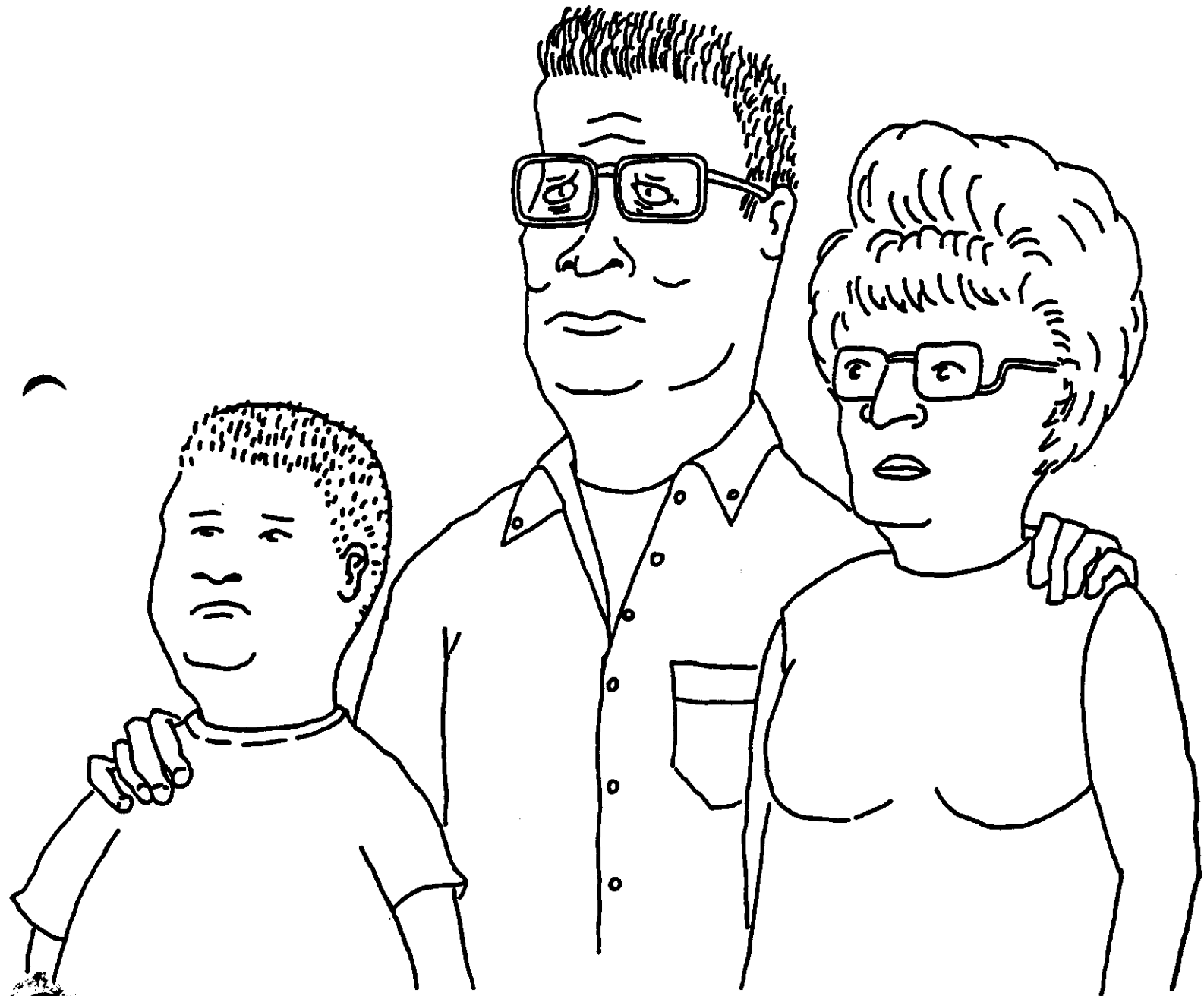


KING OF THE HILL

“The Unbearable Lightness of Being Hank”



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - CONTINUOUS

Business is bustling. Hank is showing a CUSTOMER grills.

HANK

Sure, the Char-King 1000 is an excellent starter grill, but the 2000 gives you expanded patty capacity. Don't you want that kind of security?

CUSTOMER

(NODDING) Yeah, I don't want to be some "mini-burger" guy.

HANK

Enrique, bring out another 2000.

Enrique, drinking a soda, nods. The customer exits. Buck approaches Hank.

BUCK

Hot damn, Hank! Propane is flying out of the store. We're busier than a one-legged man in a ass kicking contest.

HANK

Well... yes. It's Indian Summer, playing the same trick it plays every year. Folks think they're done grilling, then Indian Summer creeps up

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

on them and they've got grilling
weather but no propane. It's as if--

BUCK

If I wanted Charles Kuralt I woulda
hired Charles Kuralt. Now that man
over there's been eyeing the spatulas
for ten minutes. Go close the deal.

ANGLE ON ENRIQUE pushing the grill with his soda can on top.
It slides off and spills. Enrique keeps moving.

HANK

Enrique! That soda's a slipping
hazard.

ENRIQUE

Naah. It's sticky, not slippery.

HANK

Look, a busy sales floor gets my
adrenaline pumping too, but there's
always time to avoid accidents.

Hank points to an "ACCIDENT FREE DAYS" sign on the wall. It's
on 705 days.

ENRIQUE

I'll get the mop.

Enrique exits. Hank grabs a yellow "CAUTION" floorstand with
the international slipping man symbol and places it in front
of the spill. An IMPATIENT WOMAN approaches.

IMPATIENT WOMAN

Excuse me, could somebody here please
sell me some propane?

HANK

I'll help you, ma'am. One tank?

Hank begins to cross away. An ANGRY MAN blocks his path.

ANGRY MAN

I was here before her.

HANK

Sir, I'll be right with you.

He continues on his way. The Angry Man calls after him.

ANGRY MAN

Service means "serve us!"

HANK

(SOTTO) He's right.

Hank ducks into the back and picks up a tank of propane, lifting carefully. He starts to exit, then looks at the waiting customers, then back at the rows of propane tanks.

HANK (CONT'D)

Maybe I could just...

Hank stoops to pick up a second tank. Struggling to carry both tanks, Hank walks a few steps to the main floor.

HANK (CONT'D)

Now who had the... (AGONIZED GROAN)

One propane tank **crashes** to the floor. Then the second **crashes!** Then Hank **crashes**. He lies there, groaning. Enrique whisks the CAUTION floorstand away from the soda spill and puts it in front of Hank.

INT. COMMON ALLEY - EVENING

The guys are drinking beer. Hank is stooped over at a 20 degree angle. He accidentally pours beer down his shirt

HANK

Got darn it! I can't drink my beer.

BILL

I could get you a straw, Hank. I'd just have to rinse it out.

HANK

Um, no.

BILL

Just as well. I don't know where it is.

HANK

Dang this backache! I could barely get through the work day.

DALE

Tell me about it. I used to be able to pull my thumb back this far without it hurting. (DEMONSTRATING) Now when I do it, it hurts. Ow.

Bill and Boomhauer gather around Dale's thumb.

BILL

Dale, I had no idea!

BOOMHAUER

Dang ol' bad things happenin' to good people, man... there for ya, bro.

Bobby rides up on his bike.

BOBBY

Dad, I learned how to do a wheelie!

HANK

Great! Let's see it, Bobby!

Bobby rides off camera, then rides back, pedaling furiously but not very fast. Hank can't lift his head enough to see the action. Grunting, Bobby heaves on the handle bars, minutely lifting the front wheel for a split second.

HANK (CONT'D)

Pretty impressive, son! (GAMELY)

Extreme! (SOTTO) How was it?

DALE

Crap wheelie.

Bobby rides up to Hank.

BOBBY

Are you all right, Dad? You look a little like one of my pipe cleaner characters. The Old Prospector.

HANK

Heh-heh. My back hurts a little is all.

BOBBY

Maybe you should try what you told me to do that time I had a charlie-horse. You know, walk it off.

HANK

That's great advice, Bobby. I'll finish up here, then walk it off a little later.

Bobby pedals off. Hank sighs.

DALE

If I were you, Hank, I'd go to John Redcorn for a massage. Nancy used to get his special deep massages and come home limp as a noodle.

This idea hangs there for a moment.

HANK

Or, I could see my doctor. I've got these dry patches on my elbows I wanted to ask him about anyway.

DALE

Nancy had dry patches on her elbows.

Redcorn took care of those, too!

EXT. ARLEN MEDICAL CENTER - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

INT. DR. COLE'S OFFICE - X-RAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quick pops of Hank being x-rayed. Facing camera -- bzzz, flash. Facing left -- bzzz, flash. Right -- bzzz, flash.

INT. DR. COLE'S OFFICE - LATER

DR. COLE is reviewing Hanks' x-rays on a light box.

DR. COLE

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm. Well, this all looks fine.

HANK

What? You got some energy-saver bulbs in there?

DR. COLE

Soft tissue injury just doesn't show
up on film, painful though it may be.

Dr. Cole sits on his desk, folksy.

DR. COLE (CONT'D)

Hank, you asked your back to do the
job your knees should do. Let me try
to put it in your language. What is
it you do?

HANK

I sell propane and propane
accessories.

DR. COLE

Hank, it's as if you asked propane and
propane accessories to do the job
something else should do.

HANK

Oh. Well, patch me up. I've got work
in an hour and a half.

DR. COLE

No work for you, Cowboy. You need
rest. You should file for workers'
compensation.

HANK

I'm not filing for workers' comp.
That's for people who have lost their

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

hands or legs. And even then there are lots of jobs those guys could get.

DR. COLE

Then I'll write you a prescription for pain medicine.

HANK

I can't take drugs and be around propane. It's highly explosive -- which is why it's such an efficient and economical energy source.

DR. COLE

Well, there are other, alternative treatments. I hear there's a yoga studio over in McMaynerbury.

HANK

Yoga? You mean, like a cult?

DR. COLE

(SHRUGS) They've got good posture.

EXT. PINK & WHITE SUPERMARKET - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. PINK & WHITE - CONTINUOUS

Peggy, at the checkout counter, watches as a bored CLERK in her 20's bags her groceries.

PEGGY

I hope I'm not being fussy -- actually, I know I'm not -- but you put my canned tomatoes on top of my

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)

bread, and my chicken right next to my
bleach.

CASHIER

So?

PEGGY

So I think my family deserves better
than poisoned chicken sandwiches on
crushed bread.

CASHIER

(NOT SORRY) Sorry.

She continues to bag.

PEGGY

(POINTING) Always bag from heavy to
light. Use the six-pack of beer as
the base, then the raisin bran, then
the paper cups... I think we need to
start this bag all over.

CASHIER

(INTO P.A.) Manager on four, please.

PETE, the manager in his 40's, hustles over.

PETE

Forget the ID, Mandy, just sell her
the cigarettes!

CASHIER

No, this lady is dissatisfied with my
bagging.

PETE

I see. Well, Ma'am... (THEN) Peggy?

PEGGY

Hello, Pete.

PETE

(TO THE CASHIER, SHARPLY) Do you know
who this lady is?

PEGGY

Now, now, Pete, it's all right.

PETE

This is Peggy Platter -- the greatest
bagger the Pink and White ever saw!

PEGGY

I'm Peggy Hill now. The rest is
accurate.

INT. PINK & WHITE - BEHIND THE DAIRY CASE - LATER

Peggy sits as Pete loads milk cartons into the dairy case.

PEGGY

It's been a long time since I was on
this side of the dairy case.

PETE

Those were the days, huh, Peggy? Me
cutting my teeth in produce and you
anchoring checkstand 3. A regular
dream team.

A SHOPPER's face appears through the wall of milk cartons.

SHOPPER

I know you've got fresher milk back
there! Put it out!

Pete sighs and sticks a carton of milk in the hole.

PEGGY

So how's business, Pete?

PETE

Ah, everything's changed. Ever since
Mega-Lo-Mart started selling
groceries, all folks want is low
prices. I can't compete.

PEGGY

Yes, you can. With good service. I'm
talking real old-fashioned bagging,
not just sticking people's Malomars in
the nearest piece of plastic.

PETE

Peggy... are you saying...?

PEGGY

(STANDING) Get me an apron and all
the #8 brown bags you can find. Peggy
Platter Hill is back!

INT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - DAY

The "ACCIDENT FREE DAYS" sign is now at 706. Hank, stooped
over even more, is standing with Joe Jack.

JOE JACK

How's your back, honey?

HANK

(CRABBY) Great, Joe Jack. How's your
gambling problem?

ANGLE ON: A CUSTOMER on the other side of the store.

CUSTOMER

Can someone help me?

BACK ON: HANK

HANK

I got this one.

Using a Char-King grill as a walker, Hank shuffles towards the
customer. Buck falls into stride next to him.

BUCK

Hey, Hank. You give any thought to
going on workers' comp?

HANK

Rest easy, Mr. Strickland. That's not
going to happen.

BUCK

Slow down, Old Top. If you go on
worker's comp, my insurance company'll
pay you. That means I can take your
salary, pay Enrique's cousin half and
stick the rest in my pocket. Support
the team, Hank!

HANK

Enrique's cousin? The daredevil who tried to jump all those propane tanks on his motorcycle?

BUCK

No, not that big talker! Enrique's got lots of cousins.

HANK

(FIRM) I wouldn't feel right getting workers' comp when I'm at 99.9%.

BUCK

Why are you turning my lemonade back into lemons, Hank?

HANK

Excuse me, a customer is waiting.

Blindly pushing, Hank rams the grill into the customer.

CUSTOMER

Ow!

ON HANK'S FACE: This isn't working.

EXT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A hip, converted brick warehouse.

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT -- DAY

A long room with wooden floors, a mirror on the wall, candles in the corner. Hank peers in. He's startled to see YOGI VICTOR, in a padangustasana pose (like the lotus position, but with one foot suspending him in the air).

HANK

Hi, I'm looking for the, uh, yoga?

YOGI VICTOR

You found it before you even started to look. There's nothing that isn't yoga.

Yogi Victor shifts into another frightening position.

HANK

That's good to know. Anyway, I'm Hank Hill, and my back hurts like all get out. Can yoga help?

YOGI VICTOR

Let me tell you a story, Hank. Once I was like you -- skeptical, near-sighted, paunchy. Then I met a special lady who promised to help me. She was the most tender mother, and the most demanding mistress. This special lady insisted I surrender to her, then took me to places I thought I'd never--

HANK

Excuse me, but is this one of those stories where the "special lady" turns out to be yoga?

YOGI VICTOR

It happened to me.

The Yogi flips into another strange position.

HANK

Could you maybe just do a basic
sitting thing for a minute?

YOGI VICTOR

I'll answer that question with another
question: What time do you evacuate
your bowels?

HANK

What?!

YOGI VICTOR

There's only one right answer:
Between four and six in the morning.

HANK

(SIGHS) Well, this was a great way to
spend a lunch hour.

Hank heads for the door.

YOGI VICTOR

Lunch is one of the worst things you
can do to yourself.

EXT. COMMON ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Hank and the guys are having beers. Hank, stooped at a 40
degree angle, is drinking his through a twisty straw.

HANK

...And the place smelled like the
inside of a cinnamon jar. What's that
supposed to accomplish?

BILL

Take another sip, Hank.

Bill watches Hank sip through the crazy straw.

BILL (CONT'D)

(RE: BEER) There it goes!

HANK

I don't know what to do. Mr. Strickland actually suggested I file for workers' comp.

DALE

And you haven't? I filed for my thumb. Why are you so principled?
Why are you so principled?

BOOMHAUER

Dang ol' file, man... Talkin' 'bout money for nothin'... I want my MTV... too much "Real World"... (SCOFFS)
Albany.

HANK

If I just felt a little better, I could get over the hump. Like back in high school when Coach Parnell would give us those "go" pills for the fourth quarter.

BILL

Those special vitamins gave me so much
pep!

HANK

I wonder if I still have some...

INT. HILL HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Hank is going through a cardboard box with Bobby.

HANK

... the old playbook, my jockstrap,
Ben Gay-- (CHUCKLES) Reminds me of a
joke we played on Todd Parker. Right
before practice one day, we--

BOBBY

I know -- you filled his jockstrap
with Ben Gay!

HANK

No! That would have hurt. We hid his
jockstrap and his Ben Gay. After a
few minutes, we told Todd where they
were.

He pulls out a small vial of pills.

HANK (CONT'D)

Good -- my "go" pills! These are kind
of old. Better make sure they haven't
expired.

INT. ARLEN PHARMACY - DAY

The PHARMACIST is examining the pills.

PHARAMACIST

These are animal amphetamines, Mr.
Hill. Who's your vet?

HANK

Coach gave us animal amphetamines?

PHARAMACIST

(RE: PILLS) I haven't seen these
since that crooked rodeo left town.

HANK

My God -- well, we did win State.

PHARMACIST

You may want to visit our back-care
section. We have some new aluminum
canes with non-marking tips.

An OLD MAN with Hank's posture is in line behind him.

OLD MAN

Don't believe him -- they mark.

EXT. PINK & WHITE - DAY

Next to the signs on the windows advertising specials, a sign
reads: "Peggy Hill Now Bagging!"

INT. PINK & WHITE - CONTINUOUS

Peggy sticks the last couple of items in a paper bag.

PEGGY

Now for the test...

Using a blade, Peggy slits the corners of the bag. The sides
fall, revealing the groceries standing in a perfect stack.
She turns to the tall, fossilized cashier, CHET.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I'm ready, Chet. Open the line.

Chet starts checking through a SHOPPER's groceries.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Paper or plastic?

SHOPPER

Plastic.

PEGGY

It was a rhetorical question.

Peggy takes a paper bag and stuffs it with groceries like it's an Olympic event. She presents it to the shopper with a flourish.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Hoo yeah!

INT. HILL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Hank is lying on the floor. Bobby is nearby.

BOBBY

How's that hot pack working out for you, Dad?

HANK

I think we should try the cold pack.

Bobby switches them.

HANK (CONT'D)

No, let's stick with the hot pack.

Bobby switches them back.

HANK (CONT'D)

Uh, let's try two hot packs and one cold pack.

Peggy enters, taking off wrist bands.

PEGGY

Hank, just file for workers' comp. If you don't take care of your back, you're going to get a hump. Is that what you want? A hump?

HANK

No workers' comp. Guys like us tough things out. Right, Bobby?

BOBBY

Yeah. Say, is a person allowed to file for workers' comp on the very first day of his very first job?

HANK

You see? And this is what Bobby's like when I'm not on workers' comp. (TRIES TO SIT) Look, did Kerri Strug file for workers' comp when her leg was broken and the U.S. needed one more vault? No. She went out there, stuck her landing, and got gold. If a four-foot girl can do her job, I can do mine!

PEGGY

Fine, Hank, I will let out the back of all your shirts for your hump.

Peggy exits.

BOBBY

If Kerri Strug is so great, why'd you
make me take down her poster?

HANK

Never mind, Bobby.

INT. PINK & WHITE - DAY

Peggy is bagging for a schlumpy, 40-ish man, RAY.

PEGGY

...and I'm putting your book of TV
crosswords between your fish burrito
and your beer so hot side stays hot
and cold side stays cold.

RAY

(GLUM) Thanks.

PEGGY

And you have a great day, you hear?

Ray takes his bag and leaves. Peggy's face falls.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

(TO CHET) That poor lonely man.

Every day he comes in and buys the
same fish burrito. And Chet, our fish
burritos are terrible.

Chet grunts.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Bagging groceries has given me a
strange window into people's lives. I
put their secrets in a paper sack. I

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)

tell them to have a great day, but I'm
not sure they do.

INT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - DAY

Hank, stooped at 50 degrees, shuffles through the store.

HANK

Funny. The linoleum's more worn out
in the back of the store.

Buck approaches.

BUCK

Hank, if I had a thoroughbred that
moved like you I'd shoot him in the
head.

HANK

I didn't know you were interested in
horses, sir.

BUCK

Hank, get on that danged workers'
comp! You're shaped like an L!
Nobody's gonna buy a grill from a man
shaped like an L!

HANK

(SOTTO) If I did, I'm afraid some of
our... less conscientious employees
might get ideas and start exaggerating
cuts and bruises.

BUCK

These goldbrickers? I only wish my workers had that kind of initiative.

HANK

Anyway, I'm feeling a lot better. And there are plenty of things that need doing.

Hank notices the ACCIDENT FREE DAYS sign.

HANK (CONT'D)

Like, no one's flipped over the sign. I'll do it.

With enormous difficulty, Hank tries to flip over a number. Even though it's only plastic, he can barely budge it.

HANK (CONT'D)

Almost got it.... (YELPS)

Hank collapses in a pathetic heap. He's finished.

HANK (CONT'D)

Maybe I will try workers' comp, see how it goes.

Joe Jack resets the ACCIDENT FREE DAYS sign to zero.

JOE JACK

It was a hell of a run, honey.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. BUTTON GWINNETT INSURANCE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. BUTTON GWINNETT INSURANCE - CONTINUOUS

Hank's workers' comp paperwork is being reviewed by MS. HANOVER, a toughened claims adjuster.

MRS. HANOVER

So what are we looking at here -- slip and fall, carpal tunnel? Oh, here it is. "Lifted two propane tanks at once."

HANK

I almost wrote "temporary insanity."

Mrs. Hanover smiles tightly and shuffles more paper.

HANK (CONT'D)

Boy, a lot of paperwork, huh?

MRS. HANOVER

It's half my job. The other half...

(POINTED) is exposing fakers.

HANK

It's crazy. Why would anyone fake being hurt when they can be part of a team, delivering a service, feeling that endorphin rush when a customer thanks you for your help? (CATCH IN THROAT) I love work!

MRS. HANOVER

Mr. Hill, you can probably take it
down a notch. (THEN) Okay. You need
to see a doctor.

HANK

I already saw a doctor.

MRS. HANOVER

Just for fun, see our doctor.

INT. DR. PITT'S OFFICE - X-RAY ROOM - DAY

Quick pops of Hank being x-rayed. Bzzz. Flash.

INT. DR. PITT'S OFFICE - LATER

DR. PITT squeezes a rubber ball while reviewing an x-ray.

DR. PITT

There's nothing here, but you say that
you can't straighten up? Maybe the
first thing we should look at--

He suddenly flings the rubber ball at Hank -- it **bounces** off
his head.

HANK

What'd you do that for?!

DR. PITT

(BEAT) It slipped. As I was saying,
back injuries vary. I've found the
best course of treatment is--

Pitt pushes a heavy medical book off his desk. It lands with
a **thud**. Hank flinches but doesn't straighten.

HANK

What the got-danged...?

DR. PITT

Well played, Mr. Hill.

HANK

I'm in pain. If you have any ideas on how to fix my back, tell me.

DR. PITT

I already said well-played. It's my medical opinion that you might not be faking. Go home and wait for your check.

HANK

What a bunch of--

Dr. Pitt suddenly chucks another rubber ball at Hank's head -- **bounce**. Hank sighs.

DR. PITT

You moved, right? I'm your doctor.

You can tell me. Just between us.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hank, discouraged, hobbles out of Dr. Pitt's office. DR. PRUDHOMME pokes his head out of a nearby office.

DR. PRUDHOMME

Workers' comp? Slip and fall? (BIG SMILE) Come on in!

INT. DR. PRUDHOMME'S OFFICE - X-RAY ROOM - LATER

More x-rays. Bzzz. Flash.

INT. DR. PRUDHOMME'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

It's a bit tackier than the other offices. Dr. Prudhomme is holding the x-ray up to a flickering ceiling light.

HANK

You're not gonna see anything. None
of the other doctors could.

DR. PRUDHOMME

They're not as persistent as I am.

He winks at Hank and starts checking off boxes on a form.

DR. PRUDHOMME (CONT'D)

Torn cartilage, hernia, stress trauma,
housemaid's knee... We're going to
need a lot more x-rays.

HANK

More? I've had forty got-danged x-
rays in two days!

DR. PRUDHOMME

(CHECKS BOX) And radiation poisoning.
Mr. Hill, between your insurance and
my medical letterhead, we are about to
embark upon a long, profitable course
in treatment.

HANK

No we're not, Doctor Jackass.

As Hank starts to exit, the flickering light goes out.

EXT. COMMON ALLEY - EVENING

The guys are there. Hank is stooped-over and beerless.

HANK

Well, my first workers' comp check in
on its way. A full day's pay for a

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

full day's sitting on my can. (SIGHS)
Your shoe's untied, Bill.

BILL

How embarrassing. I thought I removed
the laces from these shoes.

Bill sets his beer down on Hank's horizontal back and bends to tie his shoe.

HANK

My back is not a coffee table!
Dale, ready to put his beer next to Bill's, pulls back.

DALE

Why so cranky? True, you were maimed
but you're being compensated
handsomely.

BOOMHAUER

Just like dang ol' Erin Brockovich,
man... fightin' Goliath with
cleavage... my type.

HANK

I'm not looking for a big score. I
just want to go back to work!

DALE

Clearly, you are not yet comfortable
with your new, permanent identity as a
leech on the system -- a non-
contributor that draws sustenance from

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

the productive elements of society.

To you I say, "Adapt!"

BILL

Yeah, Hank. Adapt!

HANK

No! I won't adapt! I was always the
guy everybody else leeches off, and
that's how it's going to stay!

Hank angrily exits. Dale turns to Bill.

DALE

Can I put my beer on your back?

EXT. JOHN REDCORN'S HEALING CENTER - EVENING

Hank arrives at John Redcorn's trailer, just as Redcorn is
seeing out a satisfied FEMALE CUSTOMER.

JOHN REDCORN

Hank?

HANK

Heal me, John Redcorn.

Redcorn looks around uneasily.

INT. JOHN REDCORN'S HEALING CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Hank, shirtless, is lying on the massage table. The lighting
is soft and **sexy R&B** is playing lightly.

HANK

This my first massage so you'll have
to lead me through it.

JOHN REDCORN

Put your face in the hole, Hank.

Hank does so as Redcorn rubs his palms with massage oil.

HANK

Can you make the lights any brighter?

JOHN REDCORN

That's as bright as they go.

HANK

(RE: MUSIC) Is this Luther Vandross?

JOHN REDCORN

Teddy Pendergrass.

HANK

Can you, uh, turn it off?

JOHN REDCORN

No. It's wired to the lights.

Redcorn confronts Hank's back unenthusiastically.

JOHN REDCORN (CONT'D)

Guess I'll begin.

HANK

Yup.

Redcorn touches Hank's back. They both have the same expression -- yuck.

HANK (CONT'D)

I was also thinking about yoga.

JOHN REDCORN

(SNAPS HIS HAND AWAY) Yoga's great.

Do it, man! Forget the massage.

Redcorn gives Hank his shirt back.

INT. PINK & WHITE - DAY

Peggy is bagging LILY's groceries. She's 40, drab, plainly dressed. She has a few lonely person groceries.

PEGGY

Soap Opera Digest, cabbage, catfood --
You must have something pretty
exciting planned!

LILY

Nope. Just the usual.

Ray, the lonely guy we saw before, starts putting his groceries on the counter. Peggy notices Ray's paper towels are right behind Lily's paper towels, separated by the grocery divider. They have slightly different patterns.

Peggy points at a magazine rack.

PEGGY

Look! People Magazine ranks the 50
sexiest celebrities' sexiest kids!

This distracts Lily and Ray long enough for Peggy to swap their paper towels. She hurriedly finishes bagging.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

There you go! Have a great day!

Lily exits. She starts bagging Ray's groceries, then--

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Ray, I think I switched
that lady's paper towels with yours!
Quick, you can still catch her.

RAY

Um, it's really all right.

PEGGY

It's all right that I could get fired?
Go exchange them now!

EXT. PINK & WHITE - MOMENTS LATER

PEGGY'S POV: of Ray and Lily through the window.

PEGGY (O.S.)

They're exchanging their paper
towels... talking about the patterns.
She's showing him her cat food. He's
nodding. Is that a look they're
exchanging? I think it is!

Peggy rings the bell on the cash register.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Chet, this angel just got her wings!

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT -- DAY

A class, mostly filled with toned young people in yoga togs,
is just getting started. Hank, wearing a Longhorns sweatshirt
and very short gymshorts, stands out.

YOGI VICTOR

We have a new student. Hank thought
he didn't need yoga, but he has come
crawling back. Literally.

HANK

(FORCED) Good to be here.

YOGI VICTOR

Hank, why does your yoga mat say
"Welcome?"

HANK

Because where I get my mats, they
don't sell yoga mats.

YOGI VICTOR

And lets get started with

Pavanamuktasana.

The class gets on their backs and pulls one knee up to their chins. Hank does as best he can. He turns to a PRETTY STUDENT next to him.

HANK

That's a funny name, pavanamuk...?

PRETTY STUDENT

It means the Wind Relieving Pose.

HANK

Why do they call it that?

SFX: Muffled farting fills the room.

HANK (CONT'D)

(SIGHS)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT - LATER

Hank and the class are in the Mountain Pose with their hands stretched high. The Yogi wanders through the room.

YOGI VICTOR

Breathe through your feet. Draw the
air from the floor, through your
ankles...

HANK

(MUTTERS) Breathe through your feet?

The Yogi stops by the pretty student next to Hank.

YOGI VICTOR

(SEDUCTIVELY) You know, most men
desire control. Yogis control desire.

HANK

Excuse me, Yogi Victor, we've been
doing these stretches for half an
hour. When do we start the yoga?

Yogi Victor laughs. The rest of the class joins in.

HANK (CONT'D)

If I wanted to be laughed at, I'd sign
up for Toastmasters. Goodbye.

Hank bends down to pick up his Welcome mat.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm bending. Son of a gun!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT - NEXT DAY -- DAY

Hank is in a Downward Dog pose with the rest of the class.

HANK

This Downward Dog pose, I'll tell you
what, I'm really feeling it in my
glutes and quads.

Hank smiles at the Yogi, hoping to find common ground.

YOGI VICTOR

Good job, Hank. That's a great
example of what not to do.

HANK

I'm doing the best I--

YOGI VICTOR

That's what I'm afraid of, Hank.

That you're doing your best!

The class laughs in support of Yogi Victor. Hank continues to strain at his Down Dog.

HANK

(SOTTO) C'mon, Hill. Must dig deep.

Ten... more... seconds.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT - ANOTHER DAY - DAY

YOGI VICTOR

...So the Aztecs could have defeated
the Spaniards, if they'd had yoga.

Hank is working on his Upward Bow pose, his face straining.

YOGI VICTOR (CONT'D)

On a related note, we have new Yoga
Spot drawstring pants and tank tops.
Just tell me how many.

ANGLE ON: Hank's face -- the strain is gone. A look of bliss comes over him. He stands as straight as a beam.

HANK

The pain -- it's gone. Yogi Victor,
you did it. I'm better!

YOGI VICTOR

Hank, remember the "special lady" I
told you about? Once, I told her I
was better and wanted to move on. My
special lady was furious. "No one

(MORE)

YOGI VICTOR (CONT'D)

leaves me!" she cried. "I'll kill you
first--"

HANK

See you around, Yogi Victor. .

Hank exits, in triumph.

EXT. RAINEY STREET - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "I'm On The Top of World" by the Carpenters

Hank struts down the street. An OLD LADY passes. Hank bends
down, grabs a flower and hands it to her.

Hank walks on. Noticing a tree limb stretching over the
sidewalk, he does an impromptu pull-up.

Bobby peddles by and pops his crap wheelie. Hank pulls him
off, hops on, and cat-walks the bike down the street.

INT. PINK & WHITE - LATER

Peggy is with Pete.

PEGGY

...and ever since, Ray and Lily have
been thick as thieves. Maybe I can
even find someone for you.

PETE

(CHUCKLING) Heck, who'd want a forty-
year-old supermarket manager?

PEGGY

Mmm, good point.

Pete's face falls as Hank runs in.

HANK

Peggy, yoga did the trick! Look!

Hank does some quick windmills, then picks up two heavy
grocery bags and lifts them high above his head.

PEGGY

Oh, Hank!

HANK

And the best part is -- I can go back
to work tomorrow!

TELEPHOTO LENS POV:

A camera freezes Hank in action: doing a Heisman pose with a grocery bag; picking Peggy up; picking Pete up.

REVEAL MRS. HANOVER with the camera outside the Pink & White, shooting Hank through the windows.

MRS. HANOVER

"I'm Hank Hill. I love work!"

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HILL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Hank is finishing buttoning his work shirt as Peggy packs and repacks his lunch.

HANK

It sure feels good to button up the
old dress blues again.

PEGGY

I packed your lunch. It's a little
like Picasso painting a bathroom,
but...

Hank takes the lunch and crosses to the front door.

HANK

Don't hold dinner for me, Peg. With
any luck I'll be working late.

Hank opens the door and is face to face with Mrs. Hanover.

MRS. HANOVER

Feeling better, Mr. Hill? I knew you
were a fraud from the get-go.

She flashes a bunch of glossy photos in his face.

HANK

I've only been better a few hours.

MRS. HANOVER

Sure. Let me guess -- you were just
on your way to work.

HANK

I was! Look at my shirt!

MRS. HANOVER

I think you're allowed to wear any shirt you want at the dog track. Mr. Hill, the law takes a very dim view of workers' comp fraud.

HANK

(SCARED) Are we talking about the bunco squad?

MRS. HANOVER

(RE: PHOTO) Excellent wheelie.

HANK

You can say what you want. My boss, Buck Strickland, will vouch for me.

INT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - DAY

BUCK

The hell you say! I'm not vouching for some faker! You sandbagged me!

HANK

Mr. Strickland!

BUCK

(FOR EVERYONE'S BENEFIT) You're through in propane, Hank. You're gonna have to start all over in a whole new line of work. Maybe heating oil. They're not very fussy.

HANK

You're firing me?!

BUCK

(SOTTO) Hell, Hank, I don't mind a bit of larceny, but you need better follow through! If it was me, I woulda kept stooping till Christmas.

Hank exits, dejected. As he passes Enrique and Joe Jack:

JOE JACK

Hey, Enrique. You got some donut jelly on your cheek.

ENRIQUE

Maybe I should go on workers' comp. Is that how you'd play it, Hank?

They laugh.

INT. PINK & WHITE - DAY

Peggy is bagging Ray's groceries.

PEGGY

Rat poison... snail poison... hmm, fire ant poison. What will those poison people dream up next?

Ray takes his groceries.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Your friend Lily was in here and she practically cleaned out the cat food section. How are things going?

Ray shrugs and exits. Peggy turns to Chet, fearful.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Chet, my bagger's sense tells me Ray and Lily have split up. Ray's destroyed. He bought three types of poison hoping one will taste good enough to drink the whole thing.

Chet raises an eyebrow.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I don't even know where Ray lives. Chet, it's against policy but I need Ray's frequent shopper number.

Chet punches in a number and angles the screen at Peggy.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Wow, look at all that data... He doesn't look like a Libertarian.

EXT. COMMON ALLEY - DAY

Bill is standing behind an empty chair, miming cutting hair. Dale and Boomhauer observe. Hank approaches.

DALE

Good, Hank, you're here. We need your expert opinion on something. Go ahead, Bill. (DIRECTING) It's just a normal day of barbering. What? You're out of barbicide?

Bill looks around exaggeratedly.

DALE (CONT'D)

Disoriented, you think you see some
over yonder when you trip--

Dale shoves Bill, forcing him to trip over the chair.

DALE (CONT'D)

No! Where were the scissors? You
have to fall on the scissors!

BILL

I keep forgetting!

DALE

To get that worker comp ka-ching, it's
gotta be perfect. Right, Hank?

HANK

So you guys think it too, huh? That
I'm a faker?

BILL

Sadly, yes. That's how I lost my
moral compass.

BOOMHAUER

Fooled again, man... talkin' about
quiz show scandal... Dang ol' Lassie's
a boy dog... "Come here, girl." Ha.

HANK

This is serious. I have to defend
myself at a workers' comp hearing. I
could go to jail.

DALE

That's why we're practicing, so Bill doesn't make the same mistakes you did.

Hank disgruntledly walks off.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay, Bill, let's pick it up from where you can't find the barbicide.

EXT./INT. RAY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Peggy bangs on Ray's door. He answers, looking unpoisoned.

RAY

Peggy?

PEGGY

(CHARGING IN) Ray, I brought a fish burrito and some new TV crosswords. Let's do them together. Cool guy on "Happy Days"? I'm stumped.

RAY

This isn't a very good time.

Lily appears and puts her arm around Ray.

PEGGY

You're still together? Then why'd you buy all the freaking poison?

RAY

Just cleaning the place up. Lily's scared of rats. It's one of the things I like about her.

Peggy notices a bowl of fruit.

PEGGY

That's right -- you also bought green bananas! No one planning suicide would buy unripened fruit. I'm a bagger -- I should have known.

LILY

Don't beat yourself up, Peggy. If it wasn't for your bagging, Ray and I would each be eating alone tonight.

PEGGY

(MOVED) Thank you. (THEN) Well, speaking of eating, I am starving!

Peggy sits at the table and unwraps her fish burrito.

INT. WORKERS' COMP OFFICES - DOOR - DAY

A SIGN: "Workers Compensation Fraud Inquiries"

INT. WORKERS' COMP HEARING - CONTINUOUS

Hank faces three workers' comp commission officers -- two men and a woman -- seated at a table. Ms. Hanover is sitting off to the side. The CHAIRMAN is a regular guy.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Hill, workers' comp fraud is a very big problem in this state. You know how many mailmen slipped on ice last year? 412. You know how much ice there is in Texas? None. Now, what do you have to say for yourself?

Hank stands.

HANK

Mr. Chairman, when I was a shortstop in Little League, I played barehanded because my dad said gloves were for girls. I've played through pain my whole life. So why now would I not play through no pain? Thank you.

Hank sits down. Ms. Hanover makes a **raspberry** noise.

CHAIRMAN

Well said, Mr. Hill. You seem like a decent guy and I'd really like to believe you. But this lady has pictures and you don't have any pictures.

HANK

She took those after I did my yoga!

CHAIRMAN

Yoga. Now you can pray to whatever god you want, or take over our airports with your chanting, but that doesn't prove you were injured.

HANK

(AN IDEA) I wish to call a surprise witness.

CHAIRMAN

Fine. Go ahead.

HANK

Uh, he doesn't know about it. That's
the surprise.

INT. MCMAYNERBURY YOGA SPOT - DAY

Yogi Victor, standing peacefully in the Sankata Sana pose, with one leg wrapped around his neck, is with Hank and the members of the workers' comp panel.

YOGI VICTOR

...I sleep one hour a night, yet I
have more energy than (pointing with
toes) you, you, and you.

HANK

Yogi Victor, could you say a little
more about my rehabilitation?

YOGI VICTOR

Yes, but to hear me you must listen
with your third ear. That's the ear
deep inside of you -- the pure ear,
the ear that has no wax.

CHAIRMAN

I don't know what the heck you're
talking about.

YOGI VICTOR

That's why your body will expire at
60. I will live to be 120 with...

He pinches the female panel member with his foot.

YOGI VICTOR (CONT'D)

...All of my vitality.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Hill, this fella here is not helping your case.

HANK

Exactly! What healthy person would voluntarily spend five minutes with this joker? If I wasn't in horrible pain, wouldn't I have kicked this guy's ass?!

Yogi Victor, concerned, hops a few feet away from Hank. The panel quickly huddles like football refs and breaks.

CHAIRMAN

We find for Hank Hill.
Congratulations.

HANK

Thank God. (RELIEVED) Yogi Victor, even though we didn't always see eye-to-eye--

CHAIRMAN

Whoa, don't kiss goodbye yet. You've got three more months rehabilitation.

HANK

What?!

CHAIRMAN

You proved you're not a faker. The State of Texas wants to make sure you

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

don't have any more relapses. We
learned our lesson with the mailmen.

Hank turns to Yogi Victor helplessly.

YOGI VICTOR

I demand you buy a tank top.

INT. PINK & WHITE - DAY

Peggy is with Pete.

PEGGY

...and then we went out back and
killed fire ants. Oh, it was a shame
Lily couldn't stay longer. She pooped
out about midnight.

PETE

Hey, that's great. On a less happy
note, Pink & White's going out
business. Turns out people really do
care more about low prices than good
bagging or romance.

PEGGY

I can't believe it!

PETE

Chet and I got offers from Mega-Lo-
Mart. Why don't you come with?

PEGGY

No, bagging's a different animal
there. Lots of poly-styrene, maybe

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)

the occasional double bag if someone
buys a watermelon... not for me.

Peggy folds up her apron.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Maybe, in another twenty years, people
will appreciate bagging again--

PETE

Sure doesn't look like it.

PEGGY

--and when they do, Peggy Hill will be
ready.

Peggy sticks the folded apron under her arm and exits.

INT. STRICKLAND PROPANE - DAY

The "ACCIDENT FREE DAYS" sign is now at 4. The store is empty.
Hank stands with Buck.

BUCK

Damn, business is slower than room
service in Tijuana.

HANK

It's the "tween" time in propane. Too
cool for grilling, too warm for
heating. I guess that's why they call
October the Cruellest Month.

BUCK

That's the kind of earthy insight I
missed, Hank. Good to have you back.

HANK

It's good to be back, though I still wish you hadn't denounced me in front of the whole staff.

BUCK

Oh, Hank. Are we gonna have another disability claim over hurt feelings?

HANK

No, you're right. Let's get back to work.

FADE TO BLACK.

HANK (CONT'D)

It's just that Enrique's cousin is still sitting at my desk.

BUCK

Yeah, that's a ticklish situation. He scares me.

END OF SHOW