

FOLLOW

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INT. HANNAH'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CAMERA'S FEED--

HANNAH HANSEN (23) sits in a swivel computer chair staring just off-screen.

All we can see in the frame of the video, besides her pretty face and slightly overdone makeup, is part of her old childhood bedroom:

- A few STUFFED ANIMALS still hang out atop her rainbow-striped comforter. A HALF-OPENED CLOSET, filled to the brim with clothes trying to escape.

HANNAH

(to cam)

What's up guys. It's Hannah. So, I don't really know where to begin...

Hannah shifts in her seat, stiff and uncomfortable, considering what to say next.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

A close friend of mine told me once that any successful channel is all about confession. She went on about how fans crave, like, intimacy and transparency and stuff like that but I didn't know what she was actually talking about until recently.

A WIDE VIEW reveals:

Hannah outside the frame of the video for the first time.

Her hands are ZIP-TIED behind her back and her legs are tightly tied around the stem of the chair with an ORANGE EXTENSION CORD.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Over the years on the channel I've gotten pretty good at confessions, I guess. But I say this because I want all the Fannahs to know that this one is going to be different.

Two standing fill lights hover above her, BUZZING SOFTLY as their intense glare rains down on Hannah as she speaks.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

This confession isn't going to be a version of the truth. It's just going to be...you know...the truth.

A tear streams down her face as Hannah looks just off screen.

Is she looking at someone? Collecting her thoughts? Pausing for dramatic effect?

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to start by apologizing to a very special friend. It's someone I only just met at the beginning of the summer but she's already changed my life. Someone who was there for me when no one else was.

She turns back to the camera, managing a small smile.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But I'm sure you guys already know who I'm talking about...

TITLE CARD:

FOLLOW

OPENING CREDITS

We see the rise of Hannah's channel on YouTube:

- Starts with Hannah and her high school friends hula-hooping in the driveway. Bored during the summer. Making funny faces in Photo Booth during a sleepover. Low image quality.
- In her breakthrough video, Hannah makes a choreographed tribute video to a Justin Bieber song in her bedroom. We watch as the video goes viral and her subscribers skyrocket.
- After, we see a rise in intentional videos. Hannah starts speaking to the camera alone in a confessional style. "Can I Get Real For A Minute??" and "10 Things I Hate About High School." She asks viewers to rate, comment and subscribe.
- Next, Hannah starts to refer to her followers as Fannahs. She plays up her basic-and-don't-care personality. Starts to put out makeup tutorials and Q&A's. A few ads here and there.
- Finally, we see a jump in quality. High-res cameras and professional lighting. Produced segments. Quick-cut editing. Ends with Hannah moving into her Hollywood apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

--A CAMERA'S FEED

Back to Hannah at her kitchen counter, smiling into camera. Same pretty face. Same slightly overdone makeup. But around her is a much nicer view.

A clean, modern kitchen. Marble countertops. Hardwood floors. Stainless steel appliances. Not bad for a 23-year-old.

HANNAH

What's up guys! It's Hannah. So I've gotten like a million comments requesting an updated morning routine video since I moved into my new apartment this summer--

Then a part of the light in the room shifts off her face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Hannah walks across the room to her shooting set-up. The shades in the apartment are drawn and part of the light in the room is coming from A KEY LIGHT that is now sagging.

Behind the lights and mounted camera is her living room, which is littered with--

- Boxes of half-opened sponsorship products sitting on the floor.
- Camera and lighting equipment stuffed into the corners.
- Her pug BEANS, dead asleep on the couch.

Hannah raises the sagging lamp back to position, tightens the knob and walks back to her mark in the kitchen.

Then she takes a pull from her VAPE PEN as she looks over her script, pockets the pen, and smiles big for the camera--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What's up guys--

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah sets up a mounted DSLR, pushes record and casually flops down on her bed next to Beans.

HANNAH

So I usually start my day spending about forty five minutes trying to get out of bed and checking my phone. The struggle is real.

She glances down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And my tit is showing from that angle, isn't it? Okay. Cool.

Hannah adjusts her bra, pauses for the edit then forces another smile into camera--

INT. BATHROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

A BOTTLE of SHAMPOO and CONDITIONER are propped up on the sink's counter as Hannah stands in front of her mirror.

HANNAH

Once I finally get out of bed, I make my way to the shower. Lately I've been obsessed with these hair products from dpHUE. I've been using the apple cider vinegar hair rinse now for months and--

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

A RED LIGHT flashes on the camera. Low battery.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no--

She rushes towards the camera but it dies.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah stands in the middle of her closet, browsing through her clothes.

HANNAH

So usually I pick out an outfit the night before because I'm a Cancer and I have a lot of anxiety. Today I chose this top from Zaful. Anything from them is really cute so make sure to click the link below the video to see more of their stuff.

She holds for the edit, then catches a glimpse of herself in the closet mirror. Hannah turns and addresses her reflection with the same upbeat, on-camera tone--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I normally wouldn't wear this but I need the sponsorship money so I can pay for this apartment that I can't afford. I'd live somewhere cheaper but collabing with other influencers in the building is the only way to keep growing the channel so I don't have to go back to community college in Nowheresville, Indiana with the rest of the people who said I'd never make it out here.

She sighs then looks down to Beans, who is asleep on the bedroom floor.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What do you think Beans, should I keep that in?

Beans doesn't move, catatonic.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No, I didn't think so.

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah stands at her kitchen counter with a propped up VEGAN COOKBOOK in front of her.

HANNAH

I end my morning with a small breakfast before my workout routine. If you guys have been following my fitness journey--

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Delivery!

Startled but excited, Hannah answers the door then signs for the package and swings the door shut.

HANNAH

Thanks so much!

Hannah runs over to the counter, grabs a kitchen knife, slices open the package then carefully pulls out--

A LARGE PLAQUE with a GOLDEN PLAY BUTTON at the center.

READS:

***CONGRATULATIONS for surpassing
One Million Subscribers!
Hannah4Realz96***

Hannah holds it up, admiring its beauty. She smiles, truly proud for a short moment before--

PING!

A text. Hannah sighs, setting down the plaque and taking another hit from her vape pen as she checks her phone.

***TODD/MANAGER (TEXT)
Lunch after the meet/greet today?***

Hannah coughs, choking on the vape smoke.

HANNAH
Shiiit. The meet and greet--

She completely forgot.

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah scrambles, scooping up a COSMETIC CASE and a DRESS IN A GARMENT BAG off her dresser.

She picks out a pair of shoes from her rack. No. Picks out a different pair. Good enough.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - 1600 VINE DAY - DAY

Hannah hurries across the underground parking garage while texting on her phone, her heels echoing across the mostly empty lot as she marches.

She unlocks her car with the button on her keys, barely paying attention when she reaches for the door handle and--

ZAP!

An electrical shock courses from the car door handle through Hannah's arm, dropping her to the garage floor.

Stunned, Hannah has only a moment to process what just happened before--

VROOM! A car engine ROARS to life somewhere in the garage.

Tires SCREECH.

Hannah turns her head to see a RED SPORTS CAR speeding across the lot and coming right at her.

Terrified, she just has time to hold out her hand and close her eyes before the car SCREECHES to a halt in front of her.

Out pops -- GREYSON SINCLAIR (25), as cute as he is dumb, followed by his little brother BROOKS SINCLAIR (23), who holds A CAMERA, filming her.

GREYSON

Ohhhh! Surprise Hannah! You got
ZAPPED!

The brothers surround Hannah, whooping and laughing for the camera, as she lies on the ground, totally lost and confused.

HANNAH

...what's...happening...

GREYSON

We rigged your handle so as soon as
you open the door you got zapped!

Greyson reaches under the inside track of Hannah's car door handle, peels off a PLASTIC PAD hidden underneath, then dangles it in front of her with joy.

GREYSON (CONT'D)

That's what you get for not
watching our latest series.

Hannah picks herself up, stunned that she's still alive. It takes her a moment to collect herself but as soon as she does she whips Greyson with her purse.

HANNAH

What the shit Greyson! You could
have killed me!

BROOKS

Say something to the camera!
Greyson Nation is watching!

But Hannah ignores him and turns to inspect the handle, which is now black, completely toasted. She tries to open it but the door doesn't budge.

HANNAH

And you broke my door handle.

Greyson studies the handle with her before motioning to Brooks to stop filming.

GREYSON

Hmm. Maybe we rigged it wrong or something. It wasn't supposed to drop you like that...

Hannah yanks the door till it eventually pops open then gets inside. She starts the engine and rolls down her window, finally regaining her momentum.

HANNAH

You're paying to get this fixed.

GREYSON

We always cover any damage--

HANNAH

And you're going to feature my name in the vid's title or I'll let the building manager know you tried to barbecue me and he'll have you evicted.

GREYSON

Yeah, yeah, whatever. And I'll even buy you a drink down at the pool for my birthday tomorrow. You're still coming, right?

She smiles, flipping him the bird.

HANNAH

Wouldn't miss it!

She hits the gas and peels out of the parking lot, leaving The Sinclair Brothers behind.

GREYSON

She should be thanking us. This is the biggest vid she'll be in all year.

BROOKS

You're just salty cause she ghosted you.

GREYSON

She didn't ghost me. We made out at Coachella.

BROOKS

Yeah. And then she ghosted you...

PRE-LAP: Tires SCREECH as--

INT./EXT. HANNAH'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Hannah peels into the shopping mall parking lot while applying makeup, blasting Ariana and psyching herself up for the meet-and-greet.

HANNAH
(to herself)
I love all you guys so much.
Without you, there is no channel.
Just remember to always be
yourself.

PARKED IN THE MALL PARKING LOT

Hannah changes into her dress. Still psyching.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Ignore the haters. Follow your
dreams. Failure is not an option.

TODD (PRE-LAP)
You're late.

INT. MAINTENANCE HALL - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Hannah marches into the mall through a back door where she's immediately greeted by her talent manager TODD MANDICH (35).

HANNAH
Relax, Todd. It builds suspense for
everyone waiting in line. What's
our draw?

TODD
About two hundred.

HANNAH
That's less than we had last month.
I told you we're oversaturating the
market around town by doing so many
of these. What about the VlogCon
panel for next month? Any word?

Todd hands her a mini bottle of mouthwash, which Hannah throws back like a shot.

TODD
Yeah, they got back to me...

HANNAH
(mouthful, swishing)
And?

TODD
So they said they're huge fans of
the channel and all but in regards
to the panel they thought you
weren't quite ready just yet--

Hannah spits out the mouthwash onto the floor.

HANNAH
Not ready? I just passed one
millions subs. They delivered the
play button plaque this morning--

TODD
Right, that reminds me. They also
mentioned the comp pass minimum
this year for talent is two million
so if you want to go to the
conference this year, it looks like
you'll be paying your own way.

HANNAH
GOD DAMN IT.

She spikes the mouth wash container on the floor as Todd
picks up a GOLDEN SELFIE STICK and presents it to her.

TODD
And don't swear in front of the
kids. Your channel is too small for
major sponsors and too big to ask
for donations on Patreon so these
meet and greets are all we have
right now.

Hannah sighs, snatching the selfie stick and spinning it in
her hand a few times. A knight twirling her sword.

HANNAH
No swearing. Nail the meet and
greets. Failure is not an option.

She takes another deep breath before forcing a smile, shoving
open the maintenance door and disappearing out into the mall.

We hear The Fannahs shriek with glee O.S. as Todd continues
to text on his phone, unmoved.

INT. STAGE - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

MONTAGE of Hannah working the meet-and-greet:

- A line stretches the length of the mall's center rotunda. Most are young girls who have fashioned their hair and makeup to look just like Hannah's.
- Todd stands at the front of the line with an iPad, swiping credit cards of the DEPRESSED PARENTS and shepherding each kid to and from stage.
- Hannah takes photos with each Fannah in front of a backdrop screen with a TROPICAL THEME. Some Fannahs give Hannah FAN ART and GIFTS that she stores in a box behind the screen. Posters. Drawings. Homemade dog treats for Beans.
- The montage ends when Hannah takes a selfie for her own feed but the button on the stick isn't working. She holds up her hand, signaling Todd to stop the line.

HANNAH

Do we have a backup? This one is
glitching again.

Todd shrugs as Hannah keeps smashing the button down. Then--

A small, shy Fannah -- MILLIE BARNES (15), steps forward from the line and rushes up to Hannah.

MILLIE

Hi Hannah. I think I can help.
Sometimes the handle wire gets
unplugged from the sensor.

Hannah takes the girl in for a beat. She's not like the other Fannahs, copying Hannah's look. Millie has long unkempt hair, horn-rimmed glasses and sports a private school uniform.

She hands Millie the stick, who quickly unscrews the handle and reveals AN UNPLUGGED WIRE.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

See.

Millie plugs it in, reattaches the handle then clicks the button and the phone snaps a pic. Easy.

HANNAH

Oh my god, thank you! I never would have figured that out. What's your name?

MILLIE
Millie. Millie Barnes.

HANNAH
Well, you're a life saver, Millie Barnes.

Millie blushes, looking down at the ground.

MILLIE
No problem. And congrats on finally hitting one millions subs, by the way. I've been following you since before your blue check-mark, so it was pretty cool to see the channel finally hit that milestone.

HANNAH
Thank you! I feel like verification was a bigger deal than one million because I got rejected so many times before.

MILLIE
I know. I actually tried to help you with that a few years back.

HANNAH
Oh yeah?

Hannah pulls Millie closer into a hug then raises the selfie stick for the first photo. They smile.

SNAP!

MILLIE
I started a few Hannah imposter accounts to help you get your blue checkmark back in the day.

HANNAH
(half-listening)
Uh-huh.

Hannah makes a goofy face for the second pic.

SNAP!

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(actually hearing her)
Wait, what?

MILLIE

I didn't want to, obviously, but the number of imposter accounts a user has plays like a big role in the final decision process. Maybe it's what tipped you over the edge?

Hannah's not sure if she's impressed or weirded out but Millie is already smiling so she takes the last pic.

SNAP!

HANNAH

Wow. That was...really nice of you, I guess. Thanks for catfishing the sites into verifying me.

MILLIE

I don't want to stretch my time. It was so great meeting you, Hannah!

HANNAH

Great meeting you too, Millie!

Millie pulls Hannah in for a quick hug then hurries off stage. Hannah watches her for a beat as she disappears back into the crowd then turns to greet the next Fannah in line.

INT. MAINTENANCE HALL - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Hannah sits in the back hall after the meet-and-greet, exhausted, packing up her box of fan art as Todd stands next to her crunching numbers on the iPad.

HANNAH

How'd we do?

TODD

Good. This should be enough to cover the music licensing fees for the Target shopping series.

HANNAH

Any new leads on a sponsor?

TODD

No, not yet. Working on it, though.

Hannah stops packing up the box of fan art, turning to Todd.

HANNAH

I just drew 200 teens at a shopping mall. No one wants in on that?

TODD

It has to be the right fit. If we keep settling for the smaller sponsors, the big ones won't take you seriously. But if you jump up to a major sponsor too soon you'll get labeled a sellout by the fans.

HANNAH

Well, I don't know how picky we can afford to be. I checked the PayPal account this morning and we're running pretty low.

TODD

It'll be fine. If we run out of cash we can always take a break.

HANNAH

We're not taking any breaks. Greyson Sinclair invited me to this pool party thing for his birthday tomorrow so I'll do some networking there.

Todd pats her on the back before heading out the back door--

TODD

You did good out there today. Let me know how that party goes!

He exits out into the mall as Hannah takes a beat to massage her face, which is still numb from all the smiling.

Then she turns, picks up the hefty box of Fannah art, and begins to shuffle out the back door that she came in from.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Hannah makes it back to her car, box of fan art still in her hands, when she tries to open her driver's side door with her only free fingers.

No luck. Still broken.

She sighs before lifting the box up onto the car's roof. Then with both hands free, she's finally able to yank the door open, almost falling down in the process.

Exhausted, Hannah looks inside and spots her VAPE PEN waiting for her in the car's cup holder.

Excited, she plops down into the driver's seat and closes the door then leans back, closes her eyes and takes a long, slow hit from the pen just before--

KNOCK, KNOCK.

A HAND taps against her window and Hannah SCREAMS.

She turns to see Millie standing outside her car, waving as she smiles nervously. After a beat, Hannah rolls down her window.

MILLIE

Sorry Hannah! I just saw you were about to drive off but your box is still on the roof of the car.

Hannah pokes her head out the window and looks up. She did indeed leave the box of Fannah art on top of the roof.

HANNAH

God, I'm such an idiot. Thank you so much! Molly was it?

MILLIE

It's Millie. And don't worry. I can get it for you.

HANNAH

No you don't have to--

But before Hannah can get out of the car, Millie takes the box off the roof, opens the back door and loads it into the back seat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You really didn't have to do that.
You're so sweet.

Then Millie notices the vape pen in Hannah's cup holder.

MILLIE

Hey, I didn't know you vaped?

Hannah glances down seeing the pen. *Shit.*

HANNAH

Yeahhh. A friend of mine actually left that in my car the other day. I'm just holding onto it for them.

Hannah looks around the lot, attempting to change the topic.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hey, so why are you still here? Are you waiting for your parents to come pick you up?

MILLIE

No, I'm just waiting for the bus actually.

HANNAH

Is your place close by? I could drop you off.

MILLIE

Well, yeah I guess but I couldn't inconvenience you like that.

HANNAH

It's no problem. Besides, I owe you one for saving the fan art. The Fannahs would kill me if they thought I dumped all their stuff in a parking lot.

MILLIE

Really? Are you sure?

HANNAH

Of course. Get in.

MILLIE

Okay! Thanks Hannah!

Millie hurries around the car and plops down into the passenger seat next to Hannah, beaming.

INT. HANNAH'S CAR - SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Ariana blasts over the car speakers as Hannah drives.

HANNAH

So let me guess, you discovered the channel when the Bieber tribute vid went viral a few years ago?

MILLIE

No, actually the first video I ever saw was one of your more serious ones.

HANNAH

Oh yeah? Which one?

MILLIE

When my grandma passed away I Googled "losing a grandparent" and this video about you losing your Pop-Pop was actually one of the top ranked videos in the search results.

Hannah nods, understanding.

HANNAH

I'm sorry, Mil. I know it's tough losing someone.

MILLIE

It was the worst thing ever but I totally related to what you were going through back then. You were just so honest and real and after that, I went back and binged like every single video you put out.

HANNAH

Well, thanks for watching. I'm glad the channel helped you out.

An awkward silence for a beat, then--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So listen, it's probably for the best if you don't mention the vape pen to anyone, okay? If the Fannahs found out they might get the wrong idea, you know?

MILLIE

Of course! Don't worry, I totally understand. I'm not going to tell anyone. Promise.

Hannah nods, somewhat reassured.

HANNAH

I appreciate it. I've just been a little stressed lately.

MILLIE

You should be careful, you know. Most lifestyle vloggers I subscribe to have posted about suffering from burnout over the last year. It's a real thing. Maybe you could hire someone to help out?

HANNAH

Yeahhh. That would be nice but I'm just trying to keep my overhead as low as possible right now.

MILLIE

Well, maybe you could bring on like an unpaid intern or something? It's summer so I'm sure there's plenty of kids looking for stuff to do.

Hannah smiles, touched.

HANNAH

Are you talking about you, Millie?

MILLIE

Me? No, I just meant in general there's young people looking for work experience, you know?

Hannah nods, considering. Another beat of silence before--

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You can stop up here. This is me.

Hannah comes to a stop in front of a GATED ESTATE with a driveway longer than a block and Millie hops out of the car.

HANNAH

This is your house? Why not just Uber if you have money?

MILLIE

You meet more interesting people when you take the bus. Uber is just a bunch of aspiring DJs.

Hannah smiles, amused. She likes this girl.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks again for the ride!

HANNAH

No problem!

Millie waves goodbye then turns and wanders up her long driveway. Hannah watches her for a beat before driving off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah enters, holding the box of fan art as Beans rushes up to greet her. She's barely through the door when--

BZZZ, BZZZ. Her phone starts to vibrate.

Hannah sets down the box and checks the call -- a FACETIME REQUEST from someone named Sarah.

She collapses onto her couch and holds her phone up. ON HER PHONE SCREEN APPEARS: SARAH (23), who is lying on her own couch in the dark.

SARAH (FACETIME)
Look who decided to answer her phone. My bitch.

HANNAH
Sorry, the meet-and-greet went long and we haven't talked in forevs and I'm a horrible best friend please-please-forgive me.

SARAH (FACETIME)
Okay. You're forgiven.

Hannah rests the phone on her chest, relieved.

HANNAH
Thank god, I thought you'd be pissed. How are you?

SARAH (FACETIME)
I'm on the couch right now with Drew and we're watching 90 Day Fiancé while he rubs my feet so I'm in my happy place. How are you and the Fannahs?

HANNAH
The Fannahs are good but the channel is starting to stagnate. My sub growth is down and the retention rate is shit because I keep rushing post-production.

SARAH (FACETIME)
I didn't ask how the channel was, I asked how you were.

HANNAH
Well, I'm very tired because I know I still have to finish the morning routine video edit tonight.

SARAH (FACETIME)
Can't it wait 'til tomorrow?

Hannah yawns, shaking her head.

HANNAH

Vid has to go live at five a.m.
east coast time in order to hit
peak traffic. Otherwise, I get a
call from Todd when he sees my
Social Blade numbers are down.

SARAH (FACETIME)

You sound overwhelmed.

HANNAH

I am.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Are you eating?

Hannah rolls her eyes, taking a hit from her vape pen.

HANNAH

Oh, c'mon. You sound like my mom.
I'm eating plenty. Haven't you been
following my fitness journey vids?

SARAH (FACETIME)

I'm just worried about you, Han.
The only time you go outside is to
shoot something and the only people
you hang out with are other
influencers promoting their
content. Are you getting lonely out
there?

Hannah sighs, leaning back on the couch.

HANNAH

Even if I was lonely, I don't have
a lot of time to sit around and
feel bad about it. If you want to
worry about something, worry about
my views going down.

SARAH (FACETIME)

I thought you just hit one million
subscribers? You talked about that
milestone for years.

HANNAH

A million subs isn't what it used
to be. My Tik Tok views are a joke.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I've got thirteen-year-olds making fun of me for not knowing how to use it. I'm aging out at twenty three--

SARAH (FACETIME)

Hannah stop, you're possessed! I miss my best friend!

Hannah sighs, rolling over on the couch and pulling the phone closer to her face.

HANNAH

Your best friend is perfectly fine. She just needs her content to go viral so she can pay her bills. Got any ideas?

SARAH (FACETIME)

Well, it's totally natural to grow and mature. Forget Todd and the Social Blade whatever. You just need to keep listening to your fans and find new ways of staying in touch with them.

Hannah nods along when another yawn hits.

SARAH (FACETIME) (CONT'D)

Okay, go do your video edit thing. You're literally falling asleep. I'll call later this week and we'll do this over again, okay?

HANNAH

You're the best, Sar.

SARAH (FACETIME)

I know. Love you!

HANNAH

Bye-eee!

Hannah ends the call and rests her eyes for a beat before reluctantly grabbing her laptop off the side table and slouching away towards her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah sits in bed with her laptop, sporting a pair of BLUE LIGHT PROTECTION GLASSES as she puts the final touches on the morning routine video.

She saves the video in her channel's queue and lets out a sigh of relief. Done.

Hannah sets the laptop aside then checks her phone to see how her meet-and-greet selfie post on Insta is doing, when she notices one of the top comments by *Milliez_05*:

MILLIEZ_05 (COMMENT)
Hannah gave me a ride home from the
mall! SHE'S THE BEST!!!

Hannah smiles, clicking Millie's username. Then she scrolls down to her most recent post, a selfie of Millie on a school bus, with the caption: "SCHOOL'S OUT 4 SUMMER!"

In the comments below Millie's post, Hannah stops when she sees a barrage of insults, bad jokes and harassment from other kids (loser, weirdo, etc.).

Hannah scoffs aloud, upset, then decides to leave a comment on Millie's bus pic:

HANNAHHANSEN96 (COMMENT)
Taking the bus to avoid those DJs.
(winky smiley face emoji)

Hannah smiles then turns to plug her phone into its charger when it lights up. She sees Millie has already responded to her comment.

MILLIEZ_05 (COMMENT)
OMG, thanks Hannah!!!
(heart emoji)

Hannah stares at the comment for a beat before snatching up her phone. She DM's Millie:

HANNAHHANSEN95 (TEXT)
Screw the haters on your post!
You're cute as hell in this pic and
people in high school are idiots
and you're 100x cooler than any of
them will ever be.
(smiley face with sunglasses emoji)

Millie responds a few seconds later.

MILLIEZ_05 (TEXT)
Thank you! Can't believe you're
DM'ing me rn.
(blushing emoji)

Then--

MILLIEZ_05 (TEXT) (CONT'D)
 So how are you doing?

Hannah texts back--

HANNAHHANSEN95 (TEXT)
 Just put the finishing touches on
 tomorrow's video. Get excited!
 (horns/rock emoji)

MILLIEZ_05 (TEXT)
 That's cool!
 (then)
 But I meant more like how are YOU
 doing? You said you were a little
 stressed out in the car today.

Hannah smiles. Same question twice in one day. She pauses, thinking to herself for a beat, then responds--

HANNAHHANSEN95 (TEXT)
 Honestly, I'm dying over here.
 (then)
 So are you interested in doing an
 internship with me this summer or
 what?

For a beat Millie doesn't respond. Then--

MILLIEZ_05 (TEXT)
 Are you serious??

HANNAHHANSEN95 (TEXT)
 Internship starts eight tomorrow
 morning. Starbucks on Vine. Sound
 good?

MILLIEZ_05 (TEXT)
 Omg, that sounds great Hannah! You
 won't regret it! I promise!
 (triple heart emoji)

Hannah smiles to herself then takes off her blue light glasses, plugs in her phone and turns off her bedside lamp.

TO BLACK:

Then--

Hannah stirs awake. She stretches, relaxed, as morning light leaks through the curtains. Then she unplugs her phone from its charger and sees:

8 am.

HANNAH

Shit--

PRE-LAP: The BUZZ of a coffee grinder screams to life.

EXT. STARBUCKS - VINE ST. - DAY

Hannah rushes into the packed café but the line is almost out the door. No Millie or open table in sight when--

MILLIE (O.S.)

Hannah!

Hannah turns to see Millie sitting behind her at the corner table by the window, relaxed, with her laptop open and ready.

HANNAH

Millie, hey! Sorry, I'm late!

Hannah sits and joins her as Millie pushes a drink her way.

MILLIE

Don't even worry about it! Iced vanilla latte with non-fat milk and sugar-free syrup, right?

HANNAH

How--

MILLIE

The "Trying Every Coffee Shop In LA" video last year. You ordered it like every time.

HANNAH

Oh. Right. Thank you.

Hannah smiles and takes a sip, a bit weirded out but mostly grateful to avoid the line.

MILLIE

So how'd your morning routine go?

HANNAH

Oh, well I don't always have time for an actual morning routine these days. I usually just have to wake up and start making content.

MILLIE

Riiight. That's how you get your first story on Insta up by nine. I always wondered how you did that...

Hannah nods, taking another sip as she checks her phone.

HANNAH

Hey, so if you're going to be my intern could you maybe try and take it easy on the "knowing everything about me" thing? I love that you're a fan and all but it's just a little weird, you know?

MILLIE

Oh, right. I'm sorry. I totally get it. I do that sometimes.

HANNAH

Do what?

MILLIE

Freak people out. Most kids at my school think I'm weird too.

Hannah sighs, setting down her drink and phone.

HANNAH

No, I'm sorry. It always takes me by surprise when fans know as much as they do about me. But I get it. You're passionate about the channel and you're excited to start helping out. That doesn't make you weird.

MILLIE

I guess.

HANNAH

Those haters who posted on your Instagram...are those kids at your school?

Millie looks down, embarrassed.

MILLIE

Oh, yeah. I guess most of them are.

HANNAH

Trust me, you can't let them tell you who you are. If I let all the negative comments on my channel affect me, I'd have totally lost my mind and quit after the first week.

MILLIE

Yeah but at least you can block
your haters. I'm surrounded by mine
at school all day...

HANNAH

Aw. Sweet, sweet Millie. You know
YouTube but not YouTubers.

MILLIE

What do you mean?

HANNAH

Come on. Better if I just show you.

Hannah stands, grabbing her drink and marching straight out of the door. Caught off guard, Millie struggles to quickly stuff her laptop in her backpack then rushes after her.

EXT. VINE AVE. - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Hannah crosses the street, heading back towards her apartment as Millie follows behind her.

HANNAH

If you're going to work with me
it's important to know the
influencer world can be just as
isolating and scary as high school.
Basically, you've got a bunch of
different personalities, all trying
to fit in and collab with each
other.

MILLIE

Like a hive of all the most
creative minds...

HANNAH

OR just the most ambitious.

INT. LOBBY - 1600 VINE APARTMENTS - DAY

Hannah and Millie march through 1600 Vine's lobby, which is buzzing with a variety of VLOGGERS AND INFLUENCERS. Dozens of young adults schmoozing and filming with each other.

HANNAH

Ever since the Paul brothers got
evicted and put it on the map, this
place has functioned as a dorm for
influencers.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It has just as much jealousy, insecurity and social hierarchy as any high school in the country.

Millie looks around the lobby in awe.

MILLIE

Wow. I've seen this lobby so many times online. It's like walking onto a TV set...

HANNAH

It's basically a studio lot for influencers. You've got your general lifestyle girls like me. Wacky but earnest. Plugging products in between relationship and fashion advice. Some do ASMR but I'm not into that. Not yet, at least.

TWO GUYS with FIRE EXTINGUISHERS burst through the crowd, spraying each other while a THIRD GUY films them. They almost knock Millie down but Hannah pulls her out of the way, then guides her through the crowd.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You've got your prank goblins like those clowns. You've got ranters, foodies, makeup magicians, handsome boys, gamer nerds, DIY nerds--

MILLIE

Oh my god, I love DIY!

HANNAH

Yeah, it's cool.

Hannah slams the elevator button, the doors open and she drags Millie inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - 1600 VINE - DAY

As they ascend--

HANNAH

But listen, it's important to understand that the nerds here aren't really nerds. It's all based on the size of your audience.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your number follows you around
everywhere you go and it's
impossible not to feel that number
at all times. The rush of
excitement when it ticks up, the
growing anxiety when it stays the
same and the pure panic when it
starts to drop. You can feel like a
total fraud or worse--

MILLIE

(realizing)

A nobody...

DING! The elevator doors open.

HANNAH

Now you're getting it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah opens her closet, yanks out a tripod and camera then begins to hand over various filming equipment to Millie.

HANNAH

I'm sure this is all a bit much to
take in.

MILLIE

No, it's fascinating. I can't
believe it's more about competition
than collaboration.

HANNAH

Oh, it's definitely cutthroat. Just
ask Bianca Gails, right?

MILLIE

Who?

Hannah pauses, sticking her head out of the closet.

HANNAH

Oh shit. You've never heard of
Bianca Gails?

MILLIE

No, I don't think so. Who is she?

Hannah sighs before disappearing back into the closet to grab more equipment.

HANNAH

So Bianca was a Russian beauty vlogger that lived in this building like three years ago. One day she goes missing out of nowhere. Stops posting on her channel. No one's seen or heard from her at all. Then two weeks later the police finally find her -- her body was stuffed in a suitcase and abandoned down by the LA River.

MILLIE

Oh my god. That's terrible--

HANNAH

Right?? And they never even solved the case. Of course, everyone around the building has a bunch of theories. Some say it was her influencer ex-boyfriend who lost his audience after the breakup. Others think it was her bitter manager who she fired just before blowing up.

Hannah finally emerges from the closet with the fill light she was looking for and begins to set it up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But my favorite theory was always that it was actually a rival beauty vlogger. Major beauty brands only keep a few key influencers under contract at a time, right? So when they sign someone new, someone else gets the boot.

MILLIE

That's horrible. I can't even imagine...

HANNAH

Yeah, it's rough. Bottom line though - this business isn't just competitive, it's dangerous.

Millie nods, cautious, as Hannah finishes setting up the fill light and adjusting its lamp.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Any way, I don't want to throw you in the deep end too early but Greysen Sinclair is throwing a pool party for his birthday this afternoon. You wanna come and help me with content?

MILLIE

Are you kidding? I'd love to help.

HANNAH

That's great. But the thing is, these sponsored events aren't exactly like what you see in my posts.

Millie smiles, grabbing the DSLR camera off the kitchen counter and snapping it into Hannah's tripod with ease.

MILLIE

I grew up out here, Hannah. I'm used to the industry stuff. I just want to support the channel anyway that I can.

Hannah smiles, impressed.

HANNAH

Good. Because these influencer parties can be a bit tricky--

INT. BATHROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah sits in her bathing suit on the toilet (for back support) as Millie curls her hair with a flattening iron.

HANNAH

First rule of influencer parties is that you have to drink or else you're no fun but you also can't get *too drunk* because everyone is recording everything all the time.

MILLIE

Makes sense.

HANNAH

Second rule: you can go in the pool but you can't get dipped under. Greysen and his friends are straight up middle-school when it comes to pranks.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Ugh, I never should have made out
with him at Coachella last year--

Millie stops curling her hair, looking to Hannah.

MILLIE

Oh my god, there were rumors you
hooked up with someone at the
festival last year--

HANNAH

Huge mistake. The Fannahs don't
want to see me with some dudebro
Sinclair brother. Oh, and that's
classified by the way.

MILLIE

Right. Totally.

HANNAH

As is everything I say when we work
together. I try to be as honest as
I can be on the channel but you
know...there's just some things.
You get it.

Millie doesn't get it but she nods anyway. Hannah turns to
check her hair in the mirror.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Wow, Mil. Nice job.

MILLIE

I can't believe I get to use your
old LumaBella hair straightener.
You got this for Christmas in
eighth grade, right?

Hannah shoots her a look.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Right. Don't be weird. Sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah grabs an empty red cup and stands in front of the
camera with a mounted LED ring light around it.

HANNAH

Okay. Pre-game photos.

Holding the cup, Hannah poses as Millie takes "candid" photos
of her pre-gaming before the party. As she poses--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

We're also going to shoot down there so make sure there's no revealing swimsuits in the shots. If the site tags us with an age-restriction--

MILLIE

...your views are cut in half before you can submit an appeal.

HANNAH

Right. Wow, you do know your industry stuff.

Millie smiles, shrugging as she continues to snap pics.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Also, I'm looking for a new sponsor so keep your eyes and ears open down there. Try to think of yourself as a partner and not just an intern, okay? I'm looking for real insights to help the channel.

Millie pauses, lowering the camera.

MILLIE

Totally. Real insights.

HANNAH

If we don't get the channel subs up to two million, then we don't qualify for a featured creator pass at VlogCon. No VlogCon means the channel has to take a break, which basically means we're done and we don't want that, right?

MILLIE

I don't even know what I'd do if something happened to the channel--

HANNAH

Then we make a promise to each other. Right here. Right now.

Millie nods, more determined now. She locks eyes with Hannah, hanging on her every word.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I've got a little saying that I repeat to myself sometimes. It's kind of stupid but it works.

MILLIE

It's not stupid. I love affirmations.

HANNAH

So basically, it's just -- Follow your dreams. Forget the haters. Failure is not an option.

MILLIE

Oh my god, it's perfect. I love it so much.

Hannah reaches out, extending her hand. Millie stares at it for a beat before shaking with an inspired determination.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Follow your dreams. Forget the haters. Failure is not an option.

Hannah smiles, satisfied.

PRE-LAP: A PULSATING BEAT of generic pop music follows us to--

EXT. POOL - 1600 VINE APARTMENTS - DAY

THE PARTY

- Hannah and Millie arrive at what looks like the mix between The Explore page of Instagram and an 8th grade birthday party for one of the popular kids.
- PINEAPPLE and DONUT FLOATIES float around the empty pool as cliques sprinkled across the deck take pics of each other.
- A SIMPLE VODKA banner hangs above the patio bar next to a DJ/Influencer in the back, who plays clean radio versions of Top 40 hits and plugs his SoundCloud channel in-between.
- Hannah tosses Greyson's birthday present into A LARGE PILE OF IGNORED GIFTS and struts in with Millie behind her.

HANNAH

It's a sponsored event so it's good etiquette to post at least a few pics with the brand.

She poses in front the Simple Vodka banner and tosses up a peace sign as Millie snaps a few pics of her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Thanks. Let me see--

Millie goes to hand Hannah back her phone but before she can, Hannah freezes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

MILLIE
What?

HANNAH
The Sisters--

Millie turns to see -- THE SISTERS

More specifically: EMMA, ALISA, and between them, the leader of the pack -- JENNA (all early 20's).

Their hair and swimsuits are different colors but if you look at their faces they're are almost identical. Which is strange because they're not actually sisters.

SISTERS
HANNAH!
HANNAH (CONT'D)
MY BITCHES!

Everyone hugs, except Millie, who goes unnoticed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I missed you guys so
much! I didn't even know you were
gonna be back in time for this! How
was the Amalfi Coast???

JENNA
Uhm, it was AH-MAY-ZING. Look at
Alisa's tan.

Alisa turns around on cue, presenting one of her shoulders.

HANNAH
Wow. Incredible. Truly incredible.

Then -- *SHA-SHINK!* The sound of a phone camera's shutter interrupts them.

Hannah and The Sisters turn to see Millie, who just awkwardly tried to snap a photo of them together.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Sorry, she's with me. This is my
new intern Millie.

Jenna turns on a dime, giving Millie an exaggerated hug but still without actually addressing her.

JENNA

Oh my god, you finally got an assistant, Han! She's adorable! Good for you!

HANNAH

Yeah, she's great. Hey, so I still have to get a drink but I'll find you guys in the pool later and you absolutely have to tell me every single thing about the trip, okay?

JENNA

One hundred. It's done. Come find us! Love you! Kisses!

Hannah and Millie shuffle away towards the bar but we stay with The Sisters for a beat.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Can you believe her?

Emma and Alisa shake their heads.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Flexing her new assistant at a birthday party? These new girls move into the building, break one mil and think they're hot shit.

ALISA

She needs an ego check.

Jenna nods, her gaze drifting across the room until she spots Greyson amongst some other PARTYGOERS.

JENNA

She does. And I already think I know how she can get it.

Jenna hurries over to Greyson, and we watch along with Emma and Alisa as she grabs Greyson and whispers in his ear.

CUT TO:

THE BAR -- where Hannah holds out her red cup and waits till it's filled with a generic mixed drink before wandering across the pool deck with Millie at her side.

HANNAH

That was brutal.

MILLIE

The Sisters? I thought they were
like your BFF's?

HANNAH

They are -- on the channel, at
least. But I've only known them
eight months and we really just
hang out when we're shooting
something. Don't get me wrong, the
cross promotion helps but I have to
constantly be watching my back.

MILLIE

What do you mean?

Hannah sits down on the edge of the pool, dipping her legs in
as Millie joins her.

HANNAH

Alisa won't even talk to me right
now. I re-tweeted an article about
Nike sweatshops last week and she
had just posted a photo in a pair.
She thought I was coming for her
but I just didn't see her post.

MILLIE

Have you ever considered talking
more about this kind of pressure on
the channel? I think the Fannahs
would respond to it.

Hannah sighs, taking a sip from her drink.

HANNAH

I don't know. In my opinion, people
say they like honesty, but they
only like it in small doses.
YouTubers are allowed to have
struggled in the past, because
overcoming makes us relatable. But
we can't be struggling now or we're
whiners.

MILLIE

Really?

HANNAH

Sure. I mean, you ask kids today
what they want to be and they don't
say astronaut, athlete or movie
star. They say they want to be an
influencer.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And I don't think they want to hear
people who are actually doing it
for a living complain.

Millie nods, trying to understand.

MILLIE

But what if it all gets to be too
much?

Hannah shrugs, taking a longer pull from her drink this time.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You know, if you don't like all
this maybe you could just go back
to making videos like you did in
high school.

HANNAH

What do you mean?

MILLIE

I mean no staged videos or bright
thumbnails with exclamation points
in the titles. Just you goofing
around in your old bedroom. Or
playing pranks on your parents with
Sarah. Those are still my favorite
ones to go back and watch.

HANNAH

Really?

MILLIE

For sure. If you want like a real
insight from me or whatever then
that's my advice. Just go back to
being the real Hannah.

Hannah smiles, touched, as she takes a sip from her cup.

HANNAH

That's assuming I remember who the
real Hannah even is...

Millie returns Hannah's smile but then looks just past her
and spots Greyson sneaking up from behind them.

Greyson holds his finger to his lips, ssh-ing Millie. She
looks back to Hannah, her mind racing, then makes a choice.

MILLIE

Well, I guess you can start by just jumping in and not worrying so much about breaking the rules.

HANNAH

...wait, what?

Millie reaches over and plucks Hannah's phone from her hand just as Greyson sneak up behind Hannah and scoops her up.

Hannah SCREAMS.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no--

But it's too late. Greyson tosses her in and--

SPLASH! She sinks into the water as the party GASPS.

Hannah pops up, furious for a beat, as she notices Jenna and The Sisters watching on in delighted amazement.

She splashes water at Greyson.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Asshole!

The party *oohs*, loving the drama.

GREYSON

Sorry Han. I don't know what came over me.

HANNAH

Well, come on in asshole. The water's warm!

The party *oohs* again as Hannah gets the crowd back on her side. She splashes him again, more playful this time and Greyson smiles, whipping off his shirt.

GREYSON

That's it--

Greyson cannonballs into the pool and the crowd erupts in CHEERS and APPLAUSE, as SEVERAL OTHER PARTYGOERS decide to jump in after him.

QUICK-CUT MONTAGE:

- Hannah and Greyson play chicken in the pool with other party-goers.

- They drink more as people start to loosen up and have some fun. It's starting to actually look like the Simple Vodka commercial it's supposed to be.
- Hannah and Greyson grind to Top 40 hits on the pool-side dance stage. Sloppy but having a blast.
- Finally, the two sneak out of the party and back into the apartment building. Hannah yanks Greyson into the elevator and the two begin to make out as the doors close behind them.

CUT TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: A GROAN OF PAIN.

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah emerges from beneath her covers holding her head.

She rolls over and grabs her phone off her bedside table then scrolls for a beat before her eyes go wide--

HANNAH

Shit--

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Millie pours a steamy latte into a cup as Hannah enters.

HANNAH

Hey, so we got a little problem.
Someone leaked a video that shows
Greyson and I making out at the
party last night. It's everywhere.

MILLIE

I know. The Fannahs have been
losing their minds all morning.

HANNAH

Shit, this is bad. You think it was
Jenna who leaked it? It had to be
one of the sisters--

MILLIE

No Hannah, I didn't mean The
Fannahs were losing their minds in
like a bad way. I meant they loved
it! Did you see how many subs
you've gained since last night?

HANNAH

What?

Hannah checks her phone and sees her channel subscribers have risen to 1.34M overnight.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh my god--

Millie reaches over the counter and slides Hannah's laptop over towards her.

MILLIE

Your e-mail has been pinging all morning too. Wouldn't be surprised if a few sponsors are reaching out.

Hannah grabs her laptop and opens it, reading. Her jaw drops.

HANNAH

How is this possible?

MILLIE

Who knows. Maybe it's because The Fannahs started following you in the first place because you were so real and didn't care about what others thought.

Millie slides the latte across the counter and Hannah notices that she's stirred A SMILEY FACE into the foam.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe the channel could use a little bit more uncut stuff like this. What do you think?

Hannah takes a sip. *Perfection.*

HANNAH

You know what I think?

MILLIE

What?

HANNAH

I think you're like a crazy genius and we're going to grow this channel and land a new sponsor in no time.

Millie blushes as we BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

- Millie helps Hannah straighten up her apartment, packing lighting and camera equipment into the closest and throwing out old sponsorship products.

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

- Millie hangs up a calendar on Hannah's kitchen wall as the two begin to write out her schedule.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

- Hannah edits a video on her laptop, exhausted, when Millie wanders over.

MILLIE

I could finish this one off for you
if you need a break.

HANNAH

You know how to edit?

Millie points to the screen.

MILLIE

You forgot the transition at the
end of the teaser there.

Millie reaches over her, clicks into the timeline, highlights the end of the clip and chooses a transition.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

There you go. I just speed ramped
the end montage like you used to do
a few years ago. More fun than a
cheesy fade.

HANNAH

That's the shit I'm talking about
Millie!

Hannah puts her hand up for a high five and Millie slaps it.

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

- Hannah and Greyson sit together at a trendy sushi bar, when the server brings out their plates. Without hesitation they both whip out their phones for a pic, then compare shots.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

- Millie sits at Hannah's computer, editing, when her phone lights up. She checks Hannah's story and sees her sushi pic before turning her attention back to editing.

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

- Hannah and Millie lounge on her bed with the laptop open. IN THE VIDEO: Hannah and Sarah goof around at a sleepover in her old childhood bedroom.

MILLIE

Oh my god, I've watched these sleepover videos like a million times! I feel like I've been in your old bedroom before.

HANNAH

God we had so much fun back then. I miss those nights.

MILLIE

Okay, dream sponsor. Go.

HANNAH

One that actually pays...

MILLIE

C'mon on! For real.

HANNAH

I don't know. I'd love to rep a product that I actually grew up using. Something I could build a real campaign around that would make a difference in the Fannahs lives. Does that sound too cheesy?

MILLIE

Are you kidding? I think that sounds amazing. Okay, let's watch this one, one more time.

HANNAH

No.

MILLIE

Please-please-please-please.

Hannah rolls her eyes as Millie smiles, clicking play.

END MONTAGE

PRE-LAP: KNOCK-KNOCK

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Millie is editing when she hears someone at the door.

MILLIE
(to Hannah)
I got it!

Millie stands and answers the door to find a confused Todd.

TODD
Hi there. Is...Hannah home?

MILLIE
She's still getting ready for the
meeting but she'll be out soon.
You're her manager Todd, right? I'm
Millie, Hannah's new intern.

Millie takes his hand and shakes it before marching back over to the computer and jumping back into the edit. Curious, Todd wanders up behind her, watching her work.

TODD
I didn't know Hannah had hired an
intern. How did you two connect?

MILLIE
Oh, we met at Hannah's last meet-
and-greet. I'm a huge Fannah.

Todd nods along before quickly losing interest as he plops down on Hannah's couch and begins to text on his phone.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
So is that how you two first
connected as well? I'm sure you
must have been a pretty big fan to
sign her.

Todd half-laughs at that.

TODD
No, actually I found her after her
Justin Bieber tribute dance vid
went viral a few years ago. Pretty
much signed her off that alone.

This gets Millie's attention. She turns to face Todd.

MILLIE

Wait, so how did you know you wanted to work with her after only seeing one video?

Todd sighs, annoyed by the question, but indulges her.

TODD

Well, she was a hard worker. Always driven. Plus, she had built a great audience with Fannahs like yourself. If she keeps working hard, she might actually be able to make some real money in this game.

Millie nods, taking this in. But before she can respond, Hannah rushes into the living room.

HANNAH

Sorry, crazy morning. I'm ready now. Let's go.

Todd stands, relieved, and the two exit together as Millie sits at the computer, watching them leave.

TODD

Nice meeting you Molly!

MILLIE

It's actually--

But the door slams shut behind them.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Millie...

INT. HALLWAY - CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Hannah and Todd trail behind A RECEPTIONIST as they walk through the chic marketing firm.

TODD

I could have found you an intern if you needed one.

HANNAH

Not like this girl. She knows more about the channel than I do.

TODD

She's fifteen--

HANNAH

Which is the average age of my subs by the way. Without her advice, my channel never would have gotten this new bump in traffic and we wouldn't be here, about to sign with a new sponsor.

TODD

Well, we haven't signed anything yet so don't get too excited. Today is just an introduction. We need to have a good working relationship with these two so play ball, okay?

HANNAH

Got it.

The Receptionist opens the door to a conference room and the two disappear inside.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

A COMPACT, STAINLESS-STEEL EGG LIKE THING sits on the table in front of Hannah. She looks at it in confusion and then back to TWO COMPANY REPS - CONNER and KELLY (30s), who are smiling back at her.

HANNAH

I'm sorry. But what is it exactly?

CONNER

It's a blender.

HANNAH

Ohhhh.

KELLY

A single serving, state-of-the-art all-in-one nutritional mixing station, really. We've had tons of success promoting this little guy with our ten-day green smoothie challenge videos.

HANNAH

Well, that's awesome. It looks really cool.

Conner and Kelly nod in approval.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But--

They freeze, staring at her now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I was also interested in some of the bigger fashion and beauty products you guys rep. Maybe a clothing or make-up line?

Conner and Kelly take a beat before bursting out in laughter. Hannah nervously laughs along with them.

CONNER

Oh my god, I love the ambition of young influencers! You guys are always reaching for the stars.

Hannah smiles, uneasy.

HANNAH

...thanks?

KELLY

Major fashion and beauty products are more of a silver or gold level product. Which don't get us wrong, is a level we believe you could be at one day. But having just passed one million subs, you're still at what we call the bronze level product stage. Which, trust us--

Kelly pushes the blender a bit closer to Hannah.

KELLY (CONT'D)

...still has plenty of great brands to promote.

Hannah nods, looking the blender over while trying to mime fascination.

CONNER

So what do you think?

Hannah looks to Todd, who subtly nods.

HANNAH

I can't wait to try it!

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Millie stares skeptically at the blender on the kitchen counter as Hannah plays fetch with Beans in the living room.

MILLIE

I don't know, Hannah. Did Todd even ask the reps to see a product package before you signed the deal?

HANNAH

How do you know what a product package is?

MILLIE

I've been researching this stuff online. It's standard procedure--

Hannah sighs, picking up Beans' toy on the carpet when she notices -- A SHINY, NEW SELFIE STICK leaning against the computer desk next to Millie's backpack.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

And do you know if these guys even watch your channel? Like are they actually Fannahs?

But Hannah isn't listening. She's snapping her phone into the new selfie stick's mount and posing for a pic. But as soon as she pushes the button--

ZAP!

Hannah lets out a YELP OF PAIN as the stick immediately falls from her grip. Millie goes wide-eyed, rushing over to her.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Hannah I'm sorry! I should have told you not to touch that!

Hannah grabs her arm in pain, flexing her hand.

HANNAH

Shit. I can't feel my arm--

MILLIE

It's a prank selfie stick. When you push the record button it shocks you. I built it so we could get back at Greyson for the zap video.

Hannah clutches her arm then shakes it as feeling returns.

HANNAH

Damn it, Millie. You're so good at content.

EXT. POOL - 1600 VINE APARTMENTS - DAY

Hannah and Millie are sitting out by the pool when Greyson strides in with a towel over his shoulder, looking around.

GREYSON

Hey, I thought you said there was another pool party down here?

HANNAH

We are the pool party! Come here and try this new selfie stick. It's the best I've ever used.

Greyson weighs it in his hands as Millie subtly films Greyson with A CAMERA hidden in a BEACH BAG under her arm.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Five ounces. Wireless. Thirty two-inch reach.

GREYSON

Seems heavy.

HANNAH

Try it out.

Greyson holds it up making a goofy face and -- ZAP! He drops the stick, clutching his arm.

GREYSON

SON OF A--

Hannah pops up and Millie lifts the camera from the bag, continuing to film.

HANNAH

OHHHHH! You got zapped, bitch! And guess what now? Payback time.

Hannah gently kicks Greyson with her leg. He falters, trying to catch his balance before falling into the pool.

SPLASH! Hannah throws up her arms in epic victory as we--

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah and Millie, now sitting in front of her laptop watching the video, which is now titled "ZAPPED REVENGE".

HANNAH

God, I haven't had a trending video in over a year! People really wanted to see Greyson kicked into a pool...

Millie peels A SMILEY FACE STICKER from a sheet in her notebook and presses it to the base of the stick handle.

MILLIE

There. So you won't get confused and shock yourself again.

Hannah holds the selfie stick up, admiring it.

HANNAH

So how'd you make this thing?

MILLIE

Oh, just a DIY video I found online. I ordered a low-current cattle prod, took out the motor, emptied the stick handle and connected the prod trigger to the release valve on the record button. Pretty cool, right?

Hannah nods, impressed but also a bit disturbed.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

So how's Greyson taking it? I imagine it's not as much fun being the butt of the joke for once.

HANNAH

He's actually handling it great.

Millie pauses, turning her attention away from the video.

MILLIE

Really?

HANNAH

Yeah, he loves the cross promotion. And I can't believe I'm saying this but it's actually getting kinda serious between us. The Fannahs are shipping us online pretty hard. What do you think?

MILLIE

About you dating Greyson? Well, I don't know, Hannah. That's--

But before Millie can answer -- BZZ-BZZ. Hannah checks her phone and it's a call from Todd. She puts him on speaker.

HANNAH

Toddy, what's up?

TODD (V.O.)

Hannah, have you checked your subs this morning?

HANNAH

No, not yet. Why?

TODD (V.O.)

Well, you might want to because we're about to hit two mil.

HANNAH

What!? Are you kidding me?

TODD (V.O.)

Nope. And I just got off the phone with Stacey Kelly over at the Anaheim Convention Center.

HANNAH

Wait. Did you get us our featured creator pass for the con?

TODD (V.O.)

Even better. You just booked the "Growing Up Online" panel at VlogCon...

Hannah's jaw hits the floor as Millie covers her mouth in complete shock.

HANNAH

Todd, I'll fire you right now if you're messing with me.

TODD (V.O.)

Tell Molly to pack your bags. You're going to VlogCon!

Hannah screams, dropping her phone as Millie hugs her. The two girls jump up and down in excitement.

PRE-LAP: Billie Eilish BLASTS through Hannah's speakers--

INT. HANNAH'S CAR - SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Hannah speeds down Sunset with packed luggage stuffed in the backseat. Sunglasses on, windows down and Sarah on speakerphone--

HANNAH

Can you believe it? My own panel!

SARAH (V.O.)

I don't know what that is exactly but I'm totally psyched for you!

HANNAH

It's like a Q&A but way better. It basically means you've arrived.

SARAH (V.O.)

Well, I'm happy for you, Han! You've worked so hard for this. You're going to kill it up there and get super famous and I'm going to sell our yearbook on eBay and make a bunch of money.

HANNAH

Stop. You're gonna make me cry.

Hannah comes to a screeching halt in front of Millie's gate.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Okay, I have to pick up the intern now, but I'll call you when I'm done with the panel!

SARAH (V.O.)

You better!

PRE-LAP: BZZZZZ

EXT. FRONT GATE - MILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Hannah holds the gate buzzer button down and leans into the speaker.

HANNAH

Mill-LAYYYYY. Let me in, bitch! It's VlogCon time!

MILLIE (V.O.)

Hannah! I'm so excited! The gate code is six, three, ninety six.

Hannah pauses.

HANNAH

Six, three, ninety six? As in June
3rd, 1996? As in my birthday?

MILLIE (V.O.)

Uhm, yeah. Sorry...

Hannah sighs, shaking her head, then punches in the code. The gate buzzes again then begins to open.

INT. FOYER - MILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Millie opens the front door for Hannah, who looks around the foyer in awe. It's a beautiful home but also has a dark, un-lived in feeling to it.

HANNAH

This is your place, huh?

MILLIE

Yeah, I mostly just sleep in here though. I spend most of my time in the garage where my work space is.

HANNAH

Where are your parents?

MILLIE

They're at the house in Aspen for the summer.

HANNAH

So you're just here all by yourself? All summer?

MILLIE

It's not so bad. Hey, I have something for you. Come back in the garage and check it out.

Millie grabs her hand and leads her down the hallway then through a side door.

INT. GARAGE - MILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannah enters behind Millie and sees THE GARAGE -- which is packed to capacity with dozens of blueprints on her desk, re-assembled tech piled up in the corners and a desktop computer in the center hub.

HANNAH

Holy shit Mil, you have like a full laboratory in here.

MILLIE

I told you I'm kind of obsessed with DIY. Check this out--

Millie lifts a large box onto her work bench in front of Hannah, who looks inside to find a variety of Fannah merch:

- Thumb drives shaped like Beans, hoodies that read "Fannah" on the front and golden pop-sockets matching the one on Hannah's phone.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't find the right design online so I made these custom. Figured we could hand them out to Fannahs at the con this weekend.

Hannah smiles, looking it over.

HANNAH

I don't know what to say. This stuff is incredible--

MILLIE

I'm glad you like it. I think quality merch really makes a difference. Failure is not an option, right?

Hannah nods, impressed.

HANNAH

Thank you so much for helping me figure my shit out these last few weeks, Millie. I don't know what I'm going to do after this summer when your internship is over.

MILLIE

You'll be fine.

A silent beat between them as Hannah considers something.

HANNAH

What would you think about staying on to help out after this summer? I know you've got school but--

Before Hannah can finish Millie bear-hugs her--

MILLIE

Are you kidding me?? That'd be like
so-so-so-so cool!

HANNAH

I know, right??

Hannah smiles as Millie's hug continues. After a beat--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Okay Millie, you're crushing me.

MILLIE

Oh. Sorry.

PRE-LAP: More Billie Eilish bumps through Hannah's car speakers again as--

EXT. PARKING LOT - HILTON HOTEL - DAY

Hannah and Millie pull up in Hannah's car, singing along with sunglasses on, feeling like two pop stars as they arrive at the hotel.

Hannah passes the keys to THE VALET as she gets out of the car and is immediately greeted by Todd.

TODD

Get ready for the wave.

HANNAH

The what?

She's outside the car for only a few seconds before THE WAVE OF FANNAHS comes rushing in from the side of the hotel.

Hannah greets them, taking a few selfies while moving closer to the front door. Before they disappear inside the lobby--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Thanks everybody! I love you guys!

TODD

Hannah's at the eight o'clock panel on Stage D! Don't miss it!

INT. LOBBY - HILTON - DAY

Hannah and Todd stand at the front desk waiting to check in while Millie stands behind them with the bags.

TODD

So how'd you come up with that shocking Greyson video? I didn't take you for the pranking type.

HANNAH

I actually used to pull off little pranks like that all the time on the channel. Haven't you seen those early videos?

TODD

Must have missed them.

HANNAH

Well, the Greyson prank was all Millie's idea so you can thank her.

Todd nods, turning around to sneak a peak at Millie.

TODD

Seems like she's Stanning you pretty hard.

HANNAH

Or you're just jealous cause she got me more heat in a few weeks than you could in a few years...

TODD

I'm just saying it'd creep me out to work with someone who knew every little detail about my life. Just be careful so you don't end up like John Lennon or Selena.

Hannah rolls her eyes, annoyed, then looks back to Millie, who waves to her, smiling. Hannah waves back, a worried look crossing her face for a beat before--

HOTEL CLERK

Checking in?

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - DAY

Hannah enters her hotel room as Millie and Todd shuffle behind her, bags in hand.

TODD

Okay, you've got the panel tonight and the rooftop industry mixer afterwards.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)
 I'll be downstairs drinking at the
 bar so just text if you need
 anything.

HANNAH
 Sounds good. Thanks Todd!

Todd leaves as Hannah collapses on the bed, exhausted.

MILLIE
 What's wrong?

HANNAH
 I'm kinda starting to stress out
 about the panel. They got this
 intense journalist to host it. What
 if I make a fool of myself in front
 of all the Fannahs?

MILLIE
 You're going to be fine. Just be
 honest and speak from the heart--

BAM-BAM-BAM. Someone POUNDS at the door.

HANNAH
 It's probably Todd again.

But it's not. Millie answers the door and it's Greyson
 holding a PINK ELEPHANT PIÑATA, while live streaming himself.

He brushes past Millie, followed by Brooks who films him.

GREYSON
 Hannah, I need to use your balcony
 for my treasure hunt. It's an
 emergency.

HANNAH
 Your what?

But Greyson moves past her out onto -- THE BALCONY, where he
 holds up his phone, still live-streaming.

GREYSON
 Hey Greyson Nation. First treasure
 hunt clue is live. GET! DAT! MONEY!

And with that, he chuck's the piñata over the balcony. It
 falls to the ground before exploding on impact. Candy bursts
 out everywhere and FANS BELOW scramble to grab a piece.

HANNAH
 Uhm, hey Grey. What's going on?

GREYSON

I hid five thousand bucks somewhere at the Con and this is the first clue. The candy has a secret message written on the inside of the wrapper.

Greyson then motions to Brooks, who passes him A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, which he presents to Hannah.

HANNAH

What's this?

GREYSON

A truce for the pranks. I know when I'm beat.

Hannah smiles, taking the flowers as Greyson kisses her on the cheek.

HANNAH

Aw, that's sweet of you. Truce accepted.

Greyson smiles then turns to Brooks.

GREYSON

Did you get that on camera?

Brooks nods, filming the moment as Hannah scoffs, hitting him with the bouquet.

HANNAH

Grey, you're terrible!

GREYSON

I'll see you at the rooftop mixer tonight, right?

HANNAH

Yup. I'll see you up there.

As he and Brooks exit back out into the hall, Greyson starts live streaming himself again, back in character.

GREYSON

VLOGCON, BABY!

After the door slams shut--

HANNAH

He's so good at content, right?

Millie nods, but doesn't agree.

INT. MAKEUP ROOM - STAGE D - NIGHT

Hannah paces around behind the stage of the panel as Millie tries to calm her down.

MILLIE

Just remember what we talked about.
Be honest. Speak from the heart--

A PRODUCER pops in the room, interrupting.

PRODUCER

All right Hannah, you're up. Jason is bringing you on in two.

Hannah nods and starts to follow him out. She gives Millie a nervous smile and Millie shoots her two thumbs up.

CUT TO:

Millie watching Hannah on the makeup room's TV live stream of the panel. JASON KELLY (30's) balding with a hipster mustache, sits across from Hannah on stage.

ON TELEVISION

JASON

I want to thank everyone in the audience for coming out to the "Growing Up Online" panel with Hannah Hansen. Are there some Fannahs in the room tonight?

The crowd CHEERS as Jason shuffles his notes.

JASON (CONT'D)

That's great! Well, I'm a bit new to VlogCon so I wanted to start by asking a question about the con itself if that's okay.

HANNAH

Sounds good.

JASON

Well, what I'm wondering is -- if this generation is so worried about convincing others online that they're having a good time here, do they risk actually missing out on experiencing the conference itself. What do you think?

The crowd goes quiet and Hannah considers the question.

HANNAH

Well, I've heard that concern before but honestly, I'm not that worried about it.

JASON

Really? Tell us why.

HANNAH

I mean, think about what my generation has gone through in our lifetime. 9/11, the recession, crazy college tuition and political divide. And then older generations want to call us the problem because we eat avocados and like using our smart phones? I don't buy it.

The crowd APPLAUDS and Jason forces a smile. Encouraged by the positive response, Hannah decides to keep going.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm kind of joking about the avocados and phones thing but this is actually a topic that I take very seriously.

Hannah pauses, considering something as the room goes quiet.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You know, I've never really talked publicly about this on my channel -- but when I was in high school I actually suffered from an eating disorder...

With that -- the audience goes from quiet to stunned silence. Jaws drop across the crowd, including Millie's, who continues to watch from the make-up room's TV stream.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Binging and purging, to be more specific. I actually managed to keep it a secret for years. But then I found these communities online. Complete strangers willing to share their experiences and help someone they'd never met before.

Hannah takes another beat to collect herself. The room is hanging on her every word now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Without them, I wouldn't have had the confidence to reach out to my family and friends and ask for help. I was able to get better because of technology, not in spite of it.

And with that Hannah pauses, proud of what she's said. There's another beat of silence before--

THE CROWD ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE.

People stand and cheer. Even Jason realizes that was just a moment and puts down his notes to clap along.

Overwhelmed, Hannah smiles as she wipes away a stray tear.

INT. MAKEUP ROOM - STAGE D - NIGHT

Hannah rushes back into the makeup room and barely has the door closed before Millie attacks her with a hug, sobbing.

MILLIE

Hannah - that was. I can't even--
You were so amazing!

HANNAH

I don't even know where that just
came from--

MILLIE

I can't believe I never knew -- I'm
so sorry you went through that. But
I'm so happy you were able to say
it on stage. You were so brave up
there!

HANNAH

I couldn't have done it without
you, Mil.

They hug again but the moment is interrupted when--

JENNA (O.S.)

HANNAH! OH MY GOD!?

Hannah and Millie turn to see The Sisters barge into the room and surround her in a group hug attack.

JENNA (CONT'D)
That was incredible! We were
passing through the hall and we
heard you on stage and totally lost
it. That was so honest and
authentic and like inspired or
something.

HANNAH
Thanks Jenna. I appreciate it.

JENNA
That moment is blowing up already.
Have you checked your phone yet?

HANNAH
No, I just got off stage and came
in here--

Jenna smiles, jealous, then gives her another hug.

JENNA
Well, it looks like you'll be
joining the three mil club soon.
Congratulations.

Hannah is taken aback at first, confused by the words. But
Millie quickly clears up the confusion when she holds up
Hannah's phone for her and Hannah sees her rising numbers.

HANNAH
Oh my god...

JENNA
Okay, we have to get a pic together
right now for my feed or I'll die.

HANNAH
(still in shock)
No problem. Mil, could you--

MILLIE
Of course.

Hannah hands Millie her phone and the two pose with each
other. Millie takes a few pics then--

JENNA
Here, let me see.

Jenna marches over and checks the photos.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 Fail. Half my face is covered in a
 shadow. Again intern.

Jenna shoves the phone back at Millie and re-poses. This
 breaks the spell over Hannah and something inside her shifts.

HANNAH
 You don't have to talk to her like
 that.

JENNA
 If your intern can't even take a
 cute pic then you should get a new
 intern.

HANNAH
 Or maybe I should just get some new
 friends.

Emma and Alisa GASP as Jenna goes quiet for a beat then turns
 to Hannah.

JENNA
 What did you just say?

HANNAH
 Well, you just complimented me for
 being honest so I'll be real right
 now and tell you I'm tired of you
 leeching off my channel every time
 I get some buzz but then as soon as
 the cameras are off you treat me
 and everyone else around you like
 shit.

Jenna smiles now, getting right in Hannah's face.

JENNA
 Ohhhh, you're officially
 cancelled. I'm telling every
 influencer and sponsor in my
 contacts that you're a jealous,
 ungrateful little backstabbing
 bitch. I send out one tweet to my
 fans and you'll be selling pop-
 sockets on Etsy.

MILLIE
 No she won't.

JENNA
 What's that intern?

Jenna looks to Millie, who is still holding Hannah's phone.

MILLIE

If you say shit about Hannah to anyone I'm going to release the video I'm taking of you right now and you'll be the one who's cancelled.

Jaws drop across the room. Shocked, Jenna pauses before throwing up her hands.

JENNA

Okay. Whatever. You're both officially crazy and deserve each other. We're leaving.

Hannah watches, stunned, as Jenna marches out with Alisa and Emma following quickly behind her. Once they're gone--

HANNAH

Millie! That was the most gangster shit ever! You have to let me see that video.

MILLIE

Well, I didn't actually take a video. I was just kind of...bluffing?

HANNAH

What!? That's even more gangster! Who are you???

Millie shrugs, smiling, as Hannah hugs her.

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - NIGHT

Millie stands just outside the bathroom door as Hannah gets ready for the mixer.

HANNAH (O.S.)

I'm so proud of you Millie. Do you know what you just did?

MILLIE

What?

HANNAH (O.S.)

You stood up to a bully! If you can stand up The Sisters like that then the kids at your school should be no problem, right?

Millie smiles to herself as Hannah exits the bathroom in her new dress.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You should be proud of yourself.
You've come so far this summer.

MILLIE
We both have.

They share a smile before Hannah moves to the dresser and touches up her make-up.

HANNAH
I'm flying high right now, Millie.
The panel went great. We got to blackmail The Sisters. And now I get to network at the mixer and spend the night with Greyson? Is today actually happening?

MILLIE
Hey, so I was thinking maybe you should avoid Greyson for a night. Just stick to the business side of things, maybe?

HANNAH
I already said I was going to see him up there. What's the problem?

MILLIE
I just think he might be bad news or something. There's some tea spilling online. Fannahs I trust who say he's a bad dude--

HANNAH
Mil, I know what I'm dealing with. Sure, he's a bit dumb and immature but at the end of the day he's harmless. Trust me.

Hannah turns, purse in hand, finally ready for the mixer.

MILLIE
You look great. You're gonna kill it up there.

Hannah gives her a hug then hurries out the door.

HANNAH
Don't wait up for me!

PRE-LAP: Generic club EDM bumps through the speakers as--

EXT. ROOFTOP - HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Hannah and Todd work their way around the industry mixer, shaking hands and accepting business cards until Hannah runs into Greyson, who gives her a drunken hug.

GREYSON

Hey! I was looking for you! Where have you been?

HANNAH

Just making rounds with my manager. It's pretty cool up here, right?

GREYSON

Totally. This rooftop is the shit. I think I'm gonna take the treasure hunt money up here tomorrow morning and dump it. Apparently my clues on the piñata candy didn't make much sense. That'd be cool, right?

HANNAH

(nodding along)

Totally.

GREYSON

Hey! I almost forgot! I've got some dudes you have to meet--

He takes her hand and drags her towards--

A SMALL TIKI HUT, filled with two couches around a fire pit.

They sit down with the two bro-y execs already sitting inside, MAX and EVAN (30s).

GREYSON (CONT'D)

Han, this is Max and Evan. These guys works for Coty. They rep like Adidas, Gucci, Calvin Klein--

Hannah shakes hands with them.

HANNAH

I know Coty. I've see your CoverGirl 'Different Faces' campaign. You guys do really strong work over there.

MAX

Well, we think you're hilarious.

HANNAH

Really? You guys watch the channel?

EVAN

Well, we saw the video where you shocked Greyson. THAT was the shit. He looked like such a little tool!

GREYSON

I did, right? I was like -- BLAH!

Greyson spasms, pretending to be shocked and in the process bumps Hannah's drink, spilling some on her dress. Party foul.

GREYSON (CONT'D)

Oh shit, sorry babe.

Hannah stands, playing it cool.

HANNAH

Don't worry about it. I needed a refill anyway. Keep these guys entertained and I'll be right back, okay?

Hannah hurries over to--

THE BAR, where she grabs a few napkins to wipe herself off when she's immediately rushed by Todd.

TODD

Are those the Coty reps you're talking to?

HANNAH

Yup. And they just said my videos were quote "the shit."

TODD

So what are you doing over here?
Get back in there.

HANNAH

Well, Greyson spilled my drink--

TODD

Here, just take mine. Go, go, go.
Make this happen.

Todd hands her his drink and gives her a little shove as Hannah heads back to the tiki hut but as she walks up behind them she overhears--

MAX

Come on dude. Please tell me you're hitting that.

Hannah stops short of the bamboo walls, listening to them.

GREYSON

Of course I'm hitting it, dude.

Evan and Max giggle, excited.

EVAN

Okay, no bullshit. Is she a pillow princess or is she crazy in bed?

GREYSON

Oh. She's a freak for sure. But you know who is even crazier?

Max and Evan lean in, drooling.

GREYSON (CONT'D)

Her *fans*. When we started hooking up they all started slipping into my DM's. And for some reason when they know I've been with Hannah, I'm like cat nip to them. They'll do anything I ask. *An-y-thing*.

EVAN

Duuuuude, that's so messed up.

MAX

You're a legend, bro.

Hannah boils as she listens to their laughter and before she knows it she's marching in and POURING HER DRINK over Greyson's head.

GREYSON

--the FUCK!

Max and Evan watch on in delighted shock as most of the MIXER GUESTS turn and look, hearing the commotion.

Hannah pauses, shocked and embarrassed by the scene she just caused, then turns to leave. Greyson stands, too drunk to actually care--

GREYSON (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, Hannah! Come back! We
were just joking around!

Hannah fights away tears as she hurries out of the mixer,
grabbing a BOTTLE of VODKA from the liquor cart tray as she
leaves.

HANNAH (PRE-LAP)

He's such a pig, I could totally
kill him right now.

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - NIGHT

Millie paces around the room as Hannah lays on her bed,
cradling the bottle of vodka as she watches a video of the
incident on her phone called "DRUNKEN VLOGCON MELTDOWN!"

MILLIE

Don't watch that stuff, Hannah.

HANNAH

Everyone else at VlogCon is. It's
everywhere. Did you see these
comments?

MILLIE

Ignore the haters. That was your
advice to me, remember?

HANNAH

This is different, Mil. You should
have heard what Greyson was saying
about The Fannahs...

Millie grabs tissues from the bedside table and gently pats
the eye liner leaking down Hannah's face.

MILLIE

It's not your fault. I never should
have let you get involved with him--

HANNAH

I think I'm gonna be sick--

MILLIE

Okay. Let's get you to the
bathroom, okay?

Millie takes off her heels and stands Hannah up.

HANNAH

You're the best, Mil. You're the only one who actually cares about me.

MILLIE

That's not true. There's three million Fannahs that would do the same.

Millie holds Hannah up as she limps into the bathroom then gets her inside and shuts the door behind them.

TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: BLAM!

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - HILTON - DAY

The rooftop door blasts open as Greyson lands his karate kick and runs outside. Greyson has a DUFFEL BAG OF CASH and A SELFIE STICK in hand as Brooks follows behind, recording.

GREYSON

Good morning, Greyson Nation. It's a beautiful morning and everyone's still sleeping but the early bird gets DAT CASH MONEY!

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Hannah wakes up, holding her head. Millie is on the bed next to her, with Advil and a glass of water at the ready.

HANNAH

Shit. What happened last night?

MILLIE

You came home drunk and told me about what happened with Greyson.

HANNAH

Ugh. I was really hoping that was just a bad dream.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Greyson paces, pumping himself up.

GREYSON

Okay, let's do this. Look good.
Feel good. Look good. Feel good.

Brooks turns the camera back on and begins to film Greyson.

GREYSON (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Okay, since all you dumb nuts
weren't smart enough to figure out
the treasure hunt clues I left
around the con, I've decided that
instead, we're just gonna toss this
shit off the roof.

Greyson pulls a HANDFUL OF CASH out of the duffel bag and
smells it then climbs up onto the ledge of the rooftop.

GREYSON (CONT'D)

Pass me the stick.

Brooks hands the selfie stick to him and Greyson snaps the
phone into the cradle and previews the shot behind him.

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Hannah massages her head as she paces around the room.

HANNAH

I just want to go home and get away
from this.

MILLIE

We can talk to Todd about
cancelling the meet and greet. The
panel was the main event anyway.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Greyson stands on the ledge, waiting for Brooks as he picks
out an angle to shoot Greyson from.

GREYSON

You got the shot?

BROOKS

(still looking down)
Okay, hold on. I think I got it.

GREYSON

Screw it. I'm going.

Greyson pushes the record button on the selfie stick and--
ZAP! He makes an awkward grunt then spasms as his legs give out and he disappears over the ledge.

BROOKS
Okay, good to go.

Brooks looks up but Greyson is gone.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Grey?

INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Hannah paces, still on her phone--

HANNAH
So did you do anything fun last night?

Millie is about to answer, when -- A YELP followed by A DARK SHAPE passes the balcony window behind them.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What was that?

Millie shrugs and they both wander over towards the balcony window where they begin to see--

CASH

Drifting down, past the window like snowfall. It's surreal.

Hannah steps out onto the balcony. As her gaze follows the cascading bills down to the street, where she finally sees--

GREYSON'S BODY laying in the parking lot, a pool of blood leaking from his head as a crowd starts to form around him.

Hannah takes a step back as Millie looks over the balcony.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What is that?

MILLIE
It's Greyson...

HANNAH
But it's a joke, right? I mean it's like a dummy for one of his pranks or something, right?

Millie looks down again at the parking lot. We hear a woman SCREAM from down below.

MILLIE

It doesn't seem like a prank...

Hannah shakes her head in disbelief then hurries out of the hotel room. Millie stays on the balcony, still transfixed by the sight below.

EXT. PARKING LOT - HILTON HOTEL - DAY

Hannah runs over to THE GROWING CROWD gathering around Greyon's body.

She fights her way to the front then freezes when she spots his cracked skull on the pavement. Her stomach quickly decides for her that it's not a dummy.

Hannah covers her mouth, about to be sick, when she notices THE SELFIE STICK laying a few feet from his body.

At first, she barely registers it but then begins to stare when she notices--

A SMILEY FACE STICKER ON THE HANDLE, smiling back at her.

Hannah's world goes silent as her world turns upside down.

She slowly begins to drift to the back of THE CROWD surrounding Greyson.

PARENTS cover their KIDS' eyes and shepherd them away as OTHER ATTENDEES take out their phones and begin to record.

Hannah leaves it all behind as she wanders across the parking lot, in a trance, until she reaches--

HER CAR

- The next thing she knows, Hannah is starting the ignition and pulling out of the parking lot and onto--

THE STREET

- The Hilton fades in the distance as she drives off.

- The vacant stare across Hannah's face doesn't break. She's not even paying attention when she glides right through--

A RED LIGHT

- As soon as she passes through the middle of the intersection ANOTHER CAR slams into her side.
- Hannah is thrown into a tornado of glass and metal as we--

CUT TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: A SOFT BUZZING NOISE--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hannah wakes to the buzz of a florescent light above her. She winces, looking around, realizing she's in a hospital bed.

Hannah then looks to her side and comes face to face with Millie, who smiles tenderly back at her. When Hannah sees her it all comes flooding back--

A pool of blood leaking from Greyson's head. The selfie stick with the smiley face sticker on the handle.

Hannah tries to sit up but a sharp pain from her head sends her sinking back down into her bed.

MILLIE

Easy, Hannah. You're okay. The doctor said you had a concussion but no other major injuries. He said it was a miracle but I knew better. You're a survivor.

But Hannah shakes her head, refusing Millie's words.

HANNAH

Millie, what happened? Greyson, he had our selfie stick somehow. It doesn't make any sense--

MILLIE

It's all my fault, Hannah. After you passed out, I heard the brothers were throwing a party in their room so I went up and switched out his selfie stick with ours.

HANNAH

Why would you do that?

MILLIE

I thought we could get another shocking prank video out of it.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Revenge for what he pulled at the mixer. But I didn't think he'd go up on the roof, first thing in the morning and stand on some ledge--

HANNAH
Oh god, Millie. This is so bad...

MILLIE
I know. I'm so sorry.

HANNAH
You have to tell someone what happened. If you explain it like you just did to me, they'll understand it was an accident--

MILLIE
I can't do that, Hannah.

Hannah's wheels stop spinning as she looks to Millie.

HANNAH
What do you mean you can't?

MILLIE
The scandal would ruin your channel. Once the world found out what really happened, it would destroy everything you've worked to build over the years.

HANNAH
Millie, Greyson died. We have to go to the police.

Millie nods, understanding, then takes Hannah's hand and looks to her with an intensity Hannah hasn't seen before.

MILLIE
Greyson's death was an unfortunate accident but I don't think it's worth throwing everything away over.

HANNAH
We don't have any other choice...

MILLIE
But maybe we do. Maybe, in some kind of super messed up way this could actually be an opportunity for us--

HANNAH

How is this an opportunity, Millie?

MILLIE

I mean, what if instead of ruining our lives, we take this moment when the whole world is watching us and turn it into something positive.

Hannah turns to her, confused.

HANNAH

The whole world? What in the hell are you talking about?

MILLIE

It's all anyone online can talk about. Look.

Millie holds up Hannah's phone for her to read. Hannah scans her screen for a beat and her eyes go wide with amazement. She reaches for her phone and begins to manically scroll.

HANNAH

Oh my god--

MILLIE

When news broke about Greyson, VlogCon lost its mind. But when stories came in about your car accident just a few minutes later -- *complete mayhem*. All of YouTube has been holding their breath ever since. Hoping they only lost one of their friends and not two.

HANNAH

My subscribers...

MILLIE

I know. It's terrible that good could come from something like this.

Millie turns around in her chair and lifts up--

A DIAMOND PLAQUE.

It takes Hannah a beat to pull her eyes away from her phone but when she sees what Millie is presenting, her heart stops.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 You passed five mil around two a.m.
 this morning. YouTube corporate
 sent it over with some flowers.

Hannah reaches out, her fingers caressing the beautiful words engraved on the plaque.

*CONGRATULATIONS for surpassing
 Five Million Subscribers!
 Hannah4Realz96*

For a moment her eyes are lost in the reflecting rainbow of color radiating off the plaque's diamonds.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 Everyone just wants to know you're okay, Hannah. I think you should put something out on the channel as soon as you can.

It takes Hannah a beat to hear Millie's words but when she does the spell over her breaks.

HANNAH
 Millie, I can't put something out right now. None of this makes any sense. I need time to--

But Millie takes her hand again, squeezing it tight.

MILLIE
 Every great channel takes advantage of moments like these. When the eye of the algorithm finally falls on you, you can either double down and reach a level you never could have dreamt of. Or, you can let the moment pass you by...

Hannah swallows, the weight of the moment crushing down on her.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 Remember our promise? Follow your dreams. Forget the haters. Failure is not an option.

Hearing the words now, Hannah's eyes fill with doubt.

But then the moment passes. Something inside her eventually gives and Hannah manages a small nod of agreement.

Millie smiles, squeezing Hannah's hand again for reassurance before standing to leave the hospital room.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I'll be right outside if you need
me, okay?

Hannah nods again, lost in thought, as Millie closes the door behind her.

Silence takes over the room as Hannah sits in the hospital bed, clutching her phone, alone and afraid. Then slowly but surely Hannah makes up her mind.

She takes a deep breathe then begins to slowly raise her arms, lifting the phone out in front of her.

Then Hannah hits record, launching a mobile live stream on her channel--

HANNAH
What's up guys...

PRE-LAP: RAF-RAF!

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Beans jumps on Hannah, greeting her at the door when she enters. Millie trails just behind her while watching the hospital video on her phone.

MILLIE
Hannah, I haven't seen you get this real on the channel before. There isn't even a single edit. It's all just one take.

HANNAH
Couldn't have done it without you.

MILLIE
1.6 million views in less than twenty four hours. When is the last time you had a video go this viral?

HANNAH
It's never happened.

MILLIE
I think we should make some popcorn and stay up all night watching the number go up. What do you think?

HANNAH

I'm actually gonna call it early
tonight. Head is still killing me.

MILLIE

Of course! Well, text if you need--

But Hannah has already disappeared into her bedroom, closing the door behind her.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

--anything.

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannah collapses onto her bed, exhausted. She stares at her bedroom wall for a long beat before the moment is eventually interrupted by-- *BZZ-BZZ*. A *call on her phone*.

HANNAH

No.

BZZ-BZZ-BZZ. Hannah groans before digging her phone out of her pocket to check it. It's a Facetime request from Sarah. Hannah answers, while rolling into the covers of the bed.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Hannah, what the shit? Are you
alive??? I saw your hospital video--

HANNAH

That was just a bit of drama for
the channel. I'm fine.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Hannah, I should come out there.
I'm seriously worried about you.

HANNAH

Sarah, I'm okay. With everything
happening on the channel I wouldn't
even have time to hang out and then
I'll feel guilty and that'll hurt
worse than the car accident.
Besides, I have Millie to help out.

SARAH (FACETIME)

You mean your fifteen-year-old
intern? How's that going?

Hannah rolls over to make sure her bedroom door is closed.

HANNAH

(hushed)

Honestly, not so great. Millie is a bit...intense. I think it was a mistake to work with a Fannah.

SARAH (FACETIME)

But that's why you brought her on in the first place, right? Look how much the channel has grown. This is everything you wanted, right?

Hannah stares off for a beat, considering.

HANNAH

It's more complicated than that now.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Well, at least it's just a summer internship. Once it's over, she'll go back to school and you can hire an actual grown-up to help you.

HANNAH

Yeah, I don't think she sees it as just a summer thing anymore.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Why would she think that?

Hannah pauses, biting her lip.

HANNAH

Well, before VlogCon things were going great and I may have mentioned that I think we should work together forever.

SARAH (FACETIME)

Hannah.

HANNAH

I know.

SARAH (FACETIME)

You just have to be direct. Sit her down over dinner and tell her how you feel. She's knows you're not an evil person or whatever.

Hannah nods, considering her words.

HANNAH

You're right. I just have to sit down and talk with her--

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Millie hovers just outside Hannah's bedroom, listening to their conversation.

SARAH (O.S.)

And remember to be direct. Don't lead her on any more than you already have. You owe it to her.

On Millie, her face blank as she takes this in. Then--

PRE-LAP: A PIERCINGLY LOUD, SUSTAINED BEEP.

INT. KITCHEN - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Millie pushes stop on the oven timer and opens the door to reveal: A PAN OF LASAGNA sitting in the stove. She grabs two hot pads and gently lifts it out. Meanwhile--

ACROSS THE ROOM - Hannah sits at the kitchen table, with her eyes closed.

HANNAH

Can I open my eyes now?

MILLIE

Not yet, it's a surprise.

HANNAH

You know I could help. I've made a million cooking vids for the channel.

MILLIE

You need to rest, Hannah. The three R's of avoiding burnout: reduce stress, rid your digital clutter and reinforce healthy rituals.

Millie sets the STEAMING PAN down at the center of the table.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, you can look now. It's vegan lasagna!

HANNAH

This looks great, Mil. Thank you so much.

Millie rushes over to the kitchen counter and brings over another baking tray.

MILLIE

And for dessert -- Emoji cookies!

Hannah looks on, uncomfortable, as Millie sets the tray down and starts to cut out a serving for each of them.

HANNAH

This is too much. Really--

MILLIE

It's nothing.

Millie sits down and joins Hannah at the table as Hannah begins to poke at her plate, nervous. Silence takes over for a beat before she finally forces the words out--

HANNAH

Listen, Mil. Since the accident, I've been thinking about things. I know I said we should work together after this summer but I just don't think that's a good idea anymore.

Millie pauses mid-bite, looking to Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean, you should be focused on school and I should be taking time to get my head straight. It would be selfish of me to ask any more from you than I already have. That makes sense, right?

There's a terrible beat of silence from Millie's end before a smile breaks across her face.

MILLIE

I totally agree.

Hannah looks up, surprised.

HANNAH

You do?

MILLIE

I do need to go back to school and the last thing the Fannahs need is for you to burnout. I mean, I'll be sad when it's over but we did so many cool things together and the channel is in such a great place, don't you think?

Hannah struggles to hide her excitement, a wave of pressure washing off her.

HANNAH

Totally. The channel is better than ever and you've helped me so much.

MILLIE

Two million subs doesn't even seem like that much of a milestone anymore, does it?

HANNAH

Pocket change. I'm not going to miss the bronze-level sponsorships either...

Millie smiles, taking another bite of the lasagna.

MILLIE

That reminds me. I do have one more little surprise for you.

HANNAH

Oh yeah?

MILLIE

So, when you were in the hospital those blender reps got in touch with us and were begging for another sit down. I listened to some of their plans and after hearing them out I kinda agreed you'd meet with them again. What do you think?

HANNAH

I mean yeah, I guess I could. What did they have in mind?

Millie smiles.

MILLIE

Well, I think I should let them pitch it...

PRE-LAP:

KELLY (PRE-LAP)
When we saw your hospital video we
were blown away--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Hannah and Millie sit at the conference room desk across from Conner and Kelly.

CONNER
And we both just knew -- this girl
is ready for something big. But
before we could even reach out, we
got an e-mail from Millie here.

Conner nods to Millie who smiles.

KELLY
She told us that you grew up using
a LumaBella flattening iron. Is
that right?

HANNAH
Yeah, I love that iron. I've been
using it since middle school.

CONNER
Well, that's what Millie told us
and it caught our attention because
we actually work with LumaBella.

HANNAH
You do?

CONNER
Managed their account for years.
Helped them grow into one of the
biggest hair care companies in the
world.

HANNAH
That's incredible. I had no idea--

KELLY
We asked Millie if you had any
videos actually using the LumaBella
iron and she sent us a dozen
different clips. You opening it as
a gift on Christmas, curling your
friend's hair before prom...

CONNER

Once LumaBella saw THOSE videos --
they proposed an entire campaign.

Hannah's jaw drops. She turns to Millie who nods, smiling.

KELLY

Millie also told us about the first time you messaged her online. She said you helped her get past the cyber-bullying she was experiencing on her own account. That you told her to "forget the haters."

Kelly grabs a remote off the table and points it at a flat screen in the room which lights up with a #ForgetTheHaters hashtag.

CONNER

Well, we thought you and Millie's story sounded like an entire campaign and LumaBella agreed.

Hannah pauses, her smiling faltering.

HANNAH

Wait, so this campaign -- it would involve Millie as well?

KELLY

She'd be the most important part of it. LumaBella loves this idea so much they already proposed that for every Fannah who posts using their own favorite LumaBella product using the #ForgetTheHaters hashtag, they'll donate five dollars towards Cybersmile.

HANNAH

Well, this sounds great and all but Millie actually has school this fall. I'm not sure she'd have time--

MILLIE

I talked to LumaBella and they agreed to work the promotion around my school schedule. It's a dream come true, right?

Hannah forces herself to nod along as the rest of the room smiles back at her.

HANNAH

I don't even know what to say. This is all so much...

Conner takes A PEN from his pocket, sets it on A SMALL STACK OF PAPERS and slides it over the table.

CONNER

That's a contract for a gold level product. What do you say?

Hannah flips through the first pages of the document.

HANNAH

Well, I should probably have my manager Todd look this over before we go any further.

CONNER

Oh, of course! Check out the fine print then get back to us.

KELLY

Also, if you have the time, we drew up some different designs for the campaign's banner ads.

Kelly lifts up a large CARDBOARD CUTOUT featuring the different ad designs.

KELLY (CONT'D)

This is just a little teaser of what's to come but we really wanted to find something that speaks to you--

But then -- *BZZ-BZZ*. Hannah's phone begins to ring on the table.

HANNAH

Sorry. Thought I had it on Do Not Disturb.

Distracted, Hannah reaches for her phone but knocks it off the table and Millie bends down to pick it up for her.

MILLIE

Actually, I can take this for you if you want? Probably just another gossip blogger looking for a scoop about VlogCon.

HANNAH

Really? Okay. Thanks Mil.

MILLIE
No problem.

Millie stands and slips out of the room to take the call.

INT. HALLWAY - CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Millie answers without looking. She already knows who it is.

TODD (V.O.)
Hannah?

MILLIE
It's Millie.

TODD (V.O.)
Millie, put Hannah on.

MILLIE
Sorry, she actually just went to
take a nap. She's been taking it
easy since the accident--

TODD (V.O.)
It's funny because I just got off
the phone with a friend who says
our blender reps had a meeting with
her today. You wouldn't know
anything about that would you?

Crap.

MILLIE
I think they we're going to set
something up with her. I'd have to
check the schedule--

TODD (V.O.)
Millie, don't let those two in the
door. I'm working on a deal with
the Coty reps right now--

Millie freezes.

MILLIE
You mean Greyson's asshole friends
that laughed at Hannah during the
rooftop mixer?

TODD (V.O.)

Not that I need to discuss this with you but I guarantee that Greysen's asshole friends are offering her a bigger and better deal. Now put Hannah on the phone or I'll call your parents and have them put you on timeout, okay?

Millie goes quiet for a beat, a quiet rage growing inside her as she takes in his words.

MILLIE

Like I told you, she's resting right now but if you want to see her once she's up you can come over to my place. She's staying over here right now to avoid all the attention back in her apartment building.

Todd sighs.

TODD (V.O.)

Fine. Whatever. Just text me the address.

Todd hangs up and Millie stands in the hallway for a beat, thinking to herself. Then she clicks into the phone app and deletes Todd's number from the Recent Calls list.

INT. ELEVATOR - CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Hannah and Millie wave goodbye to Conner and Kelly as they step into the elevator. Buzzing with excitement, Millie waits for the doors to close before turning to Hannah.

MILLIE

So. What do you think?

HANNAH

It's so much, Millie. I don't even know what to say.

MILLIE

It's overwhelming, right? Like it's almost too perfect...

Hannah nods along, growing more and more concerned. She changes the subject--

HANNAH

Who called by the way?

MILLIE

Oh, just what we thought. A wanna-be TMZ blog looking for another scoop on the channel.

Hannah nods as Millie hands her back her phone.

HANNAH

Right. Thanks for taking that.

MILLIE

No problem, but hey, I forgot that I have to run a few errands this afternoon. I kind of got behind on stuff after the hospital craziness. It cool if I just meet you back at the apartment later?

But Hannah's barely listening, still processing the meeting.

HANNAH

Of course. No problem.

Millie smiles, relieved.

PRE-LAP: BZZZZ

EXT. FRONT GATE - MILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Todd holds the gate buzzer down for an annoying amount of time before finally letting go.

MILLIE (V.O.)

Hello?

TODD

Millie? It's Todd. Let me in.

MILLIE (V.O.)

The gate code is--

TODD

Just buzz me in, Millie. I don't have time.

A long beat of silence, then -- BZZZZZZZ

INT. FOYER - MILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door swings open and Todd immediately barges in.

TODD
Where is she?

MILLIE
She's downstairs but I just think
you should know that she's in a
super vulnerable place right now.
It might not be the best time for a
meeting--

TODD
I'm in digital talent management,
Millie. If I couldn't talk a young,
dramatic kid off a ledge I wouldn't
be very good at my job, would I?

Millie nods, thinking for a beat, before turning and waving Todd to follow her down the hall.

INT. MILLIE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Todd enters behind Millie, looking over her messy workspace. He spots one of several STUN GUNS on her work desk and picks it up, curious.

MILLIE
I use their motors for the prank
selfie sticks. We might start
selling them as merch online.

Todd frowns, weirded out then sets the stun gun back down.

TODD
Let me guess, you're starting a
channel of your own?

MILLIE
No, actually I'm more interested in
what you do. Managing creative
people like Hannah.

Todd nods along as Millie guides him through the clutter then opens a side door, which leads to--

A BASEMENT. Todd looks down the dark staircase.

TODD
Hannah's down there?

MILLIE
We're having a little sleepover
tonight for old times' sake.
(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Helps her forget about all the
drama on the channel.

Todd sighs, marching past her and heading down the stairs.

Millie waits a beat before turning, grabbing a STUN GUN off her desk and following him down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah sits on her couch reading through the make-up line contract when her phone begins to BUZZ.

She marches over to the counter and checks the call. It's from an UNKNOWN NUMBER so she decides not to answer.

Then, the phone begins to buzz again. The same number. Annoyed, Hannah decides to answer.

HANNAH
Hello?

KATE (V.O.)
Hello, Hannah? Sorry to bother you so late! I'm Todd's assistant Kate. I was just calling to see if you happen to know where Todd is? He isn't answering his phone and he just missed a meeting with another client.

HANNAH
No, I haven't seen him since VlogCon actually.

KATE (V.O.)
Well, what about your meeting this afternoon?

HANNAH
There must be some mix-up. I didn't have a meeting with him today.

KATE (V.O.)
Huh. That's strange. I'm looking at his calendar and it has him down for a meeting with you in Beverly Hills. I Goggled the address but I didn't recognize it. Some big place just off Sunset. Are you sure you weren't supposed to meet him?

Hannah freezes, realizing--

KATE (V.O.)
Hello? Hannah?

HANNAH
I'm sorry but I haven't seen him. I
have to go--

Hannah hangs up then nervously paces around the kitchen when--

MILLIE (O.S.)
Hey.

Spooked, Hannah spins to see Millie standing at the front door with a BAG OF GROCERIES under her arm.

HANNAH
God, Mil. You scared me--

MILLIE
Who was that on the phone?

Hannah tenses.

HANNAH
Oh that? It was nobody. Just
another gossip blogger looking for
a scoop. Vultures, right?

Millie nods as her demeanor turns more somber. She sets the groceries down on the counter and approaches Hannah.

Hannah tries to act normal but the tension between them is so thick you could reach out and grab a chunk of it.

MILLIE
You don't have to lie, Hannah.
It's okay. You can tell me.

Hannah is on the verge of tears now as Millie reaches out and caresses her arm.

HANNAH
It...it was Todd's assistant.

MILLIE
And what did she want?

HANNAH
She was looking for him. His
calendar had him down for a meeting
with me but it was at your house. I
told her I didn't know anything
about that--

Millie nods, thinking. As she does, Hannah quietly breaks, beginning to weep.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Millie, what did you do?

MILLIE
Hannah, what do you mean--

HANNAH
Please, just tell me the truth. For once.

Millie tries to find the words but can't. Finally, we see something inside her give.

MILLIE
Hannah, he just wasn't a right fit for you and the channel. Since the moment I met him I could see he was just taking advantage of you. Your work will be so much stronger without his influence. You can see that, right?

But the truth is a gut punch to Hannah. She wanders over to the living room and sinks down onto the couch, lost in complete shock.

HANNAH
(realizing)
You leaked the video of Greysen and I at the pool party didn't you--

Millie joins her on the couch but doesn't respond. She doesn't have to.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
And you weren't waiting for the bus outside the mall. You were waiting for me--

Millie goes quiet, choosing her next words carefully.

MILLIE
Hannah, everything I've done, I've done for you. We made a promise to each other and I honored that promise. This is what we wanted. What we fought for...

But Hannah shakes her head, weeping now.

HANNAH

You're not going to get away with this, Millie. People are going to put together what happened--

MILLIE

You have to trust me, Hannah.

But Hannah picks up the LumaBella contract on the table and begins to tear it to pieces.

HANNAH

I can't trust you, Millie. Because you're crazy.

Millie looks to Hannah, hurt, then bends down onto the floor and begins to pick up the torn pages of the contract.

MILLIE

You shouldn't call people crazy, you know? I read this article that says it perpetuates a stigma against people with like mental health issues and stuff.

But Hannah isn't listening to her anymore. She stands, wandering over to her diamond plaque, lost again in the rainbow of light reflecting off the diamonds.

HANNAH

I knew it the second you told me at the meet and greet that you made those imposter accounts. But I ignored it...

MILLIE

Hannah, please just listen to me--

HANNAH

I want you to leave and I never want to see you again.

The words hit Millie like a slap in the face. Hannah doesn't even turn to look at her, continuing to stare at the plaque.

MILLIE

Hannah, no one knows you like I do. We're so much stronger together...

At that -- Hannah laughs, shaking her head as she smiles through her tears.

HANNAH

You think you know me because you watch my channel? The channel is fake, Millie. You, more than anyone, should know that by now--

Then -- in the reflection of the plaque, Hannah notices Millie moving closer toward her. She turns but it's too late--

ZAP! Millie sticks her in the neck with her STUN GUN.

Hannah convulses for a beat before collapsing to the living room floor with a thud. Out cold.

TO BLACK:

INT. HANNAH'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Hannah wakes up. She shifts but can't move.

When she looks down she's tied to a swivel computer chair. An orange extension cord is wrapped around her arms and legs and her hands are zip-tied behind her back.

Then Hannah looks around and is more confused to see -- HER CHILDHOOD BEDROOM from back in Indiana, which we recognize from her earlier videos.

HANNAH

MOM? DAD?

Hannah hears footsteps approaching her door. Excited, she uses her feet to turn herself in the chair but instead of her bedroom door she sees--

A LOCKED GATE, with Millie standing on the other side.

Hannah looks around the room again, completely lost, as Millie opens the front gate with a key then steps inside.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Millie, what's going on? What is this?

MILLIE

It's your old bedroom, silly. Well...it's a *replica* I built in my house's basement BUT it's still totally your old bedroom. Down to every last detail. Check it out.

Millie gets behind Hannah and wheels her over towards Hannah's VANITY MIRROR.

Atop the desk, is all her beauty products from high school, carefully arranged. Even her LumaBella flat iron is plugged into the wall.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I built this thing last year just to hang out in when I missed the old days on your channel but then after last night I thought of a whole new way I could use it. Obviously the computer doesn't have internet but other than that, everything else should be exactly the same.

Millie rolls her back to the center of the room as Hannah continues to take in her new surroundings with disbelief.

HANNAH

You can't keep me down here, Millie. I'll do whatever you want but--

MILLIE

(interrupting)

--you said it was fake...

HANNAH

What?

MILLIE

The channel. Back in the apartment you said your channel was fake. Do you really believe that?

HANNAH

I don't believe it. I know it, Millie. It just... is...

Millie sighs, wandering up to Hannah's desk and looking in her vanity mirror.

MILLIE

You know what I think, Hannah? I think your channel is like... like the truest, most real and awesome reflection of yourself. Who you really want to be deep down. I think Fannahs like me understand you more than you could ever possibly understand yourself.

But Hannah only grows angry as Millie refuses to hear her.

HANNAH

Millie, you need help. And I can
get you that help but you need to--

But Millie picks up a GLASS JAR FILLED WITH MAKE-UP BRUSHES from Hannah's desk and whips it across the room.

CRASH! It explodes again the wall, immediately quieting Hannnah. After a tense beat of silence between them--

MILLIE

We're so much stronger together
than we are apart. Why can't you
see that?

But Hannah stays quiet, afraid to answer now as she watches Millie.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Before your channel, I always felt alone. My parents never paid any attention to me. I had no friends. I couldn't remember a single time in my life when I wasn't completely on my own. But then one day I found you...

Millie turns and steps closer to Hannah, kneeling down at her side and taking Hannah's hand in hers.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You were the only person that was always there for me. When I was getting ready for school. Doing my homework. Eating dinner. Getting ready for bed. You've always been my best friend Hannah. You just didn't know it yet.

Hannah shakes her head, refusing the words but Milie continues.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You did all that for me and now I'm doing this for you. To give something back. To help you be the best you can be and reach others who were hurting like I was.

Millie stands then turns and walks back out of the replica, closing the gated door behind her.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to go upstairs and get
some shooting equipment and then
we're going to make a video, okay?

HANNAH
Millie, don't leave me down here...

MILLIE
I'll be right back. I promise.

HANNAH
MILLIE!

Hannah continues to yell for her to come back but Millie retreats up the basement staircase.

She sits there for a beat in the chair, weeping quietly to herself. All hope lost. Completely scared and alone.

And then through her tears, Hannah looks up and spots--
Her LumaBella flat iron sitting on the vanity desk.

Wheels spin in Hannah's head for a beat before she swings her body forward and the chair scoots an inch across the carpet.

She sits up straight, a glimmer of hope in her now. She puts more swing into it this time and the chair moves again.

Hannah keeps scooting until she eventually wheels herself over to the desk, where her flattening iron sits, already plugged into the wall.

She uses her feet to turn herself around in the swivel chair then backs up to the desk's edge and carefully grabs the iron, turns it with her hands and powers it on.

As the iron heats up, Hannah carefully guides the plastic zip tie into the iron's clamp and presses down with her wrists.

HISS! The plastic begins to melt from the heat of the clamp but also starts to burn her wrists.

She bites her lip, swallowing a scream of pain as the iron slowly starts to melt the plastic zip tie and with it, some of her flesh until--

SNAP! The zip tie gives and Hannah's wrists break free.

INT. MILLIE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Millie paces around her garage, gathering several pieces of shooting equipment in her arms.

She's about to head downstairs when she spots A RING LIGHT she likes. Millie decides she needs it and turns, trying to grab it with her already full hands.

INT. BEDROOM REPLICA - CONTINUOUS

Hannah unties herself then hurries to try the gated door but it's locked.

Desperate, she looks around the room then spots Millie's backpack on the bed. She runs over to check it, finding the box of zip-ties inside just as--

CREEEEAK.

The basement door opens and Hannah can hear Millie's footsteps slowly descend the basement stairs.

Hannah grabs a new zip-tie from the box and rushes back to the chair. She quickly re-ties her feet with the extension cord just as Millie reaches the gate.

Millie smiles as she enters, carrying the shooting equipment in one hand and Beans' kennel in the other.

MILLIE

Look who I brought down with me!

Hannah quickly throws her arms behind the chair just as Millie enters--

HANNAH

Aw, you brought Beans. That was sweet of you, Mil.

Behind her back, Hannah subtly slips her hands through the zip-tie, keeping it just loose enough to slip out of.

MILLIE

Don't worry, we're not going to post this video. It's just so you can open up and talk through your feelings. You're always best when you're talking to the camera.

HANNAH

Thank you for doing this, Millie. I know it's not easy.

Millie pauses as she sets up the tripod, noticing Hannah's change in attitude.

MILLIE
You don't have to thank me.

HANNAH
But I do. I know I've been upset with you but after everything we've accomplished, I just want you to know how grateful I am.

Millie looks to Hannah, unsure if she can trust her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh, I guess I should save this stuff for the video, right?

Millie smiles, nodding.

MILLIE
Right.

QUICK CUT MONTAGE:

- Millie mounts her camera on a tripod.
- Sets up the key, fill and back lights.
- Touches up Hannah with makeup.
- And finally adjusts the swivel chair within the frame of the camera so Hannah's restraints are just off screen.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Ready whenever you are.

Hannah takes a deep breath, calming herself before nodding to Millie, who pushes the record button. Hannah looks to the camera and smiles--

HANNAH
What's up guys. It's Hannah. So, I don't really know where to begin--

Hannah shifts in her seat, stiff and uncomfortable, still considering what she wants to say--

HANNAH (CONT'D)
A close friend of mine told me once that any successful channel is all about confession. She went on about how fans crave, like intimacy and transparency and stuff like that.

Hannah flexes her hands behind her back, hiding the burn marks on her wrists.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And I guess over the years on the channel I've gotten, like, pretty good at confessions. But I didn't realize how I was using them until recently. I say this because I want all the Fannahs to know that this confession is different. It's not a version of the truth. It's just going to be...you know...the truth.

A tear streams down Hannah's face as she struggles to collect herself. Millie watches on with pure admiration and love.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to start by apologizing to a very special friend. It's someone I only just met at the beginning of the summer but she's already changed my life. Someone who was there for me when no one else was. But I'm sure you guys already know who I'm talking about--

Hannah looks past the camera now, staring directly at Millie.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to admit that when I first hired Millie I thought she was just going to help me grow the channel. But she had other plans. Millie wanted to give me back a part of myself that I'd completely forgotten about. A life before sponsorships and influencer collabs. Millie saw me for who I was instead of who I was trying to be and I'll never be able to thank her enough for that.

Hannah takes a beat to gather her thoughts then sees Millie, who nods her on as tears well in her eyes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm sure with all the drama happening on the channel recently it's hard for you guys to remember, but my videos actually used to be fun. I used to not give a damn about what others thought and only cared about being me.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Well, I want to get back to that.
And when I do return to the
channel, whenever that is, that's
going to be what it's about. I'll
talk to you guys soon, okay? Bye!

A long beat of silence takes over the room as Millie holds for the edit. Eventually, she hits stop on the recording.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How was that?

MILLIE

Oh Hannah--

Millie rushes up to Hannah and hugs her in the chair.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I'm so happy you feel that way.

HANNAH

I meant what I said.

MILLIE

I know you did. I could feel it. I
can't wait to watch this footage
again.

Millie rushes back to the camera, slides it off the mount, and goes to plug it into the iMac on Hannah's desk.

As Millie pulls the recording up on iMovie and begins to watch, Hannah slowly slips her wrists out of the zip-tie then quietly begins to untie her feet.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You're incredible, Hannah. I've
never seen you open up like this
before.

Hannah stands, picking up the tripod and gripping it like a bat.

HANNAH

You were right. The camera always
helps me express how I'm feeling.

Sensing Hannah's too close, Millie turns just as--

WHACK! Hannah clubs Millie on the side of her head.

Millie goes down, falling out of her chair and hitting the carpet with a dull thud.

Hannah stares at her for a shocked beat as a pool of blood begins to leak from Millie's head.

Then she snaps out of it, drops the tripod and grabs the gate keys off the computer desk.

Hannah goes to the gate and tries a key but it doesn't work. As she tries different keys on the chain--

Millie stands, woozy, then begins to unplug the computer.

Just as Hannah tries the last key and the gate clicks open--

RAF-RAF!

Beans barks and Hannah turns just in time to see Millie charging at her with the computer raised above her head.

Hannah ducks and Millie misses, as the computer crashes into the gate.

Millie SCREAMS then drops the computer and lunges at Hannah and the two fall to the carpet. But as they do, they knock over a FILL LIGHT and--

CRASH!

The fill light hits the bedroom wall and explodes with a flash, which causes Hannah's BEDROOM WINDOW DRAPEs to catch on fire.

Hannah looks up to see the flames spreading. She tries to crawl away towards the gate but Millie grabs her legs and won't let go.

MILLIE
YOU LIED TO ME!

As Hannah struggles to free herself, she grabs the bedsheets down and with them falls -- Millie's backpack.

Inside, Hannah spots Millie's stun gun. She grabs it, then spins around and plunges it into Millie's neck.

ZAP! A pulse charges through Millie, who holds on for a beat but eventually releases Hannah from her grip.

Hannah crawls away from her, terrified, then picks up Beans' kennel and limps out of the burning bedroom replica in such a rush that she forgets -- THE GATE KEYS.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah hobbles to the top of the stairs and reaches the basement door but when she turns the handle -- it's locked.

HANNAH

No, no, no, no. Are you kidding me?

She yanks on the handle then pounds on the door, crying for help but it's no use. She has no choice but to turn around and go back downstairs to get the keys.

INT. BEDROOM REPLICA - CONTINUOUS

As FIRE and BLACK SMOKE envelop the replica, Millie slowly comes to and picks herself back up. Then she stumbles over to the camera, picks it up and hits record.

INT. BASEMENT - MILLIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah arrives back at the bottom of the staircase, just as Millie exits the replica, pointing the camera at her.

MILLIE

Forget something?

Millie takes the keys out from the gate lock and dangles them in front of Hannah for a beat before casually tossing them into the flames of the burning bedroom replica.

Hannah looks on in disbelief.

HANNAH

What is wrong with you!? We're going to die down here!!

But Millie continues to record her, limping closer as Hannah holds the stun gun out in self-defense.

MILLIE

(through tears)

I loved you, Hannah. You were like a sister to me.

Hannah takes a step up the stairs in retreat as Millie gets closer. But then, from out of nowhere--

THE BASEMENT FIRE ALARM SPRINKLERS ARE TRIGGERED

They begin to rain down across the basement, soaking Hannah and Millie but also quickly extinguishing the flames.

Hannah looks around in disbelief as Millie stares at her now soaked camera, which short circuits before dying in her hand.

Millie SCREAMS then spikes the camera on the ground in frustration and marches back to the replica.

HANNAH

Millie. Just stop. It's over.

But Millie picks up the broken desktop computer and turns back towards Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Millie--

Millie raises the computer above her head then SCREAMS AGAIN as she charges.

Hannah jumps back onto the staircase then holds down the stun gun onto the wet basement floor and--

BOOM! An electrical surge rips through the basement and blows Millie backwards, throwing her to the ground.

Hannah lifts the stun gun, ending the charge, then looks to Millie, who remains motionless. Severely burnt, bleeding from her nose and ears.

Then -- somehow, Millie begins to pick herself back up. Arms and legs shaking, she slowly gets back to her feet.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Millie. Stop. Please--

Sprinklers still pouring down, Millie struggles to pick up the desktop computer and begins to charge again--

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Millie!

Millie charges towards her and Hannah holds the stun gun to the ground again--

BOOM! Another huge surge hits Millie as she drops the computer and crumbles to the basement floor.

Hannah breaks down and begins to weep as she watches Millie convulse, her flesh steaming and her body covered in burns.

Millie slowly starts to crawl towards Hannah, reaching out for her but Hannah is just beyond her grasp.

And then, just before she touches Hannah, Millie smiles one last time before--

THUD. Millie collapses to the cold, wet cement floor.

Her eyes remain open and the smile on her face holds--

But she's gone.

Hannah drops the stun gun, grabs Beans' kennel and huddles against the staircase wall as a wave of relief and sadness hits her.

She cries as the fire alarm sprinklers continue to rain down around her, until--

Exhausted, Hannah turns her head and looks back up the staircase, noticing something she didn't see before.

Hannah slowly picks herself up and begins to hobble back up the stairs, one at a time.

Eventually, she reaches the top and turns to face--

A KEYPAD, mounted on the wall next to the basement door.

She pauses for a brief moment, scared to even touch it.

Then, slowly but surely, Hannah reaches out and punches in her birthday on the keypad.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
June third. Ninety six.

A beat, followed by -- Bzzzzz - CLICK.

She grabs the handle, turning it and the door cracks open, allowing a sliver of light to spill into the basement.

Hannah pauses, relieved, but she doesn't laugh or even smile.

She simply picks up Beans' kennel, pushes open the door and limps out into--

THE LIGHT

FADE TO WHITE:

A LONG BEAT OF SILENCE BEFORE...

SUPERIMPOSE:

ONE MONTH LATER

PRE-LAP: KNOCK, KNOCK

SARAH (O.S.)
Look what I made...

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah lays on her bed, flipping through a high school yearbook when Sarah enters, holding a cup of hot chocolate.

SARAH
Swiss Miss for my Miss Swiss.

HANNAH
Thanks Sar. You shouldn't have.

Sarah sits down on the bed and passes her the mug, when Hannah notices she's holding something else behind her back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What's that?

SARAH
Well, I know you don't like to talk about the channel anymore but the building manager brought up your mail earlier.

She sets a HANDFUL OF LETTERS AND FAN MAIL on Hannah's bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Apparently it's packed full of Fannah love. I was thinking we could open a few. What do you think?

Hannah stares at the pile of mail, almost afraid of it.

HANNAH
No, I don't think I can yet. I'm sorry.

Sarah nods, understanding, as she sets the mail aside.

SARAH
Say no more. Passing on the fan mail. I'll go make some popcorn and then we'll just get our Riverdale binge on. Sound good?

Hannah nods, appreciative, and Sarah pops up from the bed and rushes out of the room.

As she exits, Hannah goes back to looking over her yearbook for a beat before her eyes eventually wander back over to--

THE PILE OF FANNAH MAIL on her bedside table.

She stares at it for a beat until curiosity gets the best of her. She reaches over and begins to sift through it.

Hannah pauses on A SMALL PACKAGE when she sees the return address is from BEVERLY HILLS. It's well-wrapped with glitter sprinkled on top and TWO PUG STAMPS that resemble Beans.

She tears away the packaging and out falls:

HER IPHONE.

Hannah freezes, staring at it in disbelief.

She powers it up and is amazed to see her wallpaper picture of Beans behind the apps. This really is her phone.

Hannah clicks into her photos then freezes when she sees that all her videos and photos have been deleted.

All but one.

Hannah's thumb hovers over the video for an excruciating beat before she clicks PLAY.

INT. MILLIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT - (IN VIDEO)

Millie faces her computer's webcam as it records her.

MILLIE

*Hey Hannah! How's it going? If
you're watching this then you
escaped the basement so I'm sure
you're a bit confused right now.
I'll do my best to try and explain--*

RAF-RAF!

Beans interrupts her mid-take and Millie smiles, picking him up and setting him on her lap.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

*Basically, I put you in the bedroom
replica downstairs hoping you'd
find a way out. But, like, I want
you to know that I didn't take it
easy on you or just let you escape
or something. Everything we went
through this summer was totally
real. All I did was give you a push
here and there when you needed it.*

Millie smiles, thinking as she scratches Beans on the chin.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

There's so many questions I wish I could ask you. Did you guess the gate code at the top of the stairs? How many new subs did we get when the Fannahs found out what happened? I hope everything worked out okay.

She goes quiet for a beat, before setting Beans down on the garage floor.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm sure you hate me for what I did or whatever. But I want you to know that I put you through hell so the channel could become something more. Obsessed fan kidnaps her favorite influencer. What better drama could a channel ask for?

Millie smiles but it quickly fades as she's overcome with emotion.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe I am crazy like you said but I wanted to tell you that working together this summer was the best time of my life. I've decided that I'm not going to ask you to keep making videos. If you never want to come back to the channel, I'd understand.

She takes a deep breath and wipes a stray tear away, trying to compose herself.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

But that said, I do hope you keep the channel going. When I was at my worst, your videos saved my life. And if they can save my life, they can save so many others. I hope you know that now.

Millie pauses for a beat, thinking to herself.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's all I have to say so I'm going to go now. Sorry, if I rambled but it's my first video.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)
*Just remember our promise -- Follow
 your dreams. Ignore the haters.
 Failure is not an option.*

Millie smiles, waving goodbye to Hannah through the camera before reaching out to her laptop to cut off the recording.

TO BLACK:

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The video ends and Hannah clutches her phone to her chest as she begins to cry.

Crying for how messed up all this is.

Crying for Millie despite everything she put her through.

After a while the tears come to an end and Hannah just sits for a beat, thinking to herself.

Then she slowly picks herself up and walks over to the vanity mirror in the corner of her room.

Hannah takes a long look at herself in the mirror then makes up her mind.

She opens up her laptop and brings up the live-streaming app.

Hannah checks herself again in the camera to make sure she's in the center of the frame and looks okay.

Finally, she takes one last moment to collect her thoughts.

HANNAH
 (to herself)
*Follow your dreams. Forget the
 haters. Failure is not an option.*

Hannah looks to the webcam, smiles, then clicks the streaming button to go live on her channel--

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 What's up guys--

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END