

# 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)

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.

Big finish. Karen and Hank applaud like mad. Bill limps in. Becca unloads her guitar and runs to Hank. Huge hug.

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)

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)

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)

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.

(then)

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  
door shut. Cautiously approaches. Hears voices. Hesitates.  
Knocks.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Come in.

Hank does. CHARLIE's at his desk. DANI'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)

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)

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. Over-sized 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)

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 SHANDLING

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 SHANDLING

I don't know about this. I'm uncomfortable around tweens.

INT. KAREN &amp; 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)

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)

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.

Carr deals. It's an ace. Gives Becca a full house. Jacks over aces. But gives Gary a full house, too. Aces over kings.

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)

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, glances at Karen, gives Becca a surreptitious "shhh" sign re: the poker. Becca grins, runs inside. Karen approaches, hands Hank his manuscript.

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)

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

Shit. Fuck. You okay? Shit. You okay?

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