

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
matter 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

Where you been? I had a burst of inspiration. Come here, you.

Marcy greets him with a kiss.

MARCY

So I was talking to Dani here about our sexual problem.

CHARLIE

Our, uh --

MARCY

She's totally in.

CHARLIE

Excuse me?

MARCY

Her. Me. You. We had a little girl-to-girl chat on the subject. She agrees, you know. About the toolbox thing. Oh, shit. I said tool. And box.

Marcy cracks herself up. Charlie's panic rises.

CHARLIE

Uh, Dani, could you excuse us a second? My wife forgot to take her Librium this morning.

DANI

No problem, sir. Hold all your calls?

CHARLIE

Yes, Dani, hold all my calls.

DANI

Very good, sir.

Dani leaves. Marcy watches her go.

MARCY

"Hold all calls." She's very docile, that one. I think I like that.

CHARLIE

Wife, have you lost your fucking mind?

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

Sadly, 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 cliché 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's kitchen is Martha Stewart's worst nightmare. Cigarette butts float in dirty dishes. Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London" BLARES on the hi-fi. Some sort of cheesy baked-casserole-type dish cools on the counter. Meet Cheese Sensation. It's slightly burned.

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

Sorry. My bad. Mood killer.

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.

Hank and Karen rush away. Becca sighs. Looks down at the Cheese Sensation. It doesn't seem so fuckin' sensational.

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 --

MARCY

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

Shit. You know. Everything.
Husband stuff.

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
 Hmmmm...

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