

UNT. TIG NOTARO

BROOKE

3.

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.

SC. 1

START →

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.

1/15

BROOKE

4.

TIG

I'm good.

BROOKE

What can I do to help?

TIG

I could use some help packing.

BROOKE

Totally. As soon as Revenge is over, I'll come in here and pull some looks for you. I can't pause it because I'm live-Tweeting, but there's only five minutes left.

TIG

How's my birthday cake?

BROOKE

It's amazing. I'm so glad I went with red velvet. But don't worry; I froze a piece so you can try it when you get better!

Brooke leaves.

~~STOP~~

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A frail, exhausted TIG drags her luggage through an airport terminal. She stops, drops her bags, and goes into the LADIES' ROOM.

Tig emerges from the bathroom, picks up her bags, and continues painfully making her way toward the gate.

About a hundred yards later (or typical airport "bathroom-to-bathroom" distance) Tig ducks into yet ANOTHER LADIES' ROOM.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME

We see Tig stuck in an ENDLESS LINE in the ladies' room. She's squatting on her knees, her face buried in her hands.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME

Tig emerges again. We see that her JEANS are falling off her waist. She hikes them up and continues her odyssey through the airport.

2/15

BROOKE

SC. 2

TIG (CONT'D)
(to Bill and Remy)
~~Hang on a second. It's my~~
girlfriend. Hello?

START →

CROSS-CUT PHONE
CALL

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (PANTRY) - DAY

Tig wanders into the pantry to take the phone call. It's a chilling display of pin-straight MILITARY PRECISION. Everything is lined up perfectly, just as Bill likes it.

INT. AIRPORT CINNABON (NEW ORLEANS) - DAY

Brooke is at the counter of an airport Cinnabon. As soon as she hears Tig's voice, her face furrows with sympathy and concern.

↓
BROOKE
Babe! How are you holding up?

TIG
I don't know.

BROOKE
Well, don't worry. I'm here.

TIG
(surprised)
What?

It's Brooke's turn at the counter.

BROOKE
(to Cinnabon employee)
I need like, 10 Cinnabons. There's
been a death.
(then)
My mother-in-law.

TIG
Mother-in-law? Who are you talking
to?

BROOKE
Well, you're basically my wife, so
she was basically my mother-in-law,
Tig.
(to Cinnabon employee)
(MORE)

3/15

BROOKE

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.

~~STOP~~

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.

4/15

BROOKE

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

SC.3

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

START →

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)

5/15

WNT. TIG NOTARED

TIG (CONT'D)

I just need a lot of space right now and I didn't think you were going to just show up.

BROOKE

Babe, come on. I'm family.

TIG

You're *like* family. I mean, you're a very, very close person.

(noticing Brooke's wounded expression)

Whom I care about a lot. And I'm glad you're here because...

(backtracking)

...I'm glad. It's, wow. Thanks.

BROOKE

(tearful)

I'm sorry. I just thought for a second you were like, not happy to see me and...

Tig finds herself in the bizarre position of having to comfort Brooke, rather than vice versa.

TIG

Come here. It's fine. Please don't cry.

BROOKE

This is so hard!

TIG

I know.

BROOKE

Like, not knowing where I stand with you...

TIG

I'm sorry. That can be devastating.

BROOKE

Do you want a Cinnabon?

TIG

Again, I have an inflamed colon.

BROOKE

Can you have half?

6/15

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.

~~SNP~~

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

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."

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.

7/15

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 are 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?

FYI

8/15

BROOKE 24.

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.

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.

START → 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?

SC.4

9/15

TIG

Yeah, having explosive diarrhea every hour on the hour makes me feel pretty sexy.

Beat.

TIG (CONT'D)

My mother left me a voice mail on my birthday and I still haven't listened to it.

BROOKE

You don't need to deal with that right now. Just get some sleep. Tomorrow's a big day.

TIG

Tomorrow is actually a very small day, because my mother's not in it. Every day is smaller from now on. The town is smaller. I'm smaller.

Tig puts down her phone and climbs into bed. Brooke gets in next to her as they shut off the light.

BROOKE

It's normal to feel that way.

TIG

Did the Keebler elves tell you that?

Brooke has to laugh at that. They have a rare warm moment before they drift off to sleep.

BROOKE

Good night.

TIG

(mumbling)

Bad night.

BROOKE

Bad night.

END.

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

It's morning in Pass Christian.

10/15

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.

TIG

Yeah, that was safe.

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 "bye."

REMY

Great, Bill. Thanks for that.

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.

FYI

11/15

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.

12/15

FYI
 1

BROOKE
Just speak from your gut.

TIG
My gut is full of blood and pus.

BROOKE
You're gonna do great, babe.

REMY
Yeah, Tig, you're gonna kill it.

TIG
(dry)
Yeah? Am I going to slay the room?

INT. CEMETARY (GRAVE) - DAY

A beautiful Southern graveyard. A PRIEST presides. We see various FRIENDS and FAMILY MEMBERS, including Tig's biological father, MICHELANGELO "MICK" NOTARO, his Filipino wife GIRLIE, and their 10 year-old son, DOMINICK "DING-DONG" NOTARO.

Mick is SOBBING HYSTERICALLY, more overcome than anyone else there, though we don't yet know why. He wears a cheap old BLAZER torn down the back, a BOLO TIE, and square-toe motorcycle boots.

Girlie stands quietly. Ding-Dong stands next to her, maintaining some distance from his sobbing father.

We also see the aforementioned DADDY JOHN, an attorney. His Cajun wife BABETTE, is smoking a cigarette. Daddy John's close friend and colleague, JAMES, an African-American JUDGE and prominent figure in town, is also there for moral support.

PRIEST
In the midst of life, we are in death. We ask that the Lord Jesus draw Caroline to His bosom, to bless her and keep her for all eternity in Paradise.

Everyone is crying. It's intense.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
And now we invite Caroline's daughter up to say a few words.
Tig?

Brooke pats Tig's arm. Tig nervously steps forward.

13/15

Brooke sidles over, eating dessert. She points subtly to Mick, who is sitting alone, nursing a drink and looking emotionally wrecked. She whispers to Tig and Remy in a gossip tone.

BROOKE

Who's that guy who was totally
losing his shit at the cemetery?

Remy rolls his eyes at the mere mention of the man in question.

TIG

That's my dad.

Brooke smiles, assuming this is one of Tig's jokes.

TIG (CONT'D)

No, seriously. That's Mick. He's
our father.

REMY

He never got over Mom.

Clearly. Tig points to Mick's "new" family. Girlie and Dominick look uncomfortable, and with good reason.

TIG

And that's Mick's wife Girly, and
their son Dominick, but they call
him Ding-Dong...

REMY

(interjecting)
...Girly calls him Ding-Dong. It's
a whole thing in the Philippines.
They call them "doorbell
nicknames."

BROOKE

(already lost)
Doorbell nicknames...

Tig points to Daddy John, who's working the room.

TIG

And there's Daddy John.

REMY

He's Mom's cousin's kid, so really
he's Mom's second cousin twice-
removed. Third-removed to us...

14/15

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.

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.

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.

15/15