

FADE IN:

INT. HANK'S PLACE - MORNING

KAREN is hustling around the house getting ready as HANK is on his laptop in bed. He heads over to the skin sites, but forgets he had his volume all the way up for music.

SPEAKERS

Oh god. oh god. Harder, slap me...

Karen walks into the doorway from the other room.

KAREN

Jesus Hank, you can't even wait till I'm out the door?

HANK

I'm all backed up over here, it's affecting my day to day.

KAREN

Don't worry I'll be out of your way soon.

Karen leaves the doorway, still searching around the apartment. Hank hollers after her...

HANK

You have a world class appendage over here, I'm surprised it's so easy for you to reject.

KAREN

I can't say I'm feeling all that attracted to you at the moment.

HANK

But it's in the top 1%, I measured.

KAREN

I don't doubt that you did.

HANK

What do you have going on today?

KAREN

Umm, work, as soon as I can find my keys.

Hank slowly rolls out of bed and over to the counter where he slides a magazine off the top of the keys that were accidentally hidden underneath. Hank doesn't mention he found them.

HANK

Maybe it's a sign, just blow this thing off and spend the day with me.

KAREN

We do have a daughter to support, and you haven't written so much as a haiku in a few months...

Karen stops and takes a breath.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Lets just.. not, ok? Before it gets ugly.

HANK

I can't force the words woman, it's like a literary clitoris, you have to be gentle and then it will reveal itself unto thee.

KAREN

At least then something would be stimulated around here.

HANK

If I didn't know any better I'd actually think you were mad at me.

KAREN

Have you written anything this week? This month? I just don't understand what goes on around here all day.

HANK

Hmm what could I write about, our blissful and stress free reunion perhaps?

KAREN

I guess I just don't understand why we're still in LA. Becca seems happy after settling in Brooklyn.

HANK

Yeah today she is.

KAREN

If you can't find some way to occupy your time here, we're moving back to New York, it's that simple.

Hank is no longer interested in her staying home.

HANK

What if, I had some small idea
where your keys were.

KAREN

Be. fucking. kidding.

HANK

I can't let you leave when you're
so clearly pissed at me.

At this Karen walks to the kitchen leaving Hank in the bedroom, not sure what she's doing until he throws some pants on and heads in to the kitchen to find Karen pouring out his bottle of Glenlivet into the sink.

HANK (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing woman?!

KAREN

I think some phrase it as, lighting
a fire under your ass. At least now
I know you'll leave the house
today. Keys?

Hank plants the keys on the counter with the understanding that she'll stop pouring, she doesn't. She's staring at him as she shakes the last few drops out of the bottle. Grabs her keys and heads for the door. Hank calls after her...

HANK

I'm still willing if you are.

Door slams, MAIN TITLES.

INT. HANK'S PLACE - MORNING

Hank at the computer, there's a glass with the empty bottle of Glenlivet resting on the top upside down dripping the remaining scotch. Finally he hears his phone blowing up in the other room, ecstatic that someone is giving him a reason not to write.

HANK

Hey, there's the most beautiful
girl at the ball!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

BECCA is just leaving a publishing house in New York, filing out onto the sidewalk with all the other lemmings.