

Official White (8/27/15)  
Production Draft (8/18/15)

ONE MISSISSIPPI

"Pilot"

WRITTEN BY  
DIABLO CODY & TIG NOTARO

DIRECTED BY  
NICOLE HOLOFCENER

©2015 Bluebush Productions, LLC. All Rights Reserved. No portion of this work may be performed, published, reproduced, quoted, sold or distributed by any means in any medium, including on any web site, without the prior written consent of Bluebush Productions, LLC. Disposal of this work does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.

COLD OPEN:

1 INT. PUBLIC RADIO STATION (LOS ANGELES) - DAY 1  
TIG is live on the air. She performs one of her signature darkly humorous MONOLOGUES to establish the tone of our show. (Maybe something about where she grew up, leading into our Southern-flavored cold open.)

TIG  
(MONOLOGUE TBD)

MAIN TITLES: "JAMBALAYA" BY JOHN FOGERTY \*

2 INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY 2 \*  
TIG, looking worse for the wear, 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.

3 INT. AIRPORT - SAME 3  
We see Tig stuck in an ENDLESS LINE in the ladies' room. She's squatting on her knees, her face buried in her hands.

4 INT. AIRPORT - SAME 4  
Tig emerges again. We see that her JEANS are falling off her waist. She hikes them up and continues her odyssey through the airport. \*

5 INT. AIRPORT - GATE 5  
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'm sick. 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 hit her head. She's in the hospital.

\*  
\*

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)

Sure.

She walks about 10 feet onto the jetway, then stops.

TIG (CONT'D)  
I made it here.

She walks a few more feet, with effort.

TIG (CONT'D)  
Look at me, all the way here now.

6 EXT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS (CURB) - DAY 6 \*

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

Her brother REMY comes out to help her with her heavy bags. Tig's 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's clearly shocked at her appearance as he gives her a hug. \*

REMY  
Happy late birthday. \*

Then, he glances awkwardly at her chest. \*

REMY (CONT'D)  
Tig. Uh. \*  
(awkward) \*  
Your, uh, breasts look good? You \*  
can't even tell they're gone. \*

TIG  
Thanks, Remy. \*

REMY  
My God, you're so thin. \*

TIG  
Thanks, Remy. \*

REMY  
Chemo? \*

TIG  
C-Diff. The intestinal thing. \*

\*

7 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 7 \*

Tig sits in the passenger seat and Remy gets behind the wheel. \*

TIG \*

How's Mom? \*

Bill and Remy 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

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.

8 INT/EXT. BILL'S CAR - DAY 8 \*

Bill, Tig and Remy drive from the New Orleans airport to the hospital.

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 off the radio. \*

We see a sign that says: WELCOME TO BAY ST.LUCILLE,  
MISSISSIPPI. It's a beautiful area: huge trees, gorgeous  
beaches, old historic homes.

\*

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

9

\*

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 NURSE 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 NURSE, NANCY, speaks in a hushed, respectful tone.

\*

NURSE NANCY

So I'm going to go ahead and  
disconnect the respirator. Do you  
have any questions?

\*

TIG

About death?

NURSE NANCY

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.

NURSE NANCY

Ok, so are we ready?

\*

TIG

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

BILL

I agree.

NURSE NANCY

All right then.

\*

Nancy pulls the curtain around Caroline and discreetly disconnects the respirator and remove the tube. She re-opens the curtain, revealing Caroline, who looks exactly the same-- minus the tubes.

\*

NURSE NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss.

\*

10 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

10

Caroline's breathing is strained. Tig stands beside her, holding her hand. Remy is reading a magazine and Bill looks at his comatose wife. 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.

11 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (HOURS LATER) 11

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

Tig quickly runs to the bathroom as her mother takes a loud  
GASP of air. \*

NURSE MELLIE, enters. \*

NURSE MELLIE \*

Someone hit the call button? \*

Tig responds from behind the bathroom door.

TIG (O.S.) \*

(anxious)

Am I missing anything? \*

NURSE MELLIE \*

Ma'am, what can I get for you? \*

TIG (O.S.) \*

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? \*

Mellie glances at the chart nonchalantly. \*

NURSE MELLIE \*

This is your mother? Caroline? \*

12 EXT. TIG'S BACKYARD/MEMORY - DAY 12 \*

We see a young, vibrant Caroline. Tig (2) and Remy (3) are  
sitting in high chairs, messy after eating lunch. \*

CAROLINE

All right kids, it's time to get  
cleaned up!



*She turns on the GARDEN HOSE and aims it at the kids, hosing them down. She pulls them out of the high chairs and pats them on their butts.*

\*  
\*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Go. Horse around.

\*  
\*

The kids run around the large yard, having fun. Tig turns briefly, and sees her mother watching her with a warm smile.

\*  
\*

13 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/BATHROOM - SAME 13

TIG (O.S.)

(from behind the door)

Yes, she's my mother.

\*

NURSE MELLIE

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

\*

TIG (O.S.)

(to herself)

I know.

\*

14 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK 14

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

Nurse Mellie enters briskly.

\*

NURSE MELLIE

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 MELLIE

That's kind of the point, hon.

\*

TIG

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

NURSE MELLIE  
 (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 MELLIE  
 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.

15 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

15

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. She presses a call  
 button.

\*

\*

Nurse Mellie enters.

\*

NURSE MELLIE  
 (kindly)  
 Did you need something?

\*

TIG  
 I think my mother...

\*

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

NURSE MELLIE  
 She's gone.

\*

TIG

What do I do now? Do I just leave?

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

NURSE MELLIE

*Oh, of course not!*

*(chuckling)*

*You can't just walk away from your mother's body.*

TIG

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

NURSE MELLIE

*That would be straight up nuts.*

16 INT. HOSPITAL (VARIOUS) - NIGHT (Tig's fantasy) 16

*We see Tig wheeling her mother out of the hospital room on a gurney. They pass the nurse's station and Tig waves.*

TIG

Thanks guys!

MALE PATIENT

Bye Caroline! Take care!

FEMALE PATIENT

Good luck!

NURSE NANCY

Be good!

*(beat)*

It was a pleasure!

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 18

*Tig blinks as we snap back to reality. Nurse Mellie stares at her.*

TIG

I said what do I do now?

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

NURSE MELLIE

You're free to go home.

19 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 19

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 Nurse Mellie. \*

TIG \*

Excuse me. I can't figure out how  
to leave.

20 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 20

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

21 INT. CAB - NIGHT 21

Utterly drained, Tig quietly speaks to the DRIVER.

TIG

Can you please take me to Bay St.  
Lucille? \*

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.

22 EXT. CAB - CONTINUOUS 22 \*

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.

23 INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS 23 \*

Tig mutely peers out the window of the car and watches the  
driver stomp through the store. 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.

24 EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (TO ESTABLISH) - SUNRISE 24 \*

The cab drops Tig off in front of Caroline and Bill's home in Pass Christian, Mississippi. It's around 5:30 AM. There's a single light on inside, but it's dark otherwise. \*

25 INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 25 \*

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 walks upstairs. \*

26 INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING 26

The morning after. Tig enters the kitchen, taking a few pills with a glass of water. Remy (making cereal) and Bill (seated), 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

(lying) Very much so. \*

Remy seems relieved. \*

REMY

Hey, I'm really sorry we didn't  
make it back.

\*

TIG

(more lying)  
Oh, it's fine.

\*

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 table.

\*

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 Brooke.  
 Hello?

27 INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE/MUD ROOM - DAY 27 \*

Tig wanders into the little room 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. \*

28 INT. AIRPORT BEIGNET CAFE (NEW ORLEANS) - DAY 28 \*

Brooke is at the counter of a beignet place. 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. I know you said you didn't need me, but I wanted to come.

TIG  
 (surprised)  
 What?

It's Brooke's turn at the counter.

BROOKE  
 (to employee) \*  
 I need like, 30 beignets. 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.

TIG  
 Brooke, where are you?



BROOKE

The airport. I got out of work because I found out last night that they wrote me out of the new episode. They're taking out my whole character arc, and I don't understand why but--

TIG

You're in New Orleans? \*

BROOKE

Yes. I'm just about to jump in a cab.

TIG

You know, I'll come pick you up.

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

29

Bill and Tig stand by the carport, looking at an almost-new BMW CONVERTIBLE. \*

TIG

This is Mom's new car?

BILL

It was. You should take it back to Los Angeles. I could use the space. \*

TIG

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

Tig notices Bill stealing a glance at her chest.

TIG (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

Bill looks embarrassed.

BILL

I'm sorry. I was just looking at the... results of your procedure.

TIG

Easy, Bill. I'm taken.

BILL

Tig.

He looks at her in her skinny, weakened state. \*

BILL (CONT'D)

Are you sure you can drive? I know you're very ill.

TIG

No, no. I'm great.

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

30

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.

31 EXT. AIRPORT (CURBSIDE PICKUP) - DAY

31

\*

A clammy Tig finally retrieves Brooke from curb side baggage claim, and gets out to greet her. Brooke hugs and kisses Tig, who winces.

\*

BROOKE

How are you?

TIG

Ouch.

She gently detaches Brooke from her body.

BROOKE

Everything at the L'Oreal party was set so they said I didn't have to go.

(beat)

I'm pretty sure I did a good job. You just never know with these passive-aggressive corporate types.

(beat)

Anyway, good news is: I'm free now!

TIG

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

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TIG (CONT'D)

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

BROOKE

(wounded)

Of course I'm going to show up. I'm  
your girlfriend. Are you not happy  
to see me?

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

TIG

It's not that I'm not happy to see  
you, I'm just not happy.

Brooke starts to cry. Tig hugs her.

TIG (CONT'D)

Come here. It's fine. Don't cry.

BROOKE

This is so hard. Not knowing where  
I stand with you.

TIG

I know. That can be devastating.

Brooke can't help but smile at Tig's dry remark. She puts her  
Louis Vuitton suitcases in the backseat and climbs in front  
with the beignet box. \*  
\*  
\*

BROOKE

Do you want a beignet? \*

TIG

Again, I have an inflamed colon.

BROOKE

(facetious)

Can you have half?

TIG

The doctor specifically said that I  
could not have half a beignet. \*

32 INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

32 \*

Tig and Brooke enter the house. \*

\*

TIG

(quietly)

So remember, my step-dad Bill isn't the warmest guy. You'll find that he's somewhere between "room-temperature" and "sleet."

BROOKE

He's probably in shock. Or denial. Like, with the Keebler-Ross stages of grief--

TIG

(interrupting)

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

BROOKE

Right.

(beat)

I mean, they were just watching TV and she fell down? I can't imagine what he's going through.

TIG

They make Fudge Stripe cookies, Chips Deluxe...

BROOKE

(patient)

Okay, Tig.

TIG

They're tiny elves, who live in a hollow tree. But they make regular-size cookies. They make crackers too. Those are also regular-size.

They round a corner. Remy is watching a baseball game. Bill is standing at the kitchen table, surrounded by paperwork, piles of Caroline's stuff, and other things that spell "organization."

TIG (CONT'D)

Hey guys.

(awkward)

This is my girlfriend Brooke. Here she is.

REMY

(numb)

Hey.

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)

(then)

Are those beignet's?

As Remy gets up and heads straight for the beignets, Bill formally extends a hand to Brooke.

BILL

Brooke. Bill Flanagan.

BROOKE

Oh, you're Tig's daddy!

She hugs Bill. He attempts, stiffly, to reciprocate the hug, but fails. Tig and Remy exchange glances at "daddy."

BILL

Just one second. I'm logging  
Caroline's personal effects.

Bill recedes as Brooke and Tig look at what he's busying himself with.

BILL (CONT'D)

Getting rid of all this is going to be a big job, but I'm confident that we can pull it 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?

BILL

Why would I be joking? I'm your stepfather, so technically we're not related anymore.

REMY

(sarcastic)

Wait a minute... you're not our daddy?

BILL

Technically, we have no legal connection now that your mother is gone. In her will, she stated that you and Remy would take possession of her things when she passed, so now all these things 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 sick. I can't move this stuff. Can't we just be a family for five minutes?

BILL

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.

BROOKE

(to Bill)

Have you guys talked to a grief counselor? I actually have a friend in L.A. who's a death doula.

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

33 INT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE (SPARE BEDROOM) - NIGHT 33 \*

It's late. Tig is sitting on one of the TWIN BEDS in her former bedroom. Her mother's PAINTINGS cover the walls. Tig stares at her phone pensively.

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 is still looking at her phone. She's fixated on ONE NEW VOICEMAIL on the display.

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

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

BROOKE  
I think you're sexy.

She crawls onto the bed and cuddles up to Tig. Tig guards her chest instinctively.

BROOKE (CONT'D) \*  
Where do you think your boobs are? \*

TIG \*  
What? \*

BROOKE \*  
Like, where do you think the \*  
doctors put them when they took \*  
them off. Did they just throw them \*  
in a trash can? \*

TIG \*  
Hopefully. Recycling would have \*  
been out of the question. \*

BROOKE \*  
Isn't it weird to think about, \*  
though? I'm picturing your tits in \*  
a dumpster in some back alley in \*  
Hollywood. \*

TIG \*  
Could you stop flirting with me \*  
right now? \*

BROOKE \*  
When are you going to let me see? \*

TIG \*  
I haven't even looked yet.

BROOKE \*  
I've seen some crazy shit. This is  
no big deal. Just let me look and  
I'll tell you how bad it is.

TIG \*  
No.

BROOKE

(relenting)

All right. You need to 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. Brooke leans over and shuts off the light.

BROOKE

Good night.

\*

TIG

(mumbling)

Bad night.

BROOKE

Bad night.

34 EXT. CAROLINE AND BILL'S HOUSE - DAY 34

It's morning in Bay St. Lucille.

\*

35 INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY 35

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?

36 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY (FLASHBACK) 36

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.

37 INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT) 37

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? \*

REMY

That's Daddy John's new place.

BILL

It WAS Daddy John's client old place. \*  
\*

REMY

Yeah. Daddy 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.

38 EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS 38 \*

Bill parks at the cemetery. \*

TIG (O.S.)

Muffins.

39 EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER 39 \*

They climb out of the car. 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?

40 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

40 \*

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 15 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.

(MORE)

## TIG (CONT'D)

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.

41 EXT. BAY ST. LUCILLE YACHT CLUB (TO ESTABLISH) - DAY 41 \*

A beautiful, distinctly Southern club overlooking the water.

42 INT. BAY ST. LUCILLE YACHT CLUB - DAY 42 \*

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

That's your biological father,  
right? The guy who was totally  
losing his shit at the cemetery?

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

TIG

Yeah, that's Mick.

REMY

He never got over Mom.

Clearly. Tig points to Mick's "new" family. Girly 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.

43

INT. BAY ST. LUCILLE YACHT CLUB - LATER

43

\*

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.

44 EXT. YACHT CLUB/BALCONY - DAY 44 \*

Tig, alone, stands on the balcony and 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

Life is full of surprises. Just look at Bill. I never thought I'd live to see the day *he'd* ease up 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 lawn as a child. \*

45 EXT. YACHT CLUB/ BIRTHDAY PARTY (FLASHBACK) 45 \*

We see old Super 8 footage of Tig as a child, wearing a birthday hat, running in the grass, 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...*

46 BACK ON TIG (PRESENT DAY). 46 \*

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. \*

END OF EPISODE

\*

\*