

CALIFORNICATION

Episode 102

"Hell-A Woman"

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FADE IN:

1

EXT. MAIN ST. - DAY

1

A familiar dirty black Porsche cruises down Main St. in Venice... a charmingly bedraggled HANK MOODY at the wheel. He stops at the light where Main meets Rose.

He stares up the giant ballerina clown atop the building there, contemplative.

He feels a hand on his thigh. He looks -- Karen is next to him. Smiling. The ray of sunshine to his dark cloud.

KAREN

What are you thinking about?

HANK

How much I absolutely fucking loathe this city.

KAREN

Just as I was thinking about how much I absolutely love it.

HANK

Meanwhile, I haven't written a goddamn word since we got here.

KAREN

Relax. Blame it on the weather.

HANK

That's how it starts: with the weather. Then, before you know it, you're smoking the Hollywood crack pipe and sucking dick to support your habit.

KAREN

Well, at least you're not being dramatic about it.

HANK

What can I say? I miss New York.

KAREN

And I miss you. Because you're still there. In that big, thick head of yours. Come back to us, Hank. Your girls miss you...

(CONTINUED)

1 She smiles. Which makes it impossible for Hank not to kiss her. A car horn HONKS, napalming the moment. Hank is yanked from his reverie. He's alone in the car.

He looks -- sees a gorgeous California blonde in the convertible next to him. Smiling. The postcard-worthy promise of a better day. She's been watching, bemused.

THE BLONDE
Who are you talking to?

HANK
Sorry. Professional hazard.

THE BLONDE
What do you do?

HANK
Me? I'm a writer. Non-practicing. *

THE BLONDE
Who isn't? Here, maybe you could
read something of mine. *

She flies a paper airplane into his car. Zips off. Hank unfolds the paper: "CALL ME." Followed by a phone number.

Hank smiles, shakes his head.

As he drives off, we cut to MAIN TITLES.

2 EXT./INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - DAY 2

Hank pulls up in front of the cover of Dwell magazine.

Today is a day he would very much prefer to honk the horn, but he decides to suck it up and ring the doorbell.

And so he does, bracing himself for the very real possibility that a certain comely 16-year-old might answer.

The door opens, revealing not Mia but her sire, BILL, an annoyingly handsome and seemingly decent fellow who also just happens to be Hank's nemesis.

BILL
Hank.

HANK
Bob.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Bill.

HANK

Really?

BILL

Becca doesn't want to see you.

HANK

Are you looking for a cock punch?
Let me talk to her.

BILL

Hank, trust me, as the father of a
teenage daughter, just give her
some space. She'll come around.

(CONTINUED)

Hank shakes his head, starts to walk away, turns back. Walks past Bill, into the house...

HANK
You know... Bill, is it?

BILL
Yep -- still Bill.

HANK
I appreciate the parenting advice, but maybe -- just maybe -- it's not such a great idea to give your kid too much space. Maybe too much space is what gets them in trouble.

BILL
Hank. Please. My daughter is sixteen. She's an angel. Clearly I'm doing something right.

HANK
You poor bastard.

BILL
Excuse me?

HANK
Homo says what?

BILL
What?

HANK
Gotcha.

Bill is stunned by the inanity of it all. Hank notices a recently unpacked painting leaning somewhere nearby. It's hideous -- absurdly expensive and completely pretentious.

HANK
What the fuck is that?

BILL
What do you think? I could've bought a new car instead.

HANK
I think you should still buy the car. And run over whoever painted this. It's fucking hideous. H.I.D. Positive.

(CONTINUED)

Karen appears.

KAREN
Everything okay out here, boys?

BILL
It's all good.

HANK
"It's all good"? Really? Not
exactly the King's English there,
fella.

Hank moves in to give Karen a kiss hello. As is his wont.
But Karen dodges the kiss. As is her wont. Bill, in turn,
kisses Karen, eyeballing Hank the whole time.

(CONTINUED)

Becca appears. Deadpans Hank.

BECCA
I still hate you.

HANK
Naturally.

BECCA
But I do want to see your movie.

HANK
My book. Not my movie.

BECCA
Not my problem. I like your movie.

HANK
How is that even possible?

BECCA
Because it proves you're not the
asshole they say you are.

Hank holds out his palm. Becca produces a dollar bill.
Which Hank quickly pockets.

HANK
Now who says I'm an asshole?

An awkward moment as looks are exchanged. Becca deadpans.
Hank is forced to give her the dollar back. Hank starts to
lead Becca away, but Karen interjects:

KAREN
(to Hank)
Hey, can we swap nights this
weekend? We're having some people
over on Saturday and we'd love
Becca to be there.

BECCA
Uncle Charlie and Aunt Marcy.

KAREN
(sighs)
Thank you, sweetie.

BECCA
Dad should come. They're his
friends too, you know. And Uncle
Charlie's his agent. Maybe he has
an offer for him.

Karen and Bill exchange looks. Much to Hank's amusement.
Bill, nothing if not a decent guy, summons the decency:

BILL
You're welcome to come, Hank.

KAREN
Absolutely. Bring a date.

HANK
(to Becca)
Earbuds.

Becca dutifully inserts the earbuds, cranks her iPod.

HANK
(to Karen)
First of all, you could never
handle me hitting it off with
someone right in front of you.

KAREN
I'll do my best.

HANK
I guess this means the answer is
no. You're not going to marry me.
I have to say -- I'm disappointed.

BILL
Hank, I'm standing right here.

KAREN
Did you ever stop and think that it
might be nice for Becca to see us
all getting along for a change?

2

HANK

Hey, it'd be nice if I could
fellate myself while farting the
White Album, but I haven't quite
mastered that yet either.

Becca removes her earbuds, looks at Karen.

BECCA

Is he coming?

All eyes on Hank.

HANK

Absolutely. What can I bring?

3

OMITTED

3

4

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Outside Charlie's office, his assistant, DANI, answers calls.
She's quiet, fragile and oddly beautiful. Maggie Gyllenhaal
in "Secretary" meets a pierced, tattooed Suicide Girl.

DANI

Charlie Runkle's office. He's in a
meeting. We'll try you back....

WE MOVE INSIDE...

...and find Hank reclined on the sofa as Charlie finishes up
a call and answers an e-mail.

HANK

Your assistant makes me want to
touch myself in a bad place.

CHARLIE

That's nice -- because my assistant
makes we want to hang myself.

HANK

While masturbating?

CHARLIE

Are you retarded or something?

HANK

Funky tat on the small of the back.
You know what that means.

(off his look)

She likes it in the pooper.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Really?

HANK

I have no idea. I just wanted to say pooper. But I have found the back-tat to be a watermark of the promiscuous.

CHARLIE

Good for you. Doesn't change the fact that she's the world's worst assistant. Drops calls, loses manuscripts -- she can't even get my fucking macchiato right.

HANK

But she does seem to have a nipple ring. Quite possibly two. Seriously -- something very cool is going on in that area.

CHARLIE

Enough already. Move on. How's the book coming?

HANK

Now there's a hostile question.

CHARLIE

Hank. You've owed a book to your publisher since Becca was breast-feeding. I remember because I liked to watch Karen do that.

HANK

You're supposed to be my agent -- I need your encouragement, support, nurturing. Not some creepy comment about your lactating-lady fetish.

CHARLIE

You need a fucking job.

HANK

Okay. What do you got for me?

CHARLIE

Shhh. Listen. You hear that?

HANK

What?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

That's the sound of the phone not ringing for you, Hank. You have burned every bridge I built for you with my bare hands. Except, of course --

HANK

-- Don't say it. Don't you say it.

CHARLIE

Hell-A magazine. They still want you to blog for them. Just take the fucking meeting already.

Dani walks in with a grande something from Starbucks and a pile of manuscripts. Charlie drinks, curses.

HANK

Let's ask Dani California.
(to Dani)
Hell-A magazine. Thoughts?

DANI

You'd be perfect for them.

HANK

Nipple ring?
(off her nod)
Two?
(another nod)
Anywhere else?

She smiles, walks out. Hank gives Charlie a knowing look.

HANK

Nose ring too. You know what means.

CHARLIE

What? She likes it in the nose?

HANK

What does that even mean? Are you retarded or something?

Where Hank is in the midst of many drinks with NORA, the very cool, very sexy editor of Hell-A magazine.

(CONTINUED)

NORA
You're still a great writer, Hank.

HANK
You say it like there was doubt.

NORA
There was doubt.

HANK
Cheers. Thank you.

NORA
Look around. L.A. needs you. Now
more than ever. Your voice is a
shotgun blast to all the
pretentious fucks polluting this
once-great city of yours.

HANK

Once-great? Really? And just so you know, it sure as hell ain't mine.

NORA

Use the blog, Hank. Channel your rage. You're a dying breed. A real writer. A real man. With heart, balls and swagger. Not some fucking pansy-ass metrosexual.

HANK

Look, I appreciate the enthusiasm, but the truth is... I've got nothing to say. I'm between books at the moment --

NORA

-- Yes, Hank, when is "Chinese Democracy" going to be finished?

HANK

Fuck you very much.

Nora digs into her purse. Produces a business card.

NORA

Think about it.

HANK

Hey, where ya going? I'm the last of a dying breed. A real writer. A real man. Heart, balls and swagger, remember?

NORA

You're cute, Hank. I totally get the whole cocksman thing --

HANK

-- Cocksman? That's my thing? Sounds kinda gay.

NORA

A charming rogue then.

HANK

Better.

NORA

A rake, if you will.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
No, that's a garden tool.

5

NORA
Hemingway. Before he became such a
fucking pussy.

HANK
Ooohh. Papa Chubby.

NORA
Shame I'm in a relationship then.

HANK
Damn. I wish you hadn't told me
that. Now that I know you're
unavailable to me, I'm going to
fall truly, madly, deeply in love
with you.

NORA
Then I'll let you in on a little
secret: I'm a sucker for well-
crafted prose. Write me something.
Because who knows where those words
will take you...?

Nora leaves Hank all horned-up with no place to go. He slips
the card in his pocket, feels something else in there. Pulls
out the paper with the blonde's number on it.

6

INT. A CONDO SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

6

Hank and The Blonde kiss and tear clothes off as they make
their way towards the bed...

THE BLONDE
What do you think?

HANK
Very little of substance.

THE BLONDE
Come on. My tits. Seriously.

HANK
I don't know... they look pretty
fucking groovy to me.

(CONTINUED)

THE BLONDE

They're too small, aren't they?
I'm gonna have them done.

HANK

Are you kidding me?! They're
practically perfect in every way.

THE BLONDE

What about my lips?

Hank kisses her.

HANK

Highly kissable.

THE BLONDE

Not those, silly.

She looks down. Hank follows her gaze.

HANK

Oh. What about them?

THE BLONDE

Do you think they're too flappy?

HANK

Flappy?

THE BLONDE

Yeah, I've been thinking about
getting them fixed.

HANK

Fixed?

THE BLONDE

Vaginal rejuvenation. Get them
trimmed a little. So they don't
hang down like day-old deli meat.

HANK

I think I just lost my manhood.

THE BLONDE

Well, let me help you find it.

She proceeds to go down on him. Sucking and slurping like a
vacuum cleaner on steroids. Gagging and spitting with glee.

(CONTINUED)

As Hank's eyes adjust to the apartment, he notices a collection of porn DVD's. He picks one up. It's a parody of his own movie: "Crazy Little Thing Called Anal."

Then he realizes that the girl blowing him is the same as the one on the box. Pretty much the same angle and everything.

HANK
Hey, this is you.

THE BLONDE
Yeah, I thought you recognized me.

HANK
Not a big porn guy, actually.

All of a sudden, there's the sound of a KID CRYING from a BABY MONITOR. Followed by a "Mommy!" or two. Hank freezes.

HANK
Who might that be?

THE BLONDE
That would be my daughter.

HANK
Oh. Do you need to...?

THE BLONDE
Nah, she'll quiet down in a minute.
Mommy's gotta get laid sometime.

But the kid continues to cry. Overcome with great sadness, Hank gently guides The Blonde's head up and away from his southern hemisphere. Gives her a kiss on the cheek.

HANK
Go be with your kid.

He collects his stuff and leaves.

7 INT. HANK'S PLACE - NIGHT 7

Hank lies awake in bed. Grabs his pants off the floor and fishes for the card Nora gave him. He picks up his shitty PC laptop, launches the browser, types in the address for the Hell-A website.

The site is instantly appealing -- a cross between Rolling Stone, Salon.com, and Suicide Girls.com. The content covers art, music, film, politics -- with a narrow focus on L.A.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

being the very edge of Western Civilization and the epicenter of everything right and wrong with the world as we know it.

Hank is instantly sucked into the raw, cool, unfiltered aesthetic. We get the sense he sees a kindred spirit in there somewhere. And then -- his computer dies.

He hurls it across the room. Gets out of bed.

8 INT. APPLE STORE - NIGHT

8

Hank stands in the middle of the sleek, ultra-tech space, writing on one of the Macs. We see a portion of the display, the top of which reads: "HANK HATES YOU ALL."

As Hank's voice-over kicks in...

HANK (V.O.)

A few things I've learned in my travels through this crazy little thing called life: One: a morning of awkwardness is far better than a night of loneliness. Two: I probably won't go down in history, but I will go down on your sister. And three: while I'm down there, it might be a nice to see a hint of pubis. I'm not talking about a huge 70's Playboy bush or anything... just something that reminds me that I'm performing cunnilingus on an adult...

...words, phrases and images from Hank's manifesto are projected onto the walls and other computer displays.

Things like: "breast implants, bikini wax, vaginal rejuvenation."

Pictures of 1950's pin-up girls transforming over the decades into the alien life forms that L.A. Women have become today.

The whole store becomes Hank's private office and a heightened, stylized manifestation of what's going on inside his head.

HANK (V.O.)

But I guess the larger question is... why is the City of Angels so hell-bent on destroying its female population...?

9 EXT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - DAY

9

Hank pulls up in front. Gets out with a bottle of Glenlivet. Walks the walk. Hearing signs of life from the --

POOL AREA

Where he finds a lone swimmer in the pool:

It's MIA, of course.

She pulls herself up and out of the pool, dripping wet, string bikini, more naked than not. All that's missing is a pair of heart-shaped glasses.

HANK

Jesus Christ.

MIA

Nope. Just little ol' me.

(then)

Are you okay? You look a little pale. You're not going to have a heart attack, are you? You are getting on in years.

HANK

Hey, being older than you doesn't necessarily make me old.

MIA

Well, I am sixteen, you know.

HANK

So I've been told.

MIA

What's the word for that again? Let me check the books. Oh, here it is. Right here. Statutory rape.

HANK

That's two words.

Bill emerges from the house, breaking the spell. He clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable.

BILL

Honey, go put some clothes on, okay? We have company.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
Oh, Daddy... I'm sure it's nothing
he hasn't seen before.

An uncomfortable beat. She walks off. It takes everything
Hank's got not to watch as she goes. Bill appraises Hank.

BILL
Hank.

HANK
Tim.

BILL
Thanks for coming.

HANK
Thanks for having me.

BILL
It's my pleasure.

HANK
No, it's my pleasure.

BILL
You know, I think this is an
important step we're taking here
tonight.

HANK
What step is that, Bill? The one
where I stand by and let you steal
my family out from under me? I
don't think so. Game on, broheme.

Bill sighs, reaches out to take the bottle of booze...

BILL
You didn't have to do that.

...but Hank pulls away.

HANK
I didn't. This is for me.

At the same time, Karen walks out with a 40ish friend and
neighbor. SONJA. Hank goes in for his customary kiss and
gets his usual rebuke.

KAREN
Hank - Sonja... Sonja - Hank.

(CONTINUED)

SONJA

I love your writing.

HANK

How much were you paid to say that?
Cuz I'll double it for the truth.

SONJA

I read your adaptation way back
when Soderbergh was going to do it.
I fucking loved it.

HANK

Ah, yes. The salad days. There I
was, across from the man of my
dreams. You're so in love and you
know you're going to fuck and make
this beautiful baby. Then all of a
sudden you turn your head, and when
you look back, he's gone, replaced
by some hack imposter. Yet you
still sleep with him because he's
vaguely attractive and you talk
yourself into thinking he'll be a
great father. Nine months later...

SONJA

...you wish you had sucked down a
bottle of morning-after pills.
(then)
Been there, bought the T-shirt.

HANK

Oh, we're going to get along just
fine.
(to Sonja)
Excuse me for a moment.

Hank smoothly tugs Karen out of earshot.

HANK

What are you doing?

KAREN

What are you talking about?

HANK

You're trying to set me up with
this chick.

(CONTINUED)

9

KAREN

Nonsense. I just thought it might be nice for you to have a play date with someone your own age.

HANK

And if we get along swimmingly...?

KAREN

Hank. I left you, remember? I'm not holding a torch here. You need to get on with your life.

HANK

And you need to get in touch with your emotions, woman.

10

INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - BATHROOM - EVENING

10

Hank opens the medicine cabinet, finds a bottle of Percocet. Pops one. Closes the cabinet. Looks in the mirror. Doesn't like what he sees. Gives himself a quick pep talk.

HANK

Nobody likes you. You're ugly and your mother dresses you funny.
(then)
Smile, you fucking douche.

11

EXT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - EVENING

11

An infinitely more relaxed Hank finds everyone gathered at the table. Bill at one end -- Karen at the other. Charlie, Marcy and Becca lined up on one side.

Hank finds himself forced to slide between Sonja and Mia on the other. Almost immediately, he feels a hand on his leg. He looks -- it's Sonja. He looks at her. She's smiling.

He looks away, catches Karen's gaze. Somehow she instinctively senses the chemistry between Hank and Sonja. Hank can't help but smile. And then he feels something. Another hand on his leg. Looks down...

It's Mia's. He looks at her. She's smiling too. He looks away, catches Bill staring at him. Becca pipes in:

BECCA

Dad?

HANK

Yes, my love.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

Can I get a dog?

HANK

Sure. As long as it poops here.

BILL

We'll talk about it, honey.

Hank winces, doesn't like the "honey." Bill realizes.

BILL

Sorry, Hank. My apologies.

HANK

No worries. She is very sweet.

Nervous laughter. Bill clears his throat, raises a glass.

BILL

Allow me to propose a toast. To
friends, family, a new beginning...

Under the table, Mia has found Hank's dick.

MIA

And a happy ending.

BILL

Well said, honey. Cheers.

Everyone drinks up. Hank drains his entire glass, squirming
in his seat as Mia grinds him hard. Sonja continues to
stroke Hank's inner thigh, oblivious to the tugjob action.

SONJA

(to Karen)

So how did you and Bill meet?

Karen is immediately uncomfortable.

KAREN

Probably not the best setting for
that particular story...

HANK

Are you kidding me? Couldn't ask
for a better setting. Bill hired
Karen to redo his place. This
place. Along the way, they talked
Zen and the art of the mid-life
crisis and fell head over heels.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANK (CONT'D)

In the end, Bill got another trophy for his mantle and Karen got to move into her Barbie dream house. Talk about being the architect of your very own...

MIA

Happy ending?

HANK

Got it, thanks.

BILL

A bit of an oversimplification, Hank, but I'm not surprised.

HANK

The floor is all yours, Bill.

BILL

I'll pass.

HANK

I'm not surprised.

MIA

Now how did you and Karen meet?

BILL

Mia...

MIA

What? I'm curious.

SONJA

Me too.

KAREN

Some other time, sweetie.

HANK

Karen's not a big fan of memory lane.

BECCA

I'll tell it.

KAREN

Becca.

BECCA

Mom was going to art school and playing bass in this downtown noise band. Dad had just published his first novel. They met cute at...

(to Hank)

What was it called again?

HANK

CBGB's.

BECCA

Right. He thought she was pretentious, and she thought he was way too pleased with himself. But they had sex anyway. In the morning, he made her breakfast and she talked about her plan to move to Seattle so she could stalk and marry...

KAREN

...Chris Cornell.

BECCA

Right. But then she read Dad's writing. And that was it. Nine months later, I was born. They never got married, of course. But they stayed together a long time. A lot longer than most people do.

No one knows what to say. Hank smiles sweetly at Becca. Looks at Karen, who is dodging both his look and Bill's. Marcy feels like it's her civic duty to change the tone.

MARCY

Not that anyone asked, but I can tell you how Charlie and I met.

CHARLIE

Here we go.

MARCY

One day, this obnoxious agent walked into my salon for a facial. And boy did he need it.

CHARLIE

It's true. I was a mess.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

Yes. And then I noticed the
unibrow. Sitting there like a big,
giant moustache over his eyes.

CHARLIE

And thus began a relationship
forged out of intense pain and
suffering.

MARCY

I swore up and down I would never
fall in love with some obnoxious
agent, but I did. Next thing you
know, I'm doing all his manscaping.

CHARLIE

And now m'lady is the bikini wax
queen of Beverly Hills.

MARCY

It's true -- I've seen a lot of
famous vaginas.
(hands Sonja a business
card)
"Hot Lips." Stop by and pamper the
puss sometime. I'll hook you up.

A car horn HONKS out front.

MIA

Bye, Daddy. Bye everyone. My
boyfriend's here. Gotta go.

Mia gives Hank's cock a final squeeze and gets up from the
table. She kisses Bill goodbye. And so she goes.

SONJA

Well, I wish I had an interesting
story to share about my ex. But
it's really just L.A. Cliche #4B --
he was sleeping with his assistant.

HANK

It happens.

SONJA

His name was Ted.

HANK

Your husband?

11

SONJA
His assistant.

A bit awkward.

HANK
Could be worse.

SONJA
How so?

HANK
Well, better to find out that your
husband is gay rather than say a
Scientologist or something. Right?

SONJA
I'm a Scientologist, Hank.

A lot awkward.

HANK
This is what I love about Los
Angeles. The diversity.

12

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

12

Becca's bedroom here is the teen movie version of her bedroom
at Hank's place. Hank's looking through her iPod.

HANK
Hey, you like The Eagles?
(then)
Oh, the Eagles of Death Metal.
Right on.

BECCA
I liked having you here tonight.

HANK
I liked being here tonight.

BECCA
Bullshit.

Hank stares at her. She's forced to surrender a dollar bill.

HANK
Pleasure doing business with you.

Hank looks around the room, takes in the "Crazy Little Thing
Called Love" one-sheet on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

I hate to burst your bubble,
sweetie, but that movie has nothing
to do with your old man.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

Of course it does. Your novel --
while very much an exercise in
nihilism -- is firmly rooted in
romanticism.

HANK

You've read the novel?
(off her nod)
Jesus Fuck.

Becca stares at him until he gives her the dollar back.

BECCA

You shouldn't take the lord's name
in vain, you know.

HANK

Where'd you get that old chestnut?

BECCA

Bill. I was wearing my Cradle of
Filth T-shirt. The one that says
"Jesus Was a C-Word" on the back.

HANK

That's my girl.

BECCA

But I do pray sometimes. Sort of.

HANK

What for?

BECCA

That you and Mom work out your shit
and we move back to New York.

HANK

Oh, baby... you don't owe me
anything for that one.

He pulls her into a long hug. Doesn't want to let go.

BECCA

Dad? Are you okay?

HANK

No. But I'm working on it.

BECCA

Can I get a dog?

13 INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 13

Hank exits Becca's room. Picks up the dwindling supply of scotch right where he left it -- by the door. Takes a swig. Just as Sonja is coming out of a nearby bathroom.

HANK

Hey, sorry about that. I honestly don't know what the fuck I'm talking about half the time. Ask anyone, they'll tell you.

SONJA

No worries, Hank.

Hank smells something. He sniffs. Sonja giggles.

SONJA

Wanna get fucked up?

14 INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

Hank and Sonja share a joint on Karen and Bill's bed.

SONJA

Why so smiley?

HANK

Nothing like getting stoned on the very bed your ex-domestic partner shares with her fiance.

(a happy sigh)

It's the little things.

Sonja takes a deep hit, stands up.

SONJA

Do me a favor?

HANK

Sure.

SONJA

Tell me what you think.

She steps out of her dress. Stands in front of him. Completely naked.

HANK

Honestly?

(CONTINUED)

SONJA

Honestly. I'm forty-something years old, there's no time for games. I need to know the truth.

HANK

Okay, well, your breasts are obviously real... you have an abundance of pubic hair... and there's no evidence of vaginal rejuvenation...

(then)

Aside from the fact that you worship a space alien, you just might be one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

Sonja smiles, gives him the finger, says:

SONJA

Thank you.

And she means it.

HANK

My pleasure.

SONJA

Do me another favor?

HANK

What's that?

SONJA

Fuck me.

(then)

My husband recently left me for a guy named Ted and right now all I want to do is get fucked stupid by a man who actually likes women. Is that okay with you?

HANK

Well, I'd be lying if I said I never wondered what it would be like to bang a Scientologist.

A beat. And then she jumps his bones.

Marcy and Karen, lit by the cool blue of the pool.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

You must be really fucking hairy
right now.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Excuse me?!

MARCY

You haven't been in for a wax in months. Either you've taken your lady business elsewhere, or you're sporting a ginormous hippie bush these days.

KAREN

I'm sorry... but I just came to keep you in business.

MARCY

And I just want you to be happy and hair-free.

KAREN

Well, I am. Thanks for asking.

MARCY

Good. And you're sure you're not making some deal with yourself that your ass can't cash?

KAREN

What does that even mean?

MARCY

Hey, I might be mixing metaphors, but I'm not speaking in tongues. Are you absolutely sure you want to marry this guy?

KAREN

It's not that complicated. I love him. He loves me. He's good to my daughter. What else is there?

MARCY

What about Hank?

KAREN

What about him?

MARCY

He loves you. He's trying to get his shit together.

(CONTINUED)

15

KAREN
He's been trying to get his shit
together since the day we met.

MARCY
Sex with Bill? Good?

KAREN
Great.

MARCY
As great as it was with Hank?

KAREN
Different.

16

INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

Where Hank teases an uber-enthused Sonja from behind.

SONJA
Come on... just put it in...

HANK
I don't think Tom and Katie would
approve of your behavior right now.

SONJA
Oh shut the fuck up already...

HANK
Are you clear yet?

SONJA
Shut up and fuck me!

HANK
You are one kinky thetan.

As Hank accommodates her, Sonja's ardor grows... and
grows... until finally... after a particularly forceful
series of thrusts from Hank... she BUCKS against him... and
BRONCOS him...

In the process, Hank is thrown backward, against the wall.
Taking down the absurdly modern painting that hangs there.

(CONTINUED)

Off the bed he falls, SMASHING his head against the edge of the night stand on the way down. Landing on the floor like a sack of grain.

SONJA

Oh my God -- are you okay?!

A beat later, Hank staggers to his feet. He touches his head, comes away with bloody fingers. He sees the painting. Tries to put it back up on the wall.

Getting blood all over it in the process.

Suddenly, he's not feeling so good. The combination of pot, Percocet and single malt Scotch whisky is taking its toll.

A moment later, he VOMITS all over the painting.

And that's precisely when Karen, Bill, Charlie and Marcy all pile into the room, drawn by the commotion.

A horribly embarrassing moment as Hank stands there -- naked, bloody and dazed. Suddenly feeling vulnerable, Hank picks up the painting and holds it in front of his genitalia.

HANK

It's all good...

As Hank exits and walks to his car, another car pulls up, depositing Mia. She slams the door and the car roars off. Mia sees Hank. Takes in his disheveled state, very amused.

MIA

Did we just have sex?

HANK

Cute. Did you hit him too?

MIA

Of course not, silly. That was just for you. He was pissed off that I wouldn't surrender the pink. Boys...

(alt)

He was just pissed off that I wouldn't give so much as a dry tugjob. Boys...

*
*
*
*

HANK

What do you want from me?

(CONTINUED)

MIA
Isn't it obvious?

HANK
Look, what happened the other night
can never happen again. Ever.

MIA
And why is that?

HANK
Because it's sick and wrong.

MIA
Are you sure about that?

HANK
Yes. Absolutely.

MIA
Maybe I'm in the minority here, but
I don't see what's so sick and
wrong about a little fucking and
punching between consenting adults.

HANK
Well, for one -- you're not an
adult.

MIA
You dirty old man you.
(sighs)
Oh, well... I guess I'll just have
to get out my vibrator and read
your blog. *

HANK
Well, at least it won't be a total
waste of your time. *

MIA
No way. I thought it was cool. I
was like, hey, I totally fucked
that guy.
(then)
Must be weird, though...

HANK
What?

MIA

Being an employee of a man you so
clearly hate.

HANK

What are you talking about?

MIA

My father. He owns Hell-A
magazine.

As if on cue, the front door opens... Bill calls out:

BILL (O.S.)

Mia... is that you...?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MIA
(to Bill, eyes on Hank)
Coming, Daddy...

She turns and goes, leaving Hank dazed, confused, and no closer to redemption...

18 INT./EXT. DIRTY BLACK PORSCHE - NIGHT

18

Hank drives along the coast...

HANK (V.O.)
As a boy, I was obsessed with girls. All I wanted was everything. To kiss them, taste them, smell them... but most of all... to understand them...

19 INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

19

In a darkened room, Karen kisses a sleeping Becca...

HANK (V.O.)
As an adult, these girls... these amazing creatures... they remain a mystery...

20 INT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

20

A pajama-clad Mia reads in bed -- God Hates Us All by Hank Moody. Finally, she puts the book down, slips her hand into her bottoms and begins to masturbate...

HANK (V.O.)
All I know for sure is that they become women...

21 EXT. KAREN & BILL'S PLACE - BY THE POOL - NIGHT

21

A contemplative Karen drinks a glass of wine by the pool...

HANK (V.O.)
And the things women do... to each other... to themselves... in this city... in the name of men... it makes me sad. If only they knew... if only they could see... that their flaws make them all the more beautiful... I think they would sleep a lot easier...

22 INT./EXT. DIRTY BLACK PORSCHE - NIGHT

22

Hank reclines in the Porsche, looking up the sky, the top down, parked somewhere near LAX.

He feels a hand on his thigh. Looks: Karen is next to him.

She mouths something... something that sounds like...

KAREN

I love you...

But he can barely hear her...

A MAGNIFICENT ROAR as A PLANE FLIES LOW OVERHEAD...

Coming in for a landing...

Hank watches for a moment. Looks back. Karen is gone.

HANK (V.O.)

They say this is the City of
Angels... but all I see are broken
wings...

OVER AND OUT:

END OF SHOW