

UNTITLED TIG NOTARO PROJECT

Written by

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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!

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.

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.

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.

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.

Time-cut. Tig is almost at the gate. She ducks into a THIRD BATHROOM. Not funny anymore. If it ever was.

INT. AIRPORT - GATE

Tig finally arrives at the gate. A flight from LAX to New Orleans is already boarding. The last of the TRAVELERS are walking onto the jetway. An immaculate GATE ATTENDANT speaks into an intercom.

GATE ATTENDANT

This is the last call for Flight  
417 to New Orleans.

Tig approaches the gate slowly, gingerly. She hands her crumpled BOARDING PASS to the gate attendant, then pauses and sits down on the floor, temporarily GIVING UP.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

TIG

Hi.

GATE ATTENDANT

(gently)

I'm going to need you to board the  
flight now.

TIG

I'm going to need me to do that,  
too, unfortunately.

GATE ATTENDANT

Do you need assistance?

TIG

Yes, can you take me somewhere and  
shoot me?

The attendant looks briefly alarmed.

TIG (CONT'D)

I have this intestinal disease. I'm  
not supposed to be traveling right  
now. Actually, pretend you didn't  
hear that, because I have to get on  
the plane.

(then)

My mother is dying.

The attendant's officious facade dissolves.

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.

REMY

Tig. You look like shit!

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?

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.



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.

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?

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?

TIG

Well, my mother keeps taking these big gulps of air. And then she stops breathing for like, 10 seconds, and then she takes another gulp. And I keep thinking each breath is going to be her last.

(then)

Is that going to happen soon?

The nurse glances at the chart nonchalantly.

NURSE

This is your mother? Caroline?

Tig FLASHES BACK to key memories of her mother.

CUT TO:

*INT./EXT. VARIOUS (FLASHBACK)*

*EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY*

*We see a young, vibrant Caroline, smoking and drinking with her FRIENDS by a swimming pool in the '70s.*

*We pan to two TODDLERS-- Tig and Remy-- paddling around in the pool without flotation devices.*

*CAROLINE'S FRIEND*

*Caroline? Are ya babies okay?*

*CAROLINE*

*Oh sure. They're little fish.*

*Little Tig briefly sinks, then fights her way back up to the surface.*

*EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY*

*Caroline runs down the sidelines of Tig's soccer game cheering while she cracks open a BEER.*

*CAROLINE*

*Goddammit, kick the ball!*

*COACH*

*Mrs. Flanagan, I don't think it's appropriate to drink here.*

*CAROLINE*

*Ah, screw you!*

*INT. BAR - NIGHT*

*Caroline DANCES on a BAR TABLE, happily downing a cocktail.*

*Reveal that Caroline is the only patron choosing to celebrate in this particular way. The other CUSTOMERS stare in amusement. LITTLE TIG and LITTLE REMY sip Shirley Temples at the bar.*

BACK ON TIG  
(PRESENT DAY):

*INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/BATHROOM - SAME*

TIG  
(from behind the door)  
Yes, she's my mother.

NURSE  
Well, it might be a while before she passes. She has very strong vitals.

TIG  
(to herself)  
I know.

*INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK*

Hours have passed. Tig stares at her mother, who is now making a horrible GURGLING sound, as though she's drowning.

A different NURSE enters briskly.

NURSE #2  
Did you hit the call button?

TIG  
Yes. Thank you. Can you do that thing where you drain the fluid again? She can't breathe.

The gurgling is constant and unbearable. The nurse looks upon Tig with pity.

NURSE #2  
(gently)  
That's kind of the point.  
(then)  
I know its tough, but we're trying to let her go.

TIG  
 Is this normal? I've been sitting  
 here for hours just hanging out  
 watching my mother *drown*...

NURSE #2  
 (of course)  
 Mm-hm.

Tig is rambling, exhausted.

TIG  
 I thought you took someone off life  
 support and then, like, they  
 drifted off to sleep and a candle  
 went out...

The businesslike nurse completely misses the point.

NURSE #2  
 We don't allow candles. No candles,  
 no hot plates, no coffee pots.  
 (then)  
 We do allow potpourri...

TIG  
 (under her breath)  
 Oh. Good to know.

She curls up in her chair and stares at her mother.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

More hours have passed. It's dark outside. The gurgling sound  
 continues as Tig eyes her mother wearily.

Then, suddenly, there's a horrible sound as Tig's mother  
 VOMITS violently onto herself. Tig sits up, startled. While  
 we don't see exactly what happens, we hear an unmistakable  
 retching noise and the sound of fluid splashing.

Tig is briefly stunned by the sight. Her mother is dead.

Tig presses a call button

A THIRD NURSE enters.

NURSE #3  
 (kindly)  
 Did you need something?

TIG  
 I think my mother just died.

The nurse checks Tig's mother's body for signs of life.

NURSE #3

She's gone.

TIG

What do I do now? Do I just leave?

*In her delirium, Tig imagines an alternate response.*

NURSE #3

*Oh, of course not!*

*(chuckling)*

*You can't just walk away from your mother's body. We'll transfer her to a gurney, and you can roll her on home with you.*

TIG

*Oh great. That's a relief. Because I couldn't picture myself just leaving without her.*

NURSE #3

*That would be straight up nuts.*

TIG

*Totally. That's what I figured.*

ALTERNATE RESPONSE/TIG'S FANTASY:

EXT. HOSPITAL (VARIOUS) - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

*We see Tig wheeling her mother out of the hospital on a gurney. Attempting to push her through the revolving door. Then standing out on the curb hailing a cab.*

*Tig tries to fit the gurney into the cab.*

TIG (CONT'D)

*(to the driver)*

*Hey, can you help me? Yeah, could you just get her feet?*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tig blinks as we snap back to reality.

NURSE #3

Pardon me?

TIG

I said what do I do now?

The nurse's pitying expression: *it's over.*

NURSE #3  
You're free to go home.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Tig wanders the halls of a hospital, sick, disoriented, and numb with grief. She can't seem to find the exit. She reaches the end of a hallway and turns around like a confused somnambulist.

Wandering in a new direction, Tig hits another dead-end. She finally approaches a NURSE.

TIG  
(to NURSE)  
Excuse me. I can't figure out how to leave.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The nurse gently escorts Tig out of the building. Tig climbs into a waiting CAB.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Utterly drained, Tig quietly speaks to the DRIVER.

TIG  
Can you please take me to Pass Christian?

DRIVER  
What's the address?

TIG  
Uh... 1-1-9... I mean, 1-9...  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, my mother just died.

Hearing the words, she begins to CRY.

DRIVER  
(stoic)  
Oh, your mother just died?

Suddenly, his demeanor turns aggressive and psychotic.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Your MOTHER just died? Poor you! My mom left me when I was 15 years-old! She didn't give a shit about me! At least you had a mom!

He slams on the gas and begins driving erratically. Tig is thrown across the backseat as he makes a sudden turn.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

You think you have it bad? You think you have it bad?

He's completely fucked. Tig is in shock.

TIG

Yes.

The driver swings wildly into the parking lot of a CONVENIENCE STORE. The car screeches to a halt. The driver gets out of the car and storms into the store.

Tig mutely peers out the window of the car and watches the driver stomp through the store. He grabs a package of pink HOSTESS SNO-BALLS and heads to the counter to pay for them. It's beyond absurd, but at this point, everything is surreal.

The driver returns to the car and gets in. He leans into the backseat. Tig flinches as if he's going to attack her, but instead, he's offering her a pink Sno-Ball.

DRIVER

You want one of these?

TIG

Oh, no thank you.

DRIVER

Have one.

His demeanor is suddenly relaxed.

TIG

Really, I can't.

DRIVER

What, are you too good for a Sno-Ball?

TIG

I'd like to think so. But it's actually a medical issue. I can't really eat anything.



DRIVER

Oh. Sorry about that.

He starts the car.

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (TO ESTABLISH) - NIGHT

The cab drops Tig off in front of Caroline and Bill's home in Pass Christian, Mississippi. It's around 3:00 a.m. There's a single light on inside, but it's dark otherwise.

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - SAME

Tig enters the house. There's no one there to greet her. A vision of her MOTHER, Caroline, emerges from the hallway in her nightgown.

CAROLINE

Hey, sugah! Did you have fun tonight?

TIG

Not tonight, you died.

Tig disappears into her old bedroom-turned-spare bedroom.

INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

The morning after. Tig enters the kitchen, taking a few pills with a glass of water. Remy and Bill are there waiting for her. Remy looks devastated, Bill appears typically shell-shocked and emotionless.

Remy immediately draws Tig into a hug. There's a tearful beat as they squeeze each other tight. Then:

REMY

How did it go last night?

Tig has no idea how to answer this. She decides not to.

REMY (CONT'D)

Did she go peacefully?

Tig hesitates and glances at Bill, who doesn't seem to be interested in participating in this crucial conversation.

TIG

Why don't you picture the death scene from *Beaches* and that can be your memory?

Remy seems relieved.

REMY  
Never saw it. Hey, I'm really sorry  
we didn't make it back.

TIG  
Oh, it's fine.

It's not.

REMY  
My God, you look terrible.

Tig regards Remy's Chris Farley-esque physique.

TIG  
You're the picture of vibrant  
health.

Something catches Tig's eye. It's a VASE full of FRESH  
FLOWERS sitting on the kitchen counter.

TIG (CONT'D)  
Did Mom pick those?

BILL  
Yeah, a couple of days ago.

A long, meaningful beat as Remy and Tig stare at the flowers,  
thinking of the "here today, gone tomorrow" significance.  
Bill interrupts with logic.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I should probably toss them soon.

Tig looks at Bill in quiet disbelief.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Don't want bees in here.

Tig's PHONE RINGS. As she reaches for it, we see BONKERZ, a  
fat cat, sleeping on top of the phone.

TIG  
Bonkerz, move.

Bonkerz lazily looks at Tig.

TIG (CONT'D)  
Bonkerz, get up.

Bonkerz continues to stare at Tig as Tig rolls the cat over  
and extracts the phone. Its an incoming call from Brooke.

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

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)

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.

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 curbside 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)

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?

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

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.

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?



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.

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?

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.

EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

It's morning in Pass Christian.

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.

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.

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.

TIG

Um, Hi. Oh man... Jesus. Sorry. I can't stop thinking about how much my mother always encouraged me to do what I wanted and to not edit myself in any way. As a kid, she always told me to tell anyone who had a problem with me to "go to hell." I wanted to mention it today, but then I was concerned it might not be appropriate to say in the presence of a priest. And then I pictured my mother saying "if the priest has a problem with it Sweetie, then he can go to hell too!" I'm just in utter shock that I'm even standing here- days after she called to check on me while I was sick, reminding me to drink orange juice. My response was, "yeah, I know." As if we'd have a million other opportunities to have a conversation. She was just trying to mother me, which is what I desperately need more than ever right now. I always thought I kind of knew what it might feel like to lose her. How it would go down, getting the call, saying goodbye, the funeral. Boy, I was way off-way off. The loss is a depth I couldn't have ever dreamed up or prepared for. The emotions are uncontainable and have no place to go. The last time I heard from her was last week on my birthday. I missed her call and haven't actually been able to listen to the voice mail yet. I thought I'd call her back when I got a minute.

Everyone stares at Tig, feeling every word.

EXT. PASS CHRISTIAN YACHT CLUB (TO ESTABLISH) - DAY

A beautiful, distinctly Southern club overlooking the water.

INT. PASS CHRISTIAN YACHT CLUB - DAY

A post-funeral LUNCHEON is underway. People talk and eat catfish and hush puppies. Tig and Remy are standing together, taking in the surreal events of the afternoon.

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 gossipy 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...

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.



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.

CAROLINE  
How are you doing, Sweetie?

TIG  
Not great.

Caroline casually takes a swig of her drink.

CAROLINE  
Never thought I'd live to see the day Bill gave in on something.

TIG  
Technically, you didn't.

Tig reaches for her phone. As she stares out at the sand and water, she FLASHES BACK to a BIRTHDAY PARTY she had on the beach as a child.

EXT. BEACH BIRTHDAY PARTY (FLASHBACK)

We see old Super 8 footage of Tig as a child, wearing a birthday hat, running in the sand, surrounded by her mother and family. Caroline takes a CAKE out of a cooler.

We hear AUDIO-- it's the VOICEMAIL: *Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...*

BACK ON TIG (PRESENT DAY).

The voicemail ends. Tig is alone. She watches the (1) on her phone's voicemail icon vanish. *No new messages.*

Suddenly, two YOUNG CHILDREN race past Tig, oblivious to the solemnity of the occasion. One shouts gleefully at Tig, quoting her eulogy.

CHILD #1  
"Go to hell!"

The other child gasps gleefully as they run off. Tig watches them disappear down the beach.

END OF EPISODE

