

PLEASE HOLD FOR FRANKIE WOLFE

"Pilot"

Written by

David Kohan

&

Max Mutchnick

WRITERS' SECOND DRAFT

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PLEASE HOLD FOR FRANKIE WOLFE

“Pilot”

CAST of CHARACTERS

FRANKIE WOLFE..... AMY SCHUMER

Late 30s to early 40s, a successful, totally put-together powerhouse whose aggressive, blunt-talking style belies the damage incurred by literally being raised by Wolfes (Barbara and Arnie). Like a lot of accomplished, fucked-up people, she thinks she’s doing just fine. She is, after all, a survivor.

QUINCY TBD

Age 9 to 11, an intelligent, young person who has a savviness that comes from a lifetime of self-protection while navigating the pitiless foster-care system. In spite of it all, he is a hopeful, happy-ish kid. He is, after all, a survivor.

JOSEPH.....TITUSS BURGESS

Late 30s to early 40s, Frankie’s assistant. A gay, African-American man who is exactly 14 years sober. He is a keen observer who often acts like a wise older sibling to his boss, for which she is both appreciative and annoyed in equal measure. Today, he lives a traditional, happy married life, but if asked, he would tell you being a drunken, slutty mess was a blast.

CYRUS SHAHIDIJASON MANTZOUKAS

Early 30s, a Persian Sammy Glick. Ambitious, vain, gregarious, and competitive. Cyrus is almost equal in stature to Frankie, and the “almost” drives him insane.

DONNA WOLFE.....LAUREN WEEDMAN

Frankie’s older sister. The crucible of being raised in the Wolfe household created two very different daughters: strong, capable Frankie and her photo negative, the hapless, nervous Donna.

FAITH FIELDING.....COURTNEY COX

A very attractive, very successful actress whose life has recently fallen apart.

SHANE.....STEPHEN SCHNEIDER

A nice guy who probably peaked in high school. He didn’t plan on being a butcher or always being on the wrong side of unrequited love, but life happens.

FAWNRACHEL DRATCH

A devoted animal lover who believes strongly that dogs are more important than people. She is kind and gentle but wouldn’t hesitate to stick a Swell Bottle up a pit bull’s ass if it’s that’s what’s required to release the chihuahua from the pit bull’s locked-up jaws.

GAYLE KINGGAYLE KING

Gayle King, co-host of CBS This Morning.

THE GAYLE KING, CO-HOST OF CBS THIS MORNING

ACT ONESCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. KINGSLEY CONSULTANTS/INT. FRANKIE'S OFFICE - DAY (D-1) *
(FRANKIE, JOSEPH, CYRUS, FAITH, GAYLE KING) *

PHONES RING. ASSISTANTS BUZZ THROUGH THE BULLPEN OF KINGSLEY CONSULTANTS, THE PREMIER NEW YORK CRISIS MANAGEMENT FIRM FOR HIGH-PROFILE PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE VERY PUBLIC BLUNDERS. THE CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE CORNER OFFICE DOOR, AND WE... *

RESET TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D-1) *
(FRANKIE, FAITH, GAYLE KING) *

AN EXQUISITELY APPOINTED CORNER OFFICE IN A HIGH FLOOR OF A MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER. THERE'S A SITTING AREA AND A DESK WITH A LARGE FLATSCREEN TV. ON THE TV, WE SEE: CBS'S THIS MORNING. GAYLE KING IS SPEAKING TO CAMERA. A NEWS CLIP PLAYS OVER HER SHOULDER: A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS IN HER 40'S, FAITH FIELDING, IS MOBBED BY REPORTERS AS SHE EXITS A COURTHOUSE. *

GAYLE KING

Things just went from bad to worse for Faith Fielding. This morning, she was indicted for allegedly paying five-hundred thousand dollars to help her daughter, Tik-Tok sensation Peach Fielding, get into Yale University. Legal experts believe the star of *The Bitter Mistress* could serve up to five years in prison if convicted.

FROM BEHIND A HIGH-BACKED, LEATHER DESK CHAIR, A HAND HOLDING A REMOTE PRESSES PAUSE. THE TV FREEZES ON A CLOSEUP OF FAITH'S PAINED FACE WITH THE CAPTION "FAITH FIELDING INDICTED ON BRIBERY CHARGES". *

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Faith, why do you think you're here?

REVEAL: FRANKIE WOLFE SITS BEHIND HER IMPOSING BUT CLUTTERED DESK, TALKING TO FAITH FIELDING, WHO SITS ON THE COUCH, STARING AT THE TELEVISION AND HOLDING BACK TEARS.

FAITH

Why am I-- Well, obviously I'm here because I committed a crime.

FRANKIE

Uh-huh. And what crime do you think you committed?

FAITH

Bribery. Gayle King just said it.

FRANKIE

(TURNS OFF TV) I think you committed the crime of being a woman who's too famous and too smokin' hot.

FAITH

Oh... go on.

FRANKIE

Have you read the new Cleopatra biography?

FAITH

I mostly just read scripts and magazines.

FRANKIE

Of course you do. I'll send you the audiobook. Cleopatra was like Oprah

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

times Beyoncé divided by Coco Chanel. *

She was such a freaking superstar that *

Julius Caesar and Mark Antony both *

risked everything for her, and society *

was so challenged by her power, that *

when historians wrote the story of *

Rome, they made her some kind of horny *

sex witch who used her dark powers to *

hypnotize powerful men. It was the *

only narrative those pervy white guys, *

who don't even seem Italian to me, *

could accept. And because Cleopatra *

wasn't able to hire me as her crisis *

manager, that's the story that stuck. *

Do you understand what I'm saying? *

FAITH *

I'm like Cleopatra? *

FRANKIE *

They need you to fail. It's not *

enough to be beautiful and successful *

and thin, and rock a thigh-high boot *

at the Emmy Awards that would make *

most women look like cranberry *

farmers. They expect you to be a *

perfect mother too. *

FAITH

(EMOTIONAL) It's really hard. And
thank you about the boots. It's not
easy to walk across the stage in them.

FRANKIE

But you dared to try, you said I want
the job and the life and the family,
so when you mess up -- because of
course you do, hello, you're holding
the world on your shoulders -- they
attack. They say none of the rest of
it matters. You're just that mistake.
You're just fodder for a bunch of
terrible memes.

FAITH

They're making memes about me?

FRANKIE

You may want to stay off social media.
(THEN) The point is, you are not your
worst act.

FAITH

My what?

FRANKIE

Your worst act. You are not your
worst act, are you, Faith?

FAITH

No, I'm not.

FRANKIE

This is a story about a good person
who made a mistake because she tried
too hard to be a good mom.

FAITH

That's right.

FRANKIE

And we're not going to just let them
tell a different story are we?

FAITH

No. No we're not. Thank you so much.
You've given me hope. What's the next
step?

FRANKIE

I'm nine hundred dollars an hour and
I'm going to need a \$50,000 retainer.

FAITH

That's more than I'm paying my lawyer.

FRANKIE

Then we need to get you a more
expensive one. You bribed someone for
God's sake. That's a very serious
crime.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. KINGSLEY CONSULTANTS - LATER (D-1)
(FRANKIE, JOSEPH, CYRUS)

FRANKIE'S ASSISTANT JOSEPH (WHO IS ALSO HER AA SPONSOR) IS AT HIS DESK, FEEDING ONE OF THE CACTI ON HIS DESK WITH AN EYE DROPPER. CYRUS SHAHIDI ENTERS WEARING A SUPER TIGHT DRESS SHIRT AND TIE. HE STANDS IN FRONT OF JOSEPH'S DESK.

CYRUS

Hey, Joseph, is Frankie in there?

JOSEPH

She's wrapping up a call. I'll buzz
you when she's--

CYRUS

I'll wait.

CYRUS PUTS HIS PALMS ON JOSEPH'S DESK AND FLEXES HIS TRICEPS. CYRUS'S EYES DART BACK-AND-FORTH BETWEEN HIS TRICEP AND JOSEPH.

JOSEPH

What?

CYRUS

(STRAINING) Nothing.

CYRUS POINTS AT HIS TRICEP TWICE.

JOSEPH

Cyrus, do you want me to ask you about
your arms?

CYRUS

Dude, you're the gay one. You like
that I'm yoked, I don't care. I'm
married.

JOSEPH

So am I.

CYRUS

Pssh, you guys all have loopholes. I read about it on HuffPo. And it's cool if you want to ask about my triceps.

JOSEPH

I don't want to ask about your--

CYRUS

Dips.

JOSEPH

I said I didn't--

CYRUS

And skull-crushers.

FRANKIE ENTERS FROM HER OFFICE CARRYING HER BRIEFCASE.

FRANKIE

Okay, I'm leaving. If you-- (NOTICING CYRUS) What do you want?

CYRUS

How'd it go with Fielding? Need me to follow up and close the deal?

FRANKIE

You're adorable.

CYRUS

She might like me better. Kingsley always says give the client options.

(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)

We should be presenting the whole
package to her.

FRANKIE

Cyrus, you walk around life presenting
your whole package. And she didn't
need options. She hired me.

CYRUS

What?! Come on, dude, you keep on
snaking clients before I even have a
chance with them! This is just like
what happened with what's-her-name,
the Press Secretary, who barfed on
that soldier.

FRANKIE

Don't even. You should've been on
time for that meeting.

CYRUS

I was court-side at the Knicks game
right next to 2 Chainz. He agreed to
palm my face like a basketball for an
Instagram story, that's not something
you walk away from!

FRANKIE

See, that's your problem. You need
famous people to like you. I like
famous people to need me.

JOSEPH

Oh, that's good.

FRANKIE

Thank you. I'm going home. You can
put clients through, but only if
they're trending on Twitter.

CYRUS

Wait. You can't go home. I have
drinks with Governor Bratton tonight.
You're my wingman.

FRANKIE

Can't make it. I have a commitment.
But you'll be fine. The Governor is a
handsome, powerful, married man who
has an appetite for transgender
prostitutes. You can relate to three
of those things.

CYRUS

It's not an insult if I have to do
math. And what commitment? You're
hiding something. Did you fall off
the wagon or is it something
important? Tell me.

FRANKIE LOOKS AT CYRUS. SHE'S AT A LOSS. JOSEPH JUMPS IN.

JOSEPH

Do you seriously not remember that her
mother is very, very ill? She needs
to be with her.

FRANKIE LOOKS AT CYRUS: "NOW DO YOU SEE?"

CYRUS

Too real. Later. Good luck with
that.

CYRUS WALKS AWAY. FRANKIE TURNS TO JOSEPH.

FRANKIE

He was at my mother's funeral last
year, right?

JOSEPH

He asked to speak. (THEN) Oh, and your
sister called.

FRANKIE

Pass.

JOSEPH

And the lady from the dog rescue place
called again.

FRANKIE

I told you: never put Fern through.
She's going to tell me a story about
some two-legged dog with half an ear
and full-blown cancer, and the next
thing I know I'm putting tiny ramps in
my townhouse.

JOSEPH

I'm actually not sure what you're
doing tonight.

FRANKIE

Just a thing.

JOSEPH

(EYEBROWS RAISED) Smells like a
hookup. Is it the dirty, dirty
butcher who makes your fancy, fancy
dog food?

FRANKIE

Okay, Medea, please lower your
eyebrows and stop with the questions.
We've talked about this. (RE: THE TWO
OF THEM) Whatever our relationship is
in the...

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

JOSEPH

(SOTTO) ...*meetings* we go to
anonymously about the *thing*
we don't do...

(FULL VOICE) AA. You can say
AA. I'm your sponsor.
Everyone knows.

FRANKIE

...when we're here, I'm the boss and
you're just barely a person. That's
really the only way this works. With
a clear power dynamic.

JOSEPH

You're right. There's a line we
always need to honor when we're at
work. I crossed it again, and I
apologize. (THEN) But if we were at a
meeting, where I am your sponsor, and
you have to do whatever I tell you,
I'd say, "It's the butcher, isn't it?"

FRANKIE

Yes! He always smells like bone
gravy. I'm halfway there before we
even get naked. I can't resist. (BOSS
MODE) And this is exactly the kind of
thing we have to stop doing!

JOSEPH

It's a problem. I'm aware of it, and
it won't happen again. (SPONSOR MODE)
But if things are good with the dog-
food guy, why were you going to keep
it from me?

FRANKIE TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND TRIES TO UNLOCK IT.

FRANKIE

Because I know the "let's talk about
your intimacy issues" speech is
coming. (BOSS MODE) And why do I not
know the password for my own phone?!

JOSEPH

(TAKING PHONE) You asked me to change
it at lunch, and I forgot to remind
you. I am so sorry. (SPONSOR MODE)
Just tell me this isn't another "he
gets feelings for you and you find a
way to ruin it" situations.

FRANKIE

I don't want to talk about this.

JOSEPH

(GENTLY) Frankie. This is what you
do. We know this. You use a series
of interchangeable guys for sex and
avoid intimacy at all costs.

FRANKIE

Yeah, I'm basically a happily single
gay man, and you're jealous because
you're an unhappily married woman
whose husband won't let him keep his
cactus collection at home.

JOSEPH

He says they make the apartment look
like we live in a casita at Canyon
Ranch. But we are taking *your*
inventory right now. (THEN) I know you
think if nobody gets in, nobody can

(MORE)

SCENE C

INT. FRANKIE'S LVNG RM/INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (N-1) *
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, DONNA, SHANE, DOGS) *

FRANKIE IS IN A ROBE IN HER INSANE TWO-STORY MANHATTAN *
TOWNHOUSE. SHE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE OFF-CAMERA: *

FRANKIE *

I'm not going to lie. Mama had a good *
time tonight. *

REVEAL: FRANKIE IS ADDRESSING A MOTLEY CREW OF 5 DOGS. THEY *
ARE ALL MUTTS WHO ARE "BROKEN" IN SOME WAY. WINKY, THE *
LEADER, A CHIHUAHUA WITH A MISSING AN EYE, IS HER FAVORITE.

FRANKIE (CONT'D) *

But Winky, you got to stop doing that *
thing where you curl up at his feet. *
I know he brought you a lamb shank but *
it makes him feel too welcome here. *

SHANE ENTERS FROM THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WRAPPED IN A SHEET. *
HE'S SMITTEN WITH HER. *

SHANE *

There you are. *

FRANKIE *

Oh, hey. Did you need something? *
Glass of water, or a banana? *

SHANE *

I was actually-- did you not want *
to... finish up in there? *

FRANKIE *

Oh. Shane, you are so nice. I am *
good and finished. *

SHANE

Yeah. That's awesome. I... didn't
actually...

FRANKIE

Really? Oh, I thought-- you sure
seemed like you did.

SHANE

Yeah, no. I was just really into it.
Because I really like you, Frankie.

HE WRAPS HIS ARMS AROUND HER, IMMEDIATELY TRIGGERING HER
FLIGHT MECHANISM.

FRANKIE

Yeah, cool. Cool, cool. (BREAKING
FREE) Listen, I... am going to answer
some emails, but if you want to go
back in there and do what you gotta
do, go for it.

SHANE

You're not going to... help?

FRANKIE

Here's the way I see it, Shane. Guys
have always gotten to finish, but
women have only been getting to expect
orgasms for like, fifty years. I
think it's time to examine that
archaic power dynamic. What are its
roots? What can we learn from it?

SHANE

But--

SHE PUSHES HIM TOWARD THE STAIRS TO HER BEDROOM.

FRANKIE

Have you read the Cleopatra biography?

I'm going to send you the audiobook.

AS HE EXITS TO THE BEDROOM, THE DOORBELL RINGS.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Who the hell is ringing my doorbell at

10 o'clock? (TO DOGS) If one of you

figured out how to order treats on

Amazon, you're in big trouble and I'm

very proud of you.

FRANKIE OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S HER OLDER SISTER, DONNA AND QUINCY, A KID WEARING A STUFFED BACKPACK.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This is a no.

DONNA

You're my little sister. Give me

thirty seconds of your time. It's an

emergency.

FRANKIE

Everything with you is an emergency.

(THEN) Who's the kid?

DONNA

This is Quincy. (THEN, TO QUINCY)

Quincy, say hello to your Aunt

Frankie.

QUINCY

Hello, Aunt Frankie.

FRANKIE

I am absolutely not your Aunt Frankie.

DONNA

Quincy, why don't you go to the
bathroom and smell the soaps? They're
French. Right up those stairs.

SHE STARTS TO SCOOT HIM TOWARD THE STAIRS. FRANKIE GRABS HIM
BY THE BACKPACK.

FRANKIE

No, no, no. Trust me, kid, there's
not a soap in the world that smells
good enough to make opening that door
worth it.

DONNA

You're wonderful with him.

FRANKIE

I don't know what this is, but this is
not a good time.

DONNA

Thirty seconds?

FRANKIE

Thirty seconds!

DONNA

We haven't talked in a while.

FRANKIE

That's because I don't take your
calls. Twenty-five seconds.

DONNA

*

(FAST) I've become a foster parent. A social worker was assigned to me, after months of evaluations, I became certified, and this morning, the state awarded me Quincy.

*

*

DONNA MAKES A NOISE, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL IF IT'S JOY OR TERROR.

*

DONNA (CONT'D)

*

Ungh!

*

FRANKIE

*

How the hell did you get approved?!

*

DONNA

*

I need you to be a little more supportive.

FRANKIE

*

You're a brittle, distracted person with a history of chronic anxiety and hysterical eczema whose sole source of income is me.

*

*

DONNA

*

A little more supportive than that.

FRANKIE

*

Donna, why would someone who has the psychological toughness of crème brûlée want to take on such a huge responsibility?

*

*

*

DONNA

*

Did it ever occur to you that maybe I want someone to care for...? Someone to do the things that Mom and Dad never did for us. Someone to love. Sure, it's a huge responsibility, but I became a foster parent because I wanted that responsibility.

*

FRANKIE

*

Then why are you here?

DONNA

*

Because I can't handle the responsibility! I have the psychological toughness of crème brûlée! The eczema on my feet makes it look like I'm wearing tennis socks.

*

*

*

*

FRANKIE

*

What do you want from me?

DONNA

*

Please just take him for a couple of hours. I need to re-group.

FRANKIE

*

Re-group? What, are there four of you? This is not a good time.

*

DONNA

You always say that, and we both know
you're just making excuses because you
resent me for asking for help!

SHANE WALKS DOWNSTAIRS BUCKLING HIS BELT.

SHANE

Yo.

DONNA

This is a bad time.

FRANKIE

Shane this is Donna. And this small
child for some reason.

DONNA

We'll give you some privacy. (TO
QUINCY) She usually has expensive
snacks.

DONNA TAKES QUINCY TO THE KITCHEN AS FRANKIE WALKS SHANE OUT.

FRANKIE

Everything go alright up there?

SHANE

No. I heard a child's voice. Kind of
ruined it for me. I'm going to go.
I'll... probably never call you.

FRANKIE

Yeah, feels like we've run our course,
shoot. Take care.

SHANE EXITS, AND SHE CALLS AFTER HIM.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And thanks again for the lamb shank!

SHE TURNS TO SEE QUINCY STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER, STILL WEARING HIS BACKPACK.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. That doesn't mean what it sounded like. Lamb shank.

QUINCY

I don't know what you think I think it sounded like.

FRANKIE

Good. (THEN) Wait, where's my sister?

QUINCY

She left.

FRANKIE

How do you know she left? What did she say?

QUINCY

"Don't worry, I'm not leaving."

FRANKIE

How did she escape?

QUINCY

I think she went down the back stairs.

RESET TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(FRANKIE, QUINCY)

FRANKIE ENTERS. DONNA IS GONE. THE BACK DOOR IS OPEN.

FRANKIE

*

I can't believe she did this. What am I saying? Of course she did this, she's a DISASTER! Weak, distracted, terrified of life... (THEN, FOR QUINCY) I'm sure she'll be a wonderful mother.

QUINCY

Do you think she's coming back?

FRANKIE

*

She's your legal guardian now. The State of New York has entrusted your safety and well-being to her.

*

*

*

QUINCY

*

But do you think she's coming back?

*

FRANKIE

*

I don't know. (THEN) Who are you again?

*

QUINCY

I'm Quincy. (THEN) You've got a lot of dogs.

FRANKIE

*

I'm not much of a people person, Quincy. (THEN) You want to put your backpack down? It looks heavy.

QUINCY

I'm good. (THEN) Can I stay here tonight?

FRANKIE

*

Here?!

QUINCY

I've got no place else to go.

*

FRANKIE

*

(SIGHS, THEN) Would I let a child
sleep on the streets by himself?

QUINCY

Thank you.

*

FRANKIE

*

What? (THEN) Oh, I was thinking out
loud. (THEN) So you and my sister,
huh? What, were you like the most
together kid, so they stuck you with
the least together adult?

*

QUINCY

Um... she was the only one who would
take me.

FRANKIE

*

Why? What's wrong with you?

QUINCY

I stole.

FRANKIE

*

You stole? Huh. (THEN, USHERING) You
know, Quincy, you'll probably be more
comfortable in the maid's room until
my sister comes back.

*

FRANKIE LEADS QUINCY TO THE MAID'S ROOM.

*

FRANKIE (CONT'D) *

See? It's nice in there. It's got a
bed and a little TV. *

SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR ONCE HE'S INSIDE. *

QUINCY (O.S.)

Is that a security camera? *

FRANKIE *

Yeah, and the feed goes right to my
phone. Don't take it personally. *

It's just you're a thief and I don't
trust you. Go to sleep. Donna will
be here in the morning. *

QUINCY (O.S.)

Okay. Goodnight.

FRANKIE *

Goodnight, Quincy.

FRANKIE CROSSES TO THE DOOR. BEFORE SHE EXITS, SHE REMEMBERS
FOR A SECOND THAT SHE'S GOT A SCARED LITTLE KID IN THERE. *

FRANKIE (CONT'D) *

You going to be okay sleeping alone?

QUINCY (O.S.)

I always sleep alone.

FRANKIE *

(TO SELF) Well, we have that in common.

FRANKIE EXITS THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR. WINKY, THE DOG SHE
WAS TALKING TO AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SCENE, CROSSES TO THE
MAID'S ROOM AND CURLS UP AT THE DOOR AS WE... *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE D

FADE IN:

INT. KINGSLEY CONS./INT. FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING (D-2) *
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, FAITH, JOSEPH, CYRUS) *

JOSEPH IS AT HIS DESK WORKING. CYRUS ROUNDS THE CORNER. *

CYRUS *

You lied to me.

JOSEPH *

No, I didn't. (BY ROTE) Your arms are
great, your abs are shredded, your
hands are big and tell a story.

CYRUS *

Frankie's mother died last year. My
wife told me I was at the funeral. I
almost spoke. *

JOSEPH *

Feel like that's kind of on you. *

CYRUS *

She had a date last night, didn't she? *

JOSEPH *

I don't discuss her personal life. *

CYRUS *

That's a yes. (THEN) Good God, Frankie
Wolfe had a date last night. I mean,
what does that even look like? *

JOSEPH *

You know, HR really discourages--

CYRUS

*

I mean physically, I imagine her with a swarthy guy. Thick legs, tattoo sleeves, big butt -- but a rugby butt, not a gym butt.

JOSEPH

*

Sounds like you've really imagined this.

CYRUS

*

But emotionally, how would that even work? She's closed for business.

JOSEPH TAKES OUT HIS PHONE.

*

JOSEPH

*

I'm just going to record the rest of this. You know, just in case.

CYRUS

*

She thinks she's better at this because she's an island, but that's exactly why I'm going to eclipse her. I let people see my humanity, Joseph. I show them my warts.

*

*

JOSEPH

*

Please don't show me a wart.

*

CYRUS

*

I'm saying, unlike your boss, I let people in. That's why when Kingsley dies...

*

*

JOSEPH

(INTO PHONE MIC) Or retires.

CYRUS

Whatever. I'm going to run this
place. Because I'm lovable.

JOSEPH

Are you?

CYRUS

Yes! (THEN) You know, you should like
me more. We're the only brown-skinned
guys here. Our people have both been
oppressed.

JOSEPH

Your skin is not brown. And who
oppressed your people? Jafar?

CYRUS

(LAUGHS) See! You're hilarious. This
works. We're going to be friends
someday.

SFX: THE OFFICE PHONE RINGS. JOSEPH PUTS ON HIS HEADSET.

JOSEPH

(INTO HEADSET) Hi, Frankie. (THEN)
Yeah, she's waiting for you.

CYRUS

Who? Is Faith Fielding in there? Why
didn't you say? Help a brother out!

JOSEPH

(IGNORING CYRUS, INTO HEADSET) Oh
okay, and he's with you now? For the
whole day? Wow. See you in a bit.

CYRUS

Whoa! She's bringing her hookup to
the office? (THEN) This is insane.
What am I about to see? It's like
Close Encounters when the ramp came
down.

FRANKIE ENTERS WITH QUINCY IN TOW. HE STILL WEARS A
BACKPACK.

FRANKIE

Three things: find my sister, get the
kid lunch, find my sister. She hasn't
called, has she?

CYRUS

No, just Fern from the dog shelter
again.

FRANKIE

Send her a check and block her number.
She's my kryptonite. (THEN, TO QUINCY)
Shift it.

AFTER FRANKIE AND QUINCY DISAPPEAR INTO HER OFFICE:

CYRUS

Not at all the alien I was expecting,
but I'm intrigued.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. FRANKIE'S OFFICE/INT. KINGSLEY CONSULTANTS - LATER (D-2) *
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, FAITH) *

FRANKIE IS SITTING ON THE COUCH WITH FAITH, WHO IS CRYING. *
QUINCY IS SITTING AT THE DESK, EATING A HAMBURGER AND *
LISTENING INTENTLY. *

FAITH *

...And this morning when we woke up,
someone had spelled out "white
privilege" on my lawn. In urine!

QUINCY

(BETWEEN BITES) How do you know?

FAITH *

It kills the grass.

FRANKIE *

Block letters or cursive?

FAITH *

What difference does that make?

FRANKIE *

Well, if it's cursive, it's someone
with an impressive flow. So we can
eliminate dudes over fifty. *

FAITH *

Maybe I deserve this. Maybe I'm just *
an entitled woman who thinks it's okay *
to cheat because I'm rich. *

FRANKIE

Or maybe this is exactly what I was
talking about yesterday. A man did
this to you. Or a group of men
working very carefully together.
Marked your lawn like an animal. It's
pure male aggression, and it's not
okay. (TO QUINCY) Sauce! Red sauce on
my desk. Use the napkin.

FAITH

I didn't think of it that way.

FRANKIE

If you ask me, it's a sign that you're
exposing something really rotten about
gender dynamics in this country.

FAITH

Are you calling me a feminist icon?

FRANKIE

Sure. And you are not going to let
some man with a healthy stream define
you. And why?

FAITH

Because...

FRANKIE

(LEADING HER) You are not--

FAITH

My worst act. I am not my worst act.

QUINCY LOOKS UP FROM THE DESK AND STARTS TO PAY CLOSE ATTENTION.

FRANKIE

You are not your worst act. Now, the story they want to tell is that you are a bad person who masqueraded as a nice actress. And the story that we are going to tell is that you're a nice actress who made a bad choice. But you've learned from this choice.

FAITH

I have.

FRANKIE

And what have you learned?

FAITH

Um... whatever you're going to write that I learned?

FRANKIE

Exactly. Go home, re-sod your front lawn, and don't think about any of this. That's my job. Oh, and you should think about rescuing a dog.

FAITH

And you'll tell the paparazzi to be outside the shelter to make me look good to my haters online?

FRANKIE

No, what are you talking about? There are a lot of dogs that need to be rescued. What's the matter with you?

FAITH EXITS.

QUINCY

Is that lady going to be okay?

FRANKIE

She will if she can remember what I told her for longer than five minutes. But people get older, they can't hold on to information.

QUINCY

Is that why you called ketchup "red sauce"?

FRANKIE

Yes it is. She'll be fine. She's in a crisis, and if you're in a crisis, I'm the crisis manager you hire.

QUINCY

I'm in a crisis.

FRANKIE

You can't afford me. And you're not in a crisis. My sister's going to walk in here any minute, you'll go back to her nice home I paid for, and then... you'll live nervously ever

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

after. (THEN) Stay there. The sauce -- *
the ketchup, I still know the word *
"ketchup" -- is on my chair. I need *
to get club soda.

FRANKIE CROSSES OUT, AND WE... *

RESET TO:

INT. KINGSLEY CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS (D-2) *
(CYRUS, FRANKIE, JOSEPH)

FRANKIE IS IMMEDIATELY CONFRONTED BY CYRUS. *

CYRUS *

Cute kid. What's the story? *

FRANKIE *

What? He's not mine, if that's what *
you're asking. *

CYRUS *

That's not what I'm asking. He's *
obviously not yours. You'd never let *
a human person get close to you, let *
alone a kid. *

FRANKIE *

Look, I need club soda. Can you get *
out of my way... *

CYRUS *

So what's the deal? You've got a *
client with a kid problem, so you *
bring your sister's kid in here to *
make it look like you actually have

(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)

the capacity to connect with another
human being? Because that's next
level, and I respect that.

FRANKIE

You don't think I'm able to make a
real connection with somebody?

CYRUS

What? No, of course not, you're an
island. A closed-loop ecosystem.
It's like the second thing you said to
me the first time I hit on you.

FRANKIE

(POINTED) Do you remember the first
thing I said to you?

FRANKIE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A BEAT, THEN WALKS OFF.

CYRUS

(CALLING OFF) Not everyone who works
out is compensating!

CUT TO:

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*

SCENE H

INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN/INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER (D-2) *
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, DONNA) *

QUINCY SITS AT A SMALL BOOTH IN FRANKIE'S KITCHEN. FRANKIE *
TAKES FOOD FROM STYROFOAM CONTAINERS AND PUTS IT ON PLATES *
FOR HER DINNER GUEST, JUST LIKE A PERSON WHO'S ABLE TO MAKE A
CONNECTION. THE DOGS ALL SIT BY QUINCY'S FEET.

FRANKIE *

You ever had veal?

QUINCY

No.

FRANKIE *

It's delicious. It's steak that never
made it to puberty. (THEN) Do you want
anything with it?

QUINCY

Do you have any "red sauce"?

FRANKIE *

You're a smartass, you know that?

QUINCY

Sorry.

FRANKIE *

That's a compliment.

QUINCY

You're not very good at compliments.

FRANKIE *

I'm trying. (THEN) How about taking
your backpack off while we eat?

QUINCY

I'm okay.

FRANKIE

*

What's in there, Gwyneth Paltrow's
head?

QUINCY

Just my stuff.

FRANKIE

*

Why don't you ever take it off?

QUINCY

I'll just have to put it on again.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS LAND WITH FRANKIE.

*

FRANKIE

*

How many foster homes have you lived
in?

*

QUINCY

Seven.

FRANKIE

*

That seems like a lot.

QUINCY

My file says I have a problem with
stealing.

FRANKIE

*

Do you?

QUINCY SHRUGS.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

*

You get lonely?

QUINCY

(RE: BACKPACK) I have a lot of books.

(THEN) Do you get lonely?

FRANKIE

I have a lot of... dogs.

SFX: DOORBELL. QUINCY AND THE DOGS GO TO STAND.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(TO DOGS) Sit. (TO QUINCY) Stay.

QUINCY AND THE DOGS SIT. FRANKIE EXITS TO THE LIVING ROOM,
AND WE...

RESET TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
(FRANKIE, DONNA)

FRANKIE PEEKS THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE ON HER DOOR.

FRANKIE

It's back.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL DONNA.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?

DONNA

In therapy.

FRANKIE

You had a twenty-six hour session?

DONNA

There were breaks.

FRANKIE

Mental?

DONNA

*

Bathroom. (THEN) I've been thinking a lot about Quincy and what's best for him. And I've been thinking a lot about me, and what's best for me. And I've been thinking about the two of us, and what's best for us... and I've decided to do what's best for me.

FRANKIE

*

The greatest good for the least number. You should run for office.

DONNA

*

I don't have the constitution to parent a child on my own.

FRANKIE

*

"Yes I know," said the little sister who's had to take care of you for your entire life.

*

*

*

DONNA

*

Dr. Weiss said I should just Matrix your judgement and criticism.

*

FRANKIE

*

I don't know what the hell that means, you babbling canary.

DONNA IMPERSONATES KEANU REEVES IN THE MATRIX. THE WORDS ARE THE BULLETS FLYING PAST HER IN SLOW MOTION.

*

DONNA

*

(WATCHES IT PASS TO RIGHT) "Babbling."

(WATCHES IT PASS TO LEFT) "Canary."

FRANKIE

*

Donna, what are we doing with this
boy?

*

DONNA

*

I'm just going to tell him has to go
back to social services tomorrow.
They'll re-assign him to another
foster parent eventually.

*

FRANKIE

*

Then tell him.

DONNA

*

I will. (BEAT, THEN) Can you tell him?

FRANKIE

*

Donna!

*

DONNA

*

Fine, I'll tell him. Would you just
please let him know I'm here so we can
ease into it?

FRANKIE SHAKES HER HEAD AND CROSSES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

*

RESET TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (D-2)
(QUINCY, FRANKIE)

*

*

FRANKIE ENTERS. QUINCY'S STILL AT THE BOOTH.

*

FRANKIE

*

Quincy, my sister's here, and she has something to say to you.

QUINCY

Just tell me.

FRANKIE

*

Let her tell you. She's in the living room.

QUINCY

I don't think so.

FRANKIE

*

What are you talking about? I just left her there. (REALIZING) Alone. With the open door behind her.

FRANKIE PUSHES OPEN THE SWINGING DOOR TO SEE THE EMPTY ROOM WITH THE OPEN DOOR.

*

*

QUINCY

*

This is why I never take off my backpack.

FRANKIE

*

This is why I only like dogs.

*

AND WE...

*

FADE OUT.

*

END OF ACT TWO

*

ACT THREESCENE J

FADE IN:

INT. FRANKIE'S LVNG RM/INT. DOG RESCUE SHELTER - LATER (D-2)
(FRANKIE, QUINCY)FRANKIE AND QUINCY SIT ON THE COUCH SILENTLY. FRANKIE
FINALLY SPEAKS AS GENTLY AS SHE CAN.

FRANKIE

I'm really sorry, Quincy. I have to
take you back to social services. But
you're going to be fine. You're a
survivor like me. I had a rage-
aholic, alcoholic mother and a father
who never stopped telling me how much
he wanted boys. But I got through it,
and so will you. Someone's going to
adopt you.

QUINCY

How about you?

FRANKIE

Me? Are you crazy? No, that's...
that's... You wouldn't want me
raising you. I work a million hours a
week, I am not a nice person... (THEN)
Besides, you're a thief.

QUINCY

I'm not a thief. I stole twenty bucks
so I could buy a pizza.

FRANKIE

Yeah, that makes you a thief.

QUINCY

I did it, but it's not who I am. I'm
not my worst act.

FRANKIE

Do not--

QUINCY

The story *they* want to tell is I'm a
thief pretending to be a nice kid.
But *my* story is I'm a nice kid who
made a bad choice. And if you adopted
me, I'd never make that choice again.

FRANKIE

That's a pretty good story. (THEN) But
I can't. I'm an island. And I act
like it's a cool, fun island like Bora
Bora, when it's probably like the one
in *Castaway*, and I'm going to end up
marrying a volleyball, but it's
just... the way I am. I'm sorry. Let
me grab my stuff.

FRANKIE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN. HER PHONE RINGS ON THE COFFEE
TABLE. QUINCY CHECKS THE CALLER ID: "FERN," THEN ANSWERS IT.

QUINCY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOG RESCUE SHELTER - SAME
(FERN)

FERN, A DOG LOVER WITH SWEET MOM ENERGY STANDS IN FRONT OF
ROWS OF DOGS IN CAGES. OFF CAMERA, A DOG BARKS INCESSANTLY.

FERN

Oh, hi, this is Fern at Canine Rescue
Shelter, I'm looking for Frankie but I
think I dialed the wrong number.

QUINCY

No you didn't.

FERN

Oh, okay. Just let her know we got a
scared little guy here she might like.
No biggie, she's just always my first
call with the neediest ones. If she's
not interested, I'll just find a Plan
B. (DEEP ALPHA VOICE, CALLING O.S.)
Waldo! That. Is. Enough!

END INTERCUT.

FRANKIE WALKS IN WITH HER PURSE AND SEES QUINCY ON HER PHONE.

FRANKIE

Who are you talking to?

QUINCY

It was the lady from the dog rescue.

FRANKIE

What did she say?

SCENE K

INT. DOG RESCUE SHELTER - THAT NIGHT (N-2)
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, FERN, DOG)

FRANKIE RUNS IN WITH QUINCY IN TOW. FERN IS AT THE FRONT
DESK.

FRANKIE

I'm not too late, am I?

FERN

Nope, he's right here.

FERN OPENS A CAGE AND PULLS OUT THE WORLD'S SADDEST DOG.
HE'S GOT A CONE, A SHAVED HEAD, THE WHOLE THING.

FERN (CONT'D)

Somebody's glad he doesn't have a
brain tumor isn't he? (THEN) It's good
you got here when you did. I was just
about to move on to Plan B.

FRANKIE

No! Do not move on to Plan B. (TAKES
HIM FROM HER) Nobody wants Plan B.
Unless you've had a really fun night
that you weren't prepared for. (TO
QUINCY) Did you get that?

QUINCY

No.

FRANKIE

Good. (TO FERN) I'll take him.

FERN

Yay! I'll start the paperwork. Oh,
he looks so sweet in your arms. Warms
my heart. (ALPHA VOICE, YELLING O.S.)
Applejack, you put that down!

FERN CROSSES OFF. FRANKIE LOOKS AT THE SAD LITTLE DOG.

FRANKIE

Aw, he's shaking. Poor little guy.

QUINCY

Do you really need another dog?

FRANKIE

No, but what was I supposed to do?
He's out of options.

QUINCY

So? Why is that your problem?

FRANKIE

Because nobody else wanted him! Am I
supposed to wash my hands of this
little guy just because he's "damaged
goods"? What kind of heartless,
callous person does that? (THEN) Oh,
you crafty little bastard.

QUINCY

Thank you.

FRANKIE

That wasn't a compliment!

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE M *

INT. FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT (D-2) *
(FRANKIE, QUINCY, DOGS) *

FRANKIE HOLDS THE NEW DOG IN THE CONE AND TALKS TO QUINCY. *

FRANKIE *

Okay, here are the house rules. You get *
two W-A-L-K's a day, if you do your *
bathroom business in the park you get a T- *
R-E-A-T, you will eat a balanced D-I-N-N- *
E-R so your coat has a healthy shine, and *
I'll take you to the child vet but will *
not put pills anywhere else but in your *
mouth. Deal? *

QUINCY *

I think a "child vet" is called a *
pediatrician. But I'll try my best. *

FRANKIE *

Kid, me too. Because this is either *
meant to be, or a total car crash *
waiting to happen. I mean, we may *
both seriously regret that we ever-- *

QUINCY HUGS HER IN A WAY SHE'S NEVER BEEN HUGGED. SHE STOPS *
TALKING. THEY BREAK FREE FROM THE HUG, AND SHE LOOKS AT HIM. *

FRANKIE (CONT'D) *

You're upstairs next to my room. *

QUINCY DARTS TOWARD THE STAIRS, STOPS, TURNS AROUND, RUNS *
BACK, TAKES OFF HIS BACKPACK, GIVES IT TO FRANKIE, AND EXITS. *

END OF SHOW *