

BILL

COLD OPEN

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pass Christian, Mississippi. A stately, gracious old Southern home in a small, charming Southern town.

The house glows warmly from within. We hear the faint sounds of *Jimmy Kimmel Live* from the TV inside.

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BILL FLANAGAN, 60, stoic, and originally from the East Coast, sits on an old blue davenport, watching TV. He is entirely unamused by what he sees.

CAROLINE FLANAGAN, his wife, sits next to him. She's Bill's polar opposite; Southern, vivacious, artistic-- well put-together, but a free spirit at heart. She CACKLES appreciatively at one of Jimmy Kimmel's jokes.

CAROLINE
(to Bill)
That was funny.

Caroline has a sweet Southern accent.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Come on, you big nerd. Laugh once.
I dare you.

Bill glances at her with weary affection. Caroline leans over and POKES him like a teasing child. Bill doesn't react.

Caroline leans over and POKES him again.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
It's funny!

Caroline, a ball of restless energy, hops up and heads to the kitchen to grab something. As she walks off, she "assaults" him with a flurry of humorous pokes, trying to get a response that will never come. Bill squirms away.

BILL
Come on now, Caroline.

CAROLINE
(exasperated)
Oh!

UNT. TIG NOTARD

FYI

1/16

BILL

2.

Caroline disappears into the kitchen. Offscreen, we suddenly hear a loud CRASH. Bill's head swivels toward the ruckus.

BILL
Caroline?!

He gets up and heads for the kitchen.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
I'm fine. I'm fine!

Bill walks Caroline back to the couch. She brushes off his assist, rubbing her head.

BILL
You didn't hit your head, did you?

Caroline is shaken, but being her usual blasé self.

CAROLINE
Oh, relax.

BILL
You need to exercise caution. A fall could have major consequences at your age.

CAROLINE
(offended)
At whose age?

Bill rises from the couch.

BILL
I think I'm going to turn in.

CAROLINE
Well, g'night.

Caroline rubs her head.

BILL
Are you sure you're okay?

She pokes him playfully one more time. Bill exits. Caroline settles in with a bowl of peanuts in her lap.

INT. BILL & CAROLINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

TIME CUT. The sun rises and the light changes.

Bill enters the living room.

FYI

2/16

BILL
Caroline?

Caroline is still sitting on the couch in the same position. The TV is still on, an obnoxious morning show blaring.

Bill comes around to face her. We see the CONFUSION on his face. He begins to SHAKE her.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES: "Jambalaya" by Creedence Clearwater Revival

~~INT. TIG'S APARTMENT (LOS ANGELES) - DAY~~

~~There's an open SUITCASE on a BED. A frail, exhausted TIG packs haphazardly, tossing T-shirts, jeans, and PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES into a suitcase. She sits down on the bed to rest for a beat. We see a photo of Caroline on her nightstand.~~

~~Tig's girlfriend, BROOKE, enters the room. Her perky, attractive appearance is a stark contrast to Tig's outward suffering. She's working on a plate of leftover BIRTHDAY CAKE.~~

~~BROOKE
Are you okay, babe?~~

~~TIG
No.~~

~~Brooke examines the contents of Tig's suitcase critically.~~

~~BROOKE
Are you planning to pack some different looks?~~

~~TIG
Looks?~~

~~BROOKE
Well, you're going down South. I know it's a little more formal there. Maybe pack a cute sandal.~~

~~TIG
Just one cute sandal?~~

~~Tig cringes and clutches her abdomen, cursing silently.~~

~~BROOKE
Oh my God. You're too sick to fly.~~

3/16

GATE ATTENDANT
Oh, honey.

TIG
That's exactly what she would say.

Tig manages to get up and prepares to walk onto the jetway.

GATE ATTENDANT
Are you going to make it?

TIG
(departing)
I will definitely make it. To my seat.

EXT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS (CURB) - SAME

Tig drags her bags to the curb. A nondescript TOYOTA SUV pulls up to collect her.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tig climbs into the car. Her brother REMY is driving and her stepfather, Bill, sits in the backseat.

Remy is an overweight, easygoing guy who loves sports, The Rolling Stones, dogs, good whiskey and bad whiskey. He gasps in genuine horror at his sister's appearance.

WANT. TIG NOTARO

START →

REMY
Tig. You look like shit!

SC. 1

TIG
Thanks, Remy. How's Mom?

They both know the answer to this question. Remy's face falls. Bill leans forward stiffly and answers with a lack of emotion.

BILL
She's still on life support. We're taking her off life support. That's why you came here.

TIG
I know, Bill. And hello.

REMY
How are you feeling? Are you at least getting better?

4/16

TIG

That's not important right now. Our mother is in a coma. As far as illness in this family goes, Mom's Hall and I'm Oates.

BILL

Who?

TIG

Don't worry about it, Bill. They're a hot new band you haven't heard of.

REMY

Well, we can go right to the hospital if you want.

TIG

Great. Not great. But yes. Let's. Hospital.

INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY

Bill, Tig and Remy drive from the New Orleans airport to the hospital. We see a sign that says: WELCOME TO PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI. It's a beautiful area: huge trees, gorgeous beaches, old historic homes.

Remy turns on the radio. An obnoxiously uplifting/anthemic POP or ROCK SONG fills the car. It's the last thing anyone wants to hear.

Bill abruptly turns the radio off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tig's mother, Caroline, is lying, unconscious, in her hospital bed. Bill, Remy and Tig stand over her. Tig stares at her mother, who seems almost unrecognizable in this condition. A DOCTOR stands by.

TIG

It's not her.

BILL

It most certainly is her, Tig. Look at the ID on the bed.

TIG

No, I know it's her... forget it.

5/16

The doctor speaks in a hushed, respectful tone.

DOCTOR
So we're going to go ahead and
disconnect the respirator. ~~Do you~~
~~have any questions?~~

TIG About death?
DOCTOR About the process.
REMY Is she going to die right away?
DOCTOR Possibly. But it could take hours. Or even days.

The family nods as another level of understanding sinks in.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ok, so are we ready?

TIG
Yeah. She wouldn't want to be
like this.

BILL
I agree.

DOCTOR
All right then.

The doctor takes a beat and silently acknowledges each of
them. He reaches over and slowly disconnects the respirator.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Caroline's breathing is strained. As TIME PASSES, we see Tig,
Bill and Remy in various awkward configurations around the
hospital bed. They've never been around each other without
Caroline's vibrant conversation to bind the moments.

Bill is in some kind of emotionless grief-fugue. Except he
pretty much acts like this all the time.

Finally, the excruciatingly long moment ends with an abrupt
declaration from Bill.

*a beat, then
continue* →

6/16

BILL

9.

CONT.



BILL
Ok. Well, it's 4:30. I have to get home and feed the cat.

Tig looks at him, surprised.

BILL (CONT'D)
Bonkerz eats at five sharp.

TIG
Can't you call someone?

BILL
Bonkerz is a senior cat. She takes a precise portion.

Remy volunteers his services a little too quickly.

REMY
Okay, I'll drive you.

Tig looks startled that he'd agree.

REMY (CONT'D)
Tig, you'll stay here?

~~STOP~~

TIG
Are you sure we don't all three need to go home and feed Bonkerz? Yes, of course I'll stay.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (HOURS LATER)

Tig sits alone by her mother's bedside. She checks her voicemail on her iPhone. We see an unchecked voice mail from her mother.

Tig winces with pain and runs to the hospital room bathroom as her mother takes a loud GASP of air.

A busy, tired NURSE enters.

NURSE
Someone hit the call button?

Tig responds from behind the bathroom door.

TIG
(anxious)
Am I missing anything?

NURSE
Ma'am, what can I get for you?

UNT. TIG NOTHRO

7/16

BILL^{19.}

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Do you have, like a bereavement package?

TIG

Brooke, where are you?

BROOKE

The airport. I got out of work because I found out last night that I'm not in the new episode-- which was really painful, but I'm OK. Anyway, I booked a red-eye right away and I'm here!

Tig is not thrilled about this development, for reasons she can't quite express.

TIG

Oh. No.

BROOKE

Denial is normal. When my ex lost her dad, she was in the denial stage for like six months and then one day, boom, anger! Should I just jump in a cab?

TIG

You know, I would not recommend the area taxis.

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (GARAGE) - DAY

Bill and Tig stand outside the garage as the AUTOMATIC DOOR rises. Reveal an almost-new BMW CONVERTIBLE.

TIG

This is Mom's new car?

BILL

It was. You might as well take it.

TIG

Come on. Seriously, me in a red convertible BMW? Does this seem like my ride?

BILL

I'd really prefer you take it. I could use the garage space.

— FYI —

B/16

BILL

20.

TIG

Jeez, pull it together, Bill.
You shouldn't be so sentimental.

Tig is suddenly gripped with a searing wave of pain.

BILL

Tig, are you sure you can drive? I
know you're very ill.

TIG

I'm great.

EXT. MOM'S BMW/HIGHWAY/BEACH - DAY

MUSIC UP: "Don't Change" by INXS.

A profoundly uncomfortable Tig is driving down a coastal highway to the New Orleans airport. There's wind in her greasy hair, music on the radio... and EXTREME PAIN in her gut. Her frail, pain-wracked figure cuts an interesting contrast with the slick, sexy red car.

Tig looks over at the passenger side. Her mother has left a few PERSONAL EFFECTS in the car: BALLET SLIPPERS. A few Andy Gibb, Ray Charles, Willie Nelson and Frank Sinatra CDs. Maybe even a half-pack of gum. All signs of a person who so recently was here and now... is not.

As Tig drives, it's obvious her pain is increasing. Finally, she pulls the car off the road and staggers hunched over onto the beach.

EXT. AIRPORT (CURBSIDE PICKUP) - DAY

A clammy Tig finally retrieves Brooke from curb side baggage claim. Brooke hops into the car with a large Cinnabon box and an even larger Louis Vuitton suitcase. She hugs and kisses Tig.

BROOKE

How are you?

TIG

Ouch.

She gently detaches Brooke from her body.

TIG (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry if I seem stand-offish.

(MORE)

FILE

9/16

BILL

22.

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Tig and Brooke exit the car and walk toward the house.

TIG

I have to warn you, my stepdad Bill isn't the warmest guy. You'll find that he's somewhere between "room-temperature" and "sleet."

BROOKE

Tig, you can't judge him like that. He's in shock. Aren't you familiar with Keebler-Ross stages of grief?

TIG

Kubler.

BROOKE

What?

TIG

I believe it's the Kubler-Ross stages of grief. Keebler makes Fudge Stripe cookies.

BROOKE

You're in shock too.
(to herself)
I have to be mindful of that.

TIG

They're elves. They live in a hollow tree...

Brooke gives Tig a patronizing kiss on the temple.

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

SC. 2

Tig and Brooke enter the house. Remy is watching a baseball game. Bill is surrounded by paperwork, piles of Caroline's stuff, and other things that spell "organization."

START →

TIG

Hey guys.
(awkward)
This is my girlfriend Brooke. She decided to, um, arrive here. Which is great. Just really surprising, in a great way.

It's really not that great.

10/16

WANT. TIG NOTARO

REMY
(numb)
Hey.
(then)
Are those Cinnabons?

Brooke suddenly rushes at Bill and envelops him in her arms. He attempts, stiffly, to reciprocate the hug, but fails.



BILL

Just one second. I'm taking inventory of some things here.

BROOKE

Oh my God, I'm so, so sorry. I can't even begin to imagine how you're processing this loss. Just know that whatever you're feeling is right.

(then)

Are these her *things*?

BILL

Yes. Getting rid of all this is going to be a big job, but I'm confident that we can pull this off in a couple of days.

TIG

Wait, what do you mean, "a couple of days"? You're joking, right? Was that your first joke ever?

Brooke finally releases Bill from the unwanted embrace.

BILL

Why would I be joking? Technically we're not related anymore. We have no legal connection now that your mother is dead. In her will, she stated that you and Remy would take possession of her things when she passed, so now this is all yours. I can't keep them in my home.

TIG

That makes literally no sense. I'm not going to sue you for keeping Mom's stuff at the house. I'm deathly ill. I can't move this stuff. Can't we just be a family for five minutes?

11/16

BILL
Well, not legally.

Remy chuckles miserably. He's had this conversation with Bill already.

TIG
Where am I going to put it all?

BILL
They have storage facilities.

Remy is already eating the Cinnabons.

STOP

BROOKE
(to Bill)
You need to talk to a grief counselor. I actually have a friend in L.A. who's a death doula; have you heard of that?

Bill glances at Brooke and brusquely dumps a pile of women's pajamas and underwear into a box.

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (SPARE BEDROOM) - NIGHT

It's late. Tig is sitting on one of the TWIN BEDS in her former bedroom, looking at her mother's PAINTINGS, which cover the walls.

Brooke enters, dolled up for bed. She looks at the single bed Tig is sitting on and begins NOISILY PUSHING the other twin bed against the one Tig is sitting on. She tries different ways to put herself in Tig's line of vision.

BROOKE
What's on your mind?

Tig just looks at her.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Are you mad at me?

TIG
No.

Tig picks up her phone and taps at it idly.

BROOKE
(half-kidding)
Are you cheating on me?

12/16

INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY

Tig, Brooke, Bill and Remy are in the car en route to the cemetery. Tig looks wistfully out the window at all the familiar sights.

REMY

Remember all the strawberries we used to pick out on the tracks?

As Tig looks out the window, she sees Caroline crouching down along the train tracks, picking wild strawberries, dusting dirt off her bare knees. Of course she's not really there. LITTLE TIG and LITTLE REMY help carry the basket.

START
→

TIG

Yeah, that was safe.

SC. 3

REMY

Do you have the eulogy ready?

TIG

Nah, I thought I'd do something off-the-cuff. Of course I have it ready. It's the last thing I'll ever say to her.

BILL

Well, you're not really saying it to her because she can't hear you, obviously. Most likely, the last thing you said to her was probably something like, "Okay." Or "byé."

REMY

Great, Bill. Thanks for that.

SNAP

BROOKE

No, I know what Bill's trying to say. Sometimes reality, even when it's imperfect, is more beautiful than anything we could imagine or write. The real moments-- the quote-unquote "okays" and "byes"-- are what really matter.

TIG

Do you really think that's what Bill was saying?

They pass a little oceanfront COFFEE HOUSE. There's a HELP WANTED sign in the window and a gas lamp flickering on the porch. Tig looks intrigued.

13/16

TIG (CONT'D)
What's that place?

REMY
That's Daddy John's new place.

BILL
No, that's Daddy John's client's place.

REMY
Yeah. John got him back behind the wheel after his fourth DUI.

TIG
Everyone deserves a fifth chance.

REMY
The guy couldn't pay Daddy John back so now we get free muffins and shit for life.

BILL
I don't understand why John is willing to barter with his clients. It's not a legitimate way to do business.

TIG
Bill, *muffins*.

They're approaching the CEMETERY. There's a long solemn moment.

TIG (CONT'D)
Muffins, Bill.

No response from Bill or anyone else. More silence. Tig repeats herself nonsensically.

TIG (CONT'D)
Muffins.

We see the car go through the cemetery gates.

TIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Muffins.

INT. CEMETERY (MAIN ROAD) - DAY

The car has entered the cemetery. Tig unfolds the eulogy she's prepared and glances at it. Brooke notices her anxiety.

14/16

BILL

WNT. TIG NOTARDO

TIG
But we call him Daddy John.

BROOKE
I'm confused.

TIG
So are we.

Brooke is still staring at Mick, fascinated.

BROOKE
I can't believe that's your father.

TIG
Well, he left when we were in
diapers. So he's really just a guy
we know.

REMY
A guy with an unmarked van and a
knife in his boot.

TIG
And Ding Dong.

SC. 4

INT. PASS CHRISTIAN YACHT CLUB - LATER

Tig walks along the row of ocean-facing windows, looking out
at the water.

Bill walks up to Tig, emotionless as usual. Before he can
speak, Tig guesses what he's here to discuss.

START →

TIG
Hey, look, I thought about the
whole furniture thing, and if it's
stressing you out, I'll take care
of it this week. Remy and I will
divide everything up; I'll price
out some storage units and--

Bill silently shakes his head. Tig assumes he's dissatisfied
with the arrangement.

TIG (CONT'D)
Or, uh, I could just rent a POD...
Bill?

Bill has a glassy, faraway expression. He clears his throat.

15/16

BILL

Tig, I've thought about it, and you can keep your mother's possessions at the house. For now.

It's a huge deal for Bill to give in on this.

TIG

So you've accepted that I'm not going to sue you over Bonkerz' couch?

Bill has no response for this.

TIG (CONT'D)

Look, I'm going to stick around as long as it takes to get all of Mom's stuff in order, okay? I'm going to stay here for a while. I'm too sick to go back to L.A. anyway.

BILL

You're going to stay at the house?

TIG

Sure. Is that okay? I know we're not related anymore, but...

BILL

(interrupting)

Stay as long as you need.

This is as warm as Bill gets. It's a moment.

TIG

Okay.

(beat)

I'm going to step outside and get some air.

EXT. YACHT CLUB (BEACH) - DAY

Tig, alone, walks out onto the shore outside yacht club. She looks out at the water.

Caroline-- or Tig's vision thereof-- casually appears at Tig's side, holding a cocktail.

CAROLINE

Oh man, look at that water!

TIG

Oh, hey.

END.

16/16