Episode 305

“Slow Happy Boys”

Written by
Tom Kapinos

Directed by
David Von Ancken
CHARACTER LIST

PRODUCTION DRAFT
5/11/09

HANK MOODY .................................................. DAVID DUCHOVNY
KAREN .......................................................... NATASCHA MCELHONE
CHARLIE ....................................................... EVAN HANDLER
BECCA ........................................................ MADELEINE MARTIN
MARCY .......................................................... PAMELA ADLON
SUE COLLINI .................................................. KATHLEEN TURNER
JACKIE .......................................................... EVA AMURRI
DAISY ............................................................ CARLA GALLO
MIKE ZLOZOWSKI .......................................... KEVIN CORRIGAN
WALTER COLLINI ........................................... STEPHEN ROOT
TRANNY ........................................................ SUZANNE ELISE FREEMAN
BUSTY BLONDE STRIPPER ......................... DIANA TERRANOVA
STRIPPER ..................................................... HEATHER CHADWELL
WWE-SIZED BOUNCER ................................. TIM SITARZ
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DAY BREAKDOWN

PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.11.09

DAY ONE
    Scenes 1-6

EVENING ONE
    Scene 7

NIGHT ONE
    Scenes 8-13

MORNING TWO
    Scenes 14-20

DAY TWO
    Scene 21-22*

NIGHT TWO
    Scene 22*

DAY THREE
    Scene 22*-23

*Scene 22 is a DAY-NIGHT-DAY MONTAGE.
FADE IN:

INT. LAX - DAY

HANK and BECCA wait at the gate. Hank enduring the sullen treatment. Boarding is announced. Hank rises. Tugs Becca to her feet.

HANK
Off you go, young lady. Into the wild blue yonder.

BECCA
Great. Maybe I’ll get lucky and my plane will explode in midair.

HANK
Thank you for that lovely image.

BECCA
You’d be sad.

HANK
That I would.

BECCA
For sending me against my will.

HANK
I don’t get it, Becs. What could possibly be so awful about visiting the woman who pushed you through her magnificent vagina? In New York City. In the fall, no less. You’re gonna step off that plane into a Woody Allen movie. I’m pretty jealous right now.

BECCA
Chelsea has Lakers tickets.

HANK
You hate basketball.

BECCA
You’re missing the point. It’s a killer scene.

Hank sighs, defeated. He hugs and kisses his daughter goodbye, but it’s somewhat akin to handling a wet rag doll.
HANK
I know you’re in there somewhere, baby girl. Have a safe trip.

Not much of a response from Becca. He watches as she surrenders her ticket and sulks onto the jetway.

HANK
(muttering to himself)
Come on... look back. At least once. Then I’ll know you still love me. Please, God, just give me a sign from on high.

Finally, just before she rounds a corner and disappears from sight, she looks back. Well, scowls is more like it. But it’s enough. Hank waves and grins like an idiot.

HANK
That’s right! That’s what I’m talking about!

Hank’s happy rain dance takes us all the way to MAIN TITLES.

INT. LAX - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY
Hank comes down an escalator. Headed for a baggage carousel. His phone out. Making a call.

HANK
Okay, she’s up, up and away...

Intercut with:

INT. KAREN’S PLACE IN NYC - SAME
KAREN
Great. Can’t wait to get my hands on that little peanut.

HANK
Don’t be too excited. She hasn’t been very pleasant lately. Kind of a little shit, actually.

KAREN
Stop. Don’t poison the well. We’re going to have a great time, she and I. I’m sure of it.
HANK
Okus-dokus. Just you wait and see. Something wicked your way comes.

KAREN
Wish you could’ve come with.

HANK
Me too. I’m not looking forward to this weekend.

KAREN
Hank. He’s your best friend.

HANK
Was. I haven’t seen the guy in years. Calls me out of the blue. Wants to come visit. Says he has something important to tell me. Kinda weird, no?

KAREN
Whatever. Just have fun. You’ve been pulling Daddy Duty for months now. Retreat into the man cave. Have yourself a lost weekend.

HANK
I can do that.

KAREN
I know you can.

HANK
Call me when she lands. Give her a kiss for me.

KAREN
With pleasure.

Karen hangs up. So does Hank. He looks around...

Whereupon he is suddenly TACKLED. And mock butt-fucked, too.

His assailant is none other than his best buddy from childhood, MIKE ZLOZOWSKI (40s), an Irish-Polack from working-class Long Island. Henceforth known as ZLOZ.

ZLOZ
Moody! You handsome motherfucker. I just had to have me a piece of that ass. How the fuck are you, buddy?!
Zloz pulls Hank to his feet. Tugs him into a mammoth embrace. Hank gives Zloz a serious once-over.

HANK
Jesus, where did that plane come from? 1987? You look exactly the same. And that smell... cigarettes, booze and Drakkar Noir... takes me right back.

ZLOZ
What about you? Ya look like half-a-fag in that smoking jacket, but you smell pretty much the same -- like a cock dipped in shit.

Hank looks at Zloz with a mixture of horror and bemused affection.

HANK
It’s good to see you, Zloz. Been a long time, my friend.

ZLOZ
Yeah, and whose fault is that? Who never comes back to the Island? Fancy book writer Hank-fucking-Moody, that’s who.

HANK
What can I say? They won’t let me back. I divulged too many small town secrets, named too many names.

ZLOZ
Well, here I am, man. I finally made it. LA, man. L-fucking-A.

HANK
So what’s going on? You sounded pretty mysterious on the phone.

ZLOZ
Later. There’s plenty of time to shoot the shit. First I wanna see Britney’s vertical smile.

HANK
I’ll have to check the schedule. I don’t think she’s showing this week.
ZLOZ
Then I wanna act like a millionaire and get properly 'faced with my best buddy in the whole wide world. Whatta ya say?

HANK
I say we shoot for the moon. And if we only make it halfway there, so fucking be it. Still better than working for the man...

ZLOZ
...and dying less than five miles from where you were born. Mr. Amato. 11th Grade English. Words to live by. Come on -- let's get fucking ossified.

Off Hank, feeling the collision of past and present...

INT. RUNKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

CHARLIE is atop MARCY, pumping away with youthful abandon. He achieves fruition. At the same time she does, actually. Charlie rolls off. A moment as they catch their breath.

CHARLIE
(winded)
Wow. Simultaneous cummage. That never happens. Like ever. It must be a sign!

MARCY
Not so fast, Runkle. We’ve thrown each other a few bangs. So what? Just a couple of lonely hearts coming together to make the night a little less cruel. In the whole scheme of things, don’t mean shit.

CHARLIE
But it’s morning. We just had morning sex.

MARCY
Don’t be dense, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I’ve got an idea.

MARCY
I’m scared.
CHARLIE
Go out with me.

MARCY
What?

CHARLIE
Go on a date with me. See if you enjoy yourself. We’ll leave sexy time out of it.

MARCY
I don’t know, Charlie. Sounds kinda gay.

CHARLIE
Come on. Do you have any plans tonight?

MARCY
Just me, the TiVo, and a big hunk of dark chocolate.

CHARLIE
Omar’s coming over?

MARCY
I’m being literal, ya fuckin’ dunce.

CHARLIE
Shit, I think I was nibbling on that last night. Finished it.

MARCY
Stop your grazing, asshole. You’re eating me out of house and home.

CHARLIE
Come on. Sue Collini’s throwing a party at her place. I have to go. Be my date.

MARCY
Isn’t that going to be weird?

CHARLIE
Why, because I had relations with her?

MARCY
That’s so gross, Charlie. I’m throwing up in the back of my throat right now.
CHARLIE
This from the girl who was recently discovered playing Amistad in this very room.

MARCY
Well, can’t say I’m not just a wee bit curious to see where that broad calls home.

CHARLIE
I know. Me too. So... Marcy Ellen Runke... will you go out with me?

MARCY
Shut up and eat my clam. I’ll think about it.

Charlie disappears under the sheets. Marcy smiles.

INT. MARAT - DAY

Hank and Zloz at the bar. Zloz taking it all in. He’s a long way from home and he’s feeling it.

ZLOZ
This place is fucking fancy, man.

HANK
Yeah, compared to... what was that fucking dive called...?

ZLOZ
Mr. Beery’s? How the fuck do you forget Mr. Beery’s? I was just there last night.

HANK
You do not still hang out there.

ZLOZ
Sure do. Along with half our graduating class. Every time I walk in, it’s like a fucking high school reunion. Whatever. Keeps me from beating the kids and eating a shotgun.

HANK
How many kids now?
A beat. Zloz thinking this is something Hank should know. He leaves it alone. Waves the BEAUTIFUL BARMAID over with his index finger.

ZLOZ
Three. Which is three too fucking many, lemme tell ya.
(to Beautiful Barmaid)
Hey, I made you come with one finger. Imagine what I could do with the rest.

Beautiful Barmaid rolls her eyes, annoyed. Hank winces, embarrassed.

HANK
Jesus, Zloz. That old chestnut? Stand down, buddy.
(to Beautiful Barmaid)
My apologies. He’s sick in the head. On a weekend pass from the asylum. Another round, m’lady?

She goes. Hank slaps Zloz upside the head.

HANK
What’s wrong with you?

ZLOZ
What? I’m sorry! Smokin’ hot bitches everywhere you look. What’s the move here?

HANK
The move?

ZLOZ
Yeah, they seem like a bunch of stuck-up cunts.

HANK
Good opening line. See how that works out for you.

ZLOZ
You still pulling a ton of ass?

HANK
I do okay.

ZLOZ
I got my dick wet first. Remember that shit.
HANK
Fucking your first cousin doesn’t count, turd-fondler.

ZLOZ
Sure it does. Pussy’s pussy. Being inside it is all that matters.

HANK
You should meet my agent. You two would get along famously.

Another round of drinks arrive. Hank reaches for his wallet. Zloz beats him to the punch.

ZLOZ
Fuck you. I got this.

Zloz throws a twenty down, turns away. Beautiful Barmaid shakes her head -- not quite enough. Hank covers the rest. Mouths “Keep it.”

ZLOZ
I feel a little under-dressed in this joint.

HANK
That’s ‘cause you are. You look like a fucking landscaper.

ZLOZ
I am a fucking landscaper. Own my own company now, thank you very much.

HANK
Hey, good for you.

ZLOZ
Yeah, whatever. Not quite the same as getting paid to make shit up for a living.

HANK
Which is a lot harder than it looks. Trust me.

ZLOZ
Right. God, I’d love to have that chick sit on my face before I die.
HANK
You’re talking a big game over there, cowboy. Like you’d ever cheat on Kim. How’s she doing?

ZLOZ
Yeah, that. That’s what I wanted to tell ya. We’re through.

HANK
What?

ZLOZ
It’s over. We called it quits.

HANK
What happened?

ZLOZ
We got in a fight. Things were said. Household appliances were thrown. I got in the car. Hopped on a plane to LA. Mind if I crash on your couch for a while?

HANK
Fuck, yeah, I mind. I’m raising a daughter, numb-nuts.

ZLOZ
How is Becca? What is she now? Fifteen? Sixteen?

HANK
You’re not going to do any better, asshole. Kim is beautiful. I used to beat off to that girl almost every day in high school. You were my hero when you nailed her.

ZLOZ
Yeah, well... how does the saying go? For every beautiful girl, there’s a guy bored of fucking her. Come on, let’s do something already. Where’s the party?

HANK
What party?

ZLOZ
Somewhere out there, there’s a party.

(MORE)
And there’s a blonde with big tits just waiting for me to bang her. Call your agent. Isn’t he paid to make shit like that happen?

Hank chuckles, pulls out his phone, dials...

HANK
You don’t know my agent.

6 INT. CHARLIE’S OFFICE - DAY

Where a cheerful Charlie is just getting off the phone.

CHARLIE
Great, we’ll meet you guys there. Looking forward to it. Any friend of yours. I’ll see what I can do about the blonde. With big tits, right. See ya, buddy.

He hangs up, collects his stuff, ready to leave for the day when lovely adult film ingenue DAISY appears in the doorway. A very busty Daisy, in fact. Recently boob-jobbed. Smiling.

DAISY
Hey, you.

Charlie looks, lights up...

CHARLIE
Hey there, porn star...

Big hug. Charlie reacts to the enhanced breastage, impressed.

CHARLIE
Wow. Your boobs. They’re really big.

DAISY
I know, right?

CHARLIE
So that’s what my last ten grand looks like, huh?

DAISY
You can touch ‘em if you want.

CHARLIE
Really?
DAISY
Sure, you paid for 'em. Feel me up, citizen.

Charlie makes a meal out of fondling the fakies. Approaches them from every conceivable angle.

CHARLIE
I knew you’d come back. Sooner or later.

DAISY
You did?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I said it, remember?

DAISY
Oh right. When I broke up with you. You were all like, “You’ll be back! They all come back! Sooner or later!”

CHARLIE
Exactly. And here you am be.

DAISY
Here I am be.

CHARLIE
The thing is, Daisy... much as I look back fondly on our little afternoon in the sun... I don’t think I can go back there. Trying to mend fences with the Mrs.

DAISY
Aww. You two are great together. Good luck with that.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

DAISY
Okay, so two things.

CHARLIE
I’m all ears.

DAISY
Eyes, Charlie. Look in my eyes.

CHARLIE
Sorry. They’re just so very big.
DAISY
I’m getting married.

CHARLIE
Holy shit! Who’s the lucky guy?

DAISY
Ronnie Praeger. The director. Remember him?

CHARLIE
Sure. Who could forget the visionary helmer behind *Vaginatown*?

DAISY
We’re doing a new one. A musical. *Little Anal Annie*. It’s an homage to...

CHARLIE
Annie. Right, very clever. Wow. So you’re doing porn again?

DAISY
Yeah, I’m just really good at it. And I get to sing, too.

CHARLIE
Well, congrats. I guess.

DAISY
Thanks! I think it’s gonna be fun.

CHARLIE
What was the other thing?

DAISY
The other thing?

CHARLIE
Yeah, you said there were two things.

DAISY
Oh, right. Yeah, so I’ve been making the rounds, informing my partners about the various STDs I’ve contracted. Nothing too crazy, mind you -- nothing life-threatening or anything -- but you might want to get to the doctor and have him whip up some kind of cocktail to help fight it off.

(MORE)
Because lemme tell ya -- this is some really pernicious shit. My vagina looks like downtown Baghdad right now.

Charlie feels a sudden wave of nausea.

DAISY
Charlie, are you okay?

CHARLIE
I think so. I’m just a little dizzy. And clammy. Do I feel clammy to you? Is that how it starts?

DAISY
Shit, I gotta get going. Ronnie and I are registering at the Crate & Barrel down the street. We’re sending you guys an invite, you know. You better come.

CHARLIE
Sure, if I’m not in a syphilitic coma by then.

She gives him a sweet little kiss and goes, leaving Charlie unsure whether he should weep or vomit.

INT. COLLINI HOUSE - EVENING

Hank and Zloz wander into the Hollywood party of your cinematic daydreams. It should feel like we’ve stepped into another era. A sweet spot somewhere between 1979 and 1985.

ZLOZ
Fucking-A. This is some serious Scarface shit right here.

Hank quickly finds Charlie and Marcy in the crowd.

HANK
Runkles... I want you to meet the almighty Zloz. My best friend from the Island of Long.

ZLOZ
Mike Zlozowski. Nice to meet you guys. Thanks for taking good care of my boy.

Ad-libbed greetings are exchanged. Zloz says to Hank:
ZLOZ
So this is your Ovitz?

HANK
If by Ovitz you mean the man who does absolutely nothing to improve my professional life and only serves to amuse me, then yes, this is my Ovitz.

CHARLIE
(to Zloz)
Let me ask you: was he always such a prick?

ZLOZ
Always. It's a disease, really. I had to hand him his ass on an almost daily basis.

SUE COLLINI greets them, martini in hand...

COLLINI
Welcome...

Hugs and hellos and whatnot.

A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR cruises up alongside Collini. A handsome, well-dressed older man. Somewhat erudite.

WHEELCHAIR GUY
This must be Runkle. I see what you mean. Great head for helming.

COLLINI
I'd like to introduce my husband...
Walter Collini.

Looks are thrown between Hank and the Runkles. Hank chuckles and gives Charlie a pat on the back.

HANK
Enjoy yourself, Cap’n.

Hank wanders off with Zloz. Charlie pulls Collini aside.

CHARLIE
Whoa, hold on a second here. You’re married...?

COLLINI
Twenty-five years and counting.
CHARLIE
I had no idea.

COLLINI
You never asked.

CHARLIE
I feel very strange about this.

COLLINI
Don’t you worry, Runkle. Walter and I have an open relationship. As you can see, he has certain limitations. But he’s a master of the oral arts.
(to Marcy)
You should give him a try sometime.

Whereupon he wags his tongue and does a fancy little wheelchair wheelie for emphasis. Marcy starts to mutter:

MARCY
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home, there’s no place like home...

EXT. COLLINI HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank finds Zloz out by the pool, talking to some VAPID CHICK.

ZLOZ
Is your father a lumberjack? Because whenever I look at you, I get serious wood in my pants.

Vapid Chick walks off. Hank hands him a beer. They clink.

HANK
Nice job, Shecky Greene.

ZLOZ
To the City of Angels and its stuck-up snatch...

HANK
Come on. Can’t we do better than that? Let’s drink to fucking Levittown. From whence we came.

ZLOZ
I don’t know, Moody. I could get used to this. Fuck, I’ve got some screenplay ideas.

(MORE)
ZLOZ (CONT'D)
I mean, what’s stopping me from taking this city by storm?

HANK
Me. Just me. I won’t let you.

ZLOZ
You trying to hold me back? Keep it all for yourself?

HANK
That out there -- that’s a fucking mirage. You’ve got everything you could ever want or need back at home. Trust me.

ZLOZ
What the fuck do you know about back home? You got out years ago. It’s easy for you to spout some working-class-hero-Springsteen bullshit about the sanctity of small towns when you’re driving a Porsche through the Promised Land.

HANK
You got it all wrong, man.

ZLOZ
See that broad over there?

Zloz nods out a CALIFORNIA GIRL over yonder.

ZLOZ
I’m gonna go talk to her. Maybe she’s warm for my form, maybe she’s not. I’m no Marky Mark or nothing, but I’m going down swinging tonight.

HANK
Zloz, I speak from experience when I say that some things are best left a fantasy. Once you cross that line, it’s hard to find your way back home.

ZLOZ

(off his look)
S’what I thought. Wish me luck.
Charlie and Marcy find themselves in a verbal headlock with Sue and Walter Collini.

**COLLINI**
Who wants to go down to the playroom and make a little movie? We’ve got a camera, a tripod, and a dirty futon.

**MARCY**
That sounds like a snuff film.

**WALTER COLLINI**
Nonsense. Runkle, have you ever seen a stag film?

**CHARLIE**
I’ve seen my fair share of porn.

**WALTER COLLINI**
Not porn, you simpleton. A stag film is different. Evokes a bygone era. A better time for sex.

**CHARLIE**
I don’t believe I have, Mr. Collini.

**WALTER COLLINI**
Listen to me. We have something in common, you and I. Something few men share. We’ve both been inside this gorgeous glass of gin over here. You call me Walter. You understand?

**CHARLIE**
Okay, fair enough. Walter it is.

**COLLINI**
Walter has one of the preeminent stag film collections in the country.

**WALTER COLLINI**
It’s one of my great passions.

**MARCY**
What is it you do for a living, Walter?
WALTER COLLINI
Look around, my dear. I buy and sell erotic art. That’s what gets this soldier hard.
(off their looks)
Not down there. No sirree. That thing’s about as useful as a piece of string cheese. But my tongue. That’s where it’s at. When I get aroused, all the blood rushes to my mouth. It’s almost better than a penis. It’s a heat-seeker.

He wags his tongue at Marcy, who cowards, grossed-out.

COLLINI
He speaks the truth, my man does. Although I’m still a penetration junkie at heart. Which is why he’s kind enough to let me shop elsewhere.

CHARLIE
If you don’t mind me asking, Walter, how’d you end up in the chair?

WALTER COLLINI
This one over here rode me so hard one night she broke my member. It ballooned up. Got all swollen and purple. Like an eggplant. I freaked out, thought I was never going to be able to make love again. So I threw myself off the deck. Broke just about every bone in my body. But Sue Collini -- she stayed with me. Through thick and thin. To Hell and back. I love her madly.

Walter and Sue make out furiously. Marcy elbows Charlie. They try to sneak away. No such luck. Busted.

COLLINI
Hey, where do you two think you’re going?

MARCY
We gotta call and check on the kids.

COLLINI
I didn’t know you had kids, Runkle.
CHARLIE
You never asked.

They skedaddle.

10    INT. COLLINI HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank is shooting some pool when a flabbergasted Zloz races in, soaking wet, pulling on his clothes.

ZLOZ
Dude, she has a cock!

HANK
Really? Are you sure? Maybe it’s just an oversized clit.

ZLOZ
Things were going really well. Too well. We were making out in the hot tub. She said she wanted to tell me something. I thought she had a boyfriend or something. Next thing I know, she guides my hand down to her thin, bent dong.

HANK
So then what? You gave her a handie?

ZLOZ
Fuck you. I fucking clocked her. Him. Whatever.

HANK
Zloz, you can’t do shit like that. That’s a human being.

ZLOZ
What the fuck is wrong with you, Moody? Have you been in LA so long that a chick with a dick means nothing to you?

The Tranny enters, loaded for bear. Hell-bent on kicking Zloz’s ass. Hank intervenes.

TRANNY
Your friend’s a closeted fucking homo.
HANK
I’ve been telling him that for years now.

ZLOZ
Hey, them’s fighting words.

TRANNY
Asshole. I thought you knew. And then when I realized you didn’t, I tried to break it to you gently.

HANK
For what it’s worth, I think you’re beautiful. You could totally pass for a lady.

TRANNY
Thank you, sweetie.

ZLOZ
Great, you two should get a room.

TRANNY
I think he knew. Deep down. He was looking for a little meat.

His sexuality challenged, Zloz does what comes natural -- he takes a swing. Pissed, Hank shoves Zloz. They end up in a retard-clumsy fistfight. At which point Collini enters.

COLLINI
Boys! Enough! There will be no fighting in this house. Love is to be made here. The Collinis are open to all shapes and sizes and sexual preferences. Ignorance will not be tolerated.

HANK
I understand. You’re completely right, Sue. We’re deeply ashamed. Right? Right, Zloz?

ZLOZ
Maybe you are.  
(off his look)
I’m deeply ashamed. That I touched a tranny’s cock.

COLLINI
Now that we’ve cleared that up, you boys wanna go skiing with me?
She mimes “skiing.” Both hands working a pole. Hank and Zloz look at each other. Exeunt.

11 INT. COLLINI HOUSE - PLAYROOM - NIGHT

Marcy drags Charlie into the “playroom.” Collini wasn’t lying. There’s a videocamera on a tripod, and it’s trained on a dirty futon on the floor.

CHARLIE
What are you doing?

MARCY
All this erotica’s got me all sexed-up and shit. You know how I am. The more I get, the more I want.

CHARLIE
Maybe not tonight, though. Maybe we take a break.

MARCY
Why? Why don’t you want to fuck me?

CHARLIE
Because this is my boss’s house.

MARCY
So what? Your boss is a stone freak. I think she would very much approve of a quickie happening right under her very roof.

CHARLIE
I’m also a little sore. Chafed, really.

MARCY
Okay, what the fuck is going on?

CHARLIE
Nothing. I guess I’m just a little overwhelmed by the whiplash nature of our relationship.

MARCY
Bullshit. You fucked someone else, didn’t you?

CHARLIE
No way. Never. I’m done with that behavior.
MARCY
Something’s up with you, Runkle.

CHARLIE
Daisy came to see me today.

MARCY
I knew it! A woman always knows. So what, you wanna go back to her now? Have some skanky little porno babies? Make up your fucking mind already, Runkle!

CHARLIE
No, I told her I want to be with you. Only with you. My one true love.

MARCY
And what’d she say, that little tramp?

CHARLIE
Well... actually... and this is interesting... she said that she had contracted a few STDs. Nothing too crazy, mind you. Nothing a bolus of antibiotics won’t cure.

MARCY
Wow. I seriously think I’m gonna throw up right now.

CHARLIE
That’s what I said. I think. Maybe I said I was dizzy. Same difference, really.

Marcy really does look like she’s going to puke. She’s doubled over, trying to catch her breath. Charlie tries to comfort her.

She comes up for air. Hauls off and PUNCHES HIM in the face.

MARCY
I’m taking your little fucking girl car, Charlie. Don’t you dare come home tonight.

EXT. COLLINI HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and Zloz exit to find a distraught Charlie watching Marcy take off in his aqua blue Z3.
HANK
What’s wrong, Donkey Kong? Where’s the Marce going?
(see his face)
Jesus. What happened to your face?

CHARLIE
She punched me. My fault, of course. I think I gave her some VD.

HANK
Of course you did.

ZLOZ
Shotgun!

They pile into the Porsche. Charlie is forced to wedge himself into the tiny back seat. Away they go...

INT. FASTER PUSSYCAT – NIGHT

Absolute chaos. Lights, music, girls galore... all captured by shaky, hand-held cameras. Hank is talking to JACKIE at the bar.

HANK
Hey, do you know any ladies who are more or less a sure thing?

JACKIE
You’re looking at one.

HANK
That’s sweet. For my friend over there.

Hank nods at a trashed Zloz, who is enjoying the shit out of a lap dance from a BUSTY BLONDE STRIPPER.

ZLOZ
(shouts to Hank)
Now this is more like it! You see the tits on this broad?!

Jackie frowns at Hank.

HANK
He’s a really nice guy. Deep down. Very deep down.
JACKIE  
This is a strip club, Hank. Not a whorehouse.

Charlie, meanwhile, has a STRIPPER working one leg and a LITTLE PERSON STRIPPER bouncing on the other. He SHOUTS over the music:

CHARLIE  
Be careful, ladies! I think I might have an STD!

STRIPPER  
What’s that, honey?!

CHARLIE  
I think I have an STD!

STRIPPER  
An MP3?!

CHARLIE  
Never mind...

And now we’re with Zloz, who’s in hog heaven. Although he can’t help but ask:

ZLOZ  
Hey, you don’t happen to have a dick, do ya?  
(off her look)  
No offense or anything.

Busty Blonde Stripper looks at him for a moment, annoyed.

BUSTY BLONDE STRIPPER  
None taken.

She takes his hand and places it firmly on her crotch.

ZLOZ  
Nope. No dick down there. No hair either. Sorry I doubted you, sweetheart.

Back to business. She takes her top off. Big boobs spill out. Zloz is beside himself. Finds himself mesmerized.

A moment.

Too drunk to stop himself, he dives right in. Like a hungry baby, he latches onto a nipple and won’t let go.

Busty Blonde Stripper freaks out and SCREAMS for help.
A WWE-SIZED BOUNCER is there in no time. Grabs Zloz in a bear hug and heads for the door.

Hanks sees what’s going on and throws himself in between.

    HANK
    What happened? What’d he do?

    WWE-SIZED BOUNCER
    He was sucking her titties. That’s not cool.

    HANK
    Shit, you got that right.
    (to Zloz)
    What were you thinking?

    ZLOZ
    Hank, they were fucking epic. I couldn’t help myself. She was like Mamie Van Doren meets Samantha Fox. You know what a tit man I am!

Hank produces some cash, tries to smooth things over.

    HANK
    (to bouncer)
    Look, can we forget about this? You can take the boy out of Long Island... you know what I’m saying?

    ZLOZ
    Hey, that’s fucking condescending, you prick.

    HANK
    I’m not the one who’s still breast-feeding, asshole.

    WWE-SIZED BOUNCER
    Forget it. I’m tossing working-class here out on his ass...

Zloz sees red, takes a swing. The bouncer swings back. Something akin to a western bar fight breaks out. The whole place goes shithouse. Zloz looks at Hank with a crazy grin.

    ZLOZ
    You with me, compadre?

Hank sighs and joins the fray...
INT. HANK’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Which should resemble David Lee Roth’s hotel room circa 1984. It looks like a fucking bomb went off. And much fun was had.

Next to Hank, tangled up in the sheets, SLEEPING BEAUTY. All blonde hair and dangerous curves. We can’t see her face.

Hank gets out of bed. Too fast. Puts his hands out to stop the spinning. Courtesy of the night before, natch.

He stumbles around the room, looking for something he can’t quite find. Then -- a light bulb moment. He lurches into:

THE BATHROOM

Where the sudsy remains of a bubble bath are still in the tub. He shoves a hand into the froth, comes up with various and sundry articles of clothing.

Tops, bottoms, lacy what-have-you’s. Finally producing his sunglasses.

He shakes off the suds. Slides them on. Looks in the mirror. Improvs some kung fu moves. And then it’s...

INTO THE DINING ROOM

It’s a fucking mess in here, too. Bottles of booze everywhere. A mushroom cloud of cigarette smoke hanging in the air.

Hank crosses paths with last night’s Little Person Stripper, who is exiting Becca’s bedroom. She gives him a nod and a wink and heads for the kitchen.

Hank watches as she opens the fridge and guzzles some OJ out of the carton. He turns, walks into...

BECCA’S BEDROOM

Where another stripper is passed out in Becca’s bed.

A Gnarly Pair of Male Feet poke out from under the covers next to her head.

Hank peeks under the covers down by the girl’s feet. Finds an unconscious Charlie under there. Sporting a nasty shiner.

Hank puts the covers back over Charlie’s face. Leaves the room...
Zloz is passed out on the floor.

Hank sighs, looks at his old friend with equal measures compassion and disgust. He gets an idea. Goes...

INT. HIS BEDROOM

Where he shakes Sleeping Beauty. Turns out it’s Jackie. She wakes up yawning. All sleepy and cute. Smiles at Hank.

JACKIE
Morning, teach. Our first sleepover.

HANK
Yeah, wish I remembered a little more of it.

JACKIE
Did we take a bubble bath?

HANK
There is evidence to support that theory, yes.

(then)
Can you do me a big favor?

We’re CLOSE ON ZLOZ as he wakes up.

Trying to remember where he is and how the fuck he got there. He senses a body curled up next to him on the floor. He looks:

It’s Jackie. Sound asleep. He can’t believe his good fortune. He peeks under the blanket. Yep, she’s naked. Even better. She wakes up. All sleepy and cute. Smiles.

ZLOZ
Did we...?

JACKIE
Oh fuck yeah.

ZLOZ
Wow. Was I any good?

JACKIE
The best. You’ve got a great cock.
ZLOZ
Good times...

Hank comes out of the bedroom. Yawning. As if he just woke up. Zloz leaps to feet. Runs into Hank’s arms. Big hug. Hank pats his naked friend on the back. Looks at Jackie.

HANK
(mouths)
Thank you...

JACKIE
(smiles, mouths back)
You’re welcome...

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Hank and Zloz play catch on the sand.

ZLOZ
Fucking beautiful here, man. Takes your breath away sometimes.

HANK
Yeah, it’s one of the perks. That and In-N-Out Burger.

ZLOZ
I got a question for ya.

HANK
Shoot.

ZLOZ
How come you never made it to my wedding?

HANK
Shit, I dunno. I was pissed at you, I guess. I didn’t want to see you throw your life away. We had a plan.

ZLOZ
Yeah. And I fucked it up.

HANK
We were gonna make it out of there. The two of us. Together. I was gonna be a famous writer. You were gonna be a rock star. That’s the way I saw it back then. Black and white. I was an idiot.

(MORE)
HANK (CONT'D)
Couldn’t have been more wrong. You did a beautiful thing, Zloz. You stepped up. Married that girl. Had a family. Don’t be a shithead. Don’t throw that away for blondes with big tits and screenplay ideas.

A moment.

ZLOZ
I was really sorry to hear about your dad.

HANK
Yeah, me too. Thanks for the flowers you guys sent.

ZLOZ
Did you hear Mr. Amato passed away last year?

HANK
You’re kidding me. Guess it kinda proves his theory. Maybe you really do die less than five miles from where you were born.

ZLOZ
Yeah, they’re dropping like flies back there.

HANK
Who else?

ZLOZ
(shrugs)
I get these nosebleeds.

HANK
Nosebleeds? What do you mean?

ZLOZ
Never thought much of ‘em. Thought maybe it was that big blow phase we went through in our twenties. Finally, Kim makes me go to the doctor. Turns out I’m sick, dude.

HANK
Sick? What do you mean, sick?

ZLOZ
Sick like I got something I have to deal with sick.

(MORE)
ZLOZ (CONT'D)
I gotta have a shitload of tests.
I keep putting ‘em off. That’s why me and Kim had such a fucking blow-out. It’s not a good time right now.

(looks around)
I’m really glad I got to see this.

HANK
You’re not gonna die, Zloz.

ZLOZ
Maybe. Maybe not. Eventually I will. You too. Not even Hank Moody can escape that dude’s fucking clutches.

HANK
We’ll see about that.

ZLOZ
Whatever happens, it got me thinking about things. How fucking short it all is. How once upon a time we were thick as thieves. Now we’re not. I don’t know what happened. Or why. I just wish I knew the moment it all changed. Because I’d do something different.

HANK
Me too.

ZLOZ
You were my best friend, Hank.
That’s gotta count for something, right?

HANK
Of course it does. That’s the problem with this place, man. It’s not a state. It’s a state of mind. Nothing feels real. Years go by in the blink of an eye. Your past starts to feel like some old movie you saw on TV once upon a time. I never meant to let things slide, Zloz. But I guess I did. Doesn’t change the fact that I miss the shit outta you.
ZLOZ
Well, it looks like I came a long fucking way to say I miss the shit out of you, too, buddy.

Hank looks away, blinks back some facial moisture.

ZLOZ
Jesus, Moody, I haven’t seen you cry since Thurman Munson died. C’mere, you silly son of a bitch.

They hug it out. End up rolling around on the sand. Laughing like a couple of kids in the middle of an endless summer.

INT. DIRTY BLACK PORSCHE - DAY INTO NIGHT INTO DAY

A nice and grainy Bolex montage. A great song. Hank and Zloz in the Porsche. Cruising Sunset. Soaking up LA. Hank giving his friend a crash course in the sights and sounds of the city. Taking us all the way to:

EXT. LAX - DAY

The dirty black Porsche pulls up to the curb. Hank and Zloz get out.

HANK
Sorry I have to drop you off so early, but I gotta pick up the little monster.

ZLOZ
No worries. Gives me plenty of time to get loaded and piss myself on the plane.

Big hug. Hank won’t let go.

ZLOZ
Are you crying again, you fucking faggot?

HANK
Take care of yourself, okay?

ZLOZ
I will. I promise. And thanks for showing me a good time. What happens in LA... right, brother?
HANK
Hey, it’s in the vault.
(then)
You think you’ll be able to patch things up with the old lady?

ZLOZ
Tell ya the truth -- she doesn’t even know I’m gone. She was so pissed at me she went off to Atlantic City with a couple of her girlfriends. For all I know, she made out with a tranny, too.

HANK
You’re a colossal pussy, you know that?

ZLOZ
Pretty much, yeah. You better come visit sometime. I got a buncha kids who’ve heard a shitload of Hank Moody stories and can’t put a face to the name.

HANK
That’s no good.

ZLOZ
No, it’s not.

HANK
Yeah, well... I love ya, Zloz.

ZLOZ
Love you, too, Moody. Ya fuckin’ homo.

Zloz smiles, picks up his bag and goes, disappearing into the terminal. Hank watches him go. But there’s little time for reflection.

All of a sudden, BECCA blows past him. Climbs into the backseat with her bag. Hank sighs.

HANK
Wow. Not even a hello? Good times. Hey, what am I, your limo driver? Get in the front --

Hank is on his way to the driver’s side when a familiar voice stops him:
KAREN
What, you’re just gonna leave without me...?

Hank looks. And there she is. KAREN. Bag in hand. Smiling. And yes, his heart skips a beat. Or two. Is she a mirage?

BECCA
Merry fucking Christmas. Can we go home already?

Without missing a beat:

HANK & KAREN
Shut up.

Hank moves to Karen. Pulls her into his arms. She smells like home. Life is good in the Golden State.

OVER AND OUT.