wild scratches and intersecting cuts, like she was clawed by a wild animal.

In her manic, desperate state, she's sliced at her skin indiscriminately. Her body now a shredded, wretched thing.

HARD CUT TO:

PART V: DELIVERANCE

INT./EXT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - LATE NIGHT

The door swings open. Aaron stands there, a plastic DRUGSTORE BAG in hand.

Distantly, the strains of some catchy POP SONG can be heard as the wedding reception rages on.

INSIDE, Hannah sits on the bed, a BLOODY TOWEL wrapped around her.

Cal takes the bag, nodding her thanks. She stands aside so Aaron can enter, but he just hovers in the doorway.

Can't look at Hannah.

HANNAH
(heartbroken)
Aaron--

Aaron glances to her, looks away. Fidgets, miserable.

AARON
(to Cal)
I'm sorry. I--

Cal puts a hand on his arm, kind. She understands.

CAL
Go back to the party. Thank you.

HANNAH
Please, you can't tell--

Aaron just shakes his head.

AARON
You told me to believe you.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Both girls sit on the bed. The contents of the plastic bag dumped out on the bed -- medical supplies that Aaron purchased on Cal's instruction.

Cal cleans Hannah's cuts, using butterfly bandages to close the wounds.

HANNAH

You shouldn't have called him--

CAL

It was him or 911.

HANNAH

I told you, I won't do psych lock-up.

Cal hesitates, looking at Hannah. A question on her face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I wasn't trying to kill myself! I keep saying...

(frustrated, desperate to
be understood)

I was trying to get it out of me.

CAL

Get *what* out?

Hannah shakes her head.

CAL (CONT'D)

Please. You're scaring me.

HANNAH

You can't tell my mom, she'll freak out--

CAL

Dude, I'm gonna freak out--

Cal takes a *DEEP BREATH*. Keeps applying the bandages, even as her hands shake.

HANNAH

Just promise me you won't tell,
Cal. They won't understand--

Cal makes a strange, strangled noise of disbelief.

CAL

You are so selfish. You know that?

HANNAH

What?

CAL

I have been... out of my mind
worried about you for the past few
days. Trying to figure out how to
help you, how to get you through
that fucking wedding, how to save
you from yourself. And it's like...
you just don't care. You don't care
about me, or Eve, or Aaron.

HANNAH

I do care about you.

CAL

(her heart is breaking)
Why isn't that enough?

Hannah is quiet for a moment. Seems like she's really
thinking about it. Finally, all she can offer--

HANNAH

I don't want to die.

CAL

Then let me take you to the
hospital--

Hannah's shaking her head.

HANNAH

But I'll call Dr. Schulman in the
morning. First thing. I promise.
I'll get better.

Cal *SIGHS*. She nods, even though they both can feel, somehow,
that it's already too late.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - DAWN

Hannah vomits violently, her hair falling around her face.
Just stomach bile, at this point, her body rebelling against
itself.

She coughs, choking on it, then spits into the toilet. Starts
to rise, glancing down in the toilet bowl. Double takes, then
freezes, staring.

She grabs a MAKE-UP BAG on the counter, either hers or Cal's,
and extracts a TAMPON. Peers over the bowl.

Gingerly, she uses the tampon to separate something from the rest of the vomit. Pushes it up onto the side of the toilet bowl, and finally CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find...

... a ROTTEN TOOTH, black and cracked.

She drops the tampon, stumbles to the mirror, and we REVEAL...

One eye has necrotized -- the white worn away to reveal bluish gray mold. Tissue sags over the eyelid, pink and wet.

She doesn't even react. Just stares back at her reflection, waxy and skeletal. Corpse-like.

Opens her mouth wide. Her gums are worn away, revealing the roots of her teeth. She brings her hand to her mouth, running a finger across her bottom teeth. The thin gum tissue SCRAPES AWAY... revealing a gleaming white sliver of JAW BONE.

She turns to throw up again.

INT. HANNAH AND CAL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Wiping her face, Hannah emerges back into the bedroom. Cal is passed out on the bed, still in her suit. Even in sleep, she looks anguished.

A wave of guilt slams into Hannah.

She moves to the small window, and her face LIGHTS UP.

HANNAH'S POV: EVE stands outside, her back to the cabin, the white of her wedding dress BILLOWING around her in the wind.

Hannah rushes to the door--

EXT. WEDDING COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Hannah hurries to her sister, the soft light of dawn just breaking around them.

HANNAH

Evie!

Eve turns.

In her arms is a BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL, with soft dark curls. The baby also wears a clean white dress, smiling angelically as she coos up at her mother.

Eve smiles. Extends a hand to Hannah.

Hannah smiles back, in awe, drawn to this Madonna-like tableau.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

A girl?

EVE

A girl.

Tears in Hannah's eyes. She reaches out, her fingers just grazing the soft curls of the baby.

TIGHT ON Hannah. Joy on her face. Hope for the future, incarnate... and then her face falls. REVERSE to see...

Eve and the baby are gone. She looks around, disoriented. Devastated.

She's alone. The compound is dead quiet. The detritus of the party, the TENTS and the DANCE FLOOR, are visible in the distance.

Hannah looks back to the cabin, her eyes wet with tears. Then she turns toward the desert and starts walking.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The sun is hot and high now. It's been hours since Hannah left the compound.

She walks alone on a narrow strip of road. Heat shimmers off the asphalt. Endless sand and craggy mountains on either side. Nothing and no one for miles, except a lone TURKEY VULTURE, cruising above her.

She keeps her feet on the yellow median line, moving with intense focus, as if she's taking a field sobriety test.

Suddenly, in-camera, seemingly without a CUT -- Hannah appears to HAVE NO SKIN. Like she's been flayed alive.

She's raw and exposed and defenseless, turned inside out.

Grotesquely, her body continues walking along the median line. Rotted chunks of muscle hang loose. Slowly decaying organs drip onto the asphalt.

She starts to falter. Stumbles a little. Her body, finally, seems to be failing her.

CAMERA IS HIGH AND WIDE as...

Hannah is WHOLE AGAIN, her skin returned to her body, a tight, inescapable prison.

She crumples to the ground.

A moment of NOTHING. It stretches on.

And then a CAR appears on the horizon line, gets closer to her unmoving body. Stops well clear of her.

A woman half-exits the car, looking at the body. Recognizes Hannah, rushes to her.

It's Cal.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A CAR pulls up in front of the large hospital building.

Aaron behind the wheel, Sarah in the passenger seat. She hugs her son and gets out. Stoic.

Cal is waiting for her, completely un-stoic. She's chewing her nails, keeps glancing up at the windows of the hospital, as if she can somehow see Hannah in there.

Sarah hugs Cal, who trips over herself trying to explain.

CAL

I'm so sorry, I don't... She just was gone in the morning, they're checking her now, I'm sorry--

SARAH

It's alright. No one blames you.

She begins walking toward the entrance, Cal hurries to catch up to her.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The two women ride in silence, alone in the elevator. Tentatively--

CAL

Aaron didn't want to...

SARAH

No. He went to be with Eve.

Cal nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I don't think they owe her
anything, at this point.

CAL
(swallows hard)
I should have done more, I'm sorry--

SARAH
It's hard to stop Hannah from being
Hannah.

CAL
I don't know... I thought she was
relapsing, but it seems like she
might really be sick...

Sarah doesn't say anything. This is not the first time she's
been called to the hospital because of Hannah.

Carefully--

CAL (CONT'D)
I... I don't know if she's going to
be okay. This time.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors *DING*, sliding open to reveal Sarah and
Cal. Sarah considers Cal's statement as she steps out into
the hall.

SARAH
Hannah will be okay if she decides
to be... It's all too much for her,
you know. The world. She was never
cut out for it.

Cal nods, heartbroken.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Go down to the cafeteria and get
something to eat. You look awful,
dear.

Not particularly hungry, but understanding that Sarah wants
to be alone with her daughter, Cal turns and calls the
elevator back.

CAL
She's at the end of the hall. Room
308. They... they won't let you in.
Until they know what's going on.
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

But you can see her through the window.

That, finally, seems to give Sarah pause. Perhaps this isn't like the other times. But she collects herself immediately, her face unreadable once again.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Hannah lies in the HOSPITAL BED, strapped into heart rate monitors, IVs, etc.

Her skin is covered with dirt from collapsing on the road. The self-inflicted cuts visible on her arms look INFECTED -- tinged with yellow, lumpy and pus-filled. Blood still under her nails.

She's gaunt, her hair thin and skin dull. She stares up at the ceiling, eyes unseeing, half-open. A slow, steady *BEEPING* reveals how low her heart rate is.

A NURSE enters in full BIOHAZARD PPE. She begins hooking up a NEW IV bag. With great effort, Hannah reaches up. Catches the woman's arm.

HANNAH

What's in it?

NURSE

What's that?

HANNAH

In the bag. Is it chemicals?

NURSE

Chemicals?

HANNAH

Toxins.

NURSE

No, honey. It's like, vitamins, nutrients. Only good things, things your body needs. Just pure goodness, okay?

Hannah's entire body relaxes on the word "pure". She nods. Smiles a little. Closes her eyes, like she can rest now.

Pure.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - SAME TIME

Cal pays for a STYROFOAM cup of coffee and a fruit bowl. Sits down at a grim plastic table.

Runs her hands through her hair. Trying to understand how she got here.

Unhappily grabs a plastic fork and stabs at the cut cantaloupe in her bowl. Puts a few pieces in her mouth, chews. Swallows.

Stabs another piece.

Freezes.

Stunned, Cal holds the fork up to eye-level, inspecting a piece of fruit, and we see...

The cantaloupe is covered with THIN WHITE MOLD HAIRS.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.