CALIFORNICATION

Episode 107
"Girls, Interrupted"

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FADE IN:

INT. HANK’S PLACE - NIGHT

BECCA’s on the couch knocking out some homework. YUSUF ISLAM’s by her side. She reads aloud from one of her schoolbooks.

    BECCA
    “Nature’s first green is gold,
    Her hardest hue to --”

Hanks walks in with a beverage.

    HANK
    Stop. I just threw up a little in my mouth.

He sits down next to her on the couch.

    HANK
    Centuries of halfway decent poetry to choose from and you’re going with that?

    BECCA
    I like it. It’s short.

    HANK
    And...

    BECCA
    Bleak.

    HANK
    And...

    BECCA
    I saw it in a movie once.

    HANK
    Oh. Well then it must be good. Continue.

    BECCA
    Well, it’s basically about how nothing good ever lasts. How no mater what you do it all just turns to shit in the end. You know, like you and mom.

    HANK
    Trenchant, if profane, literary criticism.

    (MORE)
HANK (cont'd)
But you know just because something is bleak doesn't make it true.

BECCA
It feels true. You know, to a person who only gets to see her dog on alternating weekends.

HANK
Well, it's not. Don't ever think that. Happy endings may get a bad rap, but they do happen. And when they do, they're just as true as the unhappy ones.

BECCA
So you're saying it's possible maybe one day you and Mom could get back together?

HANK
Anything's possible.

BECCA
Yes, but is it realistic?

HANK
Who says we have to be realistic?

BECCA
Mom.

HANK
Oh. Well, not to contradict dear old Mom, who is both wicked hot and wicked smart, but we don't. Have to be realistic, that is. Not when it comes to love.

Yusuf Islam hears someone on the stairs. Starts to GROWL.

BECCA
Guess that's her.

HANK
Another weekend bites the dust.

The dog runs to the door. Becca starts to gather her stuff. Karen lets herself in.

KAREN (O.S.)
Hello?
HANK
(calling off)
In here.

Karen enters.

KAREN
You ready, sweetie?

BECCA
Yes.

KAREN
The car is double-parked.

HANK
Then by all means skip the pleasantries. But, hey, don’t forget to say good-bye to the dog. And while you’re at it give Yusuf Islam a kiss, too. He tends to miss you when you’re not around.

Becca gives Hank a squeeze. Then loves on the dog.

HANK
Okay, that’s enough. You’ve made it clear you love him more than me. Now get out of here. And stay gold, Ponyboy.

As Becca and Karen leave, we cut to MAIN TITLES.

INT. CHARLIE & MARCY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

CHARLIE and MARCY do the usual power-couple, pre-work breakfast dance. He yells from inside the fridge.

CHARLIE
There is no fucking soymilk!

MARCY
Yeah, well, nut-up and learn to digest dairy. What the fuck is wrong with you?

CHARLIE
Nothing a brand-new gastrointestinal tract wouldn’t fix.

MARCY
Bullshit. Here.
Marcy finds a new carton of soymilk and hands it to him.

    MARCY
    It’s not vanilla, but you can
    punish me for that later. I’ll
    dust off the whips and chains.

    CHARLIE
    Very funny.

    MARCY
    Seriously. I’ve been a very
    naughty haus-frau. You almost died
    from malnutrition.

    CHARLIE
    These jokes are never gonna get
    old, are they?

    MARCY
    What is a marriage, if not an
    opportunity to mock someone through
    thick and thin while simultaneously
    exploring your deepest, darkest
    sexual desires.

    CHARLIE
    Yeah, well maybe some day soon we
    can lay off mine and start
    discussing yours.

    MARCY
    Yeah, like you could handle that...

    CHARLIE
    Try me.

    MARCY
    I wanna do it with a girl.

He chokes a bit on his granola.

    MARCY
    You all right there? I know you
    get that acid reflux.

    CHARLIE
    I’m good. Thanks. That’s, that’s
    something you feel you might enjoy?

    MARCY
    Yeah, sure. I hear it’s nice, you
    know.

    (MORE)
MARCY (cont'd)
Getting a little work done by
someone who owns her own set of
tools. But I wouldn't want to
leave you out. Seems more, I don't
know, honest that way.

CHARLIE
Honest... right.

MARCY
Okay then. Think it over.

CHARLIE
I will.

MARCY
Shit, I gotta go. And don't forget
to call that guy about the fucking
gutters.

She leaves to go about her day...

INT. MARAT - DAY

Charlie and Hank discuss the threesome idea over lunch.

CHARLIE
Don’t you see what this means?
It’s a gift from on-high, a cosmic
get-out-of-jail-free card. The
whole thing was her idea.

HANK
Yeah, I’d be a little worried about
that if I were you.

CHARLIE
I do this, and the guilt I’ve been
carrying around all these weeks --
the massive crushing guilt -- poof,
it’s gone. I’m absolved.

HANK
I know you Hebrews do things a bit
differently, but last I checked
menage a trois wasn’t exactly a pit
stop on the road to redemption.

CHARLIE
It could save the marriage.
HANK
So could buying a beach house. Or, hey, maybe adopt an incredibly good-looking African baby. I hear good things about that.

CHARLIE
Speaking of incredibly good-looking African babies...

Charlie nods toward the door. Hank looks over and sees Hollywood helmer TODD CARR has just entered.

HANK
You have got to be fucking kidding me. That cocksucker?

CHARLIE
That cocksucker has the good taste to want to option your blog for a nice chunk of change, so play nice.

HANK
How the fuck do you option a blog? What is there to option? The title? The font?

CHARLIE
Todd...

Charlie stands to greet Todd. They ad-lib jovial greetings. Hank just stares.

TODD
Moody.

HANK
Carr. I'd stand, but that might expose my nether regions to attack.

Todd sits.

TODD
I got no beef with you, Moody. I'm here on business.

HANK
So I hear from the Fredo Corleone of agents. I just can't imagine what that business might be. Unless you're here to discuss custody of our retarded love child...
CHARLIE
Let the man speak, will ya? Todd’s got a three picture deal at Paramount. He’s looking to get his sack back with some seriously edgy stuff.

HANK
Sorry, but my testicles aren’t available for time-share.

TODD
Told you this was a waste of my fucking time.

CHARLIE
Hold on, hold on.

TODD
You know how much shit a guy like me has to take for directing some frothy little rom com? You think Antoine Fuqua returns my calls? But I did it, I knocked that motherfucker into the cheap seats, and I’m glad I did it. You know why?

HANK
Because it keeps the baby mammas in Juicy Couture?
   (off his look)
Hey, I don’t judge. I happen to have a little baby mamma of my own.

CHARLIE
It’s true he does. And, hey, I’m sensing some common ground here. You remember Karen?

TODD
Sure, way too fucking hot to be with this mope.

CHARLIE
Well, Karen also happens to be a fan-fucking-tastic architect.

HANK
Don’t tell me. He’s lookin’ for someone to pimp out the McMansion in Baldwin Hills?
TODD
For your information, Moody, I happen to own a John Fucking Lautner house.

CHARLIE
It’s true. He does. The guy has a hard-on for architecture bigger than Brad Pitt’s.

HANK
Color me impressed.

TODD
What? A black man can’t love modernism? I don’t know why I fucking bother with this shit.

CHARLIE
I like this. We’re free associating here. The lines of communication are wide open.

TODD
You know why I wanted to work with you again, Moody? Because when you’re not wallowing in narcissistic despair, you’re the rarest thing this town has to offer: someone with some goddamn vision. Look me up for real if you ever decide to actually use it. Later, Runkle.

Todd walks off.

CHARLIE
Well done, my friend.

HANK
I feel like we bonded.

INT. CHARLIE’S OFFICE – DAY

Charlie comes back after lunch in his usual dudgeon...

CHARLIE
Dani, who the fuck is answering my fucking... oh.

... and finds Marcy and DANI chatting like girlfriends.
Marcy greets him with a kiss.

Marcy cracks herself up. Charlie’s panic rises.
MARCY
What? This is perfect. It’s exactly what we talked about.

CHARLIE
Talked, yes. As in hypothetical conversation. This is my fucking secretary!

MARCY
So?

CHARLIE
So if it goes badly, I’d have to fire her. Shit, it goes well, I’d have to fire her. Either way I’m out one fucking secretary.

MARCY
I thought you said she was god-awful?

CHARLIE
They’re all god-awful in the beginning. Then you train them, and they improve.

MARCY
What, like dogs? Come on. So all of sudden you’re not going to do this for me? I helped you with your fantasy.

CHARLIE
Badly, yes. Look, can’t you just pick someone else?

MARCY
Who?

CHARLIE
Someone. Anyone. Anya from the salon. Or, I don’t know, Karen.

MARCY
The Prim Reaper? She’s so tall and Presbyterian. I’d need an hour just to get the stick out of her ass. And possibly a stepladder.

CHARLIE
Very funny. The woman is a goddess. She’s beautiful.
MARCY
Of course, she’s beautiful. But I don’t want to go where Hank has been. He probably left booby traps, like the Viet Cong.
(pleads)
Come on... please. For me. I want the little one. She looks like she knows things.

CHARLIE
Looks can be deceiving. I’m sure she’s a very nice girl.

MARCY
A nice girl who didn’t flinch when I asked her to come over tomorrow night and fuck the both of us. By the way, we cleared your schedule.

EXT. BENEDICT CANYON - DAY

Hank pulls up in front of a SoCal modernist masterpiece such as the Sheats-Goldstein house. (Some might know it better as the house where the Dude meets Jackie Treehorn in The Big Lebowski.) It’s a sunshine day. The house embodies all the promise of a California dream. And to complete the dream, Karen’s in the passenger seat. For real.

HANK
You like?

KAREN
Of course I like. Now would you mind telling me what the fuck we’re doing here?

Hank gets out of the Porsche.

HANK
He’s one of your guys, right. One of those guys from architecture school that used to get you all juiced up. Thought you might like to see the place, all up close and personal like.

KAREN
Hank, get back in the car. We’ll get tasered by the Bel-Air Patrol.
HANK
Can’t do that. We’re expected.
  (opens her door)
My lady...

KAREN
What are you up to?

HANK
Nothing much. Just made a little
deal with the devil.

INT. JOHN LAUTNER HOUSE - DAY

Karen takes in the architectural splendor of the house with Todd Carr at her side. Hank brings up the rear -- a bored kid on a family vacation.

HANK
Not a lot of closet space, is there?

KAREN
Hank never really got architecture as an art form. Too much compromise involved. Too many practicalities.

TODD
Sure, I get it. The dude would rather hang out all alone in his ivory tower, right? Massaging those precious little words of his. Gettin’ em all arranged in just exactly the right order. Like anyone gives a fuck if it’s “and” instead of “or.”

HANK
Hey, you guys got me all wrong. I try to live in an ivory tower, but a tide of shit is constantly beating at its walls.

KAREN
Don’t be impressed. He stole that from Flaubert.

HANK
And I got plenty more where that came from. You know, Todd. If you don’t mind my asking...
  (MORE)
HANK (cont’d)
how much a place like this set you back?

TODD
That feeling you get from real architecture -- you can’t put a price on that. Makes your heart soar, lifts your soul...
    (to Karen)
You know what I mean.

KAREN
Of course. Increases the daily joy of life. I think Ruskin once said without architecture there’d be no remembering.

TODD
(smiles)
I like that. That’s nice.

HANK
So what? Like four, maybe five million?

KAREN
Well, it’s really magnificent, Todd. It’s always been a dream of mine to see inside this house. Thank you so much for taking the time to show me around.

TODD
It’s gonna be even more magnificent once I restore everything it to its original condition. And make the whole place greener and more energy efficient. Hank said you’re some kind of genius at that. That’s why I’m really hoping you’ll take the job.

KAREN
The job?

Karen looks at Hank.

HANK
Oh, did I forget to mention? Todd here is looking to hire an architect.
EXT. LAUTNER HOUSE - DAY

Hank and Karen exit the house and walk back to the car.

HANK
So? What’s it gonna be? Would you rather jump my bones now or hold out for a situation with a little more back support?
(off her look)
Come on. Admit it. I did good for a change.

KAREN
You did. You made me very happy. The only thing that would make me happier is if you weren’t so fucking smug about it.

HANK
I’m a humanitarian. I relish the happiness I give others.

KAREN
Come on, take me home. I want to celebrate.

HANK
I’m up for that. What say we hit El Pollo Loco?

KAREN
I meant with Becca.

HANK
Her too. The crazy chicken does not discriminate.

KAREN
Wait -- shit, it’s Wednesday. Well, whatever. We’ll celebrate some other time. When Bill gets back.

HANK
Unacceptable. Can’t have you sitting home all alone on the night of your big victory.

KAREN
So you’d switch nights with me?
HANK
Sad! by, no. But I will repeat my
original offer that we all three
lay down the carbs together --
man, woman, and child.

KAREN
Hank...

HANK
Come on. You said you want to
celebrate. So let’s celebrate.
Invite me over. I’ll cook for you.

KAREN
You can’t cook.

HANK
That, my friend, is what they call
the soft bigotry of low
expectations. I have my one dish.

KAREN
Cheese Sensation?

HANK
Don’t knock the haute cuisine of
Long Island. Come on. It’ll be
like old times.

KAREN
Yes, but which ones?

HANK
The good ones. Like when we lived
on Charles Street, amongst the
gays.

KAREN
You hated that apartment.

HANK
Yes, but you loved it. Just like
you love fucked-up architecture
like this and David Hockney and
gigantic fucking earrings and the
complete and utter cliche of
driving west on Mulholland at
sunset. You think I don’t know
these things, but I do.
(off her look)
I’m in, aren’t I?
KAREN
Drive the car.

HANK
Yes, ma’am.

INT. CHARLIE & MARCY’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Charlie and Marcy are incredibly tense as they wait for Dani to arrive. Charlie pours himself a drink.

 MARCY
How do I look?

 CHARLIE
Good. You look good.

 MARCY
Does she like nuts? Maybe we should offer her some mixed nuts?

 CHARLIE
I don’t know.

 MARCY
What? You think she could be allergic?

 CHARLIE
I don’t know. How the fuck should I know something like that?

 MARCY
You work with people, you know. These things come up in casual conversation. “None for me thanks I have a nut allergy.”

 CHARLIE
Look, I’m sorry. We don’t have that kind of relationship. I don’t know very much about this girl.

 MARCY
Other than you think she’s fucking hot.

 CHARLIE
I don’t know how I’m supposed to respond to that. What do you want me to say? What?! You want me to say I love you, this is fucking crazy, let’s not do this?
MARCY
Don’t yell at me, ass-wipe. I’m nervous enough as it is.

CHARLIE
Yes, and isn’t that a sign?

MARCY
A sign of what?

CHARLIE
A sign that we shouldn’t go through with this. I mean what we have, all of this, this is pretty great, right? And who knows if we’ll be the same afterward?

MARCY
The same? I thought the same was the problem.

CHARLIE
What problem? There’s no problem.

MARCY
Says the man who hasn’t fucked his wife in six weeks. Will you quit pretending there’s no fucking problem?

CHARLIE
You’re exaggerating, okay? It has not been that long.

MARCY
Look, if people didn’t do things that made them nervous, nobody would pay shitloads of money to get hot wax poured over their private parts. Nervous is the only way you can tell you’re fucking alive.

CHARLIE
So you really want to do this?

MARCY
I started it, didn’t I?

CHARLIE
Yes, and it’s not too late for you to end it.

The doorbell rings.
MARCY
You want to get that or should I?

INT. HANK’S PLACE – NIGHT


Hank enters from the bedroom -- freshly showered, running late. He turns off the stereo, gathers his man-cessories (wallet, keys, etc.), grabs the world’s nastiest dish towel, picks up the piping-hot Cheese Sensation...

...and then his cell phone RINGS. He juggles some stuff, picks it up.

HANK
I’m on my -- Oh, Mia... how are you? You.... Yes, I’m sure you do need help.... Wow. Great story. Sounds tragic. And kinda familiar. Oh, that’s right. I heard it all last week. Ciao.

He hangs up. Thinks a second. Looks down at his phone. It starts to RING again. He rejects the call. Turns the phone OFF this time. There will be no more of that.

INT. CHARLIE & MARCY’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

There are so many candles burning it looks like lesbians live here. That, and Dani is right in the middle of helping Marcy take her shirt off.

They look great together -- the blonde, the brunette -- 100% male fantasy.

MARCY
You doin’ okay over there?

Now we find Charlie over on the sidelines. Enjoying the view.

CHARLIE
Oh, just fine, thanks.

Dani starts to take her own shirt off. From Charlie’s POV, this is pretty friggin’ spectacular. Until...
MARCY
Oooh, hey, where’d you get that bra? It’s really --

Charlie clears his throat.

MARCY

Dani doesn’t say anything. Goes back to the task at hand. Once both girls are stripped down to their lacy underthings, they attempt some kissing and touching.

It goes well. They try some more. That works too. Wow. These girls are way into each other. Not giving poor Charlie any love.

He watches. And watches. Makes a move to service himself. And just when things are getting good:

MARCY
You’re not gonna fist me or anything, are you? Because I’m not sure I’m ready for that.

CHARLIE
Marce...

MARCY
What?

CHARLIE
A little less talking might be nice.

MARCY
Everybody’s a fucking critic.

DANI
(to Charlie)
You weren’t gonna touch that thing were you?

MARCY
Oh, don’t worry, honey. I’ll only take a second.

CHARLIE
Hey, put me in, coach, I’ll --

MARCY
Okay, okay.
(turns to Dani)
(MORE)
MARCY (cont'd)
You think we should, I don’t
know... include him somehow?

DANI
It’s your fantasy.

Marcy looks from Dani to Charlie. Thinks a second. A long
second.

CHARLIE
Hello?

MARCY
I’m thinking. I mean, shit, I can
sleep with you any night of the
week.

CHARLIE
This is not supposed to be this
way.

DANI
It’s a fantasy. It’s not supposed
to be at all.

EXT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE - NIGHT

Hank heads up the walk, Cheese Sensation in hand. Karen
comes out of the house in a panic. Becca hangs back in the
doorway, watching them.

KAREN
Oh thank god. You’re here. You
can stay with Becca. I’ve gotta
go.

HANK
Go? Go where?

KAREN
Mia called me. She’s in some
fucked-up situation with her
teacher. She’s drunk or on
something. I don’t know. I don’t
have time to explain. I gotta go.

HANK
No, wait, I’ll go.

KAREN
What? Why would you -- how is this
your problem?
HANK

Look, I met that guy. He’s a sex crime waiting to happen. Hold on one second.

Hank rushes over to Becca, hands her the casserole dish.

HANK

20 minutes, 350. Save some for me.

BECCA

Why are you going?

HANK

I have to.

BECCA

No, you don’t. It’s just Mia. Last I checked you guys weren’t blood-related.

Hank feels like shit. Recognizes the familiar embrace of rock and hard place.

HANK

Sweetie, we’ll be right back, I swear. Your mom just needs some backup here --

KAREN

I do not need --

HANK

-- Trust me. You’re not prepared to handle this guy alone.


INT. CHARLIE & MARCY’S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later in the threesome. Charlie’s managed to get in the game. Dani goes over to her bag. Charlie and Marcy exchange looks, not sure what’s about to happen. She pulls out a shiny silver chain with nipple clamps at either end.

In case anybody’s keeping track, the basic point of the device is that the more you pull the chain, the tighter the clamps get. Dani hands it over to Marcy.

DANI

Here. Do with it what you will.
(looks at Charlie)
(MORE)
DANI (cont’d)
Or maybe you can dish it out but
you can’t take it?

MARCY
It’s not going to hurt, is it?
Feels like it might hurt.

DANI
That’s kind of the point, isn’t it?

Marcy toys around with one end of the nipple clamp, tests its
strength on her finger, etc. Dani attaches the other end to
one of Charlie’s nipples.

DANI
He’s done some pretty bad things,
this guy. Deserves to be punished
for them.

MARCY
Things like what?

DANI
Oh, you know. The usual.

Dani finishes tightening the clamp on Charlie.

DANI
There, what do you think?

MARCY
Oh, man, I gotta get a picture of
this. This is fucking awesome.

Marcy moves away to get her camera -- Charlie lets out an
unholy SCREAM.

CHARLIE
Motherfucking ---

MARCY
Shit, what ---

CHARLIE
You’re attached to the fucking --

Marcy looks down, realizes the other end of the clamp has
somehow gotten snagged on her lacy underwear.

MARCY
Oh, fuck. Sorry. I --

She moves back toward him, all super helpful and such.
CHARLIE
Don’t fucking move! Just take the thing off your fucking --

M AR CY
I’m trying. It’s caught on the...

And as pandemonium ensues...

INT. A MODEST HOUSE SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

NICK LOWRY answers the door to Karen and Hank.

NICK
Finally. You guys gotta get this fucking jailbait out of my house.

Karen rushes over and finds MIA on the couch. Scantily clad. All limp and lifeless.

KAREN
Mia, Mia, we’re here, sweetie. (looks into her eyes)
Oh, shit. She took something, didn’t she? This is not just alcohol.

Hank takes a look. Gives Mia a good shake.

HANK
Mia! Mia, wake up!

MIA
(smiles)
Hank. You came.

KAREN
What the fuck is she talking about?

HANK
She’s confused, okay? Mia, come on, keep those eyes open.

KAREN
(looks around)
Where’s her shirt, you fucking animal? Did you give her something?

NICK
Do I look like I need some fucking date-rape drug? For Christ sake, it’s just Valium.

(MORE)
NICK (cont’d)
The girl’s got a whole goddamn fucking Rite-Aid in her purse.

MIA
(groggy)
It’s all good.

HANK
Mia! Don’t fuck with me. How many did you take?

Mia holds up four fingers. Smiles.

KAREN
What’d she say?

HANK
Four.

NICK
See. No one’s gonna off themselves with four. It’s all an act. You know how fuckin’ popular this is with the young ladies? This Virgin Suicides shit. Although in her case, we may be too late.

KAREN
You think this is funny? This is someone’s child here, you fucking asshole. And they trusted you to --

Karen gets up in Nick’s face. Mia groans in Hank’s arms.

HANK
Hey, Cassius Clay. A little help.

NICK
Look, lady, you think I wanted Sylvia Plath to come over here and go all fucking Bell Jar on me? I’m the one being manipulated here. I mean, she comes up to me after fucking debate practice --

KAREN
Oh, I’m gonna fucking --

Just as Karen goes for Nick’s jugular, Mia HURLS violently onto the floor at Hank’s feet.

KAREN
Shit! Is she okay?
Karen rushes over, takes Hank’s place at Mia’s side.

HANK
I’d say she’s much improved.

NICK
Oh, no, man. She did not just --

HANK
I see two. How many you see?

NICK
Two what? I gotta clean this shit up. My mom loves this rug.

Hank takes Nick down. Shoves his face in the pool of sick.

HANK
Yeah, there’s another one. And I see you guys had sushi.

NICK
Shit, Moody, now I’m gonna hurl.

HANK
(to Karen)
What say we get the fuck out of here?

KAREN
With pleasure.

They bundle Mia up and leave.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie holds a bag of frozen vegetables to his chest. Marcy fills out insurance forms.

MARCY
Who’s your primary care guy?

CHARLIE
How should I fucking know? Jesus, are these people ever going to get around to sewing me up? I’m in considerable fucking pain here.

MARCY
I’m sorry, okay? I said it a thousand times. I’ve always been bad with mechanical things.
CHARLIE
Tell that to my missing nipple.
You took off like twelve layers of skin.

Marcy looks Charlie straight in the chest.

MARCY
Sorry, nipple.
(then)
Now that I’ve maimed you, where am I gonna rest my head? That was my favorite spot.

Charlie softens a bit. Puts his arm around here. She is pretty fucking adorable.

MARCY
Some fantasy, huh? How the fuck did we end up here?

CHARLIE
You know, I think on some level you’re trying to punish me. I think you’re both trying to punish me.

MARCY
For what?

CHARLIE

MARCY
Not me, dick-wad. Her. Why would she want to punish you? What the fuck does she care? She barely knows you.

CHARLIE
I’m her boss, okay? I make her do humiliating things all day. You think she likes that?

MARCY
Well, she doesn’t seem like she dislikes it.

CHARLIE
Honestly, I wouldn’t know. I really don’t --
MARCY
Know her that well. So you keep
telling me. Is there something
you’re not --

CHARLIE
Ow, ow, ow...

MARCY
What?

CHARLIE
You leaned wrong.

Marcy readjusts her position.

MARCY
Better?

CHARLIE
Better.

They settle for a beat. Then:

MARCY
She is an interesting girl, that
one. Fantastic ass.

CHARLIE
Hmm...

As they wait for medical attention...

INT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE - NIGHT

Hank waits in the hallway. Karen comes out of Mia’s room.
Closes the door.

HANK
She okay?

KAREN
I think so. She’s gonna feel like
seven kinds of shit tomorrow
though.

HANK
You gonna tell him?

KAREN
I have to, right? Wouldn’t you
want to know?

(MORE)
KAREN (cont'd)
If it were your 16-year-old
daughter spending all her time
hanging out with some creepy, old
pervert who’s dying to get his
mitts all over her.

HANK
You know, the situation here may
not be exactly as it seems.

KAREN
Oh, what, you’re on the pervert’s
side?

HANK
Always. Someone has to stick up
for the creepy common man.

KAREN
Let this be a lesson to you, Hank
Moody.

HANK
Me? Why?

KAREN
Don’t look so fucking serious all
of a sudden. I’m just teasing you.
You’re a good father, Hank.
Sexiest fucking thing about you.

HANK
Guess things didn’t exactly work
out as planned tonight...

KAREN
They never do.
(looks at Becca’s room)
Say good night if you want.

INT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE - BECCA’S ROOM - NIGHT

Becca’s in bed, listening to her iPod with her eyes closed.
It’s dark. Hank watches her for a beat. She opens an eye.

BECCA
Dad?

HANK
Hey. What are you listening to
there? A little falling-asleep
music? Joni Mitchell, Blood on the
Tracks...
BECCA
Death Cab for Cutie.

HANK
Wow. You really know how to hurt a guy. Hey, sorry our big night got ruined.

BECCA
It’s okay. I’m used to it.

HANK
I’ll make it up to you, I swear.

BECCA
I know.

HANK
Do you?

BECCA
Sure. You never mean to let me down. But you do.

HANK
Yeah. I guess I do.

BECCA
You know, it’s all well and good to talk about happy endings... but if a person can’t deliver... if he keeps screwing up... well, eventually I guess you kinda just have to say... fuck you. Or words to that effect.

Becca takes a crisp, clean five-dollar bill off her night stand. Hands it to Hank.

BECCA
You can keep the change.

She turns away from him. Conversation over. The silence is like a sucker punch to the soul. Hank does the only thing a sucker can do. He sucks it up.

OVER AND OUT:

END OF SHOW