

# Californication

Episode 305

"Slow Happy Boys"

Written by  
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Directed by  
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PRODUCTION DRAFT (5.11.09)

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CALIFORNICATION  
EPISODE 305 "Slow Happy Boys"

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

CALIFORNICATION  
EPISODE 305 "Slow Happy Boys"

SET LIST

PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.11.09

<u>INTERIORS</u>	<u>EXTERIORS</u>
LAX AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM	COLLINI HOUSE
KAREN'S PLACE	VENICE BEACH
RUNKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM	LAX AIRPORT
MARAT	
CHARLIE'S OFFICE	
COLLINI HOUSE - SCREENING ROOM - PLAYROOM	
FASTER PUSSYCAT	
HANK'S PLACE - HANK'S BEDROOM - BATHROOM - DINING ROOM - BECCA'S BEDROOM - LIVING ROOM	
DIRTY BLACK PORSCHE	

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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:

1

INT. LAX - DAY

1

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, Beccs. 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.

2 INT. LAX - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY 2

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:

3 INT. KAREN'S PLACE IN NYC - SAME 3

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...

4

INT. RUNKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

4

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 Runkle... 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.

5

INT. MARAT - DAY

5

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)

ZLOZ (CONT'D)

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

6

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)

DAISY (CONT'D)

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.

7

INT. COLLINI HOUSE - EVENING

7

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...

8

EXT. COLLINI HOUSE - NIGHT

8

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 Markey 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

Hank Moody. My best friend. Trying to save my soul. Let me ask you something. You know any of my kids' names? Their birthdays.

(off his look)

S'what I thought. Wish me luck.

9

INT. COLLINI HOUSE - SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

9

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 cowers, 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

10

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

11

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.

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?  
(sees 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...

13

INT. FASTER PUSSYCAT - NIGHT

13

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...

14 INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING 14

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:

15 THE BATHROOM 15

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...

16 INTO THE DINING ROOM 16

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...

17 BECCA'S BEDROOM 17

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...

18 IN THE LIVING ROOM 18

Zloz is passed out on the floor.

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

19 INTO HIS BEDROOM 19

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 big favor?

20 INT. HANK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 20

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...

21 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

21

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.

22 INT. DIRTY BLACK PORSCHE - DAY INTO NIGHT INTO DAY 22

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:

23 EXT. LAX - DAY 23

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.