

CALIFORNICATION

"Past Imperfect/Future Conditional"

Written by

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Competition Script Entry 2009
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FADE IN:

EXT. HANK'S CONDO. GARDEN - DAY

Hank is lying in the garden, drinking a beer, maybe listening to some music. Basically taking a time out from doing nothing much.

Charlie enters.

CHARLIE

Don't you answer your phone?

HANK

Well, if it isn't Mini-Me. What up, homeslice?

CHARLIE

I gotta schlep all the way out here because you forgot how to use a phone?

HANK

Do I detect a slight tension in the voice?

(meaning PMS)

Is it that time again?

Charlie slumps onto a sun chair.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I was on set with Daisy for most of the night and I'm a little cranky from all that pink.

HANK

Someone's gotta do it. Can I offer you something? A soda, manual release...?

CHARLIE

No.

HANK

(pulling a strip of pills from his pocket)
How about a little Frankie Valium?

CHARLIE

Oooh! Nice call.

Charlie tosses back a pill and takes a swig from Hank's beer bottle.

HANK
(re: pills)
Keep them.

CHARLIE
Much obliged, kind sir. And now
that we are all suitably relaxed,
to business.

HANK
(re: pills)
Take a few more.

CHARLIE
We have a meeting.

HANK
(groan)
Charlie!

CHARLIE
I know, but this is a good
meeting.

HANK
Then you go. Enjoy it for both of
us.

CHARLIE
GMP. Remember them? Those nice
people who paid all that money to
publish your last book?

HANK
No.

CHARLIE
They want to see you. Say hi.
Break bread.

HANK
I have a wheat allergy.

CHARLIE
Look, here's what I'm thinking.
We go back to New York for a
couple of days. Less. Day and a
half. You bring Karen and Becca,
I bring Marcy. We have a good
time on GMP's ticket. And perhaps
you and Karen, you know,
reminisce. Take a trip back down
Memory Lane between First and
"A", who knows?

From inside, we hear the front door slam shut.

KAREN (O.S.)
Would you come back here?

BECCA (O.S.)
No!

KAREN (O.S.)
Becca!

HANK
You are an evil and manipulative
man.

CHARLIE
We have a quick meeting, make
nice. And the rest of the time is
a Family Moody bonding session in
the city where it all began.

Hank is starting to like the idea as Becca storms into the
garden.

HANK
Good afternoon, favorite and most
legitimate child of mine.

BECCA
Father.

Charlie stands.

CHARLIE
Okay, well, looks like it's time
for me to leave the Little House
on the Prairie. You call me, yes?

HANK
Yeah, yeah. Hey, when is this
thing anyway?

CHARLIE
We leave tomorrow morning. I
booked the flights.

Charlie dashes out as Karen enters.

KAREN
Hi Charlie. Bye Charlie.

HANK
There is a lot of tension in my
garden this afternoon.

KAREN
Your daughter wants a tattoo.

BECCA
 (to Karen)
 You have a tattoo. How
 hypocritical is that?

KAREN
 I also have a job. You want one
 of those?
 (to Hank)
 Would you speak to her?

HANK
 It is pretty hypocritical.

KAREN
 Great.

HANK
 But if I could interrupt this
 Kodak moment for just one second,
 I have a little proposition for
 you both.

Karen and Becca look at him, curious.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

Hank, Karen and Becca have only carry-on luggage. Charlie
 is pushing a cart with Marcy's copious baggage.

CHARLIE
 (to Marcy, re: luggage)
 We're back tomorrow.

MARCY
 Would you quit your whining and
 mush!

KAREN
 (to Hank)
 I can't believe I let you talk me
 into this.

HANK
You can't believe it?

KAREN
 Becca's missing school...

HANK
 It's a couple of days off and
 besides, it's been years since
 she was in New York. Shouldn't
 she have the chance as a semi-
 adult to see where her parents
 engaged in a loving act of
 unprotected carnal indecency?

KAREN

Shhh!

BECCA

It's a wonder I'm not a cutter.

HANK

I'm sorry, sweetie. I planned to have you but honestly your mother was too drunk to know much about it.

KAREN

(to Becca)

Ignore him.

BECCA

I do.

LAX AIRPORT SECURITY - LATER

Marcy has checked her baggage; Charlie is just holding a small carry-on.

They are in line to go through security as Marcy grabs Charlie's butt.

CHARLIE

Hey!

MARCY

What?

CHARLIE

What are you doing?

MARCY

New York always makes me go a little crazy.

CHARLIE

(turned on)

Yeah?

MARCY

I was thinking we go to our hotel...

CHARLIE

Yeah.

MARCY

Get a little naked...

CHARLIE

Yeah.

MARCY
Do a little blow.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah! Where are we gonna score
blow?

Marcy goes quiet.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Do you know someone in the city
who...

But Charlie notices Marcy flash a fleeting nervous look at his bag and he suddenly gets it.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(loud)
You put coke...

MARCY
Shhh!

CHARLIE
(quiet)
You put cocaine in my bag?

MARCY
It's just a little bit. It'll be
fine.

CHARLIE
Then why didn't you put it in
your bag?

MARCY
You look so innocent.

CHARLIE
(pointing at his anxious
face)
Does this look innocent to you?

MARCY
Well, not now, no.

CHARLIE
I'm ditching it.

MARCY
No, you can't. They'll see.

And she's right. They are nearly at security. It's too risky.

CHARLIE

I'm going to go to prison. I'm going to go to prison and get my ass raped. Oh God, it's like one of Daisy's movies.

Charlie scrabbles around in his pocket and pulls out a Valium, which he downs. He then starts some deep breathing exercises. He couldn't look any more guilty if he tried.

MARCY

(as in, at least make an effort to look innocent)

I mean, seriously?

CHARLIE

Just don't!

Ahead of them, Becca has already gone through security; Karen, then Hank, are waiting to go through.

SECURITY GUARD

Next in line.

Karen goes through the metal detector and triggers the alarm.

The SECURITY GUARD starts frisking her but he's a bit of sleaze and seems to be enjoying himself a little too much, his big tattooed arms working their way up and down her legs.

Hank is watching from the other side.

HANK

(to Security Guard)

Steady on there, amigo. This is a job, not a hobby remember.

The Security Guard looks at Hank and then continues to search Karen even more invasively.

HANK (cont'd)

I'm not kidding. I don't care how many little badges you have on your sleeve.

The Security Guard gives Hank a little wink as he brushes Karen's butt and that's it, Hank goes crazy. He flies through the metal detector, alarms going off all over the place. He leaps on the Security Guard who deals with Hank pretty easily being twice his size.

While this is going on, Charlie sees his opportunity to slip through security unseen.

Meanwhile, three or four other guards have jumped on Hank.

HANK (cont'd)
 (to Karen)
 I'll catch you up. I'm going to
 do some shopping.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

All the passengers are seated and ready. Hank is escorted onto the plane by the sleazy Security Guard.

Hank walks awkwardly after enduring a cavity search.

HANK
 (to Security Guard)
 I just want you to know that you
 were very tender and you
 shouldn't feel bad that you came
 so quickly.

Hank sits in his seat.

KAREN
 (to Hank)
 Thank you.

HANK
 (to Becca, pointing at
 the Guard)
That is the argument against
 tattoos.

Charlie is anxiously cradling his bag, traumatized.

HANK (cont'd)
 (to Marcy, re: Charlie)
 What's with Rain Man?

MARCY
 He's a little upset at the
 moment. He'll be fine.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The five of them are in a taxi on the outskirts of the city. It is a beautiful chilly Fall afternoon.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Hank is loving being back in New York, the gritty run down beauty of the tenements visible from the expressway.

HANK
 (to Becca)
 Just look around, Becca. Take it
 in. This is your spiritual home.

The Indian TAXI DRIVER lets off a noisy fart.

HANK (cont'd)
 Yeah! That's what I'm talking
 about! Unedited, unscripted
reality, my brother...
 (reading his licence)
 ...brother Iqbal. You and me, we
 understand what it means...

But Iqbal's cell phone rings and he presses his Bluetooth
 headset and starts speaking in Urdu.

HANK (cont'd)
 Right on. Catch you on the flip
 side.

Hank falls silent and stares out the window as the
 Manhattan skyline comes into view. It looks magical in the
 late afternoon sun.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The traffic is bad of course.

HANK
 (to Driver)
 Why don't you just exit at 34th
 and take Broadway downtown?

KAREN
 Are you nuts? Not at this time of
 day.
 (to Driver)
 Stay on the FDR all the way down
 to Houston.

Hank smiles.

KAREN (cont'd)
 What?

HANK
 Nothing.

KAREN
 (smiling)
 Shut up.

MARCY
 Is my bear still not talking?

Charlie is sulking like a kid.

MARCY (cont'd)
 That's a pity. Because I was
 thinking that, seeing as now
 you're a big bad drug trafficker,
 I thought I would maybe take a
 bit of that white powder...

KAREN
Not in front of Becca.

MARCY
...and blow it up your butt until
your little bald head explodes.

KAREN
Marcy!

HANK
I'm gonna hurl.

CHARLIE
Stop the car! Stop the damn car!
The taxi screeches to a halt.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(to Hank)
Meeting's at ten tomorrow.
Charlie and Marcy run to the nearest hotel.

KAREN
(to Charlie)
What about your bags?
But they're gone.

HANK
Onward and upward, Iqbal.
The Driver floors the accelerator and they are all thrown
back into their seats.

EXT. SOHO, NYC - NIGHT

Hank, Karen and Becca have checked into their hotel and
they are now walking the streets.

HANK
(still walking a bit
funny)
I tell you, having a man's hand
up your booty sure does make a
girl hungry.

KAREN
I'm so sorry.

HANK
It was pretty nice actually. And
I got his digits.

KAREN
Come on.

They arrive outside a filthy looking neighborhood diner called "Ronny's - The Home of Meat", although the "e" in "home" is missing.

HANK

What do you say Becca, you up for Ronny's?

KAREN

Oh no.

BECCA

This place?

HANK

(to Karen)

What? You like Ronny's.

KAREN

No. You like Ronny's. I never did.

HANK

How can you say that? You once, you know, gave me a flesh smoke ring under the table.

Karen is confused until Hank makes a big "O" with his mouth, simulating a blow job.

KAREN

Okay, A) you're disgusting and B) that wasn't me.

HANK

I think I would remember...

KAREN

It wasn't me. Don't make it worse.

HANK

(pause)

It wasn't you. You're right. But I was hoping it was you. Thinking it was you. Dreaming it was...

KAREN

And did you stop to think what Becca would eat?

HANK

I think she's old enough to choose for herself.

KAREN

They have a big vegetarian selection, do they, at the
(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)
(picking up on the
missing "e")
"Hom of Meat"?

HANK
(to Becca)
Since when are you a vegetarian?

BECCA
Since five months ago.

HANK
Really?

BECCA
Yes.

HANK
Wow.

KAREN
Way to take an interest in your
daughter's life.

HANK
A vegetarian, huh?

BECCA
Yes.

HANK
Okay, well, are you getting
enough, I don't know, iron,
Vitamin D? What are vegetarians
deficient in, apart from usually
a sense of humor?

BECCA
I am getting all the nutrition I
need, thank you.

Hank and Karen exchange a look. Sometimes it freaks them out how much more in control she is of her life than they are of theirs.

They walk on.

HANK
I thought you were a Satanist.

BECCA
I am.

HANK
Don't Satanists, you know, eat
flesh?

BECCA
No.

HANK
Okay.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and Marcy are in the middle of an insane sex session. The room looks like it has just been burglarized - furniture upturned, bedding thrown everywhere, lamps lying on the floor. A mound of coke on the bedside table.

Marcy's head appears from near Charlie's butt. She has a big coke moustache.

CHARLIE
Fuck!!!

MARCY
You like that, Drug Mule?

CHARLIE
Fuck yeah!

MARCY
I bet you would have been a real bad ass in jail. Get people whacked because they look at you funny?

CHARLIE
I would have been mean.

MARCY
Yeah you would.

CHARLIE
You don't want to mess with me, bitch!

Charlie is just about to administer some punishment when the phone rings.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(into phone)
What? And? No, I won't. Well, that's too bad. I'm sorry but who the fuck is this? Well, Ramon, you wait right there because I am coming to pay you a little visit my friend.

Charlie springs out of bed, butt naked.

MARCY
What is it?

CHARLIE
Ramon wants us to keep it down.

MARCY
Who's Ramon?

CHARLIE
Exactly! Who the fuck is Ramon to
tell me to do anything?

Charlie is walking towards the door.

MARCY
Where are you going?

CHARLIE
To drop a bit of Runkle on his
ass.

MARCY
But you're naked.

CHARLIE
So?

MARCY
Do you have to go down naked?

CHARLIE
Yes. Because I am a man and
that's what men do.

MARCY
Only gay men, baby.

CHARLIE
I'll be back.

MARCY
Could you at least wipe the coke
off your butt cheeks?

CHARLIE
(pause)
That I can do.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hank, Karen and Becca are in a nice restaurant which looks
like it serves healthy food.

HANK
(to Becca)
You sure you don't want some
ribs?

KAREN
Hank!

BECCA

No thank you.

HANK

I'm just making sure that my daughter is sufficiently nourished.

BECCA

I'm fine. Thank you.

HANK

You know, when we lived in New York, your mother used to eat like she was bulimic, just without the throwing up part. For a while I thought she had worms.

KAREN

It's true. I did used to eat a lot. But I never lost my figure.

HANK

That is true.

Hank inflates his face until Karen smacks him.

KAREN

Hey! Cut it out! I was never fat.

HANK

No, she always had a great body. She takes after me like that! In fact, I seem to remember that this is the person who ran round Tompkins Square Park naked on Halloween. You should have seen all the junkies - they've never looked so happy!

KAREN

(embarrassed)

Oh God. I was so young.

HANK

(feeling horny, going in for a kiss)

Yes you were.

A handsome young WAITER appears. His arms are covered in artistic tattoos.

WAITER

Hi there. Can I interest you guys in some coffee or dessert?

Becca is eyeing up the Waiter's arms.

HANK
Let's see a menu.

WAITER
Sure.

The Waiter walks off to fetch menus.

BECCA
He has tattoos.

KAREN
Not this again.

HANK
Do you want to end up working as
a waiter, busting your chops for
idiots like me?

BECCA
How do you know that's all he
does?

HANK
Okay, sure. When he's not trading
on the NASDAQ, he likes to work
some evening shifts to stay in
touch with the little people.

BECCA
You're so judgemental.

KAREN
Sweetie, it's just that getting a
tattoo is a big decision and
you're not old enough yet to
decide what you want for the rest
of your life.

HANK
You were eating hot dogs in
March.

KAREN
Hank.

HANK
Sorry. But your mother's right,
as always. Wait until you're a
bit older and then you can deface
your body with some thoroughly
unoriginal piece of ink work.

The Waiter returns with menus.

WAITER
Here we go.

BECCA

Thank you. I like your tattoos.

WAITER

Thank you. It's a copy of a painting my brother did.

BECCA

He's a painter?

WAITER

He was, yeah.

The women decide not to probe the slight sadness in his answer.

HANK

And is this your regular gig, working here?

WAITER

Yeah.

HANK

How's your stock portfolio doing?

WAITER

I'm sorry?

HANK

Don't worry about it.

Hank looks vindicated.

WAITER

Yeah, I'm gonna keep on working at this place, at least until I graduate.

KAREN

You're at school?

WAITER

Yeah. NYU.

KAREN

Did you hear that, Hank?
(to Waiter)
What are you studying?

WAITER

It's embarrassing.

BECCA

Go on.

HANK

Television Repair?

WAITER
Quantum Mechanics.

KAREN
Wow!

The women are mesmerized.

HANK
You have just blown your tip big
time, my friend.

WAITER
(holding menus)
Desserts?

HANK
(good natured)
Gimme those. Go on, get out of
here.

The Waiter walks off.

HANK (cont'd)
(off Becca's satisfied
look)
I can still ground you.
(to Karen)
We can still ground her, right?

But Karen and Becca are both drooling after the Waiter.

INT. GMP OFFICES - DAY

Charlie is waiting in the glossy reception area when Hank
arrives.

Charlie is looking jumpy and paranoid, his hands can't stop
fidgeting. And he has a few bruises on his face.

CHARLIE
You're late.

HANK
No I'm not.

CHARLIE
No, well, you're nearly late. You
ready? You ready for this? Yeah?

HANK
Are you okay?

CHARLIE
Yes. Why? What? What is it?

HANK

Nothing, except that you're jiggling about like a crack whore.

(noticing the bruises)

Did you forget to pay your pimp?

CHARLIE

It's nothing. I got into a bit of a tussle.

HANK

Who with?

CHARLIE

A bell boy who, it turned out, is also currently a semi-pro Bantam weight back in Mexico. I'm thinking of representing him.

HANK

You look terrible.

CHARLIE

I'm not sure that coke and Xanax work that well for me.

HANK

No kidding.

A well-dressed, slick man in his late 30's comes to greet them. This is DANIEL REESE, a new executive at GMP.

REESE

Hi. Hank, Charlie. I am Daniel Reese, I am the new Creative Director at GMP.

HANK

Congratulations.

REESE

Shall we?

They follow him. Charlie looks around, suspicious of everything.

EXT. SOHO, NYC - DAY

Karen and Becca are sitting outside a coffee shop in a bustling area, as Marcy rocks up wearing big sunglasses.

KAREN

That looks painful.

MARCY
(feeling her way to the
table)
I can't focus.

KAREN
Let me get you a coffee.

BECCA
(pointing at a guitar
shop down the street)
Can I go look over there?

KAREN
Well, okay, but no further. We'll
be right here.

BECCA
Okay.

Becca walks off.

MARCY
She's growing up fast, right?

KAREN
She's beautiful.

MARCY
She's a lot like Hank.

KAREN
I know. Kill me now!

Karen is taking in the atmosphere that she had almost forgotten - funky couples, people chatting, reading, the odd lunatic.

MARCY
(re: NYC)
Do you miss it?

KAREN
Are you kidding me? It's New
York. Of course I miss it. But
it's not home anymore.

MARCY
Good. I want you in California
with me.

They hug.

MARCY (cont'd)
Ugh! I just had an image of
Charlie naked wrestling the bell
boy.

(MORE)

MARCY (cont'd)
 (off Karen's confused
 look)
 It's a story.

EXT. GUITAR SHOP

Becca is about to enter the guitar shop when she sees a tattoo shop two doors down.

She looks at the various designs on the wall. Then she looks back to see Karen engrossed in conversation with Marcy.

INT. GMP MEETING ROOM - DAY

A grey-haired man in his 60's is also in the meeting, sitting quietly at one end of the room. This is RONALD BAKER. First impressions are that he looks stiff and unimaginative.

Reese is leading --

REESE
 I want to thank you again for
 making the time to meeting with
 us.

HANK
 Sure. You're paying.

REESE
 (laughing)
 Right.

CHARLIE
 (too suspicious)
 What's this about?

HANK
 (to Charlie)
 Easy Pablo.
 (to Reese)
 Excuse him. He's been snowed
 under these last few days.

REESE
 Sure. No, I like that. Straight
 down to business.

CHARLIE
 (to Reese, re: Hank)
 You talk to me, not to him.

REESE
 I thought I was.

CHARLIE
 Okay. Continue.

REESE

Right. Well, obviously we are very proud to have been a part of the process in publishing Hank's last novel which really was a terrific piece of work.

(to Charlie, re: Hank)

Can I talk to him?

CHARLIE

You can.

REESE

(to Hank)

Congratulations Hank. It was a marvellous piece of writing.

HANK

Okay.

REESE

So really the purpose of this meeting is to brain storm a few ideas and see where we are in terms of pulling the trigger on another great work from Hank Moody.

Hank is picking up the distinct whiff of bullshit.

CHARLIE

Okay, good. That's good to hear. Hank has been working on a few...

HANK

(to Reese)

What elements from my last book would you want me to develop in a new book?

REESE

Hey, don't ask me! I'm just a pen pusher around here. I wouldn't dream of telling you what to write or how to write it. That's not what we're about at GMP. We back our authors.

HANK

But I thought we were "brain storming"?

REESE

I just meant strategy, support. As I said, we're all about backing up our writers with whatever they need.

HANK

I could do with back rub. You
wanna rub my back? Charlie, you
need anything?

CHARLIE

(to Hank)
What are you doing?

HANK

(to Reese)
What were the sales on "God Hates
Us All"?

REESE

About 837,000 worldwide.

HANK

How many translations?

REESE

Nineteen countries.

HANK

And what was Zac's first job in
the book?

The question relates to a character in the book and Reese
is stumped.

Hank stands.

HANK (cont'd)

(to Charlie)
He hasn't read it.

CHARLIE

Of course he's read it.

Hank walks out.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

You read it, right?

Reese looks lost.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

You didn't fucking read his book?
You didn't read it?

Charlie reaches into his pocket and pops a Xanax. And
another.

EXT. SOHO, NYC - DAY

Karen is kissing Marcy goodbye.

KAREN
You take it easy.

MARCY
I might check into a hospital.

Marcy leaves as Becca approaches, tugging her sleeves down.

KAREN
(to Becca)
I was just about to send out a
search party.

BECCA
Here I am.

Karen's phone rings.

KAREN
(into phone)
Hello? What? I can't hear you.

But just then a taxi pulls up with Hank in it.

HANK
Get in!

KAREN
What?

HANK
Get in!

Hank and Becca bundle into the taxi.

KAREN
What are you doing, Hank?

HANK
(to Becca)
Hey sweetheart.
(to Karen)
Put this on.

Hank starts blindfolding Karen's eyes with a scarf.

KAREN
What is this?

HANK
Just put it on. It's a surprise.

INT. GMP MEETING ROOM - DAY

Charlie is now pretty drowsy and loose.

REESE

If you could get your client to actually write something, anything, ever, we wouldn't even be having this meeting!

CHARLIE

(dopey, giggling)
He didn't read the book. You should read the book.

REESE

It's not my job to read the fucking books.

CHARLIE

You should read the book because it's actually good.

The old man, Ronald Baker, finally stands up.

BAKER

Daniel.

REESE

Yes.

BAKER

(pleasant)
Fuck off.

Reese is silenced. But then quietly walks towards the door.

BAKER (cont'd)

Thank you.

Baker comes around to sit next to Charlie.

BAKER (cont'd)

Daniel couldn't spot talent if it crapped right on his eyeballs. But he sure can market the hell out of anything.

(beat)

We want to work with Hank again. Can we talk about how to make that happen?

CHARLIE

Yes.

BAKER

Good. And Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yes.

BAKER

You really shouldn't do coke
before a meeting. It's not your
drug.

CHARLIE

I'm starting to see that.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE/JEFFERSON MARKET GARDEN - DAY

The taxi pulls up and they all get out, Karen still
blindfolded.

HANK

(guiding Karen)
Look out. Step.

Karen negotiates the sidewalk.

KAREN

Where are we?

HANK

Hang on.

Hank leads her into Jefferson Market Garden, an oasis in
the heart of Greenwich Village.

He removes her blindfold and when she sees where she is,
her eyes light up.

BECCA

What is this?

HANK

Come on, I'll show you.

They walk though the garden. Karen holds Hank's hand. He
was always the king of the romantic gesture.

They walk over to a remote corner. With his foot, Hank
sweeps away some soil from a paving stone, revealing a
chain of flowers that has been engraved into it like a
fossil.

HANK (cont'd)

(to Becca)
Recognize that?

Becca looks at the engraving and sees that it is identical
to the tattoo Karen has on her wrist.

BECCA

It's the same.

KAREN

My father brought me here when I
was very young.

(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)

We sat in this garden for hours.
Apparently I spent the entire
time sitting there, tracing the
pattern with my fingers.

(she squats and touches
the engraving)

I liked the touch of it.

(beat)

I haven't been back since dad
died.

Karen's eyes fill with tears and she hugs Hank.

HANK

Let's go home.

Becca pulls up her sleeve to reveal a small tattoo.

Hank and Karen are both shocked.

KAREN

Oh honey.

But Becca simply licks her fingers and rubs the tattoo. It
smears. She now understands that a tattoo has to mean
everything to you and nothing to anyone else.

HANK

Come on.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Hank and Karen are seated, waiting to take off. They look
at each other thoughtfully and hold hands. Their lives have
moved on. Life is where you are now, not where your
memories are.

Charlie boards the plane. He is late. He still looks very
dopey from the Valium and is smiling at everyone.

He sits next to Marcy.

MARCY

Good of you to join us.

HANK

How did it go?

CHARLIE

It went fine.

HANK

Yeah?

CHARLIE

Yeah. It went well. In fact, they
offered us an advance.

HANK
Oh yeah?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

HANK
How much?

CHARLIE
Big.

HANK
Scale of one to ten?

CHARLIE
One to ten? Vulgar. Obscene
almost.

HANK
Good work, C-Dog.

MARCY
Well done, baby.

They all relax back into their seats, thoughtful but content.

CHARLIE
Just one thing. They want you to
write it in New York.

They all look at Charlie who, with those words, passes out.

Hank and Karen look at each other. Is this going to be the thing that finally tears them apart?

They grip each other's hands even tighter.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW