

CRASHING

101E v4: "Hank Andrews"

Written by

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INT. UPSTATE NY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pete and Bekah are sitting on the floor eating take-out and watching tv.

PETE

Are you using your lemon?

BEKAH

Am I using my lemon?

PETE

Yeah, are you gonna use it?

Bekah has played this game many times. Pete is up to something and she smells it a mile away.

BEKAH

No. That's weird, you're saying you want my lemon?

PETE

Yeah, I want your lemon. If you're not using it.

BEKAH

You just, feel like some citrus.

PETE

Yes. My food could use a little citrus flavor.

Bekah hands Pete her lemon. Pete takes the peel and cuts little slices into it, making A ROW OF GIGANTIC FAKE TEETH. He puts them in his mouth and turns, stone faced, to Bekah.

PETE (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm beautiful?

BEKAH

Oh, see that's weird. I thought you just wanted the lemon for your food but you went and made novelty teeth. For the millionth time.

PETE

Madam, these are not novelty teeth. These are my natural, human teeth.

Pete tries to take a bite of his pad thai with the lemon teeth still in. He turns to Bekah again, this time with noodles in his "teeth."

PETE (CONT'D)
What? What is it? Do I have...? Ah,
there's something in my enormous
teeth.

Bekah laughs, despite herself. Pete laughs as well, too hard
for his own joke. His teeth fall out as Pete collapses onto
Bekah, raining sweet little kisses down upon her.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTATE NY HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Pete and Bekah are doing dishes together.

BEKAH
Ugh. We eat out too much.

PETE
You're right. Maybe I'll cook! We
just need a few things.

Pete approaches the IPOD DOCK with his hands too soapy to
touch the screen and UNLOCKS THE IPOD AND PUTS ON MUSIC (Jack
Johnson's "Gone" or similar) with his nose.

Pete awkwardly dances up behind Bekah and kisses her neck.

BEKAH
You're the only man I've ever known
whose sex music is Jack Johnson.

PETE
I bet Jack Johnson's sex music is
Jack Johnson.
(then, baby voice)
Gimme real kiss.

They kiss.

PETE (CONT'D)
"I think I got some of your
pickle."

Pete waits for a reaction to his impression but gets none.

PETE (CONT'D)
Good Will Hunting!

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTATE NY HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Bekah are having basic sex. She has A TINY ORGASM.

PETE
(winded)
Was that you?

BEKAH
(kinda)
Yeah.

PETE
Can we do naughty style?

BEKAH
Agh...

PETE
We don't have to. I promise I won't
look at your starfish.

BEKAH
No. We can. It's just... do you
have to call it "naughty style?"

PETE
That's what we've always called it.
It's the naughtiest of styles.

BEKAH
It's just... It's "doggy style."
And it's not my starfish, it's my
asshole.

PETE
Woah, what? You sound like Howard
Stern. And I don't want "dog
style," you're my baby angel.

Pete GIVES HER A FLURRY OF BABY KISSES, she stops him.

BEKAH
So why not call it "from behind"?
Or better yet, don't call it
anything. Don't ask. Just flip me
over like you're passionately
taking what's yours.

PETE
But I have you. You're my wife, and
I'm already inside of you. Well,
mostly. This conversation is making
him shy.

BEKAH
I know what'll help.

Bekah reaches down and RIPS OFF PETE'S CONDOM.

PETE
Woah, what are you doing?

BEKAH
I'm *trying* to do something new with you! C'mon. Just once. Do it raw dog.

PETE
"Raw dog"?! What's gotten into you?

BEKAH
I'm on the pill, Peter. And I take it every day, even before you text me three times to remind me.

PETE
I remind you because you forget, kind of all the time. Sweetums, it's a big deal. If men had to take the pill we'd all just agree to take it at 4pm. All of us. As a Nation, none of this guess work.

BEKAH
Are you doing a bit right now?

PETE
I have tried that on stage, yes.

BEKAH
C'mon...

Fed up, Bekah pulls Pete into her. He can't help but like it.

PETE
Ho! Okay... Wow! So this is what all the buzz is about!

BEKAH
There you go. Yes, see? Are you--?

Pete IMMEDIATELY REACHES CLIMAX.

PETE
Hoo! Wow. Completely different. Completely different animal. Wow... You are a *wild woman*...

We hear the METRO NORTH TRAIN faintly in the distance.

PETE (CONT'D)
I think we have some spermicide in
my carry-on...

TITLE: CRASHING

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY - 5PM

Sweet acoustic music ("*Naked as We Came*" or similar) plays as
we see Pete's NIGHTLY ROUTINE.

Pete backs out of the driveway of his modest suburban home in
SLEEPY HOLLOW, NY. ANGLE ON: TWO STICKER DECALS of a STICK
FIGURE COUPLE HOLDING HANDS ON HIS REAR WINDSHIELD.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-87 SOUTH - MOMENTS LATER

Pete sits in crawling traffic on the freeway. Outside are
angry drivers, bird flipping. Meanwhile:

INT. PETE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pete is staying positive listening to "*YOUR BEST LIFE NOW*" by
MEGA PASTOR JOEL OSTEEN on CD.

JOEL OSTEEN
... so many are missing out on
God's *best* because they don't
realize that the good things in
life have already been paid for.
They may be on their way to heaven,
but they don't realize what has
been included in the price of their
ticket...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - 7:15PM

Finally in the city, Pete is walking up to the club. A
homeless man, BUTCH, is standing outside talking to himself.

PETE
Hiya, Butch!

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

The sweet music starts to fade out as we enter a bar with a small comedy stage downstairs. It's 6pm, the sun still out.

Pete puts his name on a piece of paper and drops it into a BUCKET that says "OPEN MIC SIGN UP."

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB SHOWROOM - LATER

LIGHT CROWD. Pete is about to go on. A very inexperienced, sweet OPEN MIC COMEDIAN is meekly on stage.

OPEN MIC COMEDIAN

I know vampires are afraid of the sign of the cross, but do you think they're also afraid of lowercase t's?

A few laughs, a cough.

OPEN MIC COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. Alright, the next guy coming up is Pete Holmes, and I shouldn't have said his name until the end of this intro but I messed up. But... Give it up for Pete Holmes.

Applause. Pete takes the stage.

PETE

Thanks, everybody! So, this is my face. I know I don't really look like a comedian. "Hu-ha!" I know. I like to think that there are millions of different universes, each slightly different from the last, and this universe, the one we're in right now is the only one where I'm not a youth pastor. Does that make sense? I feel like I should be in a carpeted gymnasium wearing a guitar with a rainbow strap like, "Who wants to rap about the Lord?"

Pete is doing fine considering there's only SEVEN PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE. The OPEN MIC COMEDIAN is TALKING WITH ANOTHER COMEDIAN in the back.

OPEN MIC COMEDIAN
Do you know if anyone has a bit
about how tempting it is to swallow
toothpaste because it's so
delicious? I love mint.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - LATER

SWEET MUSIC resumes as Pete exits the club and hands the homeless man, Butch, a STYROFOAM TO-GO CONTAINER.

PETE
Hey man, you like burgers?

BUTCH
Yeah.

PETE
Cheese burgers?

BUTCH
Yeah.

PETE
Alright!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bekah is sleeping soundly as Pete eats cereal and watches A 1983 CLIP OF JERRY SEINFELD on his iPad with earphones. He stifles a laugh, Bekah tosses a little.

PETE
Sorry, Baby Angel.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

11am. Pete wakes up, alone in the bed, spooning a pillow.

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bekah is coming back from a morning jog. Pete kisses her goodbye, holding his notebook covered in STEVE MARTIN DECALS.

EXT. UPSTATE NY SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - LATER

Pete is loading groceries into the backseat of his car.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Pete parks in the driveway.

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - FOURIER - CONTINUOUS

Pete enters and sees their landlord, MRS HELVIG (80s), who lives upstairs. She is getting her mail.

PETE
Oh, hi, Mrs. Helvig.

MRS. HELVIG
Oh. Peter. I thought you were home.

PETE
No. Why?

Suddenly a LOUD THUD comes from Pete's floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete pokes his head in.

PETE
Hello? Baby? Sweetums?

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: An overhead shot of Bekah's head on the pillow. Her eyes open in a PANIC.

BEKAH
Oh my God!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete opens the door to their bedroom. Bekah is in her underwear, clearly worked up, sitting on the bed and trying to look casual.

PETE
Sweetest? Woah.

BEKAH
Peter. Hi. Hello.

PETE
"Hello."

BEKAH
I... thought you were writing jokes
at the library?

PETE
I am. I just came home to put a few
'gredients in the crock pot. What's
going on here?

BEKAH
Well, uh... this is embarrassing. I
was masturbating.

PETE
Oh. Baby Boo, that's okay. Don't
feel weird, I take myself to dinner
from time to time, too. Are you
sweating?

BEKAH
Yeah. I was really going for it.

A NOISE FROM THE BATHROOM.

PETE
Oh my God. Stay right there.

BEKAH
Peter, I--

PETE
Shhh... I think we're getting
robbed. Is the tazer charged?

SUDDENLY, A NAKED MAN, LEIF (35, fit) exits the bathroom BUTT
ASS NAKED, arms out, palms up as if surrendering.

LEIF
Brother, I am so sorry--

Pete JUMPS OUT OF HIS SKIN.

PETE
WOAH! What the--?! OH!

BEKAH
What are you doing?!

LEIF
Baby, it had to come out.

PETE
Who is this?!

LEIF
Listen, my name is Leif, and I'm so
sorry you're finding out like this.

PETE
Leif?! Leif?!!! Who is this?!

BEKAH
Baby--

The two men are unsure who that "baby" was for. Then:

PETE
(whiney, desperate)
Bubba!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

In a sheet, Bekah is sitting on the couch across from Pete.

BEKAH
Oh my God. Peter. I never wanted
this to happen.

PETE
What to happen? What is happening?

BEKAH
Peter, I came home and found your
sleepy socks on the kitchen floor
and a bowl of old cereal in the
bathtub.

PETE
So you had an *affair*?

BEKAH
No! It's-- You don't need a *wife*,
you need a nanny. I'm like your mom-
wife, and I don't want to be your
mom-wife. I need passion!

PETE

I didn't mean to leave the cereal in the tub, I'm sorry, I don't even remember doing that, and sleepy socks are so big they slip right off sometimes, that's why they're good sleepy socks, they're baggy, they *breathe*. Your dad got them for me for Christmas...

BEKAH

Please, listen. "This." It's off balance. It's *been* off balance. I completely support you, I work while you're pursuing *your* dream.

PETE

Yeah, like a wife who supports a guy in medical school!

BEKAH

But you're not in medical school! You tell jokes for free that *cost* us twenty bucks in gas! You don't even have a credit card.

PETE

Why would I have a credit card, I don't have any money!

BEKAH

It's not-- Up until yesterday, we hadn't had sex in weeks!

PETE

That's a scheduling issue! *You* wanted to live upstate! I have to leave for the city just as you're coming home. Ships! Night!

BEKAH

No. It's not. This whole time it was like we were playing marriage. It was too sweet, like those greeting cards with the photos of toddlers getting married in the tiny suits and dresses? That was us.

PETE

Yes! Adorable!

BEKAH

No! It was like cutesy, fake love.
And I'm not in fake love with you
anymore.

Pete takes this in.

PETE

Wait. You made me have unprotected
sex with you *yesterday*. How do we
know *he* doesn't have AIDS?

WIDEN TO REVEAL: LEIF HAS BEEN THERE THIS WHOLE TIME.

LEIF

No, I hear that, brother. And trust
me, I don't have AIDS. I got tested
just before I got married.

PETE

You're married?!

LEIF

Yes I am. And I have to take
responsibility for that on my end.
This is hard for all of us.

(then)

You know what? I'm going to give
you two a moment. I'll just be in
here.

PETE

Yeah, go in my room.

LEIF

Speak from your hearts.

Exit Leif.

BEKAH

Peter, I'm sorry. He's leaving his
wife. I'm leaving you. We are going
to be together.

PETE

Don't. What? I can't... How did you
even meet this guy? When did this
happen?

BEKAH

We work together.

PETE
Are you serious? God, Bubba! He's
not even a comedian!

BEKAH
So?

PETE
So you're leaving me for a
civilian??

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pete SLAMS HIS CAR DOOR and starts the car. The JOEL OSTEEN
CD resumes.

JOEL OSTEEN
... God's *favor* is all around us.
Lord, thank you for your *favor*...

Pete SLAMS AROUND for the eject button and hastily reverses
out of the driveway, KNOCKING OVER A PLASTIC GARBAGE CAN. He
exits the car and PICKS UP THE GARBAGE CAN, sweet to the end.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB - EVENING

Pete sits in his car toying with an ICE SCRAPER. He gets out,
DOES SOMETHING UNSEEN TO THE CAR, throws the scraper back in
the car, locks it, and starts to walk.

Pete returns to the Village Underground. Another comedian,
JOHN FOX (31), is smoking outside.

JOHN FOX
Pete? What are you doing here? It's
after nine!

PETE
I don't know... I wanted to hang
out. What are you doing?

JOHN FOX
Ah, just waiting to see what kind
of smoosh comes out.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB - BAR AREA - LATER

John and Pete are sitting in a booth. The same cheery club seems DARKER now, more ADULT and GRITTY.

JOHN FOX

So how you doing man? I haven't see you in forever.

PETE

I'm... fine. I'm just-- What have you been up to?

JOHN FOX

Ah, just fucking your wife. The usual.

A waitress approaches.

JOHN FOX (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, can we get two cans of whatever and two shots of something brown?

(then, to Pete)

... You're drinking, right?

CUT TO:

LATER. The booth is FULL OF LATE NIGHT "DIRTY" comedians now, JIM DELFINO boxing Pete in, facing CHRIS DOYLE and John.

JOHN FOX (CONT'D)

How was the Strip?

DOYLE

It was AIDS! They call it the dirty show, but I'm getting *groans* for doing my "even if you're straight vaginas are kinda disgusting" bit. It was like a tour bus of sixty-year-old women in jazzy night-out jackets, gasping.

JOHN FOX

Did you consider not doing the bit?

DOYLE

Fuck 'em. I'm not telling them anything they don't know! It was mostly ladies, they know it's weird down there.

The WAITRESS APPROACHES with FOUR SHOTS.

WAITRESS

Gentlemen...

Each guy grabs their shot, Pete is UNSURE WHAT TO DO.

JOHN FOX

(toasting)

Well, it feels right: to weird
vaginas.

Everyone but Pete SLAMS THE SHOT WITH EASE. Pete is reluctant
and takes a TINY SIP from the top. It's DISGUSTING TO HIM.

PETE

Uhhhhg... no. Just... no.

JOHN FOX

Just throw it back, Sweetie. Don't
taste it, just...

PETE

I'm okay.

EVERYONE BUT PETE

You want a Bud Light Lime? / Glass
of Rose? / I think they have Zima.

A CLUB MANAGER approaches.

CLUB MANAGER

I just lit Keith but Hank's not
here yet. I need someone to go up.

EVERYONE BUT PETE

I already went on / I just went up.

JOHN FOX

What about the kid?

To Pete's surprise, John IS POINTING TO HIM.

JOHN FOX (CONT'D)

He can do it, he's funny.

CLUB MANAGER

Alright. Bring him up in two.

Exit Club Manager.

PETE

What was that?

JOHN FOX
It's the Big Leagues, Sunshine! A
real show!

PETE
No. I can't.

JOHN FOX
Why not?

DOYLE
Hole in your pants, no underwear?

JIM DELFINO
Your wife die?

DOYLE
Are you rolling?

PETE
My wife is leaving me.

JOHN FOX
Oh, shit.

DOYLE
(to Jim)
You were close.

PETE
I just caught her. With another
guy. Today.

ALL
Fuck me. / Oh, God. / Day sesh!

JOHN FOX
Jesus, man, I'm sorry...

A beat.

JOHN FOX (CONT'D)
But maybe... I don't know...

JIM DELFINO
What?

JOHN FOX
Maybe you should go up. Talk about
it on stage. Go at it raw.

JIM DELFINO
You're crazy. Look at him. His
fucking wife just left.

DOYLE

I mean that's what I'd do. You know there's some material in there.

PETE

I can't even think right now.

JOHN FOX

Just see what happens. Who cares? Remember when Tig got cancer? She talked about it *that night*. That set was legendary.

DOYLE

He's right. You should record it just in case it's huge.

PETE

I-- You really think so? I guess...

JIM DELFINO

Wait. Is this really happening?

The Club Manager returns.

CLUB MANAGER

We need to go, now.

PETE

Yeah. Okay. I'll tape it. You know. Just in case.

John and DOYLE continue to encourage as Pete exits. Then:

JOHN FOX

Who knows? Maybe he can pull it off.

DOYLE

Are you kidding me? I'm just fucking with him to see what happens. I didn't think he'd do it.

JIM DELFINO

Hoo boy.

The comedians take their drinks and RUSH BACK TO WATCH.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - SHOWROOM

John is onstage, bringing Pete up. He is clearly a PRO.

JOHN FOX

Alright, this next guy, you may not know but he's funny as fuck. Start clapping right now for Pete Holmes!

Pete walks onto the stage, looking like he shouldn't be.

PETE

How's everybody doing? Good? Alright. Uh... this is "raw." And "real." People like that, right? My wife, uh...

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(Borat)

"My wife!"

Laughs.

PETE

Yeah... "My wife"... fucked somebody else tonight.

The crowd falls DEAD SILENT. Waitress stop serving to look.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(Quiet, uncertain, Borat)

"My wife!"

We see JOHN, JIM and DOYLE huddled in the back to watch.

DOYLE

You know what? I *am* recording this.

PETE

Yeah. She fucked somebody else. Today. After seven years. Who knows, maybe it was the "seven year itch." Who knew you had to scratch that itch with another man's dick... penis?

DEATH.

PETE (CONT'D)

Right, buddy?

Pete points to a WEIRD LOOKING GUY IN THE FRONT ROW for support. He stares back, SHOCKED and SILENT.

PETE (CONT'D)

But, I know... it's fucked up,
right? Who knows, maybe that's
where that expression came from,
'fucked up.' You fuck somebody and
you fuck it up. Right?

(Seinfeld voice)

You want to fuck something up?
Start fucking! *That's* the best way
to fuck it up, with a good fucking!

In the back of the room, the CLUB MANAGER is frantically
flicking the RED LIGHT on and off, signaling Pete to get off
stage. It's SO QUIET you can hear the CLICKS.

CLUB MANAGER

(to John)

Get him off, now!

Pete is now CHOKING BACK TEARS, BARELY KEEPING IT TOGETHER.

PETE

(Seinfeld)

Fuuuuck!

PETE BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY, HIS FACE IN HIS HAND. JOHN FOX
CHARGES THE STAGE, ushering him off.

JOHN FOX

Pete Holmes everybody! ... Jesus
Christ. It's not right for a
comedian to sell out one of their
own, but: JESUS CHRIST.

Pete RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM. He passes HANK ANDREWS (30,
comedian), looking concerned, waiting to go on.

DOYLE

(re: recording, to Jim)

Is it unethical to post this?

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB - BAR - MIDNIGHT

The show is over, the crowd is exiting and avoiding eye
contact with Pete, sitting alone at the bar.

PETE

Hey, can I get a water please?

BARTENDER

Bottle?

PETE
Sink? Just sink water?

Suddenly A CLEARLY COKED UP DOYLE sits on an empty stool.

DOYLE
Yo.

PETE
Please, Chris. I can't. I just--

DOYLE
What? That was *fine*.

PETE
You think so?

DOYLE
You shouldn't ask follow-ups when you know someone's lying to you. Jesus. It was horrible! I mean, that was like a *question the direction of your life* kind of set. I mean, it had to make you wonder.

PETE
Wonder what?

DOYLE
If you should even be doing comedy!

Pete SHOCK is met with Doyle's unblinking stare.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Listen, can I give you some unsolicited advice?

PETE
If I say "yes," it'll be solicited.

DOYLE
I mean, I've never said this to anyone before, I mean, I've *wanted* to, but I've never said it out loud to a person, just... Maybe this isn't for you! There! I said it! Is that so terrible?

PETE
Are you kidding me, man?

DOYLE
No! Why does that have to be such a bad thing?

PETE

Because I love comedy. This is what I want to do.

DOYLE

So? Dabble! Be like the funny guy in the office who hosts the annual picnic award show. "Best Blouses." That's you. You belong handing a chubby woman named Deb an award for best blouse. Way to go, Deb. But this? This world is brutal. It's bombing, it's no money for like, ten years, and even then it's no guarantee. Hecklers. Fights. Sleeping all day and staying up all night which, I just read, decreases your life span by like 30%. This isn't you. You're like a married, upstate *Jeopardy!* at 7 bed by 9:30 guy.

PETE

Chris, I'm a comedian.

DOYLE

You don't look like a comedian. Billowing khakis, free t-shirt from your bank. You look like my dad. You look like *everyone's* dad. Half these animals are on coke. The other half are Thai massage handjob addicts. Me personally, I'm both of those things. Maybe, dude, just go home.

(then)

What are you drinking?

PETE

What am I--? You want to buy me a drink after that?

DOYLE

Yeah. I like you. What do you drink? Chardonnay? You look like your favorite drink is Eucharist.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE UNDERGROUND COMEDY CLUB - BAR - 12:45AM

It's quieter now, most of the people have left. Pete is finishing his cider as HANK ANDREWS, the comedian Pete was buying time for until he arrived, sits down with TWO SHOTS.

HANK

Dude. Sorry to hear it.

Hank gives Pete one of the shots. This time, Pete DOWNS IT no problem, then immediately regrets it.

PETE

Sorry you had to follow that.

HANK

Yeah.

(then)

You can't really *riff* about your wife fucking another dude. It's easier to riff about like a shitty mural or a dwarf in the front row drinking a drink bigger than his head. Wife fucking another dude material is something you need to write ahead of time.

Hank takes out a VAPORIZER and hits it.

HANK (CONT'D)

Here. Hit this.

PETE

What is it?

Pete starts inhaling.

HANK

It's just weed.

PETE

(exhaling)

I've never done weed before.

HANK

You've never-- okay, I'm gonna ignore you said that because this is the strongest shit I've ever smoked.

(then)

Here, hit it again. You never get high your first time.

CUT TO:

INT. LATE NIGHT PIZZA PLACE - LATER

Eric and Pete are sitting at a tiny booth eating pizza. Pete is laughing: mouth full, tearing up, complete abandon.

PETE

Magic Johnson's wife's name is
Cookie?

HANK

I mean, yeah. His name is *Magic*.
Meeting at a party, "Hi, I'm
Cookie." "I'm Magic." Then just a
giant hand shaking a little one.

Pete laughs a beautiful, silent, stoned laugh.

PETE

Oh my God... I feel like I'm
floating in a jar of honey.
(then)
How late is this place open?

HANK

It's always open. That's the city,
man. Even if you're broke, it makes
you feel like a millionaire.
Everyone gets personal chefs,
chauffeurs. Vietnamese women will
wash and fold your laundry for
like, three bucks. It's like living
inside the internet.

PETE

My wife wanted to live upstate.
She's a country mouse. She loves
trees and... deer. And... jogging
in the woods... looking at deer.

HANK

How old were you when you got
married?

PETE

Twenty-two.

HANK

Jesus.

PETE

I mean, yeah. We were raised in the
church. The whole thing, no sex
till marriage...

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

I never even proposed, I just knew we would get married the first time she... used her mouth?

HANK

That's how she proposed?

PETE

Yeah. It was like our *engagement blow job*.

HANK

On bended knee.

PETE

I don't know what I'm gonna do, man, I've never been without her. I don't just love her I *need* her.

HANK

Woah, buddy. Sounds a little co-do.

PETE

Co-do?

HANK

Co-dependent. Have you read *Co-Dependent No More*?

PETE

Oh, yeah. We were going to read that together.

HANK

I'll let you borrow it.

PETE

I keep waiting for her. Even now, you know? I caught myself scooting over like any second she's going to come out of the bathroom.

HANK

That's rough. But if you still love her, dude, you gotta fight for her. It's what she wants. She wants you to make it right.

PETE

How can I make it right? *She* cheated on *me*.

HANK

Yeah. It's hard to see from where you are, but if someone cheats on you, there was something they needed that you weren't giving them. She wasn't just horny.

PETE

Woah. Are you saying this is my fault?

HANK

No. Yes. Look, I don't know. I know you're like a sweet guy and everything, and you probably had great intentions and did your best, and I want to tell you it wasn't your fault, but if someone cheats on you -- while, no, it's not your fault -- it's definitely at least kind of your fault.

PETE

Geez, man!

HANK

I'm just shooting you straight. It's like when parents get divorced and they tell their kids it wasn't because of them, but yes. Yes it was. Mommy and daddy were doing just fine before these two little expensive, needy shits came along. Snot nosed, needing food and medicine. Sticky hands.

(then)

Look. I'm not telling you this to hurt your feelings, I'm trying to get you to see. This isn't over. Sometimes people just need to be chased.

PETE

But she told me she's leaving. He's leaving his wife, she's leaving me. They're going to be together.

HANK

Hold up, *he's* married? Dude. Have you seen a movie? Married guys are always fucking women and then lying to them like it's not just an affair.

(acting out)

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

"I'll leave her, baby, I promise."
"When, Jack? You've been saying
that for years!" "I promise, I'll
do it this weekend. Stop calling
the house."

(then)

But they never do. She's probably
just his slam piece. Sorry. But
seriously. Be a man. Go handle your
bitch.

PETE

You think?

HANK

All this will be here when you're
ready, but man, you have something
really special. I don't want to
sound like a *Fast and the Furious*
movie, but family really is the
most important thing.

Hank hits his vaporizer.

HANK (CONT'D)

(exhaling)

You need to protect that shit, it's
precious.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC PIZZA PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Pete and Hank exit the pizza place.

HANK

So what's up, man? What are you
gonna do tonight?

PETE

I was going to sleep in my car.

HANK

Why don't you just get a hotel?

PETE

I'm broke. I have like twelve
bucks.

HANK

What about your family?

PETE

They're in Boston. Plus, I don't want to tell them 'till I'm sure.

HANK

Well. Yeah. Car works. It's already 2am, the sun will be up in a few hours, speed up there and fix your shit. It's better than sleeping on the subway.

PETE

Okay.

Pete is quietly surprised that Hank isn't offering his place.

HANK

You thought I was gonna offer you my place?

PETE

I thought we were having fun.

HANK

We are. Like friends. And I don't want to ruin that with "help."

PETE

What do you mean?

HANK

Help, man. Help doesn't help. It just fucks everything up. You lend money, or let someone crash on your couch, twenty bucks becomes two-fifty, one night becomes a week, next thing you know I'm choking your lifeless body for getting pubes on my soap. Trust me.

Hank takes Pete's phone.

HANK (CONT'D)

But yo, here's my number. Let me know how it goes, I'm invested.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC CITY STREET - LATER

Pete walks back to his car. He turns the corner only to find HOLY SHIT: HIS CAR IS BEING TOWED. The TOW TRUCK is mid-lift, only Pete's REAR WHEELS ARE ON THE GROUND.

PETE

Ho! What are you doing?! This is me. That's my car!

TOW GUY

Read the sign.

PETE

Look, I'm sorry! I'll move it now. Just put it down and I'll go.

The TOW GUY completely ignores Pete and gets in his truck. Pete's had it. He summons his INNER BAD-ASS.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey... Dip shit!

A beat of disbelief. "*Dip shit*"?

TOW GUY

Fuck yourself!

The TOW GUY starts his truck to drive away. THAT'S IT! PETE UNLOCKS HIS CAR, CLIMBS IN AT AN ANGLE AND STARTS THE ENGINE.

PETE

Oh, F me? F ME?

TOW GUY

What are you doing?!

PETE STARTS THE CAR AND FLOORS IT IN REVERSE. The REAR WHEELS of the car SPIN AND SQUEAL. Pete's CAR STARTS TO FISHTAIL BACK AND FORTH.

PETE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

THE CHAINS AND BOOM RATTLE ON THE TOW TRUCK.

TOW GUY

Get the fuck out of there!!!

SUDDENLY, Pete's FRONT BUMPER DETACHES, SETTING HIM FREE AND FLYING WILDLY BACKWARDS, CRASHING INTO A TELEPHONE POLE.

A beat. Glass tinkling. Smoke. Then:

Pete TRIPS OUT to check the damage. It's minor, considering.

PETE

It's okay... it's not that bad.

Suddenly: BOOM. The TOW GUY SUCKER PUNCHES PETE.

BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. 2 TRAIN - 3AM

Pete is riding the subway wearing earbuds, leaning his head on the divider and sleeping. A GAGGLE OF DRUNK DRESSED-UP GIRLS migrate by, holding their heels, squawking loudly.

INT. 2 TRAIN - 4AM

Pete gets woken up by a BOOM BOX and BREAK DANCING. One of the teens grabs the BAR ABOVE PETE'S HEAD and does a flip while three other dancers CLAP AND YELL.

INT. 2 TRAIN - 5AM

Pete wakes up to find a FAT MIDDLE AGED MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM STARING. The train is otherwise COMPLETELY EMPTY. After a silent beat, THE MAN STARTS SINGING OPERA MUSIC IN A PERFECT FALSETTO. It's 42nd street. Pete jumps off the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - 6AM

We see the Metro North rushing upstate along the Hudson.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Pete trudges uphill towards his house. He looks determined, worn out and out of place. Pete waves hello MRS. HELVIG WATERING HER FLOWERS.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTATE NEW YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM

LEIF is sitting naked cross-legged on the bed with BEKAH STRADDLING him. They are making SLOW, INTENSE HIPPIE LOVE.

LEIF
Slowly, slowly. There you go. Now
breathe out ten strong breaths.

She does, as Leif counts. One, two, three...!

Suddenly, the door slowly swings open. It's Pete, already completely resigned to the immediately-apparent failure of his last ditch attempt. Bekah SCREAMS! They REMAIN STRADDLED.

BEKAH
Oh my God!! PETER!

PETE
(who cares?)
Sorry.

BEKAH
What are you doing here?!

LEIF
(completely calm)
Hey, brother.

PETE
You know what? I thought I came up
here to fight for you, for us! One
last Hail Mary, one final attempt
to save our *marriage*, but... I
can't! I can't compete with this!

LEIF
Speak your truth.

PETE
Okay, please shut up.

Pete starts to pack a LARGE DUFFLE BAG with clothes,
including his BAGGY SLEEPY SOCKS, still on the floor.

PETE (CONT'D)
It's just... You're clearly getting
something that I wasn't able to
give you from this and this man and
I don't know what I'm going to do
but I do know coming here was a
mistake and I need to leave this
place right now. So.

BEKAH

Peter. I--

PETE

Let me just get my things.

LEIF

This is difficult, I know, but I want you to know that I admire you for your grace under pressure.

PETE

Seriously. Could you not?

LEIF

I'm serious, brother. I just want to say your strength is inspiring to me. And for what it's worth...

Leif tries to hide the fact that he is having an ORGASM. HOO BOY. Everyone can tell.

PETE

Did you just...?

LEIF

No... No.
(then)
I'm proud of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC COFFEE SHOT - LATER

CUT TO:

INT. NYC COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Pete and Hank are having coffee.

PETE

It didn't work.

HANK

Like, not at all?

PETE

Not at all.

HANK

How was sleeping in the car?

PETE
Got towed. Slept on the train.

Hank awkwardly breathes in through his teeth (YIKES!) we...

CUT TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY STATION - EXIT - LATER

Hank and Pete are exiting the subway together.

PETE
You were right, man. I hate it. But
I think you were right.

HANK
Man, I wasn't even sure I was
right. I got a lot of that advice
from an episode of *Bones*.

The usual subway exit is taped off with CAUTION tape. A MAN
IN A HOODIE passes them and points down another corridor.

MAN IN HOODIE
It's down there.

HANK
Thanks. Well, I got nothing today
if you wanna, I don't know...
(then)
I don't think this is right.

Hank realizes they're walking towards a subway DEAD END. They
turn to see the MAN IN HOODIE POINTING A GUN AT PETE.

MAN IN HOODIE
Wallets and phones!

HANK
Oh, fuck!

PETE
What is happening?

MAN IN HOODIE
Wallets and phones. Now!

Eric hands the man his WALLET and GIGANTIC SMART PHONE.

HANK
Okay... okay, relax...

A clumsy moment as the mugger tries to hold the gun, the wallet and the giant phone. Pete sees an opportunity and SUDDENLY HEAD-BUTTS THE MUGGER who reels in pain! Pete can't believe what he's done: his first head-butt!

PETE
Ohhhhhh! I'm sorry!

HANK
What are you doing?!

PETE
I don't know!!

Surging with adrenaline, Pete FINISHES HIM OFF WITH AN OUT-OF-NOWHERE KICK TO THE CHEST. The mugger falls to the floor!

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh! SHIT! Sorry!

THE GUN SKIDS ACROSS THE GROUND.

HANK
Oh shit! We gotta go, man!

They start to leave, but Pete doubles back and GINGERLY PICKS UP THE GUN and PUTS IT IN THE TRASH.

PETE
Okay, now, now, now! Gogogogo!

CUT TO:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

The friends are AMPED and have retreated to Hank's small one-bedroom apartment. They are laughing with RELIEF.

HANK
Dude!! What the fuck just happened?!

PETE
I don't know!! I don't know, man! I just, I saw, his hands were full, and I really didn't want to get mugged. I've been towed, my wife is leaving me and I slept on the 2 train last night, but motherfucker you can't have my iPhone!

HANK

Holy shit, dude, you could've got yourself killed!

PETE

No. No, I knew. I wasn't afraid. I just knew.

HANK

Knew? Knew what?!

PETE

God, man. I knew God wouldn't let me die like that.

HANK

Well, this took an strange turn.

PETE

I'm serious! I told you I *believe*. Not pretend believe, I *believe* believe. God, baby! WOO!! The light of Christ is in me and shines through me!

HANK

Yeah, that's super weird. The safer move would've been to just give him our shit.

PETE

No, man! Why?

HANK

Because there definitely isn't a God and I don't want to die?

PETE

That's messed up. You shouldn't say that.

A beat. Hank goes into a closet and gets a SPARE PILLOW AND BLANKET and brings it to Pete on the couch.

HANK

Well. This is the least I can do for saving our ass. My phone is like eight hundred bucks and has tons of nudie pics. I owe you.

PETE

No "help doesn't help?"

HANK

No, that's real. This is for one night. For serious. Tomorrow I'm kicking you over to Burr or Mulaney or whoever.

Pete lies down. Hank goes to the kitchen to get a drink.

HANK (CONT'D)

I can't believe you got towed.

PETE

Yeah man. I googled it, it's like \$150 bucks to get it back so... I just have to wait till I have the cash.

HANK

You know that's \$150 a night, right?

PETE

Are you serious?!
(falling asleep)
Oh crap.

HANK

Maybe just go to the impound lot and head-butt some people, that'd work. Just tell them you're like a religious Jason Bourne karate-for-Jesus guy and not to fuck with you.

Hank returns and finds Pete COMPLETELY PASSED OUT. A beat, then Hank picks up Pete's keys from the end table.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - IN FRONT OF HANK'S BUILDING - LATER

It's midday. Pete's CAR pulls up and parks in front of the door. Reveal that Hank has CLAIMED PETE'S CAR for him while he was asleep.

Hank gets out and pushes the "boop-boop" button. As he walks out of frame, the camera floats back to Pete's car revealing Pete has REMOVED THE GIRL DECAL off the back of his car leaving just the SINGLE MAN STICKER standing there ALONE.

BLACK.

END OF SHOW