

GRACE and FRANKIE

EP. 101

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* 5555 Melrose Avenue * Los Angeles, CA 90038 *

GRACE and FRANKIE

EP. 101

PRODUCTION GREEN

9/2/14

CAST LIST

GRACE.....JANE FONDA
FRANKIE.....LILY TOMLIN
ROBERT.....MARTIN SHEEN
SOL.....SAM WATERSTON
BUD.....BARON VAUGHN
COYOTE.....ETHAN EMBRY
BRIANNA.....JUNE DIANE RAPHAEL
MALLORY.....BROOKLYN DECKER
CLERK.....KALE CLAUSON
BILL.....BARRY BOSTWICK
BRITTANY.....LEENA HUFF
WOMAN.....DEBI BRADSHAW
DAPHNE.....MARY LINDA PHILLIPS
DELIVERY MAN.....MAXWELE D'ANGELO
MIDDLE AGED WOMAN.....DALE WADDINGTON

GRACE and FRANKIE
EP. 101

PRODUCTION YELLOW
8/1/14

SET LIST

INTERIORS

SEAFOOD RESTAURANT

FRANKIE AND SOL'S HOUSE

Bedroom

Den

Living Room

GRACE AND ROBERT'S HOUSE

Foyer

Grace's Bedroom

Dining Room

Robert's Bedroom

CONVENIENCE STORE

SMALL UPSCALE HEALTH FOOD STORE

BAR

BEACH HOUSE

Living Room

Kitchen

Family Room

EXTERIORS

BAR

HANDSOME JAKE'S CAFE

BEACH HOUSE

Courtyard

Beach

Patio

GRACE AND FRANKIE

Episode 101

FADE IN:

1 INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - (N1) 1

We are in a seafood restaurant looking down at all the patrons seated at their various tables. There is a woman sitting alone.

This is FRANKIE, 70's, earth mother, hippy. She is seated at a table for four, alone, looking at her iPhone whose text has been magnified by about 300%. She types.

ANGLE ON: PHONE. It reads:

Call at
9. Say
the cat
had seiz
ure.

She grabs a roll and slathers a huge pat of butter on it.

ANGLE ON: The entrance. A woman is silhouetted. She steps further into the restaurant.

This is GRACE. Also 70's, stunning, put together perfectly and without a hair out of place. Ever. Frankie spots Grace, steels herself for this, and takes a huge bite of bread. As soon as their eyes meet, they plaster on fake smiles. Frankie waves with her roll.

FRANKIE
(mouth full)
Hellooo!

GRACE
I've been so looking forward to
this.

She air kisses Frankie's cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

FRANKIE

Me, too!

Neither of them have. Grace sits at the table and looks around the restaurant nervously.

GRACE

(anxious)

So... the boys aren't here yet?

FRANKIE

Nothing gets by you.

Grace stops a passing waiter and hands him the bread basket.

GRACE

We won't be needing any more of this.

Frankie, irritated, grabs another roll.

FRANKIE

What do you use to sop up sauce with?

GRACE

(proud)

Ah. I don't eat sauce.

(to waiter)

I would like a vodka martini please. Very dry. Three olives.

FRANKIE

You do know that vodka is made from potatoes.

GRACE

Alcohol has its own rules.

Long awkward silence. Frankie just chews.

FRANKIE

So...

GRACE

So... what do you think was so important that we had to have dinner tonight?

She closes her eyes and puts her fingers on the center of her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

FRANKIE
I'm getting something.

Grace rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
(opening her eyes)
I have a very strong sense that
this is the night they announce
their retirement.

GRACE
I was wondering the same thing. Of
course I'm not "psychic."

FRANKIE
You don't know that.

GRACE
No. I do. Because no one is.

FRANKIE
Well I hope they do.

GRACE
Me, too.

Huh. They agree on something.

FRANKIE
Any idea what you're going to do?

GRACE
Italy. Just the two of us. What
are your plans?

FRANKIE
Well, Sol and I have always talked
about taking a different kind of
trip.

GRACE
(judgmental)
Of course you have. Hiking the
Appalachian Trail? Working at a
Chechen orphanage?

FRANKIE
Nothing as conventional as that.
We're going out to the desert and
taking peyote.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

GRACE

What? Why?

FRANKIE

To get in touch with the universe.
To open up and receive guidance.
And also to get really fucked up.

At which point Grace spots their husbands. Phew. Both women breathe a sigh of relief. The two men come over to the table. ROBERT, Grace's husband, is a silver fox with a mane much younger men envy. SOL, Frankie's husband, is warm, Jewish, outgoing. Grace stands up to greet her husband. She whispers in his ear:

GRACE

No appetizers. No dessert.
(turning, all smiles)
Hello, Sol.

She kisses his cheeks.

2 INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - LATER - NIGHT - (N1)

2

We are mid-meal. Sol, Robert, Frankie and Grace are enjoying the enormous seafood tower. Several cocktails are on the table. No bread.

SOL

(nervously enthusiastic)
These mussels are delicious. And the crab. So fresh. And they give you three sauces! Look at this oyster! Do you think they realize they live in their own spoon?

FRANKIE

We've only had the seafood tower 700 times so I can see where it's a revelation.

ROBERT

Sol's a little anxious tonight.

GRACE

Something happen at the office?

There's an awkward pause. Robert gives Sol a look as if to say, "it's time." Then:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ROBERT

Actually, we want to talk to you
two about something. Right, Sol?

Frankie gives Grace a "see, I told you" look.

SOL

(nervous)

Okay. Well. Um... as you know,
we're getting... better with age.
And this can be a very exciting
chapter we're about to open. In
the book of life. It feels alive
with possibility. And change. And
Frankie herself says: change is
always good. Especially when
starting this new chapter of our
lives.

GRACE

This chapter of our lives is gonna
be over if you don't get to the
point.

Sol takes a breath, but can't speak.

ROBERT

(hand on Sol's arm)

I'll do it.

SOL

(worried)

No--

ROBERT

(reassuring Sol)

It's okay.

SOL

Robert--

Frankie and Grace are looking between the two men. What the
hell is going on? They are beginning to get concerned.

ROBERT

What Sol's trying to say is:

(to Grace)

I'm leaving you.

(to Frankie)

And he's leaving you.

Long beat. Even the restaurant seems to have quieted.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

SOL
... for this... next chapter of our
lives.

There is an even longer beat as the women try to comprehend
what they've just heard. Then:

FRANKIE
What the fuck is going on, Sol?

SOL
(heartfelt)
It's true.

GRACE
You're leaving me???!!!

That was louder than she had intended. She closes her eyes,
takes a deep breath and tries to pull herself together and
lower her voice.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Who is she?

ROBERT
(after a beat)
It's not what you think. It's a
he.

GRACE
Excuse me?

ROBERT
And it's Sol. I'm in love with
Sol. Sol and I are in love.

Now the women are even MORE STUNNED and struggling to process
this information.

FRANKIE
My Sol?

SOL
(anguished)
Your Sol.

FRANKIE
Wait a minute. You're gay??
(re: Robert)
And this is who you're gay with???

SOL
This is who I'm in love with.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

Robert takes his hand. The two women see this.

FRANKIE

You're really leaving me?

GRACE

(to herself)

Oh my god.

FRANKIE

No. This makes no sense. You're not lovers. You're... business partners... friends... wait...

(hopeful)

Is this, kind of a... dementia-driven sort-of-type thing?

*
*

Both men share a guilty look.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

How long has this been going on?

SOL

Well, it's been -- I don't know exactly --

ROBERT

Twenty years.

FRANKIE

Jesus Christ! You don't think there was a better time to tell us this? Like, say, ANY TIME OVER THE LAST TWO DECADES???

GRACE

I'm gonna throw up.

She downs her whole martini. What exactly is happening here?! As they talk, she starts to piece it together: the restaurant, the waiters, the customers...

SOL

I'm so sorry.

FRANKIE

Why now?

SOL

We want to get married.

GRACE

Married?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

ROBERT

Cause we can do that now.

FRANKIE

I KNOW! I HOSTED THAT FUNDRAISER!

GRACE

(realizing, to Robert)

Oh my god. This is why you brought us here! You didn't want me to make a scene, did you Robert? You thought this place would protect you.

Both men look guilty now. Sol has tears coming down his face. Grace, having taken it in, finally puts it together, and now her rage takes over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, you spineless chicken shit!

She throws a handful of discarded seafood shells at Robert.

ROBERT

Grace, calm down--

GRACE

Oh. I'm sorry. Are people looking? You want a scene? I'll give you a scene!

ROBERT

(sheepishly)

Actually, I didn't want a scene...

She picks up a lobster claw and throws it at him. Robert tries to defend himself from the onslaught of seafood. *

GRACE

You son of a bitch!

FRANKIE

I don't believe this is happening.
I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

Sol reaches out to gently rub her sternum with the palm of his hand -- it's a thing they do.

SOL

Breathe. Breathe. In two, three--

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (5)

2

FRANKIE

Get your fucking hand off my
sternum!

As Grace continues to hit Robert...

3 INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT - (N1)

3

Frankie is sitting in stunned silence on the edge of her bed.
Sol enters from the bathroom.

SOL

Are you ever going to speak to me
again?

FRANKIE

Doubtful.

SOL

I'm sorry, Frankie. I didn't know
how to handle it.

FRANKIE

Well, good job picking the worst
way imaginable.

SOL

Some things there's no good way to
do. How do I tell the woman I've
loved for forty years that I can't
be with her if I want to be happy?

FRANKIE

You don't! Ride out the clock!
Stay miserable. I've got news for
you: the next chapter ain't that
long.

(then, realizing)

Wait. Is this why you got the
Cialis??

SOL

(guilty)

Everyone gets Cialis at my age.

FRANKIE

But... every time you said you --
late at night -- and then -- with
the business trips -- and -- but --
what about -- fucking! That whole
time, our whole -- I thought we
were --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SOL

We were.

FRANKIE

And yet -- you're about to marry
your business partner.

SOL

I will own that.

FRANKIE

Don't use my language against me.

SOL

I'm sorry. I did lie. *

FRANKIE

For twenty years. Every single
day. *

SOL

But everything else was real. *

FRANKIE

You should probably sleep in the
den.

She heads into the bathroom, away from him.

4 INT. GRACE AND ROBERT'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT - (N1)

4

Grace and Robert enter in a stony, now extremely
uncomfortable, silence. Robert has a band-aid on his face
where the lobster claw gouged him. Grace heads to the bar,
grabs the vodka and heads directly up the stairs.

ROBERT

Grace.

This stops her. But she doesn't turn around. Robert's
expression is of genuine concern -- if not anguish. She
waits for an explanation. An apology. For SOMETHING. But
like always with him, no words come.

GRACE

Of course.

She continues up the stairs and into her room.

5 INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT - (N1)

5

Grace enters and sits at her vanity. She takes a pill out of a pill bottle and downs it with a huge gulp from the bottle. She takes a deep breath and looks at herself in the mirror. She takes off her earrings. She pulls off her false eyelashes. She unpins a small wig, like a fall, from the top of her head. She then picks up her hair and unhooks two clips that were buried underneath all that hair. As she releases those clips, she watches as the skin on her face droops a bit. A lot of good all that facade did her. She looks at herself in the mirror, unmasked, and tries not to cry. There is a knock at the bedroom door. She ignores it. Robert tentatively enters.

ROBERT

Grace? Can I talk to you for a second?

She looks at him in the mirror.

GRACE

I don't know. Your forte is not talking.

*
*

ROBERT

Well, I'm talking now. I just never thought you'd be this upset.

*

GRACE

And what did you think I'd be?

ROBERT

(carefully)

I honestly thought you'd be relieved--

GRACE

(incredulous)

Relieved?! Really? I think relief is what you're feeling. I'm feeling like the last forty years was a farce!

*

ROBERT

Now, come on. Only twenty of those years were a farce.

*

(beat)

That was a joke.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

GRACE

No no. You don't get to do that.
You don't get to pretend this is
nothing.

ROBERT

You're right. It's not nothing. I
should have told you a long time
ago.

(off her look)

But be honest. Were you ever
really happy with me?

*

GRACE

I was happy enough! So we didn't
have the romance of the century. I
thought we were normal. I thought
we were like everybody else. I
thought this was life.

ROBERT

And I thought there was more.

GRACE

It's too late for me to have more.
(a beat)
It would have been easier if you'd
died.

Stung, he slowly leaves the room.

6 INT. FRANKIE'S DEN - LATER - NIGHT - (N1)

6

Sol is lying on a pullout couch. Frankie approaches and
lowers herself onto the couch. Their eyes meet.

*

*

FRANKIE

I can't remember the last time I
slept without you. I know I've
done it but I can't remember.

SOL

(patting the bed)
C'mere.

Frankie approaches and stiffly lowers herself onto the futon.

SOL (CONT'D)

I hate that I hurt you. I really
do love you. I mean, you've always
loved me for --

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

FRANKIE

Who you are. Ironic, isn't it?

With a sad sigh, she rolls over onto her side. He curls up next to her, big spoon to her little spoon.

7 INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - (D2)

7

Sol and Frankie are wordlessly putting out snacks. Hummus, bagel chips, carrot sticks. The front door opens and in walks NWABUDIKE (BUD) 33, Frankie and Sol's adopted son. He's followed by COYOTE, their biological son.

COYOTE

Hey guys.

Frankie gives Coyote a very big hug.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

("You okay?")

Mom..?

*

SOL

Hey, Bud.

BUD

(kissing them)

Dad. Mom.

Frankie pulls Bud into a big hug.

BUD (CONT'D)

Okay. Missed you, too.

Frankie nods to Sol: it's time.

SOL

We need to talk.

*

COYOTE

Oh god. Is this another intervention? I'm 90 days clean, I swear! I took an Advil PM last night, but I took it as directed.

*

*

SOL

(reassuring)

This is not an intervention.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

FRANKIE

But you might want to make sure
your sponsor is available, 'cause
this is gonna kick you in the
balls.

*
*
*

8 INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY - (D2) 8

Grace is in bed, staring at the ceiling. Her eyes are puffy.
It wasn't just a dream. She tries to get up, thinks about
what she has to face and crawls back under the covers.
Robert knocks and enters.

ROBERT

I'm gonna cancel the kids.

GRACE

No. Nonono. They'll know
something is up and I am not ready
to talk to them about this.

*

ROBERT

Are you sure?

GRACE

Yes.

She gets up and forces herself to get ready.

ROBERT

So... family brunch as normal?

GRACE

Yes. Try to be straight for one
more brunch.

She closes the door on him and begins to get dressed.

9 INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY - (D2) 9

Frankie's family sits around the coffee table. Bud and
Coyote are reeling from the news.

BUD

(surprised)
You're gay?

COYOTE

(more surprised)
Uncle Robert's GAY?

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

Frankie looks at Coyote. This is what surprises you?!

COYOTE (CONT'D)

(to Sol)

I mean, you always had a... big personality... I never really thought...

BUD

You and Uncle Robert?

COYOTE

I don't see it.

(beat, then)

Oh god, now I see it.

(then)

Now I can't stop seeing it.

BUD

Why don't we have a therapist here? We had one when the dog died.

FRANKIE

Oh but wait! There's more.

(To Sol)

Tell them.

SOL

(hopeful)

Haven't we had enough news for one day?

FRANKIE

Tell them!

SOL

There comes a point in one's life. A point of reckoning one might say--

*

*

FRANKIE

They're getting married!

(before the boys can ask)

'Cause they want to make the most of their remaining years!

(before they can stop her)

But it's okay 'cause I always dreamed I'd spend my remaining years alone.

(offering)

Hummus?

Bud puts his arm around Frankie. Sol opens his arms to hug Coyote. Coyote shakes his head -- too soon.

10 INT. GRACE'S DINING ROOM - LATER - DAY - (D2) 10

The table is set beautifully for brunch. Robert sits at the head of the table, stirring his coffee nervously. Grace stares into space. Robert and Grace's daughters, Mallory (32), and Brianna (35), enter. Eager to act normal, Robert and Grace both get up to greet them, trying to put on a good face. *

ROBERT *

Hi, girls. Where are Mitch and the kids? *

BRIANNA *

What the fuck is going on???

MALLORY *

You're gay?? *

(then) *

Bud just called me. *

BRIANNA

When were you planning on telling us?

GRACE

I just wanted one last brunch.

Grace lowers herself into her chair, completely deflated. Just what she didn't want to happen. *

BRIANNA

Is someone going to start explaining what's going on?

GRACE

Talk to your father.

MALLORY

Dad?

ROBERT *

Well, girls. It, uh... It, uh... *

It kind of... is what it is.

That's all he's got.

BRIANNA

Great talk, Dad!

Brianna sits down, trying to process this. *

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

If I'd found out you were being
indicted, I would've said sure.
But this?

*
*
*
*

MALLORY

It's like... it's like... I have
nothing to compare it to.

(then)

Oh god. What am I going to tell my
kids?

*
*
*
*
*

BRIANNA

Why don't you start with: you know
where poop comes from?

(off Grace's horror)

Why am I in trouble?

(then, sincere)

Sorry, Dad.

*
*
*
*
*
*

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

ROBERT
(feeling bad)
Look, I'm sorry you found out this
way and I know it's a shock, but...
it was killing me.

*
*

They look at the father they thought they knew. This is
real. They take it in. Mallory notices Grace sitting at the
table, eyes filled with tears. Robert notices it too.
Mallory goes to her mother.

*
*

MALLORY
Oh, Mom...

GRACE
This is why I didn't want to talk
about it yet. I didn't want to
fall apart in front of you.

MALLORY
It's okay. It's a fall apart kind
of thing.

BRIANNA
Daddy, we'll come talk to you in a
little bit. Okay?
(gently ushering him)
Please?

*
*

Robert nods, grateful, and leaves. Brianna goes over to
Grace and Mallory. Then, snapping into Grace-like action:

*
*

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MALLORY

Mom, we are going to get you through this. We'll find you people to talk to who understand exactly what you're going through.

*
*

BRIANNA

There's a group for wives of husbands who turn gay in their seventies?

*
*
*
*

MALLORY

How about we go to Palm Springs this weekend?

*
*
*

BRIANNA

Oh, they definitely have that group there.

*
*
*

MALLORY

We could play some tennis. We'll go to the movies and --

*
*
*

GRACE

I... I can't plan. I'm just trying to keep my coffee down.

MALLORY

What can we do for you?

GRACE

There's nothing.

BRIANNA

(sweetly)

How about a Valium?

*

Huh. There is something. Grace holds up two fingers. Mallory looks at Brianna and holds up one finger. Brianna kisses her mother on the top of the head and goes into the kitchen. Grace leans onto Mallory's shoulder.

11 INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER - DAY - (D2)

11

A grim Frankie is on the couch with her boys on either side of her, trying to comfort her. Sol is not there.

BUD

If anyone can deal with this, Mom, it's you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BUD (CONT'D)

You always talk about a door
closing or a window closing or
opening or something -- the point
is -- you would say--

COYOTE

The journey starts in the unknown.

BUD

And there are butterflies that came
from cocoons...

COYOTE

The journey starts in the unknown.
(MORE)

*

11 CONTINUED:

11

FRANKIE

That's just shit you say!

BUD

(re: Coyote)

Mom, three months ago his life was
a total mess.

COYOTE

No shit. I mean, what professor
scores coke off a student?

BUD

And not even the one he was
sleeping with.

COYOTE

I was as low as you could get. But
look at me now.

BUD

Yeah, look at him.

FRANKIE

Oh, goddammit, he's a substitute
teacher!

COYOTE

(sincere)

But I'm okay. And you know why?
Because of you. You've always been
there. For both of us.

BUD

And we're going to do that for you,
too.

She takes her boys hands and looks into their eyes.

FRANKIE

(with meaning)

Coyote. Nwabudike.

(beat)

I gotta get out of here.

She gets up and leaves.

12 INT. GRACE'S FOYER - LATER - DAY - (D2)

12

A chipper DELIVERY MAN is carrying a large box past the still
anguished Grace who is now wearing sunglasses to hide her
puffy eyes and is wrapped in a comforter.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

She's vertical, so clearly the Valium has helped somewhat. She signs for the package. He puts down the box and she hands him back his electronic clipboard.

DELIVERY MAN

Thank you so very much, Ma'am. And you have yourself a great day now.

Are you kidding me?

GRACE

Fuck you.

She closes the door. She stares at the box. It's clearly addressed to ROBERT HANSON. But not giving a shit anymore about propriety, she starts to open it. At first, it appears that the box contains a basic bistro chair. But as she lifts it out of the box, we see that the seat of the chair is upholstered with a picture of the smiling face of the devilishly handsome actor, Ryan Gosling. It couldn't be a gayer chair. She grabs it and heads upstairs.

13 INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY - (D2)

13

Grace barges into Robert's room. Working at his desk, he looks up, startled.

GRACE

Your chair arrived.

She holds up the Gosling chair as if to say "*What the fuck?*"

ROBERT

Oh my god, they said it was going to take six weeks. It took two days. When does that happen?

Grace stares at Robert: *Who is this man?*

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It was a joke. Between me and Sol. A private joke.

GRACE

Now you get a sense of humor?

She puts down the Ryan Gosling chair and walks into the room and takes a real look around. Everything matches. She notices a black and white print of a Charles James costume fitting.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

GRACE (CONT'D)

When did you get that?

ROBERT

About a year ago.

She then looks at the bookshelves which house, among other things, a Mapplethorpe photo book and an Audrey Hepburn coffee table book. On his desk is a William Wegman Weimaraner calendar. She is finally seeing him -- perhaps for the first time. He sees her... seeing him. She sits on the edge of the bed, stunned.

GRACE

I've got to get out of here.

But she can't move.

ROBERT

Why don't I go?

GRACE

No. I've never liked this house.
I'm going to the beach.

*

She heads to the door then turns back.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I have a question: when people ask me why we got that house with Sol and Frankie, I tell them what you told me. It was a business decision, it was a once in a lifetime opportunity we could only afford together... but that's not why, was it?

Guilty, he doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

She grabs the chair.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If anyone is gonna sit on Ryan Gosling's face, it's gonna be me!

She walks out, shutting the door behind her.

14 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER - DAY - (D2) 14

Frankie is going up and down the aisles, grabbing things that she hopes will make her feel better. Bad things like Irish whiskey, cookies, potato chips. She gets to the ice cream freezer, opens it, and looks at all those Ben and Jerry's pints. She picks one up and studies the picture of these two "business partners." A woman comes up behind her wanting to get the ice cream.

WOMAN

Excuse me.

FRANKIE

(re: Ben and Jerry)

Ever wonder if they make more than ice cream together?

The woman looks at her, confused. Frankie moves on.

15 INT. SMALL UPSCALE HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY - (D2) 15

Grace, shattered but chin up, holds a basket with some fruit and vegetables in it. She turns the corner into the aisle with beauty products. She glances over and sees her own line of beauty products for older women called SAY GRACE. Grace's face, content and glistening, is plastered on every bottle and jar. She looks at herself. Is she really that person on the bottle? Was she ever? A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN taps her shoulder and indicates the products on the shelves.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(excitedly)

Is that you?

Good fucking question.

GRACE

It used to be.

She starts down the aisle, suddenly feeling a need to flee everyone and everything. No. Such. Luck.

DAPHNE

Hello there, you!

It's DAPHNE, a friend from her social circle. Without looking at her, Grace just keeps walking towards the door.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

Grace? Grace?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

Now Grace starts to run. She rushes out the door, still holding her full shopping basket. After a beat, she comes back in, leaves the shopping basket inside the door, and runs out.

16 SCENE OMITTED. 16

17 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - (D2) 17

Frankie is now at the register. As the young CLERK begins to ring her up, she eyes the cigarettes.

FRANKIE

Excuse me. Sir. Which brand would you smoke if your husband turned out to be gay?

CLERK

(considering)
Newports.

FRANKIE

For the last twenty years.

CLERK

Lucky's.

FRANKIE

I'll take those.
(as he rings her stuff)
Sol never let me smoke. Imagine him... I mean... judging what I... and the whole time... and I'm... you know... blowjobs!

CLERK

Totally.

18 INT. BAR - LATER - DAY - (D2) 18

Grace is sitting at a bar finishing a martini. She orders another. She stares contemplatively into space. A voice startles her.

MAN (O.S.)

Grace?

Oh god! Someone she knows? She sees an attractive, well-dressed MAN about her age approaching. She plasters a smile on, but her heart just isn't in it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

GRACE

Bill.

BILL

(sitting next to her)

I thought that was you. I haven't seen you in forever. How are you?

GRACE

I'm... I'm well, thanks. And you?

BILL

Excellent. Really good. How's Robert? Is he here?

Grace looks panicked -- how the hell does she answer this?? Due to the martini and her fragile state, and to her own surprise and mortification, she wells up.

BILL (CONT'D)

(off her look)

Oh no. Is Robert..? Is he sick?

GRACE

(through tears)

I wish.

Bill wasn't expecting that answer. Grace throws in the towel.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We're getting a divorce.

BILL

(relieved)

Oh thank god!

(then)

I mean, not "thank god you're getting a divorce."

She actually laughs -- as surprising to her as her tears.

BILL (CONT'D)

Look, Grace, I get what you're going through. When Anita left me I was devastated. I was sure my life was over.

(re: her martini)

Drank way too many of those.

(then)

But every day it got a little better. And then it got a lot better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

BILL (CONT'D)

And then you begin to wonder, who was that person you were in your marriage? Because now you're this new person. The one you were supposed to be all along. You... you've been granted something no one ever gets: A second chance.

Grace is moved by this. She was drowning and he just threw her a life raft.

BILL (CONT'D)

And for the record, you're a great looking woman. Stunning actually. You're going to have absolutely no problem finding a great guy who adores you.

Could her life raft be Bill himself?! I mean, he's not a bad looking raft... and he was always such a nice guy...

BILL (CONT'D)

Please. Let me be the first of many to buy you a drink.

For the first time in the last twenty-four hours Grace smiles. And incredibly, there is actual hope behind this smile. Maybe he's right. Maybe life'll be better than she's expecting. Then, A YOUNG HOT WAITRESS, in her late twenties, puts down a plate of fried pickles between them.

WAITRESS

Fried pickles on the house.

BILL

Thank you.

The waitress smiles. Bill gives her a giant, sexy, hot kiss. Grace stares in astonishment.

GRACE

(sheepishly)

Is this... your daughter? Because ... it would be weird if you kissed your daughter like that.

BILL

Grace, this is my girlfriend, Brittany.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

GRACE

You've got to be kidding.
(getting up)
Alright, well, thank you, Bill.

BILL

For what?

GRACE

For confirming every one of my fears. You do realize you're still going to die, right? Maybe even on top of Tiffany.

BRITTANY

Brittany.

GRACE

Whatever!
(then)
FYI, Sweetheart: if he has an erection that lasts longer than four hours, there's a good chance it's rigor mortis.

Grace walks out, head held high...

19 EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY - (D2)

19

... Until she closes the door behind her, and collapses against the wall, all her strength drained by the vision of her future.

20 INT. BEACH HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY - (D2)

20*

It's a modest beach house, cozy and eclectic. It's got elements of Frankie's taste: scarves hanging on lamps and horse statues. A beat up sofa covered in quilts of many shapes and sizes. There are Grace influences as well: an elegant dining room, a fine antique here and there. The place is a little schizo. Frankie sits on the couch surrounded by all the things she bought at the convenience store to make herself feel better. Nothing's working. She lights a cigarette and puffs on it rebelliously. Blows a smoke ring. Proud of herself. Then...

FRANKIE

Uch.

The cigarette is disgusting. She can't make herself take another puff. She puts it out.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

She takes a swig of the whiskey. It sends tears to her eyes. She tries a bite of the ice cream. After the shot and the foul-tasting cigarette, even that isn't good. She decides to put the ice cream back in the freezer. With the cigarettes.

21 INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY - (D2) 21

Frankie opens the freezer door, throws the ice cream and cigarettes in. She spots something intriguing at the same moment that she closes the freezer door. She tries to open it, but it won't open. It has suctioned closed.

FRANKIE

Shit.

(impatiently waiting)

One, two, three, four,
fivesixseveineightnineten.

She pulls on the handle and it opens. She peers inside and sees what caught her eye before: a paper bag on which the words "Property of Sol and Frankie" have been written. She grabs the bag from the freezer...

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(just what she needed)

Aaahhhhh.

22 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - (D2) 22

Frankie is now sitting on the couch. On the coffee table in front of her are lit candles, crystals, and a dream catcher for good measure. The bag from the freezer is empty. There is also a glass jar now filled with what looks like tea. She is holding her iPhone in front of her and videotaping herself. She speaks into it in hushed tones. The video comes off as part spiritual manifesto and part "found footage" horror movie.

FRANKIE

(into camera)

In a little while I'll drink this
tea I made from the peyote cactus.

She turns the "camera" to film the bottle and then back on to herself.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And the peyote will propel me on a vision quest for insight, tranquility and acceptance -- which I once hoped to take with my soon-to-be ex-husband. But now I walk this path alone.

(then)

I know not where this road leads. But I know I will return changed. I will come back as someone unrecognizable even to my former self. Because of this impending transformation, I've called my loved ones to tell them goodbye.

(then)

But no one was home. Hence this recording.

She awkwardly holds the camera with one hand, as she picks up the bottle with the other, and tries to get her AND the jar on camera.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Apparently, the tea can be very bitter. But the Indians believe that if one's heart is pure the bitterness will not be tasted.

She takes a sip. IT'S HORRID.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT THAT'S BAD!

She regains her spiritual footing. And rights the camera angle.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It seems I have some purification still to do. I'll do that off camera. This is the old Frankie saying goodbye to everyone.

She looks meaningfully into the "video camera." After a beat:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Now how the hell do you turn this thing off?

CAMERA POV:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

The view shifts around the room, to her feet as she fumbles with the phone. It turns off.

23 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - COURTYARD - DAY - (D2) 23

A stressed Grace manages to get the front door open. Her arms are full, carrying her purse, suitcase, and yes, that damn Ryan Gosling chair. WE TRACK WITH HER as she carefully maneuvers down the stairs. She then hears something coming from the living room.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Ommmmm, shanti, ommmm...

24 INT. BEACH HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - (D2) 24

Grace enters the beach house and drops her stuff. Unnoticed by Frankie, Grace watches her for a moment. Then:

GRACE
What the hell are you doing?

Frankie is startled. Grace heads towards the living room.

FRANKIE
I'm... I'm... what are you doing?

GRACE
No. What are you doing here?!

FRANKIE
You mean... in my house?

GRACE
It's my house too. Look, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but when Robert told me we were going in on this place together, I made him promise that we wouldn't have to be here at the same time.

FRANKIE
Oh, really? Because I had Sol actually write that into the contract.

GRACE
No, you didn't.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

FRANKIE

No, I didn't. But you hurt my feelings. So I lashed out.

GRACE

Please, please go someplace else. I need to be here. People know me and I can't deal with anyone right now.

FRANKIE

Well, I can't either.

GRACE

Sure you can.
(gesturing at the candles
and crystals)
People expect this kind of thing from you.

FRANKIE

Oh you mean because I'm a tolerant person I deserve to have my life blown apart?

GRACE

I didn't say "deserve." I'm just saying it's harder for me.

FRANKIE

You have no idea what I'm going through. I lost my best friend. You don't even like Robert.

GRACE

(actually hurt)
You do not have the right to judge me. You don't know us.

FRANKIE

(actually feeling bad)
I'm sorry, I was judging my experience of you, not the real you. That was wrong of me.

GRACE

Thank you.
(then)
Now please go. I have no place else.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

FRANKIE

(relenting)

You know what? This energy is not the way I wanted to start my vision quest. So I'm going to go. But I'll be back tomorrow. Of course, I'll be a different person.

(then)

Hopefully, the new me will like you better.

Frankie blows out the candles, gathers up her jar with the peyote tea and some crystals. She then turns to Grace:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

(then)

To you and all I've ever known.

(then)

There's ice cream in the fridge.

Grace rolls her eyes. As Frankie gathers her things for the evening, she sees Grace's dropped purse, the grocery bag and... *the Ryan Gosling chair*. She studies it. Could this be her first hallucination?

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(amazed)

From one sip?

She exits.

25 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - (D2)

25

As soon as Grace hears the door close she whips out her cellphone and dials. She's pissed.

INTERCUT:

26 EXT. HANDSOME JAKE'S CAFE - DAY - (D2)

26

Robert is sitting at an outdoor cafe. He seems at ease. His phone rings. He looks at caller I.D. Uh-oh.

ROBERT

Hellooo.

GRACE

(mocking)

Hellooo...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GRACE (CONT'D)

So I get to the beach and who do I find doing her yoga noises?

ROBERT

I'm guessing Frankie.

Sol comes up from behind him.

SOL

Hey, you.

GRACE

What was that? Is that Sol?

ROBERT

No, no. I'm getting a bite at a noisy place.

He indicates to Sol that it's Grace on the phone and he should be quiet.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

So, what's up, Grace?

GRACE

I want this house, Robert. You owe me this. Consider it your gift to me. The gift that says, "I've been bonking my law partner for twenty years. Sorry." See, I thought the one up-side to this whole mess was that I wouldn't have to spend another minute of my life with that woman. I. Want. This. House.

ROBERT

Okay. I'm not exactly sure what you want me to do about it right now.

GRACE

I want you to make sure this house is mine because that's what I'm telling Frankie when she gets back from her vision test.

She hangs up on him.

END INTERCUT.

27 EXT. HANDSOME JAKE'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS - DAY - (D2) 27

He hangs up. Sol picks up the menu and sighs deeply. He then closes the menu.

ROBERT
Stop.

SOL
What?

ROBERT
I know you. You're feeling guilty.

SOL
Yes! I'm feeling extremely guilty. I devastated someone I love very much. And you know what makes it even worse?

ROBERT
What?

SOL
I'm so fucking happy!

Robert takes his hand lovingly.

SOL (CONT'D)
Don't you feel even a little guilty?

ROBERT
No.
(then)
I'm done feeling guilty about who I am.

Robert gives Sol a heartfelt kiss. Sol's knees go weak. But he's sitting down so it's figurative.

SOL
I'm getting there.

They smile at each other, lovingly.

28 EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT - (N2) 28

Frankie is on the sand, surrounded by her half-empty jar of tea, her wrap, and crystals. She's filming herself on her phone.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

FRANKIE
 (into her phone)
 I drank. I vomited. It's not
 kicking in! It's not kicking in!
 (distracted)
 Ooh! A hobgoblin! Helloooo!

She waves enthusiastically, then stops. An awful ache in her back.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Ow. Shit! Shit shit shit!! Oh,
 hell fuck!

She pulled something in her back and can barely move. She dials a number on her phone.

INTERCUT:

29 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT - (N2)

29*

Grace picks up.

GRACE
 Hello.

FRANKIE
 Don't hang up!

GRACE
 What do you want?

FRANKIE
 My Skelaxin.

GRACE
 (beat)
 That's not a word.

FRANKIE
 It's medicine. My back's in spasm.
 I can't move. It's totally
 harshing my buzz.

Grace gets up.

GRACE
 Where are they?

*
 *
 *
 *

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

FRANKIE

It's in the meditation room in the
pill basket next to my shrine.

(to no one we can see)

I'll be right with you.

Grace goes into the meditation room, finds the pill bottle
and pulls it out.

GRACE

(annoyed)

Where are you?

FRANKIE

(scooping up sand)

I'm in the desert.

(looking up)

And there's water here.

GRACE

You mean the beach??

Grace turns around to look out the window.

FRANKIE

Am I? I LOVE THE BEACH!

30 EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - NIGHT - (N2) 30

Grace exits the house to the back patio and looks down the
beach. She spots Frankie, a small still figure a few hundred
yards down the beach.

31 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - (N2) 31

Grace approaches Frankie, having walked down the beach. She
is out of breath. She sees Frankie's setup of candles and
incense and fire and blankets... Sour Patch Kids.

GRACE

You could just live here.

She hands the bottle of pills to a stiff, stoned Frankie.

FRANKIE

Thank you.

Frankie downs the pill with a drink of tea.

GRACE

What are those?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FRANKIE
Muscle relaxers.

GRACE
Nice.

Grace takes the bottle of pills and gives herself one. She
downs it with Frankie's tea, then recoils in disgust.

GRACE (CONT'D)
This is the worst iced tea ever.
What's in here? Ass?

FRANKIE
Peyote.
(laughing)
Peyo-TEA.

GRACE
(panicking)
What? I just took a muscle relaxer
with peyote???

FRANKIE
You're welcome.

GRACE
Oh no! What do I do??

FRANKIE
You should probably brace for some
light vomiting followed by life
altering hallucinations.

Off Grace's horror, we:

*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

31A EXT. BEACH - LATER - (N2)

31A*

Frankie sits in the sand while Grace vomits behind her.

*

GRACE
(feeling awful)
Oh god...

*

*

*

FRANKIE
Just let it all out.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

GRACE

This is why I hate being around
 you! You're reckless! You leave
 drugs around, you have your hippy-
 dippy attitude and your everybody
 should follow their hearts crap and
 everybody'll be fine! Well
 everybody's not fine!

*
*
*

The effects of the peyote start to set in.

*

GRACE (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to be able to smell
 color?

FRANKIE

It's your journey.

GRACE

Oh shut up. My journey -- and you
 wonder why your husband looked
 elsewhere for--

FRANKIE

Now you're gonna blame me? Why
 don't you take responsibility for
 your own life?

GRACE

I am not responsible-- Stop
 dancing!

FRANKIE

I didn't realize I was.

GRACE

(looking to the sky)
 I did everything right, God. I
 stood by him for over forty years.
 I raised his children and shopped
 for his mother and took care of
every single thing so he wouldn't
 have to worry about it. I played
 by all the rules. Why didn't you
 tell me there were no rules? It's
 not fair.

*
*
*
*
*
*

FRANKIE

Your anger is frightening the sand.

*

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED: (2)

31A

GRACE

(furious)

I'm not angry! Why aren't you
angry?!

*
*
*

FRANKIE

Because that's not me. That's you!

GRACE

He ruined your life and humiliated
you!

FRANKIE

That's not why he did it, it's just
the way he is.

GRACE

He lied about everything.

FRANKIE

He didn't know how to handle it!

GRACE

He abandoned you in your last
years! Aren't you even angry about
that?

FRANKIE

No!

GRACE

Why not?!

The truth...

FRANKIE

Because I'm heartbroken.

Frankie begins to cry.

GRACE

You're crying.

She reaches out and touches one of Frankie's tears. She
examines her wet finger closely.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(amazed)

There's a whole world in here.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. BEACH - SUNRISE - DAY - (D3)

32

The jar of peyote tea is empty and the women now have made makeshift wigs out of seaweed, their legs buried in the sand. They are both clearly still tripping.

FRANKIE

See those two birds?

There are two birds floating together on the ocean.

GRACE

(pointing)

Behind Jesus?

FRANKIE

I don't see Jesus but that's the general direction. They look like they really love each other, don't they?

GRACE

Do birds mate for life?

FRANKIE

(jaded)

No one does.

(to birds, yelling)

Whichever one of you is the lady bird: don't trust him!! He'll break you in two and leave you crumbled in the dirt. Save yourself!!! Fly away!! Fly away!!

The birds don't move.

GRACE

You warned her.

They both stare ahead, watching the doomed bird couple.

FRANKIE

(soft)

I am a little angry.

GRACE

You are?

FRANKIE

At myself. I mean, there were times... and I just thought... I guess I knew something wasn't... I couldn't... but I ignored it.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Long pause.

GRACE

I walked into Robert's study this morning for the first time in I don't know how many years. It was there -- in front of my face the whole time. Where was I? I missed it.

*

Long pause as this sinks in.

FRANKIE

Sol once asked me to wear a dildo.

GRACE

That's worse.

A long beat.

FRANKIE

Let's go back.

Frankie unburies her legs and stands up. Grace just stares.

GRACE

I can't move.

FRANKIE

Here...

She brushes the sand off of Grace's legs. Grace shakes her head. It's not that.

GRACE

I'm terrified.

FRANKIE

I know. It feels like your heart is outside your body.

GRACE

It's like I wasn't looking... and somehow I slipped. And now I'm falling. And I just keep falling... the ground isn't even close.

(then)

If this is how falling feels... what does the ground feel like?

*

FRANKIE

I think we've already hit it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Grace looks up at her. Someone understands.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

For now, let's just focus on getting up.

Frankie helps Grace to get unstuck. She struggles to stand up. Both of their bodies stiff as they try to move. Then, together, they begin to slowly walk back towards their house. They get farther and farther away from camera. Then we hear:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Wow. I must have half the beach in my vagina.

33 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING - DAY - (D3) 33*

Looking worse for wear, Frankie and Grace bring their coffee cups into the Dining Room. Frankie sits down at the table. Grace drags over the Ryan Gosling chair and puts it at the table. She then, very deliberately, sits on Ryan Gosling's face. She shimmies her butt, just a little bit. Frankie watches, understanding. It then makes her think of something. She goes to her purse and pulls out a pill bottle and hands it to Grace, who reads: *

GRACE *

Cialis. *

Grace and Frankie's eyes meet. They start to laugh. It's hard to stop. *

GRACE (CONT'D)

I think I peed a little on Ryan Gosling.

They start laughing again. Then, they finally catch their breath, sipping coffee, looking out at the ocean. A long, silent beat passes. Then:

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now what?

Frankie has no answer. They both continue staring out.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE