

"LOVE YOU MORE"

Written by

Bridget Everett, Bobcat Goldthwait and Michael Patrick King

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FADE IN:

INT. NYC BAR - NIGHT

KAREN BEST (39), a big girl with an angelic face and very ample cleavage, sits in an Upper West Side neighborhood dive bar. She takes a sip of white wine and looks around, hopeful. She glances to her left where a WOMAN is aggressively making out with a MAN she has pinned up against the bar. Karen nods; impressed.

KAREN  
Copy that.

BARTENDER  
(CALLS) Last call!

Karen takes another sip of wine and scans the room. BERNARD (40), a VERY SHORT (five feet and change) African-American man with inexplicable confidence, nods "cockily", checking her out. She quickly looks past him to the bar where WALTER, a LARGE handsome, Dominican man, just past his prime, looks back at her. He smiles. She smiles. She chugs the rest of her wine, re-adjusts her boobs in her halter top and starts, all 6'2" of her in heels, over to him. As she goes, Bernard scurries up to her.

BERNARD  
Hey baby. I couldn't take my eyes off you.

KAREN  
Awww, thanks sweetheart, but you really need to be (POINTS AT WALTER) that tall to ride this ride.

She continues over to Walter, who sips his drink as she arrives.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Hi. I would've been here sooner but I got held up talking to Kevin Hart.

Walter smiles. Karen sits down on the stool next to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You like big girls?

WALTER  
Yeah, I like big girls.

KAREN  
Okay, then I've come to the right place.

The BARTENDER puts a glass of Chardonnay in front of Karen. She looks over at him, confused. He points across the bar.

BARTENDER

From the guy over there.

Karen turns and sees Bernard across the room. He smiles and nods at her - sure of himself. She turns back to Walter.

WALTER

Who's that?

KAREN

Some dreamer.

Walter laughs - takes a sip of his drink. Looks at her.

WALTER

So.

KAREN

So.

WALTER

You're very pretty.

KAREN

You're very pretty.

WALTER

You like getting crapped on?

KAREN

Whoa.

Karen turns away and picks up the fresh glass of wine on the bar; sips - then looks back over her shoulder to Bernard.

INT. KAREN'S APT./BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Karen is having sex with Bernard. He is doing her from behind. Her panties are off but her halter top is still on.

KAREN

Oh, yeah. Yeah, right there.

BERNARD

So... your name is Karen?

Karen looks back at him - surprised.

KAREN

Yeah. (THEN) Did I tell you that?

BERNARD

No, it's written right here.

He glances down to her lower back where there is a TRAMP STAMP that says "Karen" surrounded by pretty, fading flowers. He continues to pump away - she MOANS - very into it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
My name is Bernard.

KAREN  
(LOOKS BACK AGAIN, LOST) What?

BERNARD  
My name is Bernard.

KAREN  
Man, you sure talk a lot for someone with such a big dick.

BERNARD  
I just thought it would be nice if you knew my name. What do you do for a living?

KAREN  
I'm a mental health care professional, now be quiet and fuck me.

He doubles his efforts and really starts pounding away.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(SURPRISED AT THE FORCE) Oh shit, yeah. Jesus Christ, what the fuck?!

As he pounds away; Karen's phone on the bed-table starts to VIBRATE. She glances down - the FACE of a RUDDY, HANDSOME, WHITE GUY (mid 30's) smiles up at her - under his photo it says: "Simon". Karen turns and looks back to Bernard.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Stop.

But he continues pounding away, his eyes closed - oblivious. She reaches for the phone - but it's just out of her grasp. As Bernard thrusts, the bed rocks, shaking the end-table and causing the STILL VIBRATING phone to move even further away toward the edge of the table as she reaches.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Stop. Wait... stop. (LOUD) Stop!

He stops but - too late. The phone falls off the edge followed by the table lamp - which CRASHES to the floor. Karen looks down - the lamp's ceramic body is broken but the light bulb is still on (it landed on a pile of folded laundry on floor) and her phone screen is now dark - he hung up. The bedroom door opens: JEAN (69), a sweet Midwest looking woman in a pink terry cloth robe and slippers, looks in - concerned.

JEAN

Is everything alright in -- (SEES THEM: TURNS WHITE) Oh - oh, no.

Karen quickly grabs the sheet from the bed to cover herself. Jean takes a step back behind the door and uses it to block her vision of Karen and the sweaty, naked Bernard.

KAREN

(CALLS) Everything's fine. Thanks.

JEAN

I heard you yelling: "Stop!" and I thought you -- oh, sorry.

Jean backs out of the room; closing door behind her. Silence.

BERNARD

Ah - what should I -- ?

KAREN

Just keep going.

Bernard starts again. After a few pumps, Karen's back into it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Oh yeah. Hmmm-hmmm.

BERNARD

You live with your mom?

KAREN

That's not my mom, that's my roommate.

BERNARD

Why you got an old roommate?

KAREN

Craig's List. Shhh - I'm close.

BERNARD

(PUMPING AWAY) I'm gonna nut. I'm about to nut. Imma nut.

KAREN

Me too. Me too.

BERNARD

(LOOKS DOWN) Shit baby, the condom just broke. Should I stop?

KAREN

Don't stop - I have a Morning After pill.

She orgasms; he orgasms - his body shakes. Then, he falls forward, spent, onto her back; satisfied. He EXHALES into the hair around her ear and says - ever so sweetly.

BERNARD

I'll never betray you

KAREN

(SILENCE; THEN) That's weird.  
Well, I've gotta get up early.

BERNARD

Alright, baby. But just let me lay here for a second. You comfy.

KAREN

Okay, but just for a second.

BERNARD

Cool. But don't roll over - (RE: BREASTS)  
you'll kill me with those things.

He closes his eyes, Karen sighs - then closes her eyes.

INT. KAREN'S APT./BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Birds tweet. Karen is sound asleep laying ON TOP of Bernard. Bernard stirs, but he can't move - trapped under Karen.

BERNARD

Baby, baby, I can't feel my arm.

She wakes up - looks at Bernard - disoriented; then she grabs her phone from the bed near his other arm and looks at it.

KAREN

Fuck! How is it 8:30?!

BERNARD

I hit snooze. I thought we'd sleep in and go for breakfast. You like pancakes?

She picks up his pants from the floor and tosses them to him.

KAREN

Put those on. I'm gonna be late.

He reaches to pick them up - but can't grab them.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hurry -- I'm never late for work.

BERNARD

Give me a second. I got the pins  
and needles.

He rubs circulation into his arm as she picks up a clean pair of panties from the laundry pile on the floor and pulls them on - then she picks up a bra laying under the still "on" lamp bulb. It has a big brown burn hole in it from the bulb.

KAREN

Shit.

She hurries to a drawer and grabs a WORN-OUT, BEAT-UP BRA.

BERNARD

Last night was very special.

KAREN

I'm out the door in five minutes.

Karen exits to bathroom as he successfully pulls up his pants.

INT. KAREN'S APT./BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karen is at the sink, the halter top from last night is on the floor and she is struggling to hook the beat-up bra in back using the last of the three mismatched "bra extenders". After it hooks, she opens the medicine cabinet door, takes out the "Morning After" pill box and starts to pop the pill out of it's foil. There is a KNOCK on the door, STARTLING Karen, who DROPS THE PILL down into the sink drain.

KAREN

No!

Karen quickly leans over the sink in a desperate attempt to grab the pill and sticks her tongue down the drain to maybe catch it. The door opens and Bernard enters, dressed to go.

BERNARD

So, can I see you again tonight?

KAREN

Oh my God, I don't have time for  
this.

BERNARD

Baby, when you say stuff like that  
it hurts my feelings.

KAREN

Alright, you gotta shut up and get  
the fuck out of my house!

BERNARD

(UN-FAZED) I get it, you're not a morning person. If you ever want those pancakes, give me a call.

He smiles and walks out of the bathroom passing Jean in the hall wearing a pastel Juicy tracksuit with a turtleneck and a gold necklace that says: "Jean". She watches Bernard walk away then looks back at Karen in the bathroom and smiles.

JEAN

Good morning.

EXT. STREET/JANE BERGER HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

A row of old BROWNSTONES in the upper 90's in Manhattan. A garbage truck is picking up the trash that is lined along the curb. An UBER TOWN CAR comes around the truck and pulls up in front of one of the brownstones. Karen opens the door and it slams into a couple of black plastic garbage bags piled on the curb. As she maneuvers herself out and onto the trash, ANGEL (40's), Puerto Rican with gang neck tattoos, walks out from the brownstone basement door carrying two more big black bags of trash. As Karen steps across one bag; it tears open from her shoe. Angel CALLS to her as she comes.

ANGEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa... Damn, Karen. You're ruining my garbage!

KAREN

Sorry, the Uber driver made me get out on this side.

Karen hops off the garbage, shaking something gooey off her foot.

ANGEL

Mami, you are late.

KAREN

Only five minutes. I had to stop and get a Morning After pill.

ANGEL

When you gonna let me introduce you to a nice guy?

KAREN

They're all nice guys. Is Raquel here?

ANGEL

Everybody's here but you, Mami.



Karen hurries away and starts UP the brownstone stairs.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Might want to take those two at a time!

Karen continues up "two at a time", as Angel laughs; shaking his head. When Karen arrives at the top, she stops by a GOLD PLATED PLAQUE that reads: THE JANE BERGER HOUSE. She takes a deep, "centering" breath - opens the door and walks inside.

INT. JANE BERGER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Karen enters the front hall of the Jane Berger House, a privately funded group home for high functioning young adults with Down Syndrome. She looks up at the whiteboard with the resident's names and a list of chores hung near the door. As she grabs a chart off the wall, MICHAEL (27), one of the residents, comes up to her - a look of concern on his face.

MICHAEL

It's going to rain.

KAREN

Michael, it's not going to rain.  
(OPENS THE DOOR) See. Suns out.

She smiles, closes the door then walks through the hall arch into the living room which serves as the main meeting room. Two more residents, BIG D & JERRY (20's), are playing Wii bowling on a big flat screen TV.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Come on, guys - rules - no Wii 'til  
after morning meeting. Off, now -  
before the new resident gets here.

She turns to see Michael behind her, pulling on his raincoat.

MICHAEL

Al Roker said it's going to rain.

KAREN

Al Roker doesn't know everything.  
(LOOKING AROUND) Where's Max?

BIG D

(POINTS UPSTAIRS) North Pole.

Big D and Jerry laugh and "high-five". Karen takes the raincoat from Michael, hangs it on the coat rack and starts up the old wooden staircase to the bedrooms - a scratchy version of "HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS" plays from one of them.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen walks into a bedroom where - another resident, MAX (31), sits on the floor holding a vintage Christmas album cover while the record plays on an old fashion record player.

KAREN  
Max, meeting.

MAX  
I can't go - David touched my record  
and then Jerry touched my record.  
They touched my record.

KAREN  
Okay. Just bring your record.

Karen turns and walks away as Max reaches for some records.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Karen bounds down the stairs, she notices the raincoat is off the hook. She shakes her head and enters the living room where Michael is sitting on a chair wearing his raincoat.

MICHAEL  
It might sprinkle.

Karen walks over to the couch where BRITTANY (20's) and RUTH (30), two more residents, are sitting. Brittany is "facetimeing" with JACKSON (23), another adult with Downs. As Karen arrives, Ruth HUGS HER around her waist; tightly.

RUTH  
I love you, Karen.

KAREN  
(HUGGING HER BACK) Love you more.

BRITTANY  
(FACETIME) What are you doing now?

JACKSON  
(FACETIME) Nothing, I just woke up.

Karen gently takes the phone and "facetimes" with Jackson.

KAREN  
Jackson, hi. Brittany will call  
you back today - like a thousand  
times. Bye.

Karen hangs up on Jackson and hands the phone to Brittany.

BRITTANY/RUTH  
(HORRIFIED) Karen!

KAREN

Ladies, trust me. Guys like a woman who's not always available.

Just then, RAQUEL (50's), African-American, Karen's 'seen it all' supervisor, walks in through the archway with a new resident, ANDY (28), who is carrying a backpack.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Okay, here's Raquel - Wii off, now.

Karen leans down LOW to grab the Wii wand from Big D's hand and one of her BOOBS PLOPS OUT of her bra and low-cut shirt.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

She quickly tucks her boob back into her shirt as Big D & Jerry laugh hysterically and Brittany and Ruth SCREAM.

BRITTANY/RUTH

Karen!

RAQUEL

Okay, everybody, calm down. I want you to meet Andy, our new resident.

KAREN

Hi, Andy. Everybody say hi to Andy.

BRITTANY/RUTH

Hi, Andy.

BIG D

(TO JERRY) Dude, I saw Karen's boob.

Big D & Jerry high-five. Michael turns around to Raquel.

MICHAEL

(TO RAQUEL) Is it raining out?

KAREN

Michael, it's not going to rain.

MICHAEL

You promise?

KAREN

I promise.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

Heavy RAIN hits the windows of the brownstone kitchen as Karen and the residents prepare the lunch meal.

Big D & Jerry sit peeling potatoes, Michael is at the counter angrily peeling a carrot. Karen speaks on the wall phone.

KAREN

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, hi - this is Karen Best, one of the counselors at Berger house, Michael Gennetti won't be into work today because...

MICHAEL

(CALLING OUT) It's raining!

KAREN

(TO MICHAEL) Yes.

MICHAEL

(CALLING OUT) You promised.

KAREN

I know I did, but as we discussed already, Michael - sometimes things happen you don't expect.

BIG D

Yeah, like your boob.

Jerry bursts out laughing - he and Big D high-five again.

KAREN

Guys, I'm on the phone. (INTO PHONE) Hi - yes, I understand that Michael bags groceries inside but in order to get inside, he has to go through the outside and that's not happening.

MICHAEL

(REPEATING) That's not happening.

KAREN

(INTO PHONE) Well, according to the advocacy program, he gets ten sick days so - that's what today is - yep. Look it up. Thank you.

She hangs up - from hallway, we hear a female voice.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Follow me into the kitchen.

KAREN

(HEARING HER) And the hits just keep on coming.

MAGGIE (32), a high functioning person with Downs and the attitude of a cocky, confident, tour guide enters with Andy.

MAGGIE

As you can see, this is the kitchen.  
I used to sit right there before I  
moved into my own private residence.  
I'm the Jane Berger success story.

BIG D

She's a hamburger success story.

Jerry starts laughing, Karen smiles as she grabs soup bowls.

MAGGIE

That's David. He thinks he's  
funny. (POINTS TO JERRY) That's  
Jerry, he's David's audience.

BIG D

(TO ANDY) Everyone calls me Big D.

MAGGIE

(TO ANDY) Nobody calls him Big D.

KAREN

Big D, hand him a potato.

BIG D

See, she calls me Big D.

Big D hands him a potato. As Andy sits - Jerry looks at him.

JERRY

Yankees or Mets?

Andy looks at him - uncomfortable; not knowing what to do.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yankees or Mets? (NOTHING)  
Yankees or Mets?

KAREN

Andy - I'd go with Mets.

Angel enters through the back kitchen door and goes to wash his hands. Maggie taps Andy on shoulder and points to Angel.

MAGGIE

That's Angel. He was in prison but  
the Jane Berger House gave him a  
second chance. He's sober now and  
takes out the trash.

ANGEL

She makes it sound so un-glamorous.  
I also clean the toilets.

Karen laughs. Big D holds up two peeled potatoes to his chest; mimicking boobs.

BIG D  
Who am I? Wait, wait -- (DROPS ONE) Just one. And droopy!

JERRY  
Oh! Karen!

Karen walks over with a bowl and starts collecting the potatoes.

KAREN  
Alright - give me the potatoes.

Big D and Jerry laugh and high-five. Then - Jerry turns and holds up his hand for Andy to high-five him. He doesn't.

JERRY  
What? You don't like the Mets and you don't like boobs?

As Karen leans in close to take the potato from Big D - Andy, suddenly, **SHOVES HIS FACE** into her boobs and **SHAKES HIS HEAD**. Karen jumps back - alarmed. Jerry & Big D **STOP LAUGHING**.

ANGEL  
(ON ALERT: PROTECTIVE) Hold up!

MAGGIE  
(UPSET) That is not acceptable behavior at the Jane Berger House!

Jerry & Big D laugh, Karen speaks - calmly - in control.

KAREN  
Maggie - everyone, calm down. Andy, that was way over the line. (TO BIG D) And you, it's enough with the potatoes. You all saw my boob - it happened... it's over.

ANGEL  
Wait - who saw your boob? Man, miss a little, miss a lot.

KAREN  
It came out in the morning meeting. It's fine. Just a boob.

MAGGIE  
(UPSET) That is not acceptable behavior at the Jane Berger House!

Maggie turns and leaves - **CALLING** to someone in the hallway.

MAGGIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Raquel!

INT. BERGER HOUSE/BACK STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Karen walks down the back hall stairway and over to a door at the bottom of the stairs and gently KNOCKS.

RAQUEL (O.C.)

Come in.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Karen enters the administration office on the ground floor of the brownstone. Raquel sits at the desk - Maggie sits in the chair across from her. They look over at Karen.

KAREN

Before we start can I just say, I'm a success story, too.

Raquel smiles in spite of herself.

RAQUEL

Okay. Exactly what happened?

MAGGIE

They were having sex.

KAREN

We weren't having sex. (TO RAQUEL)  
He motorboated me.

MAGGIE

What's motorboated?

Raquel looks at Maggie and then back over to Karen.

RAQUEL

Thanks for that, Karen. (THEN: TO  
MAGGIE) Motorboating is when a guy  
puts his face between your breasts  
and shakes it.

MAGGIE

Ew! That is inappropriate behavior  
at the Jane Berger House! He has  
to leave.

KAREN

He doesn't have to leave.

MAGGIE

That's bad touching.

KAREN

Yes, it is bad touching. I'll talk to him.

MAGGIE

(POINTS) Raquel should talk to him.

KAREN

Maggie, when you are at your apartment... who is in charge?

MAGGIE

I am.

KAREN

That's right - because that is your home. Well, this is my shift, my residents, my boob. I'll handle it.

RAQUEL

Great. Maggie, are we done here? Let me rephrase that - we're done here. Thank you for your help.

MAGGIE

Just doing my job as Downs advocate.

Maggie nods, gets up and starts to the door.

RAQUEL

Karen, stay.

Maggie leaves. Raquel takes out a pack of Nicorette gum, pops one out of the foil pouch and into her mouth.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Why aren't you wearing a bra?

KAREN

I am wearing a bra. I guess she lost her fight. Poor little thing.

RAQUEL

Maggie threatened to go over my head to the Berger Foundation.

KAREN

How's she going to get out there? I have the keys to the van.

Raquel can't help but crack a little smile.



RAQUEL

If we're making a change we need to do it before Andy settles in. What do you want to do?

KAREN

Well, I checked his file and he has no previous record of sexually aggressive behavior. Why did he leave the house in Philly?

RAQUEL

He told his parents that the other residents there didn't like him.

KAREN

Let me talk to him.

Raquel pops another Nicorette out of the foil.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You're really crushin' that Nicorette.

RAQUEL

Yeah, two pack day. And get a bra.

KAREN

Copy that.

RAQUEL

Tomorrow.

Karen nods and starts away to the door.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

And again. Thanks for that "motorboating" moment.

Karen looks back and smiles. Raquel waves her out.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/BEDROOM HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Karen walks down the upstairs hallway, passing Jerry & Big D's bedroom door which has their names and Mets stuff taped to it. She continues to the next room where the door is half open and she can see Andy sitting on the bed with an electric keyboard across his lap. He is practicing some chords from "Smoke On The Water" - Karen speaks from the hall.

KAREN

Hey. How's it going?

He doesn't look up - just keeps practicing. She watches him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Are you a musician? (NOTHING) You like music? (NOTHING) I like music too. When I was a kid, I thought I'd be a rock star. My parents brought me back a rabbit-fur hoodie from New York and I used to zip it up and wear it around the playground thinking I was Debbie Harry singing "Hot Child In The City" - which doesn't really make sense because that's not a Blondie song. (NOTHING) Andy? We need to talk about what happened downstairs...

He stands and takes a step to her - then - closes the door in her face - hard. She stands there, then - opens the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Andy, I want this to work out here but touching me or anyone else without permission is against the rules of Berger House. It cannot happen again. Are we clear?

He nods, eyes down, practicing "Smoke On The Water". Karen closes the door and starts away down the hall.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF) Great, now that song's stuck in my fucking head.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jean wearing a splashy print pashmina over her dress sits on the couch holding a be-dazzled clutch watching FORENSIC FILES on TV.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(ON TV) The drive from Tulane should have been a simple trip.

The front door opens and Karen enters from work.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But there was nothing simple about a double homicide.

KAREN

Jean, can you turn your murder show down a little?

JEAN

Oh, is it too loud?

KAREN

Little bit. (LOOKS AT JEAN) You look nice. Big date?

JEAN

No, I dressed up for our dinner.

KAREN

What dinner?

JEAN

Our dinner. I invited you on Facebook. Didn't you see our "event page"?

KAREN

You made an event page for just two people? (OFF JEAN'S NOD) Jean, nobody looks at those and even if I did see it I didn't say I could go.

JEAN

I posted 'regrets only'.

KAREN

Well, I can't tonight. I'm having drinks with my friend G.

JEAN

Invite her. The more the merrier, right?

KAREN

G's a guy.

JEAN

Is it serious?

KAREN

Oh, it's very serious. G's gay, so we'll be together forever. Maybe we can go another time.

Karen half-smiles, exhausted and goes into her bedroom.

INT. KAREN'S APT./BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She drops her purse on the chair and flops down on the bed to rest for a second. After a beat, she reaches off the bed and grabs her laptop from the floor. Jean appears in the doorway.

JEAN

Knock. Knock.

KAREN

The door is open, Jean.

JEAN  
How about lunch tomorrow? It's  
your day off, right?

KAREN  
I can't. I have to buy a bra.

JEAN  
(UP) Oh fun! We can have a whole  
girl's day. We'll have lunch and  
then go bra shopping. My treat.

KAREN  
The bra or the lunch?

JEAN  
Both. It'll be fun.

Karen nods and opens her laptop. Jean smiles and exits -  
then - after a beat - she reappears in the doorway.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Knock. Knock.

KAREN  
The door's still open, Jean.

JEAN  
One more thing. I found this on the  
floor. (HOLDS UP A MAN'S WALLET) I  
think it's that guy's you were doing  
the nasty with. (LOOKS AT ID) It's  
Bernard Williams. Is that the guy?

KAREN  
Why not.

Karen puts out her hand. Jean goes over - gives her the wallet.

INT. COOL/CHIC RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

A young WAITER clears plates from a table where Karen, "cleaned  
up and looking sharp" is finishing dinner with LOUIS AKA "G". He  
wears a nice suit and is a delightful combination of warm and  
bitchy. He's looking at Bernard's driver's license.

LOUIS  
(INCREDULOUS) Five foot two?

KAREN  
Yep, that's how big his dick was.

LOUIS  
Well, you had quite the night.  
Met a midget in a bar --

KAREN

They don't like to be called  
midgets - they like to be called  
little fuckers.

LOUIS

So, you fucked the little fucker,  
then after some sweet, sweet love  
he told you he wouldn't betray you.

KAREN

Don't forget the pancakes.

LOUIS

Sure, a short stack. (THEN) So,  
how's your roommate, Jean Naté?

KAREN

She thought we had a date tonight.

LOUIS

You're really on a roll, G.

KAREN

She wants to take me to lunch  
tomorrow and buy me a bra.

LOUIS

Oh, that's sweet. Let her buy you  
a bra. One that will keep those  
things out of your salad next time.

KAREN

It's weird. I picked her 'cause  
she was only supposed to use the  
apartment once a month but now  
she's there all the time and wants  
to go shopping and have lunches.  
It's like I'm running around with a  
seventy year-old Carrie Bradshaw.

LOUIS

G, be nice, do it. She probably  
misses her daughters. Where's she  
from?

KAREN

I don't know. The past.

The waiter returns with two desserts, sets them on the table.

LOUIS

We didn't order dessert.

KAREN  
(TO WAITER RE: LOUIS) Yeah, he  
says we're off sugar.

WAITER  
They're from Simon.

As the waiter leaves he points across the restaurant to a table where SIMON, (37), the handsome, rugged Aussie actor/waiter (the face we saw on her phone) acknowledges them with a nod and a smile from the table that he's waiting on.

LOUIS  
Ah - Simon? The married waiter  
that you're fucking, Simon?

KAREN  
Yeah, that Simon.

Karen lowers her head and takes a bite of the bread pudding.

LOUIS  
The Simon you told me wouldn't be  
working here tonight?

KAREN  
Yeah, that one. (THEN) He wasn't  
supposed to be here.

LOUIS  
I told you that I never wanted to  
meet him.

KAREN  
Well, I never wanted you to meet him  
either but here he comes. Be sweet.

She turns and smiles as Simon walks up to the table.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Hey, you don't work Thursdays.

SIMON  
Well, I needed to pick up a shift.

KAREN  
I thought you got that big Diet  
Coke commercial.

SIMON  
Yeah, they fired me - my American  
accent sucks. Turns out my "Diet  
Coke" sounded like "Diet Cock".

There is a beat of silence. Louis looks at the table.

KAREN

Simon, this is my friend, Louis.

LOUIS

Hi. Thank-you for the desserts.

KAREN

(APPROVING) Very nice, G.

SIMON

"G"?

KAREN

Yeah, it's a nickname we have for each other. It's like short for girl, Gina, Gina Marie. Long story.

LOUIS

Well, stop making it longer.

SIMON

Oh, you're "G"! Kar tells me you're a top shoe salesman.

LOUIS

Well, I'm a regional sales rep - it's not like I'm down on my knees with the metal thing...

KAREN

No, he's a big deal.

SIMON

Cool.

LOIS

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Oh my God.

SIMON

Kar, want to wait for me at the bar and we'll grab a drink when I'm done?

KAREN

Well, it's kind of a girl's night.

SIMON

I better get back to it then, I'm in the weeds. Wait - is this any better? (NOT GREAT AMERICAN ACCENT) "I'm in the weeds." (THEN) I suck.

He smiles and walks away. Karen looks over at Louis.

KAREN  
You get it now, right?

LOUIS  
Oh, I get it. He wants you to wait  
at the bar till he's done and then  
he'll fuck you.

KAREN  
Yeah.

LOUIS  
And why are you telling the married  
guy you're fucking that I'm a shoes  
salesman?

KAREN  
(SWEET) Because we like to talk too.

LOUIS'  
This is so inappropriate. You  
might as well date one of those  
sweet Downs boys at work.

KAREN  
G. - I would never date any of  
those guys - they're way too good  
for me.

Louis looks over at her - important - no joke.

LOUIS  
You deserve more than this.

KAREN  
(CUTE: DEFLECTING) Do I?

She reaches over and picks the wallet up off the table again.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
What else has he got in here?  
(LOOKING IN) Ooh, a pot card!

LOUIS  
You have to give that wallet back.

KAREN  
Oh, I am never seeing him again.  
You have all that free business Fed-  
Ex next day stuff - send it back.

She hands him the wallet as she stands up.



KAREN (CONT'D)

Get the check. I'm gonna go thank  
Simon for the bread pudding.  
(CUTE) He knows it's my favorite.

LOUIS

(EMPHATIC) He's married.

KAREN

Yes, but only for his green card.  
Speaking of green cards...

She reaches back and takes something out of the wallet.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm keeping his pot card.

As she stands up and starts away, Louis CALLS after her.

LOUIS

I'm not leaving here without you.

KAREN

Copy that.

INT. BRA STORE - THE NEXT DAY

Karen and Jean are on opposite sides of a bra rack browsing.  
Jean is wearing jeggings and a T-SHIRT that says "Manhattan"  
in glitter. Karen is wearing a tank top without a bra.

JEAN

My daughters, Melanie and Mary Beth  
and I loved to go shopping. Are  
you close to your family?

KAREN

(DISTRACTED; BROWSING BRAS) I don't  
know... are you?

JEAN

Very. In fact, after my husband  
died, my girls got into a fight  
over who would get me. How about  
this one?

Jean holds up a plain light blue bra to show Karen.

KAREN

I'm looking for something lacy,  
sexy - you know, something with a  
little more personality.

JEAN

Hey, let's take a selfie! I want to put it on Facebook.

She takes her iPhone out of her purse - Karen looks over.

KAREN

Oh, now? I don't have my face together.

JEAN

Really? The girls would love to see it. I told them all about you.

KAREN

Why don't I take a picture of you?  
(TAKES PHONE; AIMS) Okay, chins up.

JEAN

Are you getting my shirt?

Karen nods. Jean poses with a warm smile. Karen takes photo.

JEAN (CONT'D)

How do I look?

KAREN

Like a girl having a great time in the city.

JEAN

That's perfect. 'Cause I am.

Karen hands the phone back as RONNIE (50's), a "lifer" bra saleswoman, wearing a button on her blazer that reads: ALL THE SUPPORT YOU NEED, walks up.

RONNIE

Can I help you ladies?

KAREN

I need a bra.

RONNIE

(NOTICING HER CHEST) Immediately.

KAREN

(HOLDING UP A SEXY BRA) Okay so, I'm looking for this in a 36D.

RONNIE

You're not a 36D.

KAREN

Oh, yes I am. I have been since high school.

RONNIE

There is no way you can fit into a 36D.

Karen reaches into her purse and pulls out her broken bra.

KAREN

Yeah, I can and I do.

RONNIE

Okay, well there are three bra extenders on that - so you're a 46 double E.

KAREN

What is that? European sizes?

RONNIE

No, that's real life.

KAREN

Okay, well, (HOLDS UP BRA AGAIN) does this come in a 46 double E?

RONNIE

No. But I can fit you in one of those.

She points to a wall of industrial-strength PLAYTEX TYPE bras. Karen and Jean turn to look - Karen's face falls.

KAREN

Those grandma bra's? No. I think I can do better than that. We'll keep looking and get back to you.

JEAN

(TO SALESWOMAN) I think she was looking for something with a little more personality.

RONNIE

Personality doesn't come in that size. Dressing rooms are over there.

Ronnie walks away. Karen shakes her head, Jean looks at her.

INT. BRA STORE/SMALL CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karen is in a small dressing room struggling to get on a sexy, black lace bra that's too small for her. She reaches behind, desperate to get the ends to fasten as Ronnie walks up. Karen sees her head over the dressing room "half-door".

RONNIE (O.C.)

I found something in a fun color.

She holds up the EXACT SAME TYPE of "grandma Playtex bra" but in a pale pink color over the half-door. Karen looks at her.

KAREN

That's the same shit, but in pink.

RONNIE

It's not pink. It's blush.

KAREN

No thanks, I'll look someplace else.

Ronnie hangs the bra on the back of the dressing room door.

RONNIE

Try it. Trust me, it's the best you're ever going to do.

INT. BRA STORE/OUTSIDE CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie shakes her head as she starts away past Jean.

JEAN

Miss, maybe you should look down at your lapel button again because you're not being very supportive.

RONNIE

I don't understand, I'm just trying to help. What's the problem?

JEAN

Well, imagine how hard it must be to be her. Nothing fits.

INT. BRA STORE/CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen, back in her tank top, stands in the dressing room looking vulnerable - stung by what she just heard. She glances at the old lady bra still hanging on the back of the dressing room door, then - looks away from it and RIGHT INTO CAMERA.

START: MUSIC FANTASY

The harsh FLORESCENT LIGHTS around the mirror become warmer, more flattering, as a PIANO plays a sweet LULLABY under the following.

KAREN

When I was a little girl I was real fucked up looking.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

For a while, I had just one front tooth so my brothers Keith and Kyle called me "fang". So, I joined the swim team just to get some self respect. Then my nipples came in. Not my tits, just my nipples. And they got everyone at school calling me Little Nippy Titty. Little Nippy Titty. Little Nippy Titty. I ran home. It was a Friday night. I remember cuz I was watching 'Dallas' and the 'Dukes of Hazard'. And I'm sitting on the couch and I'm crying. My mom sat down next to me and said: "Karen, what's wrong?" And I said: "nothing." "Karen what's wrong?" And I said: "nothing." She slid her hand down the back of my pants. Not in a fucked up way but because I have really soft skin.

Karen swings open the dressing room door - pops her head out and winks at a MIDDLE-AGED WORKING CLASS GUY, who's sitting on a chair in the hall waiting for his wife in a changing room.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You'll see.

She closes the door again and looks back into the mirror.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Then she said: "What's wrong?" And I said: "Keith and Kyle got everyone at school calling me Little Nippy Titty, Little Nippy Titty." And do you want to know what she said to me? She said: (SINGS) "OOO, DON'T YOU CRY."

Music stops. Karen, turns, looks to the CAMERA again.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Then she said: "Come with me, let's have a drink." (LOOKS OFF CAMERA; TO NO ONE) Hit the track!

A FUNKY, DRIVING, BASS BEAT DROPS IN as Karen opens the dressing room door and exits out into the dressing room area. Jean and Ronnie are no longer there - there's only the Working Class Guy, who looks up at Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(OVER THE DRIVING MUSIC) She said: "Karen - you're a woman now. You've got to stand tall and be proud of what your Momma gave you!"

Karen points to a THIN GIRL on her way to a dressing room.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Do you hear me?

The Thin Girl looks; Karen points to the girl's chest and SINGS.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
YOU GOT THEM LITTLE NIPPY TITTIES,  
PUT THEM IN THE AIR.

She points to a LANKY GIRL - coming out of a changing room.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
SHE GOT THEM TUBE-SOCK TITTIES.  
SHE PUT THEM IN THE AIR.  
I GOT THEM BEAVER TAIL TITTIES,  
PUT THEM IN THE AIR.  
PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!

INT. BRA SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Karen, the two Girls and the Working Class Guy STRUT out of the dressing room into the main part of the bra shop - now lit like a DANCE CLUB with lasers and a spinning disco ball. As Karen marches through the shop SINGING and pointing out the different types of titties, the corresponding WOMEN SHOPPERS and SALES STAFF join the dancing, driving, army behind her.

KAREN  
YOU GOT THEM MOUSE TRAP TITTIES,  
PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.  
SHE GOT THEM SINGLE MALT TITTIES,  
PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.  
YOU GOT THEM LOW RIDING TITTIES,  
PUT THEM IN THE AIR.  
PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!  
SHE GOT THEM FLAP JACK TITTIES,  
PUT EM IN THE AIR.  
HE GOT THOSE NEEDLE NOSE TITTIES.  
HE PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.  
SHE GOT THEM OVEN MITTIE TITTIES,  
PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.  
PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!  
AND THEN WE BOUNCE, BOUNCE, BOUNCE.

Karen leads her dancing, energized army OUT the front door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They BURST OUT into the hectic energy of the busy New York City street. Karen continues to point out the different types of titties - people of all ethnic types, sexes and occupations join in and follow her as she makes her way.

KAREN  
 SHE GOT THEM MEATBALL TITTIES,  
 YOU GOT THEM LAFFY TAFFY TITTIES,  
 HE GOT THEM JACK HAMMER TITTIES,  
 PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!  
 YOU GOT THEM RUBBER DUCKY TITTIES,  
 PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.

They cross the busy street - she points to a male UPS GUY.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 HE GOT THEM DING DONG TITTIES,  
 YOU GOT THEM TATER TOT TITTIES,  
 PUT 'EM IN THE AIR.  
 PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!  
 AND THEN WE BOUNCE, BOUNCE, BOUNCE.

More and more people join the crowd and the number takes on the feel of a Busby Berkely movie musical number. As the joyful energy and the CAMERA RISES AND RISES, Karen starts rapidly pointing out the types of titties all around her.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 YOU GOT THEM WOO TANG, HOOBASTANK,  
 PEACH PIT TITTIES.  
 TIC TAC, CRACKER JACK, HAMMER HEAD  
 TITTIES.  
 FIRE HOSE, DIPSEY DOODLE, JUST ONE  
 TITTIES.  
 PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP, PUT 'EM UP!  
 AND THEN WE BOUNCE!

At the last beat of the music - Karen and everyone in the crowd RIPS OPEN THEIR SHIRTS and boldly shows their titties. Karen looks UP to the camera and smiles; proud - triumphant.

JEAN (V.O.)  
 Karen? Karen?

INT. BRA STORE/CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen stands there, in the florescent lighting, still vulnerable, looking at the bad bra on the dressing room door. Jean's steps over - her head is seen over the dressing room door.

JEAN  
 Did you want to go someplace else?

KAREN  
 No, I'll just take this one.

Resigned, she grabs the bad bra from the door and exits.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT. - LATER THAT DAY

The front door opens and Karen enters, carrying the bag from the bra store and a bottle of wine in a black liquor bag, followed by Jean. Karen beelines it for the kitchenette.

JEAN

Have you got big plans for tonight?

KAREN

No, I have some work to do.

Jean sits on the couch and picks up the remote - hits TV on as Karen expertly opens the wine and pours herself a glass.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was the type of town where  
people never locked their doors  
'til "murder" came to visit.

KAREN

Well, thanks for lunch.

Karen picks up the glass of wine and starts away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thomas Milton and Stephanie Peck  
were high school sweethearts.

Karen turns back; grabs the bottle, heads to her bedroom

INT. KAREN'S APT./BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karen is on her bed looking at her phone, the stem of the wine glass sits in her cleavage. CLOSE ON PHONE: She's scrolling through Simon's Instagram page.

THE NARRATOR (O.S.)

The husband's lower torso was found  
at the fifty yard line of the field  
where he was the star quarterback.

She clicks on Simon's latest post: a picture of him surrounded by a group of FUN LOOKING FRIENDS. He has his arm around a PRETTY WOMAN. Karen studies it as she tips her chin down into her wine glass and takes a sip. Her laptop next to her DINGS. She tosses her phone, picks up the laptop and sees she's been "tagged" in a photo. Karen clicks on the notification and the Facebook photo appears on her screen. It's the photo she took of Jean smiling in the glitter "Manhattan" T-shirt. Under it Jean's written the caption: "GIRLS LUNCH WITH MY COOL ROOMMATE KAREN - #GIRLSLUNCH #SHENANIGANS #ALLTHEFEELS. Karen notices two comments on the photo.



She clicks on them revealing comments from Jean's daughters. The first one is from MARY BETH, it reads: MELANIE, OH MY GOD LOOK AT MOM'S PICTURE AND SHE'S USING HASHTAGS - #SAD! The 2nd comment is from MELANIE, it reads: "MOM, TAKE THIS DOWN YOU'RE EMBARRASSING YOURSELF. YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS - #GRANNYSGONEWILD #NOTAGOODLOOK. Karen glances up from her computer, she looks over to her closed bedroom door.

INT. KAREN'S APT./LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom door opens, Karen comes out with her wine, looks at Jean watching TV. Jean feels her there and turns back.

JEAN  
(RE: TV) Is this too loud?

KAREN  
Nope. So, who's killing who?

JEAN  
High school sweethearts.

Karen walks over to the couch and sits next to Jean.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
After two years of intensive investigation the main suspect, his head-cheerleader wife, was released on a technicality. The news rocked the entire community.

KAREN  
What's up with you and these murder shows?

JEAN  
I like the sound of his voice.  
I find it soothing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
On the day of her release she got in her deceased husband's nineteen sixty-two corvette convertible and drove off. She drove and drove and was never seen again.

KAREN  
That's not you, is it, Jean?

JEAN  
No.

KAREN  
Want some wine?

JEAN  
What time is it?

KAREN  
Who cares, Jean?

A KNOCK on the door. Karen stands - walks over and looks out the door's peephole.

JEAN  
Who is it?

KAREN  
I don't see anyone.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bernard is standing in the hall, looking at the door.

BERNARD  
Baby? Baby, I just came by to thank you for my wallet. I don't mind that you took my pot card. I think it's cool that you smoke. (THEN) Baby, you there?

INT. KAREN'S APT./LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean tip-toes over next to Karen at the door.

BERNARD  
Baby, I know you're there. I hear the TV. (THEN) Why won't you open up the door and let me and love in?

Karen turns and walks away from the door, Jean looks at her.

JEAN  
(WHISPERS) You can't just let him stand there forever.

KAREN  
(WHISPERS) Oh, yes I can.

Karen sits down on the couch and sips her wine. Jean puts the chain lock on the door, opens it a crack and looks out.

JEAN  
Karen's not here.

BERNARD

Oh. Where is she?

JEAN

I don't know. (THEN) She just drove and drove and never came back.

Jean closes door and looks at Karen who NODS with approval.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/ENTRY WAY - THE NEXT MORNING

The front door opens, Karen enters and takes off her hoodie. She is now wearing the Platex bra, which due to it's sturdy structure and form - makes her boobs look like enormous missiles. She grabs the chart as Angel enters downstairs.

KAREN

Morning, Angel.

ANGEL

(RE: HER BOOBS) Oh, Mami.

KAREN

Yes. I got a new bra. Let's not make a big deal about this.

ANGEL

I'm not making a big deal about this but that bra sure as shit is.

We hear some activity from the living room.

JERRY (O.C.)

Good one Andy! High-five!

Karen turns and walks into the living room where Jerry is playing Wii bowling but this time with Andy. They high-five as Big D glances up from the couch and sees Karen approach.

BIG D

Look out! Everybody duck!

Maggie, Brittany and Ruth look up - their mouths drop open.

KAREN

It's just a bra.

JERRY

No, it's a big, big bra!

Jerry & Big D laugh. Jerry nudges Andy to get him to laugh about the boobs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Andy - look at her boobs! (NUDGES AGAIN) Look at her boobs, Andy!

Andy, suddenly, reaches up and PUTS HIS HAND onto Karen's boob. Brittany and Ruth SCREAM. Karen, calmly but firmly, takes his hand and with purpose - moves it off her breast.

KAREN

Andy, go to your room.

Andy looks to Jerry for approval. Jerry looks away. Andy starts out of the room and UPSTAIRS. Maggie turns to Karen.

MAGGIE

He is not a success story!

BRITTANY

Karen, are you okay?

KAREN

I'm fine, Brittany, thank you.

Ruth hurries over and puts her arms around Karen.

RUTH

I love you, Karen.

KAREN

(DISTRACTED) Love you more.

Karen hugs her then starts over to the stairs where Angel is.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(TO ANGEL) Can you believe that?

ANGEL

I don't know why you're surprised. He's a man. Young, old, black, white, Asian, Latino, Downs, not Downs... men - they got to have it. There was this guy in prison - got his dick shanked off - but still, there he was every night fucking his mattress.

Karen nods, then - starts upstairs. He calls after her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

And that guy was a devout Muslim.

INT. BERGER HOUSE/BEDROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Karen walks up to Andy's room, he is sitting on the bed. She steps in and closes the door. He looks down at the floor.

KAREN  
You know that was inappropriate  
behavior?

ANDY  
Yes.

KAREN  
So if you knew it was inappropriate  
- why did you do it?

ANDY  
I had to.

KAREN  
Why?

ANDY  
The other boys were looking at me.

KAREN  
Okay. And?

Silence. He looks down at the floor - tense.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Andy, I don't think this is going  
to work out here.

ANDY  
I didn't want to get teased.

KAREN  
Why would you get teased?

ANDY  
That's what happened at the other  
house.

KAREN  
What happened at the other house?

ANDY  
They made fun of me.

KAREN  
Why would they make fun of you?

He shakes his head - stuck - afraid to speak.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(SOFT) Andy?

ANDY  
I can't tell.

She pulls up a plastic chair and sits next to him.

KAREN

Look, we all have stuff inside of us we're afraid of letting out.

He nods - looking at the floor.

ANDY

I don't want you to tell anybody.

KAREN

I'm not going to tell anybody.

ANDY

(LONG BEAT; THEN) I like boys.

Karen takes this in; surprised - thinks about how to play it.

KAREN

(BEAT; THEN) I like boys, too.

ANDY

No, I mean, I'm gay. (BEAT) Are you mad at me?

KAREN

Nope. (GENTLE) So. You're gay.

She lifts her arm up and puts it around his shoulders.

KAREN (CONT'D)

And here I thought we weren't going to get along.

Andy leans his head back against her arm. She smiles.

EXT. BERGER HOUSE/STREET - AFTER WORK

Karen exits out the door of Berger house, she stops - then exhales. She starts down the stairs and when she gets to the sidewalk she reaches behind her back and unclasps her bra.

KAREN

Better.

She starts walking down the street to "Smoke On The Water." After a few steps - her phone VIBRATES. She looks. It's a text from SIMON. CLOSE ON text: "**Dessert? I have an hour and a half.**" CLOSE ON: Karen's face... What to do? SMOKE ON THE WATER starts again... as Karen walks down the street.

FADE OUT.

AS YOU CLICK TO: "PLAY NEXT EPISODE".

\*