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k o m i n s k y

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\ M E T H O D

"Episode 301"

Written by

Chuck Lorre

Directed by

Chuck Lorre

# The Kominsky Method

"Episode 301"

Shooting Draft – Yellow Rev. Collated  
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## CAST LIST

SANDY ..... MICHAEL DOUGLAS  
MINDY ..... SARAH BAKER  
MARTIN ..... PAUL REISER  
PHOEBE ..... LISA EDELSTEIN  
MADELYN ..... JANE SEYMOUR  
THERESA ..... EMILY OSMENT  
JUDE ..... GRAHAM ROGERS  
BREANA ..... ASHLEIGH LATHROP  
MARGARET ..... MELISSA TANG  
LANE ..... CASEY THOMAS BROWN  
DARSHANI ..... JENNA LYNNG ADAMS  
ROBBIE ..... HALEY JOEL OSMENT  
ALEX ..... RAMON HILARIO  
JEANINE ..... JOCELYN TOWNE  
YVETTE ..... NATASHA HALL

FADE IN:

1

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - DAY (D1)

1

We OPEN on a large poster board photograph of NORMAN. On the bottom of the photo are the words, "IN LOVING MEMORY, NORMAN IRVING NEULANDER." We PAN PAST a CASKET to find SANDY at a podium. The room is filled with mourners. In the front rows we see PHOEBE, ROBBIE, JEANINE (Norman's long-time assistant), MADELYN, MINDY AND MARTIN.

SANDY

If you're wondering why we're doing this in a non-denominational chapel instead of a synagogue with a rabbi, it's because Norman wanted it that way. Just before he died he said to me, "Sandy, you wanna stick me in a row boat, push it into the L.A. River and set it on fire, that's fine. Just spare everybody the religious claptrap."

(smiling)

Religious claptrap. As you might guess, Norman belonged to the reform school of Judaism.

(beat)

I was up all night trying to figure out how to pay homage to this man. Then I remembered one of his favorite sayings, "The truth is a good fall back position." So that's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna fall back on the truth.

(beat)

It was tough being Norman's friend. But for over fifty years, that's what I was. Fifty years of him giving me a hard time about the women I dated, the women I married, the divorces I suffered through, the money I lost, the money I never had. Even the booze I drank. He found fault with just about every aspect of my life.

MINDY

(under her breath)

Homage, Dad. Pay homage.

SANDY

(starting to cry)

Oh yeah, he lent me money when I was in trouble, but he never let me forget it. Oh no. My nose got rubbed in that pile of shit over and over again. Do you know that when I went through the whole cancer deal last year, and I was scared out of my mind, my best friend, my good buddy kept "joking" about how I should save my hair when it falls out and use it to make a tea cozy! A tea cozy!

(sobbing, to casket)

Well, fuck you very much, good buddy. I didn't lose one strand! Not one! But I did lose you, and I don't know how I'm gonna get through that. I don't know how I'm supposed to just go about my business without you! And for the record, I did call the City of L.A. about setting you on fire in a rowboat, but I couldn't get a permit for a Viking funeral! Maybe in Ventura County, but not here!

Sandy looks up from his grief-stricken reverie at the stunned faces, then:

SANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

As he crosses to his seat:

MARTIN

(to Mindy)

Did not see that coming.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

2 INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - LATER (D1)

2

Norman's grandson Robbie is now at the podium.

ROBBIE

We are here today, to mourn the passing of my grandfather's meat body. But that decaying collection of cells is not who or what he was. My grandfather was an immortal spirit that has lived countless millions of lives.

PHOEBE

(under her breath)  
Oh shit.

MADELYN

(to Sandy)  
Scientology?

He sighs and nods.

ROBBIE

And like all immortal spirits, he has roamed the universe for many eons in constant search of a game. For that is what we do. We play games. And the biggest game we play is to forget our true identity so we can play hide and seek with ourselves. And when the day comes that we find ourselves, that we know with absolute certainty that we are static awareness senior to matter, energy, space and time -- then we win. I know that to be true for myself. And now my grandpa knows it too. Although, without having crossed LRH's bridge of total freedom, he'll quickly be sucked back into the hellish merry-go-round of birth and death. Thank you.

He crosses to his seat. On everyone's stunned reaction, we:

CUT TO:

3 INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - LATER (D1)

3

Norman's longtime assistant Jeanine is now at the podium.  
She is a weeping, sobbing, snotty mess.

JEANINE

I was Norman's assistant for twenty-two years. I arranged his work schedule, his personal schedule, his travel plans, his vacations. I made sure he had regular medical, dental, dermatology and ophthalmology checkups. I also took care of all his lunch and dinner reservations, always reminding the restaurants how important he was so he had a nice table. I also made sure his wife and daughter got birthday cards and flowers, same for Valentine's Day, and eight times I made arrangements for his daughter to go to the very best rehabs. But in all that time, I never told Norman how much he meant to me. How making him happy made me happy. How his welfare was my first thought in the morning, and my last thought before I went to sleep.

ROBBIE

(under his breath)  
Classic homo sap.

Martin reacts.

JEANINE

I just wish I could be with him now and make sure he has everything he needs! Thank you.

Jeanine starts to cross to her chair then changes course and leaps on the casket.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! I HAVE SO  
MUCH MORE TO GIVE!

Sandy, Phoebe and Martin rush to pull her off.

CUT TO:

4 INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - LATER (D1)

4

Phoebe is now at the podium.

PHOEBE

My father never gave up on me. He should have. But he never did. Time after time I let him down, but he just refused to give up. As part of my amends to him, my sponsor and I decided I had to pay him back for all the rehabs and therapists and "wilderness retreats" he sent me to. Not counting inflation, it came to a little over nine hundred thousand dollars. And that's not including the three hundred grand in legal fees to beat that bogus intent to sell bust. Like I would ever be stupid enough to sell my own stash. Anyway, I owe my poppa a million-two. And even though he's gone, I'm gonna use part of my inheritance to pay him back. Well, not him, obviously, cause, ya' know. I'm gonna pay him back by building a drug rehab in the Galápagos Islands, where addicts, alcoholics and people with eating disorders can turn their life around while learning about Charles Darwin and evolution.

MINDY

(under her breath)  
Oh good Christ.

MARTIN

(smiling, sotto)  
I keep thinking it can't get worse.

PHOEBE

And in honor of my father, the man who never gave up on me, the rehab will be named The Suite Surrender, because in sobriety you have to surrender to win, and suite will be spelled s-u-i-t-e, 'cause every room will be a junior suite or better. Thank you.

(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
(blowing a kiss to the  
casket)  
Love you, daddy.

CUT TO:

5 INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - LATER (D1)

5

Madelyn is now at the podium.

MADELYN

When my husband died, I thought,  
"Well, that's it. I'm alone now."  
And then, miracle of miracles, I  
ran into a man with whom I had a  
hot and heavy fling, way back in  
1967.

(to Phoebe and Robbie)

That man was your dad, and your  
grandpa.

(to everyone)

At first we both assumed that this  
time around our relationship would  
be merely platonic. Old friends  
holding hands and taking a walk in  
the park. Sharing meals, reading  
books together, maybe catching a  
matinee. But that's not at all  
what happened. With a little  
encouragement from me, and a little  
pharmaceutical assistance, Norman  
quickly became the voracious young  
stud who ravished me so many years  
ago.

We see eyes widen amongst the mourners.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

It was wonderful. His lust was  
both gentle and demanding. And  
punctual. You could set your watch  
to it. Seven-thirty in the  
morning, every Wednesday and  
Sunday, right after a cup of coffee  
and a quick trip to the bathroom,  
he would take me from behind --  
making me quiver and shake like a  
seventeen year-old girl rebelling  
against her overly religious  
parents.

(a beat, as she reflects)

Wednesday and Sunday mornings.

(MORE)

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Norman Newlander loved me like no other man, on Wednesday and Sunday mornings, from 7:30 to 7:45. Thank you.

As she crosses to her seat:

MARTIN

(to Mindy)

I'm a little horny right now.

6 EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - LATER (D1) 6

Cars are parked in the driveway. The house is filled with mourners.

7 INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - DEN/DINING ROOM - SAME TIME (D1) 7

Food is laid out on the dining room table. Mourners chat in small groups. Mindy and Martin are at the food table, making plates while watching Sandy who sits by himself, staring off into space.

MINDY

I'm worried about him.

MARTIN

Oh, he'll be okay. Just gotta give him some time.

MINDY

I hope so.

MARTIN

Couple years ago, my best friend in the world passed away unexpectedly. Stevie Chartokoff. I ever tell you about him?

MINDY

No.

MARTIN

Great guy. We were pals since like, third grade. When he died, I didn't feel anything. I was like numb.

MINDY

That's awful.

MARTIN

No, I think it's actually a survival mechanism. Like nature's way of being compassionate.

MINDY

Whataya mean?

MARTIN

When it first happened, the pain was too much. But over time I was able to feel the grief more and more until it just kinda became part of who I am. It morphed into acceptance, which I guess is a sort of wisdom.

MINDY

That's actually pretty comforting.

He shrugs.

MINDY (CONT'D)

You are wise.

MARTIN

Thank you, baby.

(chuckles, then:)

I remember this one time in high school, we must've been fourteen, fifteen years old, me and Stevie smoked a joint and decided to light our farts on fire.

MINDY

What?! That's a real thing?

MARTIN

Oh yeah. You lie on your back with your legs up in the air, hold a lit match in front of your ass, let one rip and a big blue flame shoots out. Anyway, somehow the pubes on Stevie's balls caught fire and he's crying and screaming for me to pat it out. Naturally I refused. No way I was gonna touch his balls. Burnt hair and farts, I will never forget that smell.

MINDY

So your wisdom came later in life.

MARTIN

It would appear so.

We ANGLE ON Sandy and FLASHBACK to his pleasant memory of hanging with Norman (a clip from seasons one or two).

ROBBIE (V.O.)

How're you holding up?

We RETURN to find ROBBIE sitting down next to Sandy.

SANDY

(startled from his  
reverie)

What? Oh. Fine. Thanks.

ROBBIE

Good.

Robbie gives him the unblinking stare.

SANDY

You need something?

ROBBIE

I just wanted to remind you that I'm a flag trained Class Eight Auditor and can help you process your grief.

SANDY

I don't need any help. Thanks.

ROBBIE

Suppressed emotional pain can manifest as a physical ailment.

SANDY

Robbie, I'm fine.

ROBBIE

Malignant tumors are not uncommon.

SANDY

Robbie, I'm glad Scientology has helped you... be all you can be. Or is that the Marines? Either way, leave me the fuck alone.

ROBBIE

See, that's anger. Which is a little higher on the emotional tone scale --

SANDY

Beat it!

Robbie crosses away. We PUSH IN on Sandy and FLASH AGAIN to a memory of NORMAN, then:

MADELYN (V.O.)

He was a wonderful man.

Sandy snaps out of the reverie to find himself now sitting with Madelyn.

SANDY

(startled)

Oh, yeah. The best.

MADELYN

The cat's pajamas.

SANDY

The bees knees.

MADELYN

You know, we were talking about getting married.

SANDY

I didn't. I'm so sorry.

MADELYN

(nods, then:)

There was even talk about having a baby.

SANDY

(chuckles)

MADELYN

What's funny?

SANDY

You're serious?

MADELYN

As a heart attack.

SANDY

Um, okay. Now when you say having a baby, you mean like adopting.

MADELYN

No. I mean like having a baby.

SANDY  
Right, right.

MADELYN  
Of course that had to be put on  
hold until I was off my medication.  
We didn't want Norman Junior to  
have three heads and a tail!

SANDY  
No, uh-uh. Um, I don't mean to  
pry, but uh... what kind of  
medication are we talking about?

MADELYN  
For depression.

SANDY  
Ah.

MADELYN  
And bi-polar.

SANDY  
That too?

MADELYN  
And a little schizophrenia.

SANDY  
Wow, that's the hat trick.

MADELYN  
Excuse me?

SANDY  
Ignore me, I'm fraught with grief.

She nods.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
In the meantime, you're a  
beautiful, vivacious woman and I'm  
sure you'll meet someone special  
and have that baby.

MADELYN  
What are you suggesting?

SANDY  
Nothing. Just wishing you the  
best.

MADELYN

Please tell me you're not coming on  
to me while the second love of my  
life is still warm to the touch?

SANDY

No! 'Course not!

MADELYN

I don't feel safe right now, I'm  
going to walk away.

She crosses away.

SANDY

(under his breath)

Jesus.

After Sandy takes a moment to shake that encounter off, we  
CUT TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK of NORMAN, then:

MARTIN (V.O.)

Hey.

Again Sandy snaps out of his reverie.

SANDY

Now what?

MARTIN

I just wanted to see if you're  
ready to go.

SANDY

Oh. Yeah.

As they cross out with Mindy.

MARTIN

Did ya see they had sushi from  
Nobu?

SANDY

No.

MARTIN

Yep, baked crab, miso cod,  
yellowtail, the whole spread.

SANDY

That's nice.

MARTIN

Nobody knows how to mourn like the  
Jews.

SANDY

Practice, practice, practice.

8 EXT. MINDY'S CAR - DRIVING - EARLY EVENING (D1) 8

9 INT. MINDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (D1) 9 \*

Martin is driving, Mindy in passenger seat, a subdued and  
reflective Sandy is in the back. \*

SANDY \*

Thanks for driving. \*

MARTIN \*

Happy to do it. I mean, not happy,  
but, you know. \*

MINDY \*

(to Sandy) \*

I wish you'd reconsider. We have  
plenty of room. \*

SANDY \*

I'm fine, honey. \*

MARTIN \*

Of course you're fine, it's just  
why be alone right now? \*

SANDY \*

'Cause that's what I want. \*

MARTIN \*

Oh c'mon, spend the night. It'll  
be fun. We'll have like a family  
game night. \*

SANDY \*

Martin, I just lost my best friend.  
I don't wanna have fun. \*

MARTIN \*

You sure? We could smoke a doobie  
and play Jenga. \*

SANDY \*

I'll pass. \*

MINDY \*  
Ech, I hate when you use that word. \*

MARTIN \*  
Doobie? What's wrong with doobie? \*

MINDY \*  
It makes you sound like an old man. \*

SANDY \*  
He is an old man. \*

MARTIN \*  
Thank you. \*  
(then) \*  
So we'll take you home. \*

SANDY \*  
Yeah. \*

A beat, then: \*

MARTIN \*  
You know, I wasn't gonna say \*  
anything, but when we were trying \*  
to drag the girl off the coffin, \*  
she bit me. \*

MINDY \*  
That's terrible. Lemme see. \*

Martin shows her his right hand as proof. \*

MARTIN \*  
Didn't break the skin, but still \*  
hurt like the dickens. \*

MINDY \*  
The dickens? \*

MARTIN \*  
Dickens and doobies, got it. \*

Martin takes his hand back. \*

MARTIN (CONT'D) \*  
(to Sandy, via rear view \*  
mirror) \*  
It was a good turn out though, \*  
don't ya think? Norman would've \*  
been pleased. \*

SANDY \*  
Norman was never pleased. \*

MARTIN \*  
(chuckles) \*  
He was certainly tough on you, huh? \*

SANDY \*  
What're you talkin' about? \*

MARTIN \*  
Your eulogy. You said how he was \*  
tough on you. \*

SANDY \*  
That's not what I said. \*

MARTIN \*  
No, I'm pretty sure -- \*

SANDY \*  
We were tough on each other. \*

MARTIN \*  
Okay. \*

SANDY \*  
It's just how we were. \*

MARTIN \*  
Right. \*

SANDY \*  
Don't be tellin' me what I said. \*

MARTIN \*  
Got it. My bad. \*  
(off Mindy's look) \*  
What? \*

MINDY \*  
No one says "my bad" anymore. \*

MARTIN \*  
(barking) \*  
Well, I'm sorry I didn't get the \*  
memo! \*

Sandy and Mindy are startled. \*

SANDY \*  
Jesus, what's your problem? \*

A beat.

\*

MINDY  
(shaking her head)  
Memo.

\*

\*

\*

And we:

\*

10 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING - 10  
HILLSIDE VIEW - SHORT TIME LATER (N1)

11 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N1) 11

Sandy crosses in, takes off his tie, and leans back against the wall. We PULL BACK WIDE to see the loneliness of the house weigh on him.

SANDY

Dammit.

12 INT. MUSSO & FRANK GRILL - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER (N1) 12

The hostess ushers Sandy to his regular booth.

SANDY

Thanks.

She crosses off. He takes a moment, trying to acclimate to being alone. Alex crosses over with his drink.

ALEX

Jack Daniels and Diet Dr. Pepper.

SANDY

Thank you, Alex.

ALEX

I was very sorry to hear about Mr. Newlander.

SANDY

Yeah.

Alex puts down a martini in Norman's spot.

ALEX

I had the bar make a martini in his honor.

SANDY

(choked up)  
Thank you.

ALEX

He was a kind and generous man.

SANDY

I'll give you generous.

ALEX

I'll be back in a moment to take  
your order.

Alex crosses away. Sandy clinks glasses with the martini:

SANDY

Cheers, buddy.

He drinks.

13 OMITTED 13

14 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER (N1) 14

Sandy pulls into his driveway. We hear from far off:

WOMAN (O.C.)

Irving!... Irving!

Sandy crosses out of his car.

WOMAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Irving!

SANDY

What...?

He sees a small dog sniffing around some bushes.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh.

He scoops up the dog.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(calling off)

I think I've got your dog! Hello?!

A beautiful, harried woman, YVETTE, runs over with a leash.

YVETTE

(Eastern European accent)

Oh, thanks god. Thank you so much.

SANDY

No problem.

She takes Irving.

YVETTE

I was freaking the fuck out.

SANDY

His name is Irving?

YVETTE

Yes. The gate was open and he just took off.

SANDY

Really? Irving?

YVETTE

Yes. Why?

CLOSE ON Sandy.

As we FLASH ON NORMAN'S poster board PHOTO at the funeral with caption "Norman Irving Newlander."

SANDY

Not important. You don't hear that name much anymore.

YVETTE

Let me get my pocketbook, I give you a reward.

SANDY

No, no. I'm just being a good neighbor.

YVETTE

You are a great neighbor.

SANDY

Well, you know, do unto others...

YVETTE

Yvette.

SANDY

Sandy.

YVETTE

I live down the street, on the corner.

SANDY

The one on sale? You buy it?

YVETTE

No, it's a three thousand square foot hole of shit.

SANDY

Shit hole.

YVETTE

Yes. I am house-sitting for my cousin and her husband.

SANDY

Oh, nice.

YVETTE

If I lost their dog, I would not know what to do. I would have to throw myself off the balcony and hope the coyotes eat me.

SANDY

Yeah well, they'd be crazy not to. Okay, g'night.

He starts to his front door.

YVETTE

Can I at least offer you a glass of wine, or I make a very mean margarita, something to say thank you?

15 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER (N1)

15

SANDY (O.C.)

(groaning)

Thank you.

16 INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N1)

16

Empty margarita glasses, tequila bottle, and a bong are on the nightstands. Sandy, in t-shirt and shorts, is sprawled face down on the bed. A partly naked Yvette is applying a cold compress to his lower back.

YVETTE

You were showing off.

SANDY  
(groaning)  
Yeah.

YVETTE  
Hey, look what I can do!

SANDY  
Yeah.

YVETTE  
Did you think I wouldn't know how  
old you are?

SANDY  
Yeah.

YVETTE  
It's not enough to act your age,  
you also have to fuck your age.

SANDY  
Yeah.

YVETTE  
I'm going to get more ice.

She crosses out. Irving jumps on the bed and looks down at  
Sandy.

SANDY  
(to Irving)  
Norman, is that you?

17 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING - ESTABLISHING (D2) 17

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

18 INT. SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2) 18

A hungover, bathrobe clad Sandy opens the front door  
revealing a chipper Martin holding two smoothies. Sandy is  
rubbing a sore lower back.

MARTIN  
Morning!

SANDY  
What's happening?

MARTIN

Your loving daughter sent me over  
with healthy fruit smoothies.

SANDY

Oh. Okay.

Martin crosses in.

MARTIN

I don't have to tell you that she's  
worried about her old pop --

Irving runs in barking at Martin. Sandy picks him up,  
during:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What's this?

SANDY

(to dog)

Shh, it's okay.

(re: Martin)

He's okay.

(to Martin)

This is Irving.

MARTIN

Irving?

A hungover, partially dressed Yvette crosses in holding a  
pill vial.

YVETTE

I have half a Vicodin if your back  
still hurts.

She sees Martin. Martin sees her. She makes no effort to  
cover up.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I did not know you had  
guest.

Sandy tosses her a throw blanket.

SANDY

Here.

She looks at it, confused.

YVETTE

What?

SANDY  
Cover.

YVETTE  
Oh, sure.

She covers. Martin is transfixed.

SANDY  
Martin, this is Yvette. Yvette,  
Martin.

MARTIN  
Hello.

YVETTE  
Hello.

MARTIN  
Russki?

YVETTE  
Da.  
(to Sandy)  
I go use your shower?

SANDY  
Sure.

YVETTE  
Irving, come.

She crosses out, Irving jumps from Sandy's arms and follows.

MARTIN  
Dosvedanya!

She gives him a perfunctory wave and exits.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit.

SANDY  
Yeah.

MARTIN  
How does that happen? I dropped  
you off here last night afraid you  
were gonna stick your head in the  
oven.

SANDY  
I stuck my head in something.

MARTIN

Again, how does that happen?  
Tell me everything. Go slow.

Martin sucks his smoothie through a straw.

SANDY

There's nothing to tell. Well, no  
there is something. Her dog's name  
is Irving.

MARTIN

Yeah, you introduced us.

SANDY

That's Norman's middle name.

MARTIN

So?

SANDY

So it's spooky, right?

MARTIN

Or just a coincidence.

SANDY

Really? The same day I bury my  
best friend, a beautiful young  
woman comes into my life with a dog  
that has his name?

MARTIN

Middle name. At best, that's a  
Steven King novella.

SANDY

See, I was thinking Twilight Zone.

MARTIN

Maybe, it's a stretch. Speaking of  
which did you hurt your back  
thrusting, or lifting, or what?

SANDY

Use your imagination.

MARTIN

I am, but it's not what it once  
was.

SANDY

And don't say anything about this  
to Mindy.

MARTIN

Mindy who?  
(then)  
So finish the story.

SANDY

Oh yeah, so the dog --

MARTIN

Irving.

SANDY

He's actually not her dog, she's  
house-sitting. Long story short,  
he got out, I found him, and... she  
thanked me.

MARTIN

Did you say you're welcome?

SANDY

In my way.

MARTIN

What's she do?

SANDY

I don't know.

MARTIN

What's her last name?

SANDY

I don't know.

MARTIN

What's she want with an olte kocker  
like you?

SANDY

Well actually that's something I do  
know. Lots of young women are  
attracted to older men because  
we're more sophisticated and  
worldly than guys their own age.

MARTIN

Oh sure, that must be it.

SANDY

I will tell you one thing, there's more going on here than just coincidence.

MARTIN

A message from beyond?

SANDY

No, I dunno, maybe.

MARTIN

What - I can't believe I'm asking this - would it be?

SANDY

I'm not sure. Embrace life? Keep my heart open to new experiences?

A wet Yvette in a bath towel, peeks out from the bedroom.

YVETTE

Sandy, we have problem. Come quick.

Sandy exchanges a look with Martin then crosses to the bedroom.

MARTIN

(to himself, mimicking her accent)

Boris, we must kill squirrel.

Sandy rushes back in and gets roll of paper towels from kitchen counter during:

SANDY

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

MARTIN

What's wrong?

SANDY

Irving took a shit in my bed.

He hurriedly crosses back to the bedroom.

MARTIN

(calling after)

Keep an open heart!

19 INT. KOMINSKY THEATER LOBBY - DAY - LATER (D2) 19

Sandy, slightly bent over, enters, ad-libbing greetings to STUDENTS in the lobby as he crosses to his office. DARSHANI mimics his hobbled walk for the others amusement. Sandy turns when he hears laughter. She stops. The laughter stops. He continues to his office.

20 INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D2) 20

Mindy is working at the desk as he enters.

SANDY

Hey.

MINDY

Hey.

SANDY

Thanks for the smoothie.

MINDY

You're welcome. What's going on with your back?

SANDY

Oh, I just tweaked it... putting on my socks if you can believe it?

MINDY

You're kidding?

SANDY

I think it's time to get one of those plastic thingies that put 'em on for you.

MINDY

(laughs)  
That is so sad.

SANDY

Tell me about it.

Sandy handles some paperwork. An awkward silence then:

MINDY

You know, if you ever wanna talk about what you're going through, I'm here for ya.

SANDY

What do you think I'm going through?

MINDY

Oh c'mon. You lose somebody who's been such a big part of your life, there's gotta be lots of feelings, emotions.

SANDY

Not as many as you'd think.

MINDY

Dad.

SANDY

You know how many of my friends have died in the last couple of years?

MINDY

No --

SANDY

Me neither, I lost count.

MINDY

Well, still, it's important to talk with someone about it --

SANDY

Why? Who says we have to share how we feel about every fucking thing that happens?

MINDY

'Cause keeping it inside is not healthy!

SANDY

Yeah well, maybe I don't want to be healthy.

MINDY

Oh, very mature.

SANDY

Mindy, I am seventy-five years old. I think that gives me certain rights and privileges as to what constitutes maturity.

MINDY  
No it doesn't.

SANDY  
Says you.

He crosses out. Mindy considers, then dials her cell.

MINDY  
(into phone)  
Martin, when you saw my father this morning, did he say anything about Norman?... I don't know, did he open up to you, did he act weird at all?... Why are you giggling?

21 INT. KOMINSKY ACTING STUDIO - DAY - LATER (D2)

21

Sandy teaching a class, occasionally rubbing his tweaked lower back.

SANDY  
...so we do these exercises to free up our emotions, because all our lives we've been taught that some of them are not acceptable and thus need to be suppressed. For instance, men learn at an early age, usually on the playground, to not show fear. If you do, you're weak, you're a punk. And for women, the message you get over and over is that it's not ladylike to express anger. You're immediately labelled a bitch if you have a strong opinion about something, or god forbid raise your voice. But what kind of an actor can you be if those emotions are denied to you? And not just anger and fear. What about apathy and exhilaration? Murderous rage and abject grief?

BREANA raises her hand.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

BREANA  
How do I get an agent?

SANDY

What?

BREANA

If I don't have an agent, I can't get an audition, if I can't get an audition, what the fuck difference does it make if I got suppressed emotions?

The others students murmur their agreement.

SANDY

I'm guessing you don't have a problem with anger.

BREANA

No, I do not.

SANDY

Alright, well, you'll make somebody a great ex-wife. But whataya say we stick with the emotion exercises for now. Who wants to give it a try?

A beat, silence, then:

LANE

I have a manager but I really don't know what he does.

(trying not to cry)

I mean, I know what he's supposed to do. He's supposed to network with producers and directors and get me work. But I think he mostly just sells them cocaine.

SANDY

Well, there's grief. Does anybody want to do the exercise?

THERESA

(to Lane)

You're lucky your guy slings dope, mine's always trying to take pictures of me in his jacuzzi.

SANDY

And we're back to anger.

DARSHANI  
(to Theresa)  
Are you with Arnie Breedlove?

THERESA  
Yeah.

DARSHANI  
Me too. He sells those you know.  
You should get a commission.

SANDY  
(to himself)  
Oh dear god.

THERESA  
That fucker. I should just kill  
him.

DARSHANI  
Drown him in his jacuzzi, that  
would be poetry justice.

SANDY  
Poetic.

They all turn to him.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
It's poetic justice. And let's  
please not be killing anybody.

DARSHANI  
She'd make it look like an  
accident.

Mindy crosses into the theater and observes from the curtain.

SANDY  
No! Now listen... I understand  
your frustration. I've been there.  
And for what it's worth, I was  
planning on having a friend of mine  
come and talk to you about this  
very subject.

BREANA  
Is he an agent?

SANDY  
He was an agent.

BREANA  
What is he now?

SANDY  
Dead.

BREANA  
(to Darshani)  
I can't catch a break.

Sandy reacts to this, then:

SANDY  
Okay... I promise we will discuss  
the agent situation at a later  
date. But for now, acting  
exercise, freeing up suppressed  
emotions. Who wants to --

MINDY  
(interrupting)  
What happens when you feel  
something so deeply, so powerfully,  
you're afraid to express it?

SANDY  
Feelings can't hurt you. It  
sometimes seems like they can, but  
the truth is, they can't. So  
there's nothing to be afraid of.

MINDY  
Good to know.

SANDY  
Great question.

MINDY  
Thank you.

SANDY  
Okay, who wants to give it a go?

Jude raises his hand.

JUDE  
I will.

SANDY  
Come on.

Jude crosses to the stage and stands next to Sandy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Alright, what emotion do you want  
to work with?

JUDE

Um... I dunno, grief?

LANE

(sniffing)  
Good choice.

SANDY

(reacts, then to Jude)  
There's several techniques to help  
express grief. One of the simplest  
is thinking of something that  
happened in your life that made you  
sad and then just let that feeling  
come out in your performance.

MINDY

Is there something that made you  
sad recently?

SANDY

You made your point, leave it  
alone!  
(then to Jude)  
Wanna try?

JUDE

Sure.

SANDY

Whenever you're ready.

Jude closes his eyes and starts immersing himself in a sad  
memory. After a few moments:

SANDY (CONT'D)

(gently)  
Tell me what's happening.

JUDE

(choking back tears)  
I'm remembering a real sad thing.

SANDY

Okay. Stay with it.

Jude starts crying.

JUDE

Oh god...

SANDY

You're doing great.

JUDE

This is like really upsetting.

SANDY

Can you tell us what the memory is?

JUDE

(nods, then blurting out)  
I let Arnie Breedlove take pictures  
of me in his jacuzzi!

22 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (N2) 22

23 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (N2) 23

Sandy is eating some takeout and scrolling through the  
Scientology website on his laptop.

SANDY

(to himself)  
No, I can't do this.

He closes the laptop. There's a knock at the door. He opens  
it revealing Yvette. She's got Irving on a leash and is  
holding a large plastic bag in her other hand.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, hi.

YVETTE

(handing him the bag)  
I bought you new sheets, a blanket  
and duvet.

SANDY

You didn't have to do that.

YVETTE

Yes, I did. Okay, goodbye.

She starts to cross away.

SANDY

Wait. Don't you wanna...  
(smiling, flirty)  
Hang out?

YVETTE

The first time I thank you for  
finding (re: Irving) him is free.  
The second time is two thousand  
dollars.

SANDY

Oh. Of course. That's fine. Let  
me just...

He picks up Irving and brings him to eye level.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Irving. I'll miss you.

He puts Irving back down, she looks at him, confused, then:

YVETTE

Bye.

She and Irving exit. Sandy sadly waves, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW