

# Californication

Episode 308

"The Apartment"

Written by  
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Directed by  
Adam Bernstein

PRODUCTION DRAFT (6.2.09)

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CALIFORNICATION  
EPISODE 308 "The Apartment"

CHARACTER LIST

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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 .....	TBD
STRIPPER #2 .....	TBD

CALIFORNICATION  
EPISODE 308 "The Apartment"

SET LIST

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<u>INTERIORS</u>	<u>EXTERIORS</u>
<p>HANK'S PLACE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- LIVING ROOM</li><li>- HANK'S BEDROOM</li><li>- FRONT DOOR</li></ul> <p>KAREN'S OFFICE</p>	<p>HANK'S PLACE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- BACK PATIO</li></ul>

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EPISODE 308 "The Apartment"

DAY BREAKDOWN

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NIGHT ONE

Scene 1

MORNING TWO

Scenes 2 – 3, 5 – 12

DAY TWO

Scene 4 (NYC)

FADE IN:

1

INT. HANK'S PLACE - NIGHT

1

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.

2

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

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.

6

INT. HANK'S PLACE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

6

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?

7

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

7

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

What? You never rough 'em up?

'Scuse me, George Bailey.

(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.

RICK SPRINGFIELD

(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

I'm just not a big fan of that  
phrase. Love-making. Making love.  
I prefer fucking, banging, stuffing  
maybe. Perhaps. Take your pick.

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

8

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

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

9

THE BACK PATIO

9

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

10

INT. HANK'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

10

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 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

Why? Who else did he fuck? You? Gross.

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

11

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

12

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.

END OF SHOW