

BOJACK HORSEMAN

"Time's Arrow"

BJH #411

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

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COLD OPEN

INT./EXT. BOJACK'S CAR - DAY

Furious, BOJACK speeds down the highway. BEATRICE sits in the passenger seat.

BEATRICE
Slow down, Henrietta. A lady mustn't rush. It's unbecoming.

BOJACK
Shut up.

BEATRICE
As the president says: The woman who makes a rushing ride shall never be a blushing bride.

BOJACK
What president says that?

BEATRICE
President Roosevelt. He said it to his friend, the eel.

BOJACK
What eel?

BEATRICE
The nude one, of course. President Roosevelt's nude eel.

BOJACK
What?!

BEATRICE
"Watt? Watt?!" You sound like a lightbulb, Henrietta.

BOJACK
I'M NOT HENRIETTA! I'M YOUR SON!

BEATRICE
My son is a ball of gas.

BOJACK
Yes! Your son, BoJack. I'm him. I'm the ball of gas!

BEATRICE
But you're also a star.

BOJACK

Wait. Mom, do you remember--

BEATRICE

Shush Henrietta, I'm talking to the sun.

(out the window, to the sun)

Sun, you're a ball of gas, but you're also a star. We call you... "Sun."

BoJack GROANS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Where are you taking me? Are we going to the lake house?

BOJACK

No, we're going to a glorious magical place where they'll lock you in a room by yourself so you can't hurt anyone ever again.

BEATRICE

Oh, that sounds lovely. Why are you driving so slowly? Hurry up!

BOJACK

You just said--

BEATRICE

Time's arrow neither stands still nor reverses, after all. It merely marches forward. Isn't that right, Henrietta?

Pan over to the driver's seat. Instead of BoJack, a YOUNG WOMAN is driving. This is HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA

Yes, Mrs. Horseman. That's right.

Beatrice (now 20 years younger) smiles. The two drive in silence for a moment. As they drive, the background changes in FLASHES -- the woods of Michigan, the streets of San Francisco, a living room, a fire, and finally a deep white fog.

The car stops.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

Well, here we are.

BEATRICE

Here?

HENRIETTA

Yes.

Henrietta gets out, slams the door. Beatrice looks at herself in the rearview mirror. Her reflection is OLD. Beatrice RECOILS, swats the mirror away.

BEATRICE

Eugh!

She opens the car door.

EXT. WHITE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

We're CLOSE on the EXTERIOR bottom of the door as A LITTLE GIRL'S leg steps out. YOUNG BEATRICE (age 7, wearing a CATHOLIC SCHOOL UNIFORM) looks around. The car is gone. She is alone, with her doll, in white space.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. WHITE SPACE

Young Beatrice walks through the space. As she walks, the world around her changes into a 1940s playground.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - PLAYGROUND - 1947 - DAY

She comes upon a METAL SLIDE with THREE GIRLS standing atop it. She climbs the ladder. CLEMELIA BLOODSWORTH (a goose) yells down.

CLEMELIA

I said halt! No entry.

YOUNG BEATRICE

But I wanna slide.

CLEMELIA

This is no mere slide. We three are members of an elite society of extremely young women, led by I, Miss Clemelia Bloodsworth. And this is our private rrrroost. You, plebeian, have no invitation. You may not enter!

GIRL #1

Yeah, and also you're fat.

GIRL #2

So we hate you.

YOUNG BEATRICE

I'm not fat.

The girls laugh. Beatrice COUGHS as she climbs.

CLEMELIA

Even your lungs expostulate as they struggle to expel your ample corpulence.

GIRL #1

She's saying your lungs think you're fat, too.

Beatrice continues climbing.

YOUNG BEATRICE

You're wrong. Father says I'm just growing.

CLEMELIA

Yes - growing horizontally.
(snickering, then)
Now, if you do not halt we will be forced to physically impede your advances.

Beatrice gets her hands to the top wrung.

CLEMELIA (CONT'D)

You have been forewarned!

The girls stomp on Beatrice's hands.

YOUNG BEATRICE

Ow! Ow! Stop it! You're hurting me!

Clemelia bites with her beak. Beatrice CRIES OUT, pulling her hands away. She falls -- the wind is knocked out of her as she hits the ground. She HYPERVENTILATES and COUGHS. The girls LAUGH.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - 1947 - DAY

Beatrice is in bed reading a book titled: "THE NEXT MORNING." Her DOLL is tucked under her arm. There's a fire smoldering in the fireplace in her room. Her father, JOSEPH enters.

JOSEPH

Beatrice, stop reading and put on your uniform.

YOUNG BEATRICE

Father, I don't feel well.

Beatrice lets out a pathetic COUGH.

JOSEPH

Darling, I don't care if you're scared of Clemelia Bloodsworth and her gaggle, you have to go to school. Now stop making books your friends. Reading does nothing for young women but build their brains, taking valuable resources away from their breasts and hips.

YOUNG BEATRICE
But my throat hurts.

JOSEPH
Uniform! Now!

In a daze, HONEY, passes through the doorway and stares into the room, silently. Beatrice watches her. Joseph notices.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Honey, you're doing that aimless wandering thing again that gives us the heebie-jeebies.
(then)
I swear, if I'd known this is how you'd behave once we severed the connections to your prefrontal cortex, I'd hardly have bothered.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO THE SUGARMAN ESTATE - 1947 - DAY

Driveway rocks crunch under Beatrice's saddle shoes as she walks - clutching her doll. Joseph carries her school satchel and coat behind her.

JOSEPH
You know, there are people who are mean to Daddy at work, but I still have to go.
(then)
I cannot just take a sick day every time the National Consumers League pokes around to make sure I'm not "abusing my workers."

Just then Beatrice SWOONS and Joseph, startled, catches her.

BEATRICE
Oh!

JOSEPH
Beatrice?

He touches her head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Oh my, you're hot.

He unbuttons her collar. There's a rash running down her neck and onto her chest.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Dear Lord.

He swoops her up. Her arm dangles as she's rushed inside -- hanging from her small fist is her doll.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - 1947 - NIGHT

Beatrice wakes up in bed in a fevered state. There's a fire in her fireplace. She hears her dad yelling at her mom. Their shadows dance across the hallway wall outside her room.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Now listen here, it is a mother's duty to keep her children alive and you are continually failing! How could you not have known she has Scarlet Fever?!

Honey's shadow is non-responsive as Joseph shakes her.

JOSEPH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Say something, damn it! What has become of you?!

BEATRICE

Father?

Joseph's shadow freezes, then quickly composes itself. Joseph calmly enters the room.

JOSEPH

Yes, darling?

BEATRICE

Am I to die?

JOSEPH

No. Of course not. Well, eventually yes, but this illness is but a hiccup in what will be a long happy life, I promise.

BEATRICE

You promise?

JOSEPH

In fact, some good may yet come of this. Doctor says your throat is nearly swollen shut. So perhaps you'll finally lose some of that weight that's given you such troubles. Won't that be nice?

Beatrice smiles, sadly.

BEATRICE

Yes, Father.

She hugs her doll tightly -- staring into the fire.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - 1963 - DAY

We come out of the fire to find a twenty-three year-old, too-thin, Beatrice being cinched into a corset by a MAID.

MAID

Suck in, Miss Sugarman.

She does.

BEATRICE

Ow! Ohhh. Be a darling and fetch me a Pretty Pill and a glass of water, won't you?

MAID

Yes, Miss Sugarman.

JOSEPH (50s), in a tuxedo, steps in.

JOSEPH

Beatrice, your appetite suppressants won't make you immediately fit into that dress; that's not how they work.

BEATRICE

They make me feel better, Father.

JOSEPH

Well, that's fine, because your debutante party is vitally important.

BEATRICE

Oh? Will it end poverty, war, and injustice, or bring back civil rights activist Medgar Evers, who was shot in Mississippi this week?

JOSEPH

No, it won't do those things, but it will help you land a husband!

BEATRICE

At least Evers' death means no one else will be assassinated this year, 1963. The FBI is on too high alert to allow anything like that to happen again. That's for certain.

JOSEPH

Now, your chaperone, Corbin Creamerman, is a fine young man.

BEATRICE

Unless, of course the FBI is somehow involved in this potential future assassination. But that's foolishness. No, there will be no more assassinations in 1963, the year that this is, in which John F. Kennedy is still alive...ly president.

JOSEPH

Yes. Well, Corbin's father, Mort Creamerman, is founder of Creamerman's Creamy Cream-based Commodities. Think of all the free iced cream you could... uh, serve to other people.

BEATRICE

Father, do you aim to marry me off to Corbin Creamerman merely because it would be good for business?

JOSEPH

Well, I suppose I do have a few ideas of how a Sugarman/Creamerman alliance might be advantageous.

BEATRICE

Uh-huh.

JOSEPH

For example, imagine a television advertisement with a fun jingle.

(singing)

*Have your morning coffee or tea...
With Sugarman and Creamerman. But save
some for... these fellas.*

(then)

And then it's Mort and me, and we're holding up our products with big smiles from across a very ordinary looking kitchen table. What fun! Yes?

BEATRICE

Father, common Americans don't want you on their TV sets. You're a reminder of the disparity of wealth in this country. Poor people find that dreadfully gauche.

JOSEPH

You know, I sent you to Barnard to get your M.R.S. from a fine upstanding Columbia man, but instead of a bachelor you returned home with a bachelor's degree and a mouth full of sass. What a waste!

Beatrice SIGHS, annoyed. She turns away, and as she turns, her corset turns into a beautiful ball gown and the background changes to:

INT. GRAND HOTEL BALLROOM - 1963 - NIGHT

Beatrice plasters on a smile. CORBIN CREAMERMAN (24, white goat) approaches with a glass of champagne.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Here you go.

He hands it to Beatrice.

BEATRICE

Thanks.

They stand awkwardly for a moment, sipping their drinks.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

So... um... You look nice.

BEATRICE

Thank you, Corbin. That's the third time you've told me. You needn't tell me again.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Oh jeez. I'm sorry. I'm not always good at these things. But sometimes I am. I can be. I try to be. I'm not. I'm really not. I don't know why.

BEATRICE

That's all right. I'm not either.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

You look nice.

BEATRICE

Thank you.

CLEMELIA BLOODSWORTH (now 23) approaches with her husband JAN BRONSON (a Swedish human).

CLEMELIA

Beatrice Sugarman? Doth my eye belie me?

BEATRICE

Clemelia Bloodsworth. Why are you here?

CLEMELIA

Our fathers share a mutual affiliation with a fraternal society-- the Indianapolis Ooga-Boogas. Therefore, Daddy compelled us to attend.

(then)

May I present my esteemed and comely bridegroom, Mr. Jan Bronson.

BEATRICE

Does he hail from Wisconsin?

CLEMELIA

No, in fact. He's a swede - heir to the Hästens Swedish Luxury Beds Fortune.

BEATRICE

Hästens? You make your beds with horse hair. Is that right?

JAN BRONSON

(uncomfortable, Swedish-y)
If I'm to be honest, yes.

CLEMELIA

Well, beds must be stuffed with something. Fortuitously, it's not goose feathers, right Darling?

JAN BRONSON

If I'm to be honest, yes.

CLEMELIA

Isn't he just the Swedish?

BEATRICE

Quite.

CLEMELIA

I must say, it's tremendous you're finally debuting. Better late than never, hmm?

BEATRICE

I'm only doing this for my father, who has very old-fashioned ideas about how a woman is to live her life. Poor Corbin here is saddled with chaperoning me--

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

I don't feel saddled--

BEATRICE

It's all right, Corbin. In truth, I find these parties to be garish, self-serving wastes of money. And I'm sure yours was particularly horrendous, Clemelia.

Clemelia GASPS in shock.

CLEMELIA

Oh, my! How rrrrrrepugnant!

BEATRICE

Be honest with me, Jan - was it horrendous?

JAN BRONSON

If I'm to be honest--

CLEMELIA

Mind your transgressions, for I will be quite onerous to mollify.

JAN BRONSON

Eh... I should not be so honest.

BEATRICE

That's what I thought.

The background behind Beatrice flickers, and suddenly she is at the bar, alone.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)
Scotch on the rocks.

He nods. She notices BUTTERSCOTCH HORSEMAN (20s) sitting on the bar stool next to her - he shines an apple on his leather jacket and takes a bite.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Nope, just crashing some dumb debutante's party.

BEATRICE

Oh? May I ask, in the phrase "dumb debutante's party" do you mean for "dumb" to describe the party, or the debutante? Because I might agree with you, or I might be offended.

He looks her over.

BUTTERSCOTCH

You're the dumb debutante, aren't you?

She extends her hand.

BEATRICE

Beatrice Sugarman. Welcome to my dumb party.

He shakes her hand.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Butterscotch Horseman. Charmed, I'm sure.

BEATRICE

You crash a lot of these?

BUTTERSCOTCH

I'll take my free alcohol where I can get it. I'm saving for California. Booze takes a bite.

BEATRICE

What's in California?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Ginsberg, Cassady, Squirrelinghetti.
(then)

This is where you ask me if those are towns, and then I smirk at you.

BEATRICE

I'm familiar with the Beats, thank you. I like Ginsberg all right, but if you ask me, that Squirrelinghetti is nuts. What's your interest in them?

BUTTERSCOTCH

What's my interest? They're the greatest minds of our generation. I'm heading west to join them. Because I'm one of the greatest minds too.

BEATRICE

I see.

BUTTERSCOTCH

You will see. I'm writing the next Great American Novel.

BEATRICE

Oh? What's it about?

BUTTERSCOTCH

It's about truth! It's about war! It's about the twilighting frontier of the lives that were promised us!

BEATRICE

But what is it about? Who are the characters?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well I never claimed to have the whole thing sorted out just yet, did I?

BEATRICE

Sounds like a best seller.

BUTTERSCOTCH

You're sarcastic, which is an ugly thing for a woman to be. I don't know how you expect to nab a husband at a party like this with a personality like that.

BEATRICE

Congratulations. You and my father express the same concerns.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Hell, if I were your old man I'd be anxious to get you married off, too.

He offers her a cigarette. She takes it.

BUTTERSCOTCH (CONT'D)

I bet your thank-you letters are perfunctory, your flower arrangements are uninspired, and your curtsy is an embarrassment.

BEATRICE

(laughs, then)

Looks like you pegged me as well as I pegged you.

BUTTERSCOTCH

(clucking his tongue, then)

What must your mother think of you?

BEATRICE

She doesn't think much... about anything, anymore.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Oh. I'm sorry, did she pass?

BEATRICE

No... not exactly.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Mine did.

BEATRICE

I'm very sorry to hear that.

BUTTERSCOTCH

I was little - don't remember, really... But she had a diamond just like yours.

He reaches out and strokes the diamond on her face.

BUTTERSCOTCH (CONT'D)

I saw it in a picture once.

They lock eyes.

BUTTERSCOTCH (CONT'D)

Yes, this is my mother.

BEATRICE

What?

Butterscotch is suddenly BoJack, talking to an ORDERLY.

BOJACK

I'd like to leave her here. Can I pay for the next five years in a lump sum now so I don't have to think about her again?

Corbin Creamerman tentatively approaches.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Oh jeez, I am sorry to interrupt, but we have to do the thing now - where we do the... things.

BEATRICE

Oh, right.

She turns back to BoJack who is back to being Butterscotch.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

(to Butterscotch)
Please excuse me.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Of course, it sounds very important.

Beatrice smiles as she sashays off. Butterscotch turns back to the bar.

BUTTERSCOTCH (CONT'D)

Sir. Another gin and tonic? And easy on the tonic.

A MAN IN A TUXEDO steps up to a microphone.

MAN IN TUXEDO

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sugarman present their daughter, Miss Beatrice Elizabeth Sugarman. Miss Sugarman is chaperoned by Mr. Corbin C. Creamerman.

Beatrice stands with Joseph and Corbin on either side of her. Her mother is pulled along by Joseph into the spotlight. The crowd APPLAUDS. Beatrice bows, and then begins a horse jumping and dressage routine.

MAN IN TUXEDO (CONT'D)

Look at her go folks. Clearing every hurdle. Look at that form. What precise movements. Beautiful trot. Truly outstanding. A lovely lady indeed.

The crowd CLAPS. As Beatrice circles the stage she looks over to the bar. Butterscotch is exiting.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL PARKING LOT - 1963 - LATER - NIGHT

Butterscotch lights another cigarette as he heads to his car. Beatrice calls out:

BEATRICE

Excuse me. Don't you know it's rude to leave without saying goodbye to the hostess?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Why don't you come with me? It'll dispense with the need for goodbyes, thus eliminating my transgression.

BEATRICE

You want me to leave my own party with you - the low life who wasn't even invited?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Yeah, that's right. But I suppose Daddy wouldn't like that, would he?

They stare at each other a beat, then...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BUTTERSCOTCH'S CAR - LOOK OUT POINT - 1963 - LATER

Butterscotch and Beatrice make out - it's fast and steamy.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - 1963 - DAY

Beatrice is in bed reading a book titled: "Two Weeks Later."
Joseph enters.

JOSEPH

I have wonderful news!

BEATRICE

I'm reading.

JOSEPH

Corbin Creamerman has come to call. He'd like to take you for a Sunday stroll!

BEATRICE

I'm not interested in Corbin Creamerman.

JOSEPH

I don't give a damn where your interests lie!

BEATRICE

Oh!

JOSEPH

After the disappearing act you pulled at your own party, you're lucky I don't fill a jar with jelly beans and marry you off to the man who can closest estimate the amount. But Corbin Creamerman is willing to give you a second chance, he is downstairs waiting, and you will be civil to him. That is your father's command and it shall be heeded!

Beatrice huffs.

EXT. PARK - 1963 - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

Beatrice and Corbin walk through a park. KIDS fly kites, an ANT and a BEAR have a picnic, a DOG and HUMAN play tug-o-war.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

And the way they make non-dairy creamer is by replacing the milk fat with vegetable oil. That's why it doesn't need refrigeration. Pretty nifty, huh?

BEATRICE

(bored)
Is that so?

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Oh jeez, I'm boring you.

BEATRICE

Not at all! I don't find you boring! Only the things you choose to talk about, and the way in which you talk about them.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

I'm sorry. I just get excited about food chemistry. You know, we're using it to make food more commodifiable, but I want to use it to prove that nature's way is actually the best way.

BEATRICE

(a bit interested)
Really?

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Oh gosh yes. I want to push for Creamerman products to be all natural. My father's not thrilled. He's more concerned with profit. He says I'll change my tune soon enough. I suppose he's right. But I feel like I never get to be anything other than what he expects me to be. You know?

BEATRICE

I do.
(taking his hand)
You know, Corbin, it occurs to me that perhaps you and I aren't so--

She PUKES.

CORBIN CREAMERMAN

Oh dear!

Then, she PUKES again. And again.

BEATRICE

I'm so sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.

She PUKES again. Corbin looks shocked.

EXT. LOW-CLASS APARTMENT BUILDING - 1963 - DAY

Beatrice, distressed, paces nervously out front. A COCKATIEL IN A CHEAP SUIT WHISTLES:

COCKATIEL IN CHEAP SUIT

Nice gams.
(whistle)
Nice gams.

BEATRICE

Is that the only thing you can think
to say?!

COCKATIEL IN CHEAP SUIT

(whistle)

... Nice... ...Gams.

Beatrice SIGHS, annoyed. Finally, Butterscotch approaches.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Beatrice. What are you doing here?

BEATRICE

I had to look you up in the phone
book. The number you gave me was to a
pizza parlour in Brownsburg.

BUTTERSCOTCH

(feigning shock)

What? Are you sure?

BEATRICE

I need to talk to you. I'm pregnant.

COCKATIEL IN CHEAP SUIT

(whistle)

Whoa-boy!

BUTTERSCOTCH

Come on, Bopper, can you give us some
privacy? Please?

COCKATIEL IN CHEAP SUIT

Sure thing, Butterscotch. You take it
easy.

The cockatiel bops his head and snaps as he walks off.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Are you certain it's mine?

BEATRICE

Whose else could it be? Do you think I
lift my skirt, remove my pantyhose,
unclasp my garters, drop my drawers,
and unzip my lady pocket for any Tom,
Dick, or herring?

Butterscotch sits on the stoop. Beatrice follows.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well ... What do you want to do? Maybe you have a cousin, who has a friend, who knows a doctor, who can take care of such... inconveniences? I'm happy to do the gentlemanly thing and pay for the cab fare.

FLASH OF: Young Beatrice's doll in the fire, melting, popping. Then:

BEATRICE

No. I can't.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well, that doesn't leave us with very many options.

BEATRICE

I'm a ruined woman.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Don't be hysterical. You're not ruined. It's a verifiable fact you look more beautiful than ever.

She smiles in spite of herself.

BEATRICE

(sheepishly)
Oh, what do you know?

BUTTERSCOTCH

It was a pretty great night we had together. Huh?

BEATRICE

It was.

They sit in silence a beat, then:

BUTTERSCOTCH

Say, did you ever hear the story of the couple who moved to California?

BEATRICE

I can't say that I have.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Oh, it's a marvelous adventure. You see, they hardly knew each other, but they shared a certain sensitivity and a taste for the unknown.

(MORE)

BUTTERSCOTCH (CONT'D)

They were living in a one-horse town,
so they headed west, towards a town
that could accommodate three horses.

BEATRICE

Oh yes, I think I have heard this
story. They got a small house in San
Francisco, near the bookstore.

BUTTERSCOTCH

He got in good with Squirrelinghetti
and his scurry.

BEATRICE

He wrote his great American novel...

BUTTERSCOTCH

While his wife took care of the baby.

BEATRICE

His wife? I didn't hear about that
part.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well... if she'd have him. If a
beautiful creature like herself could
ever love an oaf like him.

BEATRICE

I think she could.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Yeah?

BEATRICE

Yeah. Isn't that how the story goes?

They smile at each other, then kiss.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

WE SEE a series of happy photos: them with suitcases strapped to the top of a VW BUG, them in simple wedding attire - kissing in an EMPTY CHAPEL (Beatrice's baby-belly showing), them holding up their wedding bands with THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE in the background...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - 1964 - NIGHT

Establishing shot of an apartment building.

INT. BEATRICE AND BUTTERSCOTCH'S APARTMENT - 1964 - NIGHT

A clock on the wall shows it's the middle of the night. The BABY is crying. Beatrice lies awake, rocking the cradle next to the bed with her foot. Butterscotch turns to her:

BUTTERSCOTCH

The baby's hungry.

BEATRICE

He's not. I tried. He won't eat. I don't know what he wants.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well, can you figure it out? If I don't sleep, how can I work to support you and the child - let alone have energy left over to write?

BEATRICE

Maybe if anyone wanted to pay you for anything you wrote this wouldn't be a problem. We'd be able to afford a nanny and a maid.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Well if Squirrelinghetti and his horde of commie, liberal, Jew-loving rejects knew what good writing was, I'd be able to sell something!

BEATRICE

Oh so they're all wrong, and you're right.

The baby lets out a louder CRY.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Why won't you just take that corner office job at Sugarman West instead of breaking your back all day at the cannery, and then maybe you could afford me some decent help around here?

BUTTERSCOTCH

You want me to work for your father, and get paid for it, like some sort of slave?

BEATRICE

That is the opposite of slavery.

BUTTERSCOTCH

IS IT?!

BEATRICE

Yes! IT IS! You have no facility for language!

The baby CRIES out again.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Oh, will you at long last be quiet?!

BUTTERSCOTCH

You wanted that baby. Never forget that.

BEATRICE

I need quiet!

Beatrice swallows A COCKTAIL OF PILLS and chokes them down with water. Then she looks into the cradle and says:

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You'd better be worth all of this.

THE CAMERA pushes onto the clock and we...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOJACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - 1970 - NIGHT

We WIDEN OUT from the clock to find an exhausted Beatrice sitting in a chair, smoking a cigarette. She stares at a YOUNG BOJACK (6), who's watching TV.

BEATRICE

Well, you're not.

YOUNG BOJACK

I'm not what?

BEATRICE

Mommy's tired, BoJack. Tell me a story.

BoJack stands by her and clears his throat.

YOUNG BOJACK

Once upon a time--

Door SLAMS.

BEATRICE

Quiet! Your father's home.

Butterscotch enters the room.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

(bitterly)

How was work, Darling?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Terrible.

BEATRICE

Well, I burnt dinner-- again. But you can pick at the charred remains and delight me with stories of who lost a finger today at the cannery, before locking yourself in your study for the night to chip away at your never-ending goddamn novel. I'll clean up the kitchen, and bathe our filthy child, and take a pill to keep myself thin and another to help me fall asleep, and we'll just keep waltzing through this goddamn proletariat dream.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Maybe if the goddamn baby wasn't crying all the time, I could finish the goddamn novel.

YOUNG BOJACK

I'm not a baby. I'm six.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Yes, wa wa, ga ga goo goo.

YOUNG BOJACK

I'm forming sentences.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Oh and I can't? Is that what you're saying? Everyone's a critic, even my own home is full of vultures. I can see the headline now: Idiot Son Thinks Dad's Book is Great, comma, Son is Idiot.

YOUNG BOJACK

I didn't say your book is great.

BUTTERSCOTCH

I can't live like this!

BEATRICE

And you think I can?! I should have married Corbin Creamerman.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Like he'd have you.

BEATRICE

He would have! And he would have been kind to me. And he would have taken care of me. And if he couldn't, he wouldn't have been too much of a stubborn ass to take a decent job at my father's company!

BUTTERSCOTCH

Fine! I'll take the corner office, with the company car, six-figure salary, and four weeks paid vacation, but if my novel becomes bad because I no longer remember what it's like to be working class, we'll know whom to blame.

He storms off. Beatrice smiles.

A quick-paced, time-lapse MONTAGE as Beatrice sets about REDECORATING and ordering around NEWLY HIRED STAFF. The living room comes to look like the living room we've seen in previous flashbacks of BoJack's childhood home.

BoJack ages up as he sits in the same spot in front of the TV. Eventually, he's gone. We also see a series of MAIDS, culminating in Henrietta.

INT. BEATRICE AND BUTTERSCOTCH'S HOME - 1999 - DAY

Beatrice sits on the couch smoking a cigarette and observing Henrietta clean from the corner of her eye. A PAINTING is propped against a wall. Beatrice stands.

BEATRICE

Henrietta, will you help me pack this?
I want to bring it to my son.

HENRIETTA

Of course, Mrs. Horseman.

She takes the painting. Butterscotch, now in his 60s, enters with a drink. He makes a face at the painting.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Jesus, what is that ghastly thing?

BEATRICE

It belonged to Father.

FLASH OF: Beatrice in front of her father's casket.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I'm giving it to BoJack.

BUTTERSCOTCH

I never cared for the aesthetic arts.
Dulls the senses. Art should be
straightforward and utilitarian. Like
my novel.

HENRIETTA

I can't wait to read it.

BEATRICE

Henrietta? The painting?

HENRIETTA

Right away, Mrs. Horseman.

BEATRICE

I shouldn't have to ask you twice. God
gave you two ears and me only the one
mouth, after all.

Henrietta takes the painting to the other room.

BUTTERSCOTCH

You could be nicer to her.

BEATRICE

No one's ever nice to me; why should I be nice?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Beatrice--

BEATRICE

Just because the maid bats her sad little eyes at you doesn't mean I'm so easily seduced.

BUTTERSCOTCH

I don't know what you're insinuating.

BEATRICE

Oh, I'm sure she tells you darling poor-little-match-girl stories about how she's saving up for nursing school.

BUTTERSCOTCH

As a matter of fact, she is saving up for nursing school.

BEATRICE

I know. I can hear your flirting through the wall, when you're supposedly "working on your novel." I bet you think she's falling in love with you. You sensitive, misunderstood artist. Won't she be disappointed.

BOJACK (PRE-LAP)

I don't know why you don't just get a divorce already.

INT. BOJACK'S LIVING ROOM - 1999 - DAY

Beatrice has just entered. The painting leans against the wall.

BEATRICE

Oh, sure, that's the Hollywood way. Divorce, divorce, everyone gets a divorce! "We're out of mustard. Let's get a divorce!" "I'm a little sad.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Divorce!" "We've grown apart over the years and our adult child has moved out of the house and there's no reason for us to stay together. Divorce!"

BOJACK

That actually is a legitimate reason to get a divorce.

BEATRICE

Well, who else would have me now? After what you did to my body?

BOJACK

What I did?

BEATRICE

Anyway, do you want this painting? It belonged to your grandfather, a man who knew what a marriage meant.

FLASH: Joseph and Honey's shadows on the wall.

BOJACK

Sure.

BEATRICE

I drove it all the way down here, didn't I? You might as well take it.

BOJACK

I said I'd take it.

BEATRICE

Of course. Take. That's all you ever do.

Beat.

BOJACK

How long are you sticking around for, Mom? Because I got a date with Tonya Harding tonight. She was the good one, right? I always get them confused.

BEATRICE

Just pour me a drink and I'll be on my way.

BOJACK

Yeah, let's get you good and liquored up before you drive back up the coast.

He fixes her a drink.

BEATRICE

I heard your show was canceled.

BOJACK

Three years ago now. You're really on the pulse.

BEATRICE

I never understood the appeal.

BOJACK

Yes. You have made that abundantly clear.

BEATRICE

It's just a bunch of silly stories.

BOJACK

Some people like silly stories. They find them comforting.

BEATRICE

I, for one, am through with silly stories. Lot of good they ever did.

BOJACK

Well, it's not Ibsen, but--

BEATRICE

It would only depress me. To watch you fumble and bumble around like that. All the sacrifices I made. So that you could do this.

Beat.

BOJACK

Well. Thanks for the painting. It'll be nice to have something that always reminds me of this conversation.

INT. BEATRICE AND BUTTERSCOTCH'S HOME - 1999 - NIGHT

Beatrice enters to find Butterscotch and Henrietta HAVING SEX on the couch. They do not notice her.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Ohh! Ohhh.

HENRIETTA

Mr. Horseman!

Beatrice CLEARS HER THROAT.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

Oh!

They stop and turn, surprised to see her.

BUTTERSCOTCH

You're home early. That's your fault.

Henrietta gets up covering herself.

HENRIETTA

My god. I'm so sorry, ma'am.

BEATRICE

Great! Now we have to find a new maid.
Another thing you've ruined,
Butterscotch.

She lights a cigarette.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

(to Henrietta)

You're fired, of course.

Henrietta nods, then starts to exit.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Wait.

She stops.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Clean this up, then you're fired.

She takes a drag of her cigarette. As she inhales, FLASHES
OF: Fire. The woods of Michigan. Her mother. Herself in
labor. Fire. Little Beatrice falling off the slide. Fire.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BEATRICE AND BUTTERSCOTCH'S HOME - 2000 - DAY

Beatrice is reading a book titled: "Several Months Later."
Butterscotch enters. She ignores him. He CLEARS HIS THROAT.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Beatrice.

BEATRICE

What?

BUTTERSCOTCH

I gummed things up.

Beatrice looks up.

BEATRICE

Oh?

BUTTERSCOTCH

It's Henrietta. The girl went and got herself pregnant.

BEATRICE

Oh, she got herself pregnant?

BUTTERSCOTCH

I really made a mess of things, I'm sorry.

BEATRICE

Well, what do you expect me to do about it?

BUTTERSCOTCH

Can you talk to her? Woman to woman? She wants to have the baby -- I can't talk her out of it.

BEATRICE

What do you want me to say?

BUTTERSCOTCH

I'm out of options, Bea. You think I enjoy groveling to my own wife, hat in hand? If you weren't so neglectful of your wifely duties, maybe we wouldn't be in this fix!

BEATRICE

Don't you dare--

BUTTERSCOTCH

(breaking down)

I'm sorry. I don't know what to do.
Please -- just fix this for me,
please. I know you hate me, but think
of the poor girl.

Beatrice SIGHS. Suddenly she is in a...

INT. RESTAURANT - 2000 - DAY

Beatrice sits across from a visibly pregnant Henrietta.

HENRIETTA

I'm so sorry Mrs. Horseman. He was
just so kind to me.

BEATRICE

He said you reminded him of his dead
mother.

Henrietta looks surprised.

HENRIETTA

He said she had dark hair like mine.
He saw it in a picture once.

Beatrice SIGHS, then.

BEATRICE

Do you really want this child?

HENRIETTA

I-- I don't know. I think so.

Henrietta hands her a PHOTO of a SONOGRAM.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

It's a baby horse. A girl.

Beatrice looks at it. Henrietta swallows.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

I need help... I'm studying to be a
nurse, and tuition keeps going up.

BEATRICE

None of that is my fault.

HENRIETTA

If I can just finish school and get a job, it'll be okay.

BEATRICE

And who's going to care for the baby while you work? Because I won't. And God knows he won't.

Henrietta starts CRYING. Beatrice SIGHS, taking pity on her.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Well, don't do that. What does that solve?

HENRIETTA

I don't know where else to go.

BEATRICE

All right. We'll pay for your tuition.

HENRIETTA

Really?

BEATRICE

Yes. And you'll give the baby up for adoption.

Henrietta's face falls.

HENRIETTA

No.

BEATRICE

You think you want this, but you don't. Not like this.

HENRIETTA

Mrs. Horseman--

BEATRICE

I'm telling you you don't want this. Don't throw away your dreams for this child. Don't let that man poison your life the way he did mine. You're going to finish your schooling and become a nurse. You'll meet a man, a good man, and you'll have a family, but please believe me you don't want this.

(tearing up)

Please, Henrietta, you have to believe me. Please, don't do what I did.

Henrietta, a little freaked out, nods "okay".

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 2000 - DAY

Beatrice stands by Henrietta's side as she PUSHES.

HENRIETTA
NNNnnngG...

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 1964 - NIGHT

Beatrice, alone, pushes out a BABY BOJACK.

BEATRICE
GGggggaaahhh!

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 2000 - DAY

A BABY HORSE GIRL cries, as a doctor swaddles it. The baby looks like Hollyhock, because it is.

BEATRICE
You did it, Henrietta. The hard part is over.

HENRIETTA
Wait. I want to hold her.

BEATRICE
No. You'll get attached.

HENRIETTA
I need to hold her.

BEATRICE
This is for your own good.

Beatrice takes the swaddled baby from the DOCTOR.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 1964 - NIGHT

The DOCTOR hands Beatrice a swaddled Baby BoJack. Butterscotch sits with them. Beatrice tears up. Butterscotch puts his hand on her shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - 2000 - DAY

Beatrice is looking down at the horse girl infant. She hands her off to a NICE, OFFICIAL LOOKING WOMAN. Beatrice stands alone and empty-armed a beat.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - 1947 - NIGHT

A seven year-old, infirmed Beatrice wakes up to find HOUSE STAFF collecting things from her room and burning them in her fireplace. She looks around for her doll.

YOUNG BEATRICE

My baby. Where's my baby?

She sees a pile of her books and toys by the fire. She makes her way to it, and finds her doll's leg sticking out. She unburies it and holds it close. A servant picks up a pile of books: "The Next Morning", "Two Weeks Later", etc. Beatrice grabs for the books.

YOUNG BEATRICE (CONT'D)

No. Please. Stop.

The servant throws the books into the fire. Beatrice breaks down crying.

YOUNG BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?!

Joseph enters.

JOSEPH

Beatrice. Remember what we say about crying: "If we want not a life of meek bleakness, we must never demonstrate our weakness. We must keep our eyes dry, so we are not turned into organ-meat-pie, by those who would like us to die." Now, cheer up, Chipper!

YOUNG BEATRICE

Daddy, tell them not to burn my things.

JOSEPH

But Darling, they have to. Your sickness has infected everything. It all must be destroyed - for your own good.

YOUNG BEATRICE
But, not my baby.

JOSEPH
Yes. Especially your baby.

He takes the doll and tosses it into the fire.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
See, doesn't that feel better?

YOUNG BEATRICE
NOOOOOOOOO! My baby! NOOOO!

Lunging for the fire she collapses.

JOSEPH
Come on now, be strong. You can't let
your womanly emotions consume you. You
don't want to end up like your mother
now, do you?

YOUNG BEATRICE
No...

Beatrice watches her doll burn while stifling tears.

JOSEPH
I promise: One day this will all be a
pleasant memory.

Beatrice watches her doll's eyes pop and melt in the fire. A
haunted expression washes over her face.

INT. SENIOR CARE LIVING CENTER - BEATRICE'S ROOM - 2017 - DAY

Beatrice, present day, has the same haunted expression.

BOJACK
Best of luck. See ya never.

Beatrice shakes out of her reverie. She looks around.

BEATRICE
... Who is that?

BoJack rolls his eyes.

BOJACK
Bye, Mom.

BEATRICE

BoJack?

BoJack is nearly out the door. He stops.

BOJACK

... Mom?

BEATRICE

BoJack? Is that you?

He turns back, tentatively.

BOJACK

Yeah. Yeah, it's me.

BEATRICE

... What is this place?

BOJACK

This is where you live now.

BEATRICE

No. Is it? No.

BOJACK

Mom--

BEATRICE

Where are we, BoJack?

BOJACK

I just told you.

BEATRICE

I-- I don't understand. Where am I?

BOJACK

You're--

He looks at her. She looks frightened, and pitiful. His face falls.

BOJACK (CONT'D)

You're in Michigan.

BEATRICE

Michigan?

BOJACK

At the old vacation house.

BEATRICE

I am?

BOJACK

Yeah. It's a warm summer night, and the fireflies are dancing in the sky. And your whole family is here. They're telling you that everything's going to be all right.

BEATRICE

Yes. That's right. What else?

BOJACK

The crickets are chirping, and the lake is still, and the night is full of stars.

BEATRICE

I can see it. It's so clear. What are we doing here, BoJack?

BOJACK

We're sitting on the back porch, and we're listening to the radio, and we're eating ice cream. Vanilla ice cream.

BEATRICE

Yes. That's right. It's all so marvelous.

BOJACK

Can you taste the ice cream, Mom?

She has a far away look in her eyes. After a beat...

BEATRICE

Oh, BoJack. It's so delicious.

END OF EPISODE