CALIFORNICATION

Episode 109

"Filthy Lucre"

Written by
Ildy Modrovich

WRITERS DRAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

HANK glides down one of those MOVING SIDEWALKS. Glasses on, unlit cigarette in his mouth. Floating coma.

A geriatric in a wheelchair passes him. He pulls out a miniature Jack Daniels. Gives her ye ole "bottoms up" nod. Cracks the seal. Drains it.

EXT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

Still semi-conscious. Until, he catches a glimpse of A GORGEOUS BLONDE amidst the throng, waiting. Looks like KAREN...

It is KAREN.

Then she sees Hank. Rush of hope. They make their way to each other, hesitate, then... They go in for a deep kiss. Beyond passionate. Finally, they pull away. Eyes locked.

KAREN
Why Hank, I believe your tray table is in an upright position.

HANK
Indeed it is.

Hank snaps to, STILL ON THE PLANE. A stewardess is in his face. Big Texas smile.

STEWARDESS
Sir? Sir? Please put your tray table in an upright position.
Thank you so much.

Wheels bump and screech as the plane touches down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

Same tableau. But this time, no fantasy. Hank really does see Karen. He starts to go to her. She waves animatedly... Hank thinks the wave is for him. Realizes it's not as BILL swoops in. They make out. Hank gags a little, turns to go, but then fuck it, he joins them.

All three of them just look at each other for a moment. Awkward. Very awkward.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK

Bildo.

BILL

Hank.

HANK

I like your fat, I mean, your pants.

Bill dives back into the kissing. Reunited and it feels so good. Karen reciprocates, albeit slightly reticently now that Hank’s present. Hank lights up a cigarette.

HANK (CONT'D)

Don’t hold back on my account.

BILL

I’m not.

HANK

Really. Cuz if it were me I would have grabbed the ass a little. Maybe gone for a half-grind.

Karen and Bill finally pull apart.

BILL

I guess you made it on stand by.

KAREN

You guys were on the same flight?

HANK

And on the same stewardess--

(holds his hand up for a high five)

Come on, Mile High Club. Don’t leave me hangin’.

BILL

Ran into each other at LaGuardia. Lucky me.

HANK

No, lucky me. It was fun to watch you bobbing about first class from my seat in Steerage. I thought you over did it a little on the hot towels though. Bad case of swamp ass?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KAREN
How’s your sister holding up?

HANK
Better. Now that she found Dad’s OxyContin. She was glad to see you though. Seriously, thanks for coming out.

BILL
I am sorry about your loss, Hank. How was the funeral?

HANK
Really fun. How was building onto your empire of dull?

BILL
Actually, we should get going. It’s been three weeks -- I’m excited to see Mia.

HANK
And I for one, am excited to see Akbar.

KAREN
Akbar?

HANK
My cab driver.

KAREN
Nonsense. No one takes cabs in LA. We’ll give you a ride. Right, Bill?

BILL
(deadpan)
Of course. We insist.

HANK
Great. Shotgun!

INT. KAREN’S PRIUS – DAY

Even more awkward.

Hank’s in the back, sandwiched between all the luggage. Sticking his head up between Karen and Bill like a little kid being driven by his parents.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

KAREN
Buckle up, Hank.

HANK
Oh, I’m strapped. But don’t pretend like you don’t already know that, sweet cheeks.

BILL
Gosh I love memory lane. Can you talk about the time you did it in an elevator?

HANK
Time? Singular?

KAREN
(changing the subject)
Becca hasn’t stopped practicing since you left. You should hear her play “I Wanna Be Sedated.” She shreds.

HANK
Bill’s been AWOL even longer than I. Why don’t you tell him what happened while he was gone, m’lady?

Karen tenses. Gives him a don’t-you-dare glance in the rearview.

BILL
Like what?

KAREN
I’ve talked to you every day you’ve been gone. There’s really nothing new to report.

HANK
I’m sure you left out a couple tiny things.

KAREN
Doubt it.

HANK
Let’s just say I did Karen a big solid.

BILL
That so?

(CONTINUED)
KAREN
Hank--

HANK
I gave Miss Carpenter here, the best-- job of her life. She's working on a Ray Kappe house. Belongs to a douche bag, but still.

KAREN
(masking the relief)
And your humility on the matter is without end, Mr. Moody.

BILL
I know she told me. She tells me everything.

HANK
Everything, Billy Bob? That's impossible.

BILL
I know what you're trying to do, but it's futile. I trust Karen implicitly.

HANK
Wow. That's sweet.
(burns Karen a quick stare via the rearview)
I'm moved right now. And so are my bowels. But let me ask you this: how can you trust a woman who essentially cheated on me with you. Karen, you have many enviable qualities, but I think you'll agree, loyalty? Not so much.

KAREN
I didn't cheat--

BILL
We really going to talk about this right now?

HANK
--Not with your lady business, perhaps. Although that's still up for debate.

BILL
Alright, that's it. Knock it off.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK
Okay. That’s fine. We’ll talk about something else.

Beat.

HANK (CONT'D)
(apropos of nothing)
So Bill... Is it hard not to tell people you’re gay?

INT. KAREN AND BILL’S PLACE - COURTYARD - DAY

Hank, Karen and Bill enter to find BECCA and her BAND tearing through a pretty sweet version of “Highway to Hell.”

MIA, clad in her way-too-hot school uniform, is draped across a lounge chair, watching. The boys of the band are drooling like cartoon wolves. Jealousy reads on Becca’s face, that Hank doesn’t miss.


HANK
Mr. Scott would be proud.
(turns to Mia)
As for you, Angus wants his clothes back.

KAREN
Really, baby. You guys are getting so good.

BECCA
You think so?

HANK
Caucasian, please. They kick ass. I’m not too proud to live in the basement of my rock star daughter’s crib. I’m officially quitting my job.

MIA
What job?

BILL
Good one, honey.
CONTINUED:

KAREN
(to the band)
You’re definitely playing that one
at the wedding.

BECCA
Awesome.

BILL
Well, let’s not get carried away.

KAREN
What?

BILL
What? I mean... what?

KAREN
Are you saying they’re not playing
that one at the wedding, or they’re
not playing the wedding at all?

BILL
We just... haven’t talked about it
yet. I thought we were getting a
string quartet.

KAREN
That was pre-Kill Jill.

BILL
That’s their name?

HANK
(to Becca)
Good one, honey. You’re right, the
other name was too on the nose.

BILL
Why don’t we talk about this later.
Maybe a few songs would be fine.

KAREN
Great. Glad to have your
permission... for what goes on at
my wedding.

BILL
Our wedding, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)
HANK
Look, I don’t wanna get your hopes up, but I think this is exactly the kinda shit Dr. Phil’s looking for.

INT. KAREN’S PRIUS - DAY
Karen drives Hank home. Silence.

HANK
As much as I loathe this crunchy-ass granola mobile, I simply can’t wait till we get home. Pull over.

KAREN
For what?

HANK
For to make the sex.

KAREN
You’re high.

HANK
Do the seats on this trendy West-side vehicle recline?

He goes in for a kiss. She gives him the Heisman.

HANK (CONT'D)
Little late for playing hard to get.

KAREN
I think you and I both know we need to forget about what happened.

HANK
How can you forget such a knee-rattling orgasm? I think you knocked something lose down there, tiger.

KAREN
You were grieving. I was grieving. It was a slip.

HANK
A good slip. So good, in fact, I wrote something.

This gets her attention.
CONTINUED:

KAREN
You did?

HANK
Correct. The hex is officially broken.

KAREN
What did you write? When?

HANK
What, I’m not sure yet. Did it when I was in New York. On Dad’s Corona.
(them)
Wanna see it?

KAREN
Please tell me we’re not talking about your penis.

HANK
Not in this context. Come on, you know you’re my Obi Wan Kenobi. I want you to be the first to tell me you love it.

Digs out the TYPED MANUSCRIPT from his messenger bag as the car comes to a stop in front of his place.

HANK (CONT’D)
(handing it over)
Here.

KAREN
I have to finish the Carr plans. And I have, like, two other appointments this week--I don’t know how soon I can get to it.

Hank frowns, a little stung by this response. Recovers.

HANK
You have to be at least slightly curious about what is essentially the fruit of our loins.

KAREN
I’m just saying.

HANK
Speaking of loin fruitage... tell Becca to put on her best frock.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK (CONT'D)
She shall have a gentleman caller
this evening.

Gets out of the car. Yanks his suitcase from the back.
Smile on his usually inscrutable face. Karen can’t help but
be charmed by this change of manner. And a bit threatened.

HANK (CONT'D)
I know it’s your night, but I
figured we missed a couple while I
was gone -- if that’s alright?

KAREN
Yeah, no, of course.

HANK
Great. Then, I’ll smell ya’ later.

And she’s off.

INT. CHARLIE’S OFFICE - DAY

Hank rounds the corner to find Dani’s desk empty, Charlie’s
Knocks.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Come in.

Hank does. CHARLIE’s at his desk. DANIE’s standing there
with a stack of scripts. Nothing sinister here.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Since when do you knock?

HANK
Forgive me, every time I walk in
here I’m just afraid I’m going to
see balls.

CHARLIE
Sorry to disappoint.

HANK
That’s alright. I’m going to your
mama’s house later.

DANI
I’ll make those calls.
(passes Hank, even
gloomier than normal)
Mr. Moody.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

HANK

Dani.

She leaves.

HANK (CONT'D)

What’s with her?

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

HANK

She’s usually so perky, so carefree. Rough night on the rack?

CHARLIE

Ever since the... thing -- the tryst with Marcy -- it’s been weird.

HANK

What a shame. Things were so normal before.

CHARLIE

Not just here. But at home.

HANK

Hate to say “I told you so, but...”

Charlie just hangs his head.

HANK (CONT'D)

Aw. You’re so sexy when you’re miserable.

(Charlie flips him off)

Stop. I’m getting a semi.

(then)

So what exactly is the problem? Can’t poppa chubby without Cruella in the equation?

CHARLIE

Au contraire. It’s Marcy who’s enamored.

HANK

Really?
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Meanwhile, only time Dani seems content is when she’s being dragged across the fucking floor by her clit.

(then)
Yeah. I need to fire her.

HANK
Fire her? It’s clearly employee-of-the-month time.

(sincere now)
Sorry, man. Come here. You need a hug?

(blank stare from Charlie)
If there’s anything I can do -- take pictures, whatever -- you know I’m here.

CHARLIE
(suddenly excited)
Oh, shit. I almost forgot. I have something for you...

HANK
I draw the line at nipple clamps -- I’ve seen your fractured fun bag, and I want no part.

Goes to his desk. Pulls out a check. Hands it to Hank.

CHARLIE
Come on, who’s your favorite agent?

(off Hank)
Okay, who’s your favorite bald agent?

HANK
What’s this for?

CHARLIE
That, my friend, is a Crazy Little Thing bonus check. Because of my mad skills, once the movie hit a certain number of zeros, you get a piece of the pie.

HANK
Fuck. I don’t even know what to do with this much cash.
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
That hurts me. Buy something, do something. Go on vacation. Rent a high-class piece of ass.

HANK
Well, I am going to your mama’s house.
(off Charlie)
What? She’s pricey.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Hank cruises in the Porche. Suddenly, it lurches. Sputters, then dies a quick, unceremonious death in the middle of the street. The honking begins.

HANK
Shit. Shit.

He’s out and shoving it to the side, flipping pissed-off LA drivers the bird as he goes. Looks up to see one of those church lawn signs: “JESUS SAVES.” Underneath these prophetic words, something in Korean, maybe a translation.

Then, he spots a Toyota dealership across the road. Why not...

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP – SHOWROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Hank checks out a supremely ridiculous souped-up Supra. Oversized spoilers, fart cannon exhaust, the works. AN OLDER GENT, close to the point of embalmed, approaches.

OLDER GENT
Wanna take that sweet ride out for a spin?

HANK
Tempting. But actually, do you have one of those crunchy-ass granola mobiles?

The gent swivels, whistles to A HOT SALESWOMAN — the naughty librarian type — who smiles and heads over.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP – LOT – MOMENTS LATER

Hank strolls with the saleswoman.

HOT SALESWOMAN
Wait till you see the head room.

(CONTINUED)
HANK
Head room. Uh-huh.

HOT SALESWOMAN
For such a compact car, it’s surprisingly roomy.

She unlocks it, does a Price-Is-Right gesture towards the interior.

HOT SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)
See? People think these are just about being green, and of course, that’s true. But there’s no sacrifice on comfort.

(folds the seat forward)
I mean, look at this back seat. You could lie down back there. You can do anything in there.

HANK
Right, yeah... I see what this is. You swap Grandpa Munster for Marilyn and expect me to lay down and cough up the cash. Well, let me tell you this, sister, I’m of medium intelligence and what’s more, I’m extremely jaded. So I am not about to get fucked on this.

HOT SALESWOMAN
Then let’s play it straight. You want this car?

Hank shrugs.

HOT SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)
The lowest I can go is twenty-six.

HANK
Twenty-three. Cash.

HOT SALESWOMAN
Twenty-four five. Final offer.

HANK
Look, I like what you’ve got going here -- this whole man-eater Gordon Gekko thing, but I know how these things work. Don’t tell me you can’t go any lower than that.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The stare down. Then finally, she softens a little. Takes a few slow steps toward him. And ever-so-gently grabs his package.

Moment of slight incredulity from Hank.

HOT SALESWOMAN
I might be able to go a little lower.

CUT TO:

HER OFFICE,

Blinds closed. Hank and the saleswoman are horizontal on the desk.

HANK
I want the navigation thrown in.

HOT SALESWOMAN
Fine.

INT./EXT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE – DAY

Hank pulls up in his shiny new Prius, ready to show it off. Bill answers the door. Boner killer. He’s eating a sandwich.

HANK
Hello, Yoko.

BILL
(mouth full)
Becca will be down in a minute.

HANK
Got a little somethin’...

Makes the motion that Bill’s got to wipe off his cheek. He does.

HANK (CONT’D)
No. Still there.

BILL
It’s a zit.

HANK
Really? Didn’t know people in their 50’s still got those.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BILL
I’m 43.

HANK
And well-preserved.

BILL
See you got a new car. Another lame attempt to woo my bride from the altar. Hank. When are you going to get it through your head? She’s never going to go back to you. She’s done.

The irony not lost on Hank...

HANK
You’re a very confident fellow. Wouldn’t expect that from someone like you.

BILL
Someone like me?

HANK
Of your sack volume.

BILL
I’ve practically knocked you unconscious, stolen your wife -- sorry, girlfriend -- from you, how much more proof of my manhood must I display?

HANK
How ‘bout an armwrestle?

BILL
You serious?

HANK
You scared?

BILL
You are eleven.

HANK
Older than you.

BILL
Let’s do it.

CUT TO:
KITCHEN COUNTER

Hank and Bill assume the position.

HANK
Your hand smells like ass.

BILL
That’s because I’ve been touching my ass.

HANK
Alright, on three. One, two--

Hank starts. Quickly gets the upper hand. But Bill recovers.

Here comes Becca, down the stairs. Karen’s right behind.

BECCA
Hey, Dad--

They see the match in full-force.

KAREN
What the hell? Stop that right now.

BILL
Honey, stay out of this.

HANK
Yes, honey. This is just a friendly match between man and dickweed.

KAREN
I said knock it off!

She physically shoves them apart. No more joke. They stand like two little boys in trouble.

HANK/BILL
Sorry.

KAREN
Take Becca and go. Now, before I change my mind.

As she aims him toward the door, he leans in for an aside.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK
Hey, have you read my thing? Want me to bend over so that you can blow smoke up my ass?

KAREN
No, I haven’t read it yet.

HANK
(genuinely surprised)
Really?

KAREN
Have her back before ten, it’s a school night.

HANK
Always do.
(then, to Bill)
This isn’t over.

Gives Bill the I’m-watching-you fingers to the eyes as Karen shoves them out.

OUTSIDE WALK,

BECCA
Let’s go to one of those clubs that no one can get into.

HANK
Can’t think of anyplace I’d like to go less.

BECCA
But famous people go there.

HANK
Alright, maybe. But only if I get to fart hammer Lindsay.

INT. CHARLIE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Dani enters to find Charlie’s at his computer.

CHARLIE
Good. You’re still here. I need to talk to you.

DANI
I’m quitting.

Surprisingly not ready for this...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
What?

DANI
Today’s my last day. I’ve already cleared out my desk.

CHARLIE
That’s it? Can’t we discuss this?

DANI
Matt Patterson’s going to cover your desk until you find someone.

CHARLIE
I don’t like Matt Patterson. I like you.

DANI
I don’t know how he feels about latex, but he’d probably be willing to crawl around for you.

CHARLIE
(chuckles)
That’s funny. See, that’s good -- we make each other laugh. Things are good.
(then, almost desperate)
Please don’t go.

But Dani’s expressionless. Charlie goes to her, takes her by the arms.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Can you at least tell me why?

DANI
Yes. You’re getting clingy.

CHARLIE
Disagree.

He lets go. She walks out.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hank leads Becca down the dank alleyway.

BECCA
I’m sensing the cool club is out.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK
This is way better. Promise.

INT. SHIT-HOLE BAR - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hank and Becca enter to find TODD CARR, GARY SHANDLING and maybe ANDY DICK sitting around a poker table. Smoking cigars, flipping chips.

BECCA
Poker!

GARY SHANDLING
You didn’t say anything about children, Carr.

ANDY DICK
I love kids.

HANK
Hands off, Dick.

TODD CARR
What the fuck, Moody? I don’t want your little girl watching over my shoulder.
(to Becca)
No offense.

HANK
She’s not watching. She’s playing.

He drags over another chair. Becca sits. Big grin.

BECCA
What is this? Hold ‘em? What’s the buy-in?

GARY SHANDLING
Well, isn’t that precious. It’s like Winona Ryder and Doyle Brunson had a baby.

ANDY DICK
(eyeing her)
Indeed.

HANK
(to Dick)
Seriously, I want you to switch seats with Carr.

A WAITRESS steps up to Hank.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY SHANGLING
I’ll have a large Sapporo and an adult diaper, please.

HANK
Two cokes, thanks.

TODD CARR
Oh what, you’re not drinking either.

ANDY DICK
Can we say “fuck” around her?

BECCA
I’ve heard it all.

GARY SHANGLING
I don’t know about this. I’m uncomfortable around tweens.

INT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE - NIGHT
Karen, Bill and Mia are enjoying dinner.

BILL
Are you free this weekend to register?

KAREN
I don’t want people to bring gifts, Bill. We’re too... grown-up for that. It would be embarrassing.

BILL
Well, people are going to bring them whether you want them to or not. Wouldn’t you rather it be something you actually want.

KAREN
People? Who’s people? We’re inviting, like 25 friends. And they know we don’t want gifts.

BILL
I wanted to talk to you about that. My mother was talking to Pheobe --
(off Karen’s blank look)
My aunt?

(CONTINUED)
MIA
The one with the rash you met last Christmas.

BILL
Anyway, I guess she assumed she was invited and if she comes that means we have to invite that whole side of the family.

KAREN
Bill. You know I don’t want a big wedding. I barely want a wedding at all.

BILL
What does that mean?

KAREN
It means I don’t need a big white fluffy explosion... I just... I mean, Hank and I never even got married.

BILL
And look how that turned out.

MIA
Well, they were together--
    (turns to Karen)
--thirteen years?
    (Karen nods)
Which is statistically over twice as long than most marriages last.

KAREN
Interesting. What’s the average?

MIA
Five years.

KAREN
Wow.

BILL
Thank you for the trivia, darling.

MIA
My pleasure.

BILL
Point is, I can’t exactly uninvite them.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KAREN
Yes. You can.

Mia sees that this might just heat up a bit. Stands up.

MIA
I’ll let you two lovebirds chit chat. I’ve actually got homework, so...

FOLLOW MIA around the corner. She glances at Karen’s purse to see HANK’S MANUSCRIPT sticking out of it. She pulls it out. Reads the cover, tucks it under her arm and splits.

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM,

BILL
...It’s not like I grew up with a silver spoon in my mouth.

KAREN
Oh right, I forget. You’re a child of the ghetto.

BILL
All that bone china was chipped. It was awful.

Karen can’t help but smile. Bill leans in.

BILL (CONT'D)
Everything okay with you?

She looks at him a moment. Tempted to come clean.

KAREN
It’s just work. And... I don’t know, the wedding. I’m nervous, I think.

BILL
You’ll see, it’s gonna be good.

KAREN
I know... But there will be no creepy garter-removal, cake-smashing-in-my-face thing, okay?

BILL
Absolutely.
INT. SHIT-HOLE BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Mid-game. Huge pot on the table. Ace, king, jack and a nine showing. Waiting on the river.

TODD CARR
Um-hm, okay. I’ll see it. Raise you ten grand.

GARY SHANDLING
You have no idea what you’re doing to my colon.
   (rechecks his hole cards)
Fine. Up another ten.

HANK
I’m out.

BECCA
I’m in-- oh, crap. What’s it to me?

ANDY DICK
Thirty-three G’s, my luscious.

HANK
(to Becca)
Lemme see your cards.

GARY SHANDLING
Hold on there, chief. If she’s playin’, she’s playin’.

ANDY DICK
If you get to see her cards--
   (gestures to Becca’s chest)
--then I get to see those.

HANK
What’s wrong with you?

BECCA
(counts her chips)
I don’t have that much.

ANDY DICK
Oh, I beg to differ.

HANK
(back to Becca)
You feel good about this?

Becca gives him a little I-think-so shrug.
CONTINUED:

HANK (CONT'D)
I’ll cover you.
(pushes all his chips in)
All in.

BECCA
Dad.

Hank gives her the same shrug she gave him.

ANDY DICK
I like what you’re singin’ there, missy.
(pushes his chips in)
I am so up in there.

TODD CARR
(folding)
Fuck. I’m out.

GARY SHANDLING
(under his breath, re: Becca)
Douche.

ANDY DICK
Gary! She’s a young lady.

GARY SHANDLING
What?

BECCA
You in or out?

GARY SHANDLING
(stare down)
I’m in. Oh, I’m in. Flip ‘em.
(flips an ace, king)
I’ve got big slick, bitches. Two pair.

BECCA
(flips pair of jacks)
Three jacks.

HANK
Sweet.

ANDY DICK
Flush.

HANK/BECCA
Fuck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANK
Becca.

GARY SHANDLING
The river, Carr.

ANDY DICK
In-fuckin-tense.


HANK
Oh, that hurts.

BECCA
Very much so.

They look at each other. And for some reason, just start laughing. Fuck it.

GARY SHANDLING
Suddenly, my ass feels great.

EXT. KAREN AND BILL’S PLACE

Hank drops off Becca.

BECCA
I think I want a boob job.

HANK
What? No. They’re fine the way they-- you’re twelve.

BECCA
Mia has big cans.

HANK
Mia is older than you. (then)
Andy Dick thought you were hot.

BECCA
Andy Dick would do it with a dog.

HANK
I know, I was just saying.

BECCA
I get what you’re trying to do.
CONTINUED:

HANK
If you mean, tell you that you’re a gorgeous, clever, funny, unique young lady, then yes. How could you not be? With this potent gene pool right here.

BECCA
Then how come every guy I like, likes Mia.

HANK
Which guys?

BECCA
My guitar teacher. And now Miles. (off Hank)
Lead guitarist? Kill Jill?

HANK
(nods)
Well, honey, love with a music man ain’t all of what it’s supposed to be. (then)
Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. But you keep playing and trust me, you’re going to be on the other side of the heartbreaking.

Karen leans in the doorway.

BECCA
Good night, father.

HANK
Good night, offspring.

BECCA
I had fun. Sorry we lost.

HANK
It was worth it.

BECCA
Yeah.


HANK
Okay, lay it on me. Superlatives are appreciated but not required.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KAREN
I didn’t read it. I can’t. I know
I’ve told you this, but Hank,
you’ve got to hear me. I’m with
Bill now. I need to move on.

HANK
And by move on, you mean settle.
For a man who’s soul is essentially
beige.

KAREN
He’s not volatile. Doesn’t mean
he’s boring. He’s different than
you. That’s all. It’s like
comparing The Beatles to The Stones.

HANK
Equating Billard to either of those
bands is blasphemous. You must be
flagellated. Bend over.

KAREN
I’m serious.
(Hank sees this)
I know it’s not Bill that bugs you,
it could be anyone. You’d only be
happy if I was with you... or maybe
a nun.

HANK
That’s hot.

KAREN
If only you’d use your powers for
good.

HANK
there are a lot of things I could
say right now, but only one comes
to the forefront: WE HAD SEX,
KAREN.

KAREN
Shut up.

HANK
Shutting me up is not going to make
it any less true.

Hank goes in for a kiss. She stops him. Of course. But he
lingers, takes a deep breath, just smelling her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She pushes him away. Tears welling in her eyes now.

KAREN
Hank. I don’t love you. I love Bill. I’m going to marry Bill. And I really need you to respect that right now.

She goes. Sometimes you win, and sometimes you don’t.

HANK
Say good night, Hank...

INT. MARAT - NIGHT

Hank drinks. Dani sits down next to him. She looks like a completely different person. Maybe a brunette now. At first, Hank doesn’t recognize her, then...

HANK
Fuck. It’s you. I didn’t know you hung out here?

DANI
I don’t. I hate people.

HANK
Me too. The only thing I hate more than people is me.

Dani just looks at him.

HANK (CONT’D)
You look like I need a drink. You want one?

DANI
I don’t drink.

HANK
That’s unfortunate.

DANI (pauses)
My dad was an alcoholic. Beat the crap out of me. Blah, blah.

HANK
Shit. I’m sorry.

DANI
Don’t be. I’m lying.
CONTINUED:

Is she?

HANK
(knowing the answer)
Why are you here?

DANI
Because you are.

HANK
Who are you?

DANI
I’m whatever someone needs me to be. What do you want me to be?

HANK
(thinks)
I want you to fuck me unconscious.

DANI
No, you don’t. You want me to be unavailable.
(holds out her hand)
Give me your car keys...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dani’s driving the Prius. Windows are down.

HANK
You gonna tell me where we’re going?
(Dani doesn’t answer)
You are one weird lady.

DANI
We’re not that different. We both replace love with sex. Both make up stories. I just don’t write them down. I live them.

Hank reaches over. Slides his hand up her skirt. She begins to writhe. Looks at him. Couldn’t be hotter.

He leans in. They kiss. Hard. She’s barely watching the road. The kiss goes on, so does whatever’s going on downtown. She closes her eyes.

WHAM! The Prius veers off the road. The front end cracks into a telephone pole and starts flipping. Inside the car, things are blurred. The crunch of metal and glass.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Then, it’s over. They look at each other, stunned.

HANK

DANI
(touches her mouth)
Yeah. I think so. Are you?

HANK
Yeah, yeah. Holy fuck.

Dani’s lip is bleeding. Hank’s got a cut or two. But they’re both in one piece.

DANI
Your car -- I’m sorry.

HANK
No, no, it’s alright...

PULL BACK to see a hundred pieces of paper whipping from the car. HIS MANUSCRIPT. It’s everywhere.

DANI
What’s that?

HANK
Nothing. It’s nothing.

INT. KAREN & BILL’S PLACE – NIGHT

Mia climbs into bed. Slides a Kinko’s bag from her backpack. Dumps out Hank’s manuscript. Cracks page one and starts to read... what is now, the only copy...

OVER AND OUT:

END OF SHOW