HANK MOODY .......................................................... DAVID DUCHOVNY
KAREN ....................................................................... NATASCHA MCELHONE
CHARLIE ..................................................................... EVAN HANDLER
BECCA ........................................................................ MADELEINE MARTIN
DEAN KOONS ............................................................... PETER GALLAGHER
FELICIA KOONS ............................................................ EMBETH DAVIDTZ
JILL ROBINSON ............................................................. DIANE FARR
CHELSEA ....................................................................... ELLEN DAVIS WOGLOM
JACKIE .......................................................................... EVA AMURRI
RICK SPRINGFIELD ....................................................... RICK SPRINGFIELD
STRIPPER ................................................................ TDB
STRIPPER #2 ................................................................. TDB
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NIGHT ONE

Scene 1

MORNING TWO

Scenes 2 – 3, 5 – 12

DAY TWO

Scene 4 (NYC)
FADE IN:

INT. HANK’S PLACE - NIGHT

HANK’s in the living room. Talking dirty to his laptop.

HANK
Come on... show me something.
Start small. The hint of an aureola. The suggestion of a nipple maybe. See how it feels and we’ll go from there. No pressure. Unless you wanna see my schween. ‘Cause I’ll totally unfurl for ya. I’m not shy.

Reveal KAREN on the laptop screen. Vaguely amused.

KAREN
Hank. Stop it. Your daughter could walk out at any second.

HANK
That’s impossible.

KAREN
Unlikely maybe, not impossible. And I highly doubt she wants to see your schween.

HANK
Gross. Why ya gotta talk like that? But there’s like 0.0 percent chance of that happening. She’s not even on the premises.

Karen is immediately annoyed. Yep, you can tell.

KAREN
And where might she be this evening, Hank?

HANK
(sensing trouble)
Oh, she just ran out. To the liquor store. Be back any second. Same time tomorrow? Okay, bye now...

KAREN
She’s with “them,” isn’t she?
HANK
Them? They're not an alien race bent on galactic domination, Karen.

KAREN
How do you know? Do you have proof?

HANK
Shit, you're right. I guess I should explore the grounds. There could be a portal of some kind in the topiary garden.

KAREN
Okay, signing off.

HANK
Wait -- no virtual sexy time?

KAREN
Your fault. You broke the spell.

HANK
Me, it’s my fault? You were agin it when you thought Becca was in her room, and now you’re agin it because Becca’s spending the night with the Tudors. I can’t win with you, woman.

Karen smiles. Starts to take her top off. Hank gets excited. Rubs his hands together. And then she abruptly signs off. Hank is perturbed by the virtual cock-tease.

HANK
That was not nice. Seriously, that was mean.

Hank slams the laptop shut. Bored, he picks up his nearby Les Paul. Plucks a few notes. Plays rock star for a moment.

A KNOCK at the front door. Guitar slung low behind him, he makes his way to the door.

Opens it to JACKIE and A SMOKIN’ HOT PAIR OF STRIPPER GAL-PALS. Jackie brandishing a big bottle of Jack Daniels.

JACKIE
Wanna party?

Off Hank, a kid face-to-face with the hot fudge sundae of his dreams, cut to MAIN TITLES.
INT. HANK’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Hank gradually wakes up in a bed full of naked strippers. Only one of whom is awake and looking at him fondly: Jackie. The other two are still passed out.

HANK
I know we killed that bottle of Jack, but I don’t remember making the sex with Betty and Veronica.

JACKIE
Nah, they mostly amused themselves. I’m not so good with the sharing.

Much with the kissing and the fondling.

HANK
Hey, you never told me what you guys were out celebrating.

JACKIE
Oh, yeah. That. My last dance. (off his look) I’m done.

HANK
With?

JACKIE
The stripping.

HANK
Really? Ya don’t say...

JACKIE
Yep. I’m out. No more grinding on middle-aged hard-ons for me. Except for yours, of course.

HANK
Hey, who ya calling middle-aged?

JACKIE
You. My old dude boyfriend.

HANK
Oh, is that what I am?

JACKIE
Sure. A girl doesn’t give up the pole for just anyone, you know.
HANK
Stop. You’re gonna make me blush. So what’s next for you?

JACKIE
Writing. I’m gonna give it a go. Fuck, it’s what makes me happiest. So what if I die poor, drunk and alone?

HANK
Who’s to say you wouldn’t go out that way anyway?

JACKIE
Well, thanks for helping me see the light, teach.

HANK
My pleasure. I’m honored. And beyond giddy that my half-baked wisdom is working for you. But...

JACKIE
You’re not seriously gonna try breaking up with me again, are you?

HANK
Well, to be fair and balanced about it all, the phrase “breaking up” suggests that, once upon a time, we were together.

JACKIE
Okay, just so I’m clear -- the sheer amount of no holds barred sex we’ve been having does not indicate a certain level of intimacy?

HANK
Well, sure. Sure it does. (confused) What’s your point?

JACKIE
For a man who loves women, you don’t seem to understand them very well. Every time we sleep together... every time you’re inside me... every time I come... I get just a little bit more attached to you.
HANK
Okay, I hear that. And I know it feels fairly momentous and all, but I think this is one of those rites of passage they talk about. Yep. Every comely young college gal has a fling with her favorite professor. Even my old lady had one. Used to really gross me out. Now I understand. It’s like she was fucking me before she met me. Helps me sleep easier.

The phone RINGS. Hank’s never been more pleased by the shrillness of it all. Until he sees who it is: Karen. He gets out of bed. Heads out of the room.

HANK
Yikes. I should probably take this elsewhere. In Santa Monica, perhaps.

JACKIE
Tell her I said hi.

HANK
Will do.

3 INT. HANK’S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING
Hank waits until he’s in the living room to answer.

HANK
City morgue. You kill ‘em, we chill ‘em.

Intercut with:

4 INT. KAREN’S OFFICE IN NYC - DAY

KAREN
Did she get off to school okay?

HANK
Jeez, one would hope.

KAREN
That’s not very comforting.

HANK
Look, the dean peoples are many things, but not punctual is not one of them. So don’t worry so much.
KAREN
I called her cell to check in. Texted her. Checked her Twitter page. Nothing. No response.

HANK
That means very little. She never hollas back or Twats when she’s all aggro.

KAREN
What the fuck is she so aggro about?

HANK
Duh. We’re ruining her life, remember? Or maybe it’s game day for the Crimson Tide. We all know how edgy you get when Aunt Flo’s in town.

KAREN
Are you trying to piss me off right now?

HANK
See? Is it arts and crafts week at panty camp for you too?

An alarmed Jackie comes out of the bedroom. Calls out:

JACKIE
Hank!

Hank clamps his hand over the receiver. Stomps the floor in frustration. Growls. Gestures for Jackie to get her ass back in the bedroom.

KAREN
What was that?

HANK
What was what?

KAREN
Someone shouted “Hank.”

HANK
Oh, the cleaning lady. That was the cleaning lady.
(yells off)
Be right there, Consuela!

He adds a nice blast of Spanglish for good measure.
KAREN
When did you get a cleaning lady?

HANK
Soon. Recently. This place is a fucking mess. You saw that shit. I gotta go. She doesn’t appear to be dusting. Peace and love.

Hank hangs up and heads into

INT. HANK’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

where Jackie and one of her stripper friends is trying to rouse the other. Chick’s not moving.

HANK
What the fuck is this?

JACKIE
She won’t wake up.

HANK
Holy shitness. Is she dead?

Hank gets up close. Winces.

HANK
Wow. That’s some intense morning breath. What is that?
(goes in for another sniff)
Ah, yes... cheese doodles and beer. Midnight snack of champions. At least she’s still breathing. What’d she take?

JACKIE
Who knows? She’s a walking pharmacy, this one.

STRIPPER
She took some Ex. We both did.

HANK
Yeah, you guys were like a couple of cats on the edge of the bed. It was like watching the Yule Log. With lesbian strippers.

A KNOCK at the door. Hank sighs. Wants to kill somebody.
Hank opens the door to a cheerful CHARLIE and a twitchy RICK SPRINGFIELD.

CHARLIE
Top of the morning, chum.

HANK
What the fuck do you want?

RICK SPRINGFIELD
(to Charlie)
Does he know who I am?

CHARLIE
Of course he knows who you are. You guys met at my place. Shared a meal, in fact. Broke some bread.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Then where’s the respect? Why’s he being a douche?

HANK
Hey, watch it, Rick Springfield. I’m in no mood.

CHARLIE
Okay, studs. Settle down. No need for a cock fight.
(to Hank)
We’re here to check out the Porsche. You’re selling. Rick’s looking to buy. We firmed it up last night, remember?

HANK
Yeah, sure, now I do. But can we reschedule? I’ve got a comatose stripper in my bed.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Been there. Need some help?

The boys walk in just as Jackie and the other stripper have the comatose one sitting up on the edge of the bed.

But as soon as they let go, she slumps off the bed, onto the floor, landing with a most unpleasant THUD.
RICK SPRINGFIELD
Oh, man! D’ja hear that?! Nothing like the sound of a stripper’s head on a hardwood floor!

HANK
What the fuck is wrong with you?

RICK SPRINGFIELD
(to Charlie)
Get a load of this guy. Fuckin’ last boy scout over here.

Rick Springfield eyes Jackie, starts singing “Jessie’s Girl” right to her. Hank looks at Charlie.

HANK
You gotta get this fuckin’ ass clown outta here. Before I start swingin’..

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Oh yeah? You wanna throw down, bad boy? You think you can take this? Guess what? I shit a pint of blood this morning.

HANK
Why?
(to Charlie)
Just do me a favor and get these girls out of here, okay?

CHARLIE
I don’t know, Hank. This seems like dirty business. Kinda shady.

HANK
Charlie, when was the last time I actually asked you to do something for me?

CHARLIE
I got you those Stones tickets.

HANK
Yes. You did. In the spring of 2003.

CHARLIE
That wasn’t easy, you know. I had to make a lot of calls.
Hank stares Charlie down until he leaps into problem-solver mode.

CHARLIE
Okay, here’s what we do. Rick and I will take her to the ER. See what’s what.
(to Rick Springfield)
And while we’re there, we should take a look at why you’re shitting so much blood.

Charlie and Rick Springfield pick up the semi-conscious stripper and start carrying her toward the front door. The other stripper looks at Rick. Makes a connection.

STRIPPER
Hey, you’re Rick Springfield, aren’t you?

RICK SPRINGFIELD
That’s right, tiny dancer. You look familiar. You ever shake your ass for me?

STRIPPER
No, but my mom did. I think you guys boned.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Right on. She say good things about my big ten inch?

STRIPPER
She said you refused to put a rubber on it.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
That’s right, baby. Skin on skin. Let the love begin.

Rick Springfield loses focus and accidentally bangs the stripper’s head against the dining room table.

HANK
Hey, watch what the fuck you’re doing, Rick Springfield!

Rick Springfield suddenly drops his end of the stripper.
(to Charlie)
Okay, I’ve just about had it with this guy and his snotty fucking comments.
(to Hank)
I will fuck you until your ass bleeds, cowboy.

HANK
Thank God. Because I don’t think that would take very long.

Just as they’re about to throw down, there’s another KNOCK at the door. Everyone stops short.

Hank shushes everyone, goes to the door. Looks through the peephole. It’s JILL. Aargh. He waits a beat, hoping she’ll go away.

JILL (O.S.)
I know you’re in there, Hank! I heard footsteps! Open up!

Hank sighs, disgusted, waves everyone back into the bedroom.

Once they’re all safely ensconced, Hank opens the door to a very playful and coquettish Jill.

JILL
Good morning...

HANK
Look at you. Paying a house call.

JILL
Thought I’d catch you before you left for work.

HANK
And catch me you did.

JILL
Yeah, seeing as you’re always late, I figured it was a safe bet. (then) Are you going to invite me in?

HANK
What are you? A vampire?

JILL
I want to tell you something. I’ve got news. Big news.
HANK
Can it wait? I was just about to get in the shower.

JILL
Can I join you? We can discuss it in there.

HANK
Hey, I thought we agreed to put a stop to such shenanigans.

JILL
That’s exactly what I wanted to talk to you about.

She blows in past him. Heads straight for the bedroom. Hank is forced to head her off at the pass.

HANK
How ‘bout a cup of coffee?

JILL
Nah, not so much. Just brushed. A coupla Altoids too.

HANK
Well, I’m gonna get me a cup.

JILL
Good for you. Join me in the boudoir.

HANK
Please don’t.

JILL
What?

HANK
Please don’t go in there.

JILL
Oh my god. You have a fucking girl in there, don’t you?

HANK
No. Give a guy some credit. Maybe he just laid down some serious wolf-bait.

   (off her look)
I took my morning dump, okay? Reeks to high heaven in there.
JILL
Lovely.

HANK
It was, actually. An almost perfect bowel movement. Clean as a whistle. Barely had to wipe.

JILL
But you did, right?

HANK
Of course. What do you think I am? An animal?
(off her look)
Okay, so what do you want to tell me?

JILL
I’ve been doing some thinking.

HANK
Some over-thinking, you mean.

JILL
Shut up. I accept you.

HANK
Huh?

JILL
I accept you for who you are.

HANK
Thank you. I think.

JILL
You’re not listening, stupid. I accept you for who you are. I don’t want to change you. We’re good together. Kid or no kid. Snip or no snip. I want to be with you. I’ve wasted years on the idea of something. I was in love with the idea of perfect love. But now I’m in love with Hank Moody.

HANK
Yeah, but...

JILL
Don’t you dare “but” me right now.
She opens her jacket. She’s completely naked underneath.
Hank drops his coffee cup on the kitchen floor. It shatters.

HANK
Fuck!

A KNOCK at the door.

HANK
Fuck!!
(then)
Hold that very naked thought...

Hank goes to the door. Peeps through the peephole:

It’s FELICIA.

Hank goes back to Jill. Grabs her. Steers her toward Becca’s room.

JILL
What are you doing? Who is it?

HANK
Felicia.

JILL
Fuck!!!

HANK
You said it, lady. Be cool.

Hank shoves her in Becca’s room and closes the door.

He goes to the front door and opens it to Felicia. She smiles, nervous and giddy. Walks right in. Hank follows her into the living room area.

FELICIA
Good morning.

HANK
Good morning to you.

FELICIA
I can’t stop thinking about it.

HANK
What?
(off her look)
Oh. That. You liked that, did you?
FELICIA
I did. That was some very intense and powerful love-making, Hank.
(off his look)
What’s wrong?

HANK

FELICIA
Well... so much for the afterglow.

HANK
So what can I do you for this AM?

FELICIA
I told him.

HANK
Him.
(horrified)
Please tell me that “him” is your therapist.

FELICIA
No such luck, I’m afraid.

HANK
Why on earth would you do something like that?

FELICIA
He knew, Hank. He saw it on my face. The pure joy. The glow of a freshly fucked and properly tended-to woman. So I told him. Came clean. Felt so good. It was the right thing to do.

HANK
Jesus Fuck.

FELICIA
Jesus Fuck indeed. Guess what?
(off his fear)
I’m leaving him.

HANK
Oh no. Oh no you’re not.
FELICIA
Stacy and I just don’t make sense anymore. We haven’t for quite some time now. Life is short. I want to spend the rest of my days with someone I’m passionate about. Someone who gives me butterflies. For better or for worse, Hank, that someone is you.

HANK
Whoa. Slow the fuck down. One love-making session -- however inspired and transcendent -- does not a relationship make. What about the Chelsea?

FELICIA
What about her?

HANK
No matter how bratty she is, the wayward little snot doesn’t deserve a broken home.

FELICIA
Oh, she’ll get over it. Becca has clearly weathered the storm.

HANK
No, she hasn’t. She’s totally fucked up, that kid. Karen and I made a huge mistake. We should’ve made it work at all costs. For her sake. We were stubborn and foolish and retarded and young... ish...

Felicia puts a finger to his lips, shushing him.

FELICIA
Why don’t you just shut up and make love to me already?

(then)
Or you can fuck me, bang me, stuff me. Take your pick.

At which point Charlie saunters out of bedroom, stripped down to boxers and an unbuttoned dress shirt.

He nods at them, gives a cheerful little wave, heads right for the fridge. Hunts around for a moment. Pulls out a stick of butter.
FELICIA
Who is that?

HANK
That would be my agent.
(then)
Charlie Runkle, Felicia Koons.

CHARLIE
Oh, the dean’s wife. Lovely to meet you, Mrs.

Charlie wipes his hand on his boxers before offering it to her. They shake. She feels something unpleasant, wipes her hand on her clothes.

FELICIA
Lovely to meet you...

Charlie goes back to the bedroom.

HANK
So where were we?

FELICIA
I was leaving my husband for you.

HANK
Right. Will you excuse me for a moment?

Hank walks into

INT. HANK’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS
quite the decadent scene: Cigarette in his mouth, Rick Springfield is using the stick of butter as an anal sex lubricant with the stripper. And he’s pouring hot candle wax on her back. Charlie, meanwhile, is receiving oral from the same girl. Rick Springfield looks up at Hank with a depraved grin.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
You wanna get in on this?

HANK
You guys are fucking foul.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Ya sure? There’s an open hole...
HANK
(to the stripper)
You okay, sweetheart?

She nods, clearly unfazed by it all.

STRIPPER
Don’t worry -- they’re paying for it.

CHARLIE
Well, I’m paying for it.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
So I left my fucking wallet at home. Sue me already. Jesus.
(to stripper)
Say it, baby. Say it.

STRIPPER
(bored)
I’m getting fucked by Rick Springfield.

RICK SPRINGFIELD
Again. Say “in the ass” this time.

STRIPPER
(just as bored)
I’m getting fucked in the ass by Rick Springfield.

As Rick Springfield starts singing one of his hits, Hank averts his gaze and heads out to

THE BACK PATIO

where he finds Jackie texting on her Blackberry.

HANK
You okay out here? What are you doing?

JACKIE
I’m writing.

HANK
Really? On that thing?

JACKIE
Sure, why not? I have a whole novel on here. Almost. Hard to tell.
HANK
I hope you’re capitalizing and using proper punctuation.

JACKIE
Can we go yet?

HANK
Not yet. A few fires to put out first.

JACKIE
Okay. Are you proud of me?
(off his look)
For quitting?

HANK
Absolutely. You done good. Keep writing.

She smiles. Hank goes in

INT. HANK’S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

through the kitchen, stops dead in his tracks --

DEAN KOONS

is standing in the dining room. Looking around. Felicia nowhere in sight. Koons turns, sees Hank. They meet halfway.

DEAN KOONS
Hello, Hank.

HANK
Morning, Stacy.

DEAN KOONS
The front door was open.

HANK
Yeah, I’m very neighborly that way.

DEAN KOONS
You’ve never called me Stacy before. I wonder why.

HANK
I don’t know. Just kinda rolled trippingly off the tongue.
DEAN KOONS
Something must be different. Oh, that’s right -- you fucked my wife.

HANK
Right. About that...

DEAN KOONS
What could you say, Hank? What could you possibly say? To take away the hurt and pain of being cuckolded?

HANK
(thinks about it)
Nothing. I’ve got nothing. The well is dry.

DEAN KOONS
Amazing. Never thought I’d see it in my lifetime.

HANK
You can hit me if you want. Head, gut, whatever. It’s only fair.

DEAN KOONS
I don’t want to hit you, Hank. I just want to understand. How do you do it?

HANK
Do what exactly?

DEAN KOONS
You obviously have this thing with women. Some kind of special connection. No matter what you do, no matter how big of an ass you are, they seem to respond. You’re a goddamn Girl Whisperer.

HANK
Okay, have you listened to your wife lately? She’s obviously a woman scorned. I don’t mean to speak of the dean’s business, but it sounds like you hurt her first.

DEAN KOONS
You’re right about that. I did. I was weak. I cheated. Stepped outside my marriage. Humiliated my better half.

(MORE)
DEAN KOONS (CONT'D)
But she was so hot, Hank. This student of mine. You should’ve seen her. A priest would’ve defiled this girl.

Hank looks around for Felicia, nervous...

HANK
Wow. Maybe you keep those details to yourself...

DEAN KOONS
Felicia is wonderful. A beautiful wife and mother. I loved her the moment I set eyes on her. I knew she was the one. But she was always a little reserved in the sack. The British, you know. There was never a surplus of oral. And what little there was dried up right after the wedding. I never understood. A man likes getting his dick sucked, ya know?

Felicia pops up from hiding, scaring the shit out of both of them...

FELICIA
Well, maybe if you took a goddamn shower once in a while. Do you really a think a woman wants to go down on a man who’s just walked in off the tennis court? Or come from a ride? Do you think I want to peel off those sweaty bike shorts and go to town? Disgusting.

DEAN KOONS
I’m sorry, Felicia, but that happens to be when this man is at his horniest. You know that.

FELICIA
Have you heard of compromise, Stacy?!

HANK
See? There you go. Compromise. I like where this is going.

FELICIA
Divorce court. That’s where it’s going.
DEAN KOONS
And what are you doing here anyway? A free pass means once! No repeat business! This will be discussed in therapy. Just you watch.

HANK
Excellent idea. Therapize the fuck out of that shit.

DEAN KOONS
And you’re coming with us, Hank.

HANK
Ugh. No way. That sounds awful.

FELICIA
It is awful. You know how much of my life I’ve wasted on that couch? Pretending we can just jabber through our issues? No more, Stacy. No more. I’m in love with someone else.

Ouch. Both Hank and Dean Koons react as though punched in the face. Both for very different reasons, of course.

DEAN KOONS
Do you love my wife, Hank?

HANK
That’s a ridiculous question.

DEAN KOONS
What’s so ridiculous about it? She seems to be in love with you. Do you feel the same? Do you love her?

HANK
Well... I mean... I’m quite fond of her...

BECCA and CHELSEA enter the apartment. Chatting and laughing. Stopping short when they see their parents. Hank is only too happy for the interruption.

HANK
Well, what do we have here...?

BECCA
What are you doing home?
HANK
Did they close the school? Snow day perhaps?

CHELSEA
(to her parents)
What are you guys doing here?

DEAN KOONS
I believe that question should be directed at you, young lady.

HANK
Copy that, motherfucker.

BECCA
I left one of my books here. I needed it.

HANK
Uh-huh. Why didn’t you call me? I would’ve been happy to bring it to you.

Hank suddenly sees a way to get away, free and clear.

HANK
Let’s go, ya little guttersnipe. No more double-talk. I’m taking your lying, no-account ass right back to school.

DEAN KOONS
Excellent idea. What he said. Let’s go, Chelsea.

CHELSEA
Wait a second. Why are you guys here?

FELICIA
If you must know, we were chatting about you.

HANK
That’s right. How concerned we are about your behaviors and such. Looks like it wasn’t entirely unfounded, no?

While Hank is talking, Becca heads off to her bedroom. Hank notices a beat too late.
HANK
Becca! Wait!

Nope. Too late. She walks into her bedroom.

Hank watches the door. No calamity from within. He’s hopeful. Becca walks out with her textbook. Crisis averted?

BECCA
Dad?

HANK
Yes?

BECCA
Why is there a naked lady in my bedroom?

Hank sighs, busted.

Jill walks out in shame, jacket wrapped around her, hugely embarrassed.

Shocked looks all around. Chelsea seems to be enjoying the shit out of this.

CHELSEA
Way to go, Hank!

FELICIA
Oh my god. Have you been sleeping with your TA this whole time?
While you were sleeping with me?

CHELSEA
What?! Mom! Dad?!

HANK
Well... to be fair... we only slept together the once.

JILL
Bullshit.

HANK
Yeah, I was talking about me and Felicia.

FELICIA
I counted three times.

HANK
All in one night doesn’t count.
CHELSEA
(to Becca)
Your dad fucked my mom!
(to Dean Koons)
Dad, what do you have to say about this?

DEAN KOONS
I think this calls for a family meeting.

Then the SMOKE ALARM goes off.

Charlie, Rick Springfield and the stripper pile out of the bedroom. All in various states of undress.

Dean Koons looks at Felicia.

DEAN KOONS
Is that Rick Springfield?

RICK SPRINGFIELD
You bet your khaki-clad ass, white man. You a fan?
(to Felicia)
What’s up, sweetheart?

Jackie wanders in through the kitchen, takes in the scene. Jill and Felicia see her and react...

JILL
You’ve got to be shitting me. Please tell me you didn’t fuck her, too.

JACKIE

JILL
Hey, fuck you!

JACKIE
(to Chelsea)
You too?

CHELSEA
Gross! No way! He fucked my mom.

DEAN KOONS
Chelsea, watch your mouth!
CHELSEA
Dad, man up and grow a pair
already. You’re just gonna let
this asshole steal your wife?

BECCA
Hey, watch who you call asshole.
That’s my father you’re talking
about.

Jackie shakes her head, looks at Hank.

JACKIE
I can’t believe I quit stripping
for you.

HANK
Hey, I still think it’s a good
move.
(then)
Now if you’ll all excuse me for a
moment... it appears I have an
actual fire to put out...

Hank grabs a fire extinguisher from the kitchen. Goes into

11
INT. HANK’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

where the candle Rick Springfield was using has ignited
something highly flammable.

Hank quickly puts out the fire.

He sees the stripper still passed out on his bed. Shakes
her, makes sure she’s okay. She groans in her sleep, grumpy.

Satisfied, he steels himself, goes back into:

12
INT. HANK’S PLACE – CONTINUOUS

Everyone is gone now. Save for Becca, that is. She’s
sitting on the couch in the living room. Troubled. He sits
down next to her.

HANK
We should probably get you back to
school.

BECCA
No way. I’m not going. Not today.

HANK
Come on, Becca. Don’t test me.
Not today.
BECCA
I can’t believe you slept with all of them.

HANK
It’s not that simple, sweetheart.

BECCA
All of them.

HANK
I suppose I did, yeah.

BECCA
Why?

HANK
I don’t know.

BECCA
That’s not good enough. I want to know why. There has to be a reason. Make me understand.

HANK
It just sort of happened.

BECCA
Why do you do things like that?

HANK
Because I’m an idiot. Obviously.

BECCA
No. You’re not allowed to feel sorry for yourself. Not right now. You need to talk to me. You need to tell me why you do the things you do when you know that people can get seriously hurt. Myself included.

HANK
God, I hate it when you’re mad at me.

BECCA
I’m not mad at you. You wouldn’t get mad at a big, dumb dog for shitting on the rug, would you?

HANK
Yay me.
BECCA
I’m not mad, Dad. Just disappointed. But I guess I’m getting used to it.

HANK
Jesus. Put a plastic bag over my head and get it over with already. That would be less painful.

BECCA
How do you think I feel? I know your heart’s always in the right place -- sort of -- but I can’t ever trust you to do the right thing. Do you have any idea how scary that is for a kid?

HANK
New York will be different. A new chapter for all of us. You’ll see.

BECCA
Right. Mañana. The sun’ll come out mañana.
(then)
What do you want me to take away from this? From how you treat women? Is that all they are to you? Walking vaginas?

HANK
Look, there’s no excuse for my behavior. I can’t defend myself if someone got hurt. Especially you... my favorite and my best. But I need you to know that it all started with the best of intentions.
(then)
I guess I just wanted them to know that I saw it. The thing that makes them special. That’s all anyone wants, right? To be seen? To be recognized? But then the lines got blurry. And the fact that your mom and I are in such a weird place right now made everything all the more confusing. Hence the big, stinking mess.
(then)
I’m sorry I let you down, sweets.
BECCA
I know you are.

HANK
And I don’t know how many times I can say I’m sorry before it doesn’t mean anything anymore.

BECCA
I don’t know either. But I have this funny feeling we’ll find out.

They sit in silence for a moment. The PHONE RINGS. Hank answers.

HANK
Hello? Oh, she’s fine. Not to worry. Yeah, I talked to her. She...

Becca looks at him, expecting the worst.

HANK
...she’s at school. All is well. I’ll pick her up later. We’ll get some ice cream... go down to the beach... it’ll be just like old times...

Hank puts his arm around his daughter. Brings her close. Becca lays her head on his shoulder.

HANK
Okay... we’ll call you later. Love you. Bye.

Hank hangs up. They just sit there. Both of them too melancholy to talk. Besides, what’s left to say at this point?

And that’s when the formerly semi-conscious stripper stumbles out of Hank’s bedroom, hair shooting out at odd angles...

She’s dazed, confused, and all kinds of naked...

STRIPPER #2
Where’s my fucking clothes...?

A moment. Hank looks at Becca and we...

FADE OUT.