

WANT. TIG NOTARRO

REMY

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.

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?

1/12

# REMY 7.

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.

→  
CONT.

2/12

The doctor speaks in a hushed, respectful tone.

**CONT.** →

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.

→  
**A BEAT, THEN CONTINUING**

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.

3/12

REMY 9.



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.

~~STOP~~

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?

WANT. TIG NOT ARO

4/12

REMY

16.

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:

**START** →

REMY

How did it go last night?

**SC. 2**

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?

**5/12**

# REMY

17.

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.

**STOP**

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.

6/12

WNT. TIG NOTARED

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.

SC. 3

START →

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?



CONT.

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.

7/12

CONT



REMY 27.

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

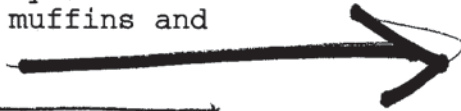
REMY  
That's Daddy John's new place.

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.

8/12



SC. 3

CONT.



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?

~~STOP~~

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.

9/12

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.

10/12

REMY

30.

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.

SC.4

START →

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...

11/12

REMY

31.

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.

**END.**

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.

12/12

UNT. TIG NOTARD