

DEAD TO ME

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - DAY

Judy Garland's "Get Happy" plays as the camera surfs through the streets of Laguna Beach. It's another perfect day. Sun shines through the palm trees, birds chirp and the ocean washes up on the shore in the distance. We focus in on a VOLVO SUV as it turns into a parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

JEN, poised and put together, pulls her SUV into a parking spot. She checks her eye make-up in the mirror. It's smudged from crying. She wipes the runny mascara off her cheek, puts on some lipstick and gathers herself.

INT. JEN'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

The song "Paralyzed" by the HARDCORE GERMAN DEATH METAL band Caliban blasts on Jen's stereo.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
YOU FUCKING PRICK/ DROP DEAD/  
YOU MAKE ME SICK/  
BLEGH/ YOU FUCKING PRICK/  
DROP DEAD/  
YOU MAKE ME SICK/  
GET OUT OF MY HEAD.

Jen, unfazed by the music, blots her lipstick on a napkin. She takes a deep breath, grabs her purse and exits the car.

EXT. HEISLER PARK - DAY

Jen walks up a beautifully gardened pathway to a charming, bluffside GAZEBO. A sign attached to the gazebo's entrance reads "Friends of Heaven."

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - CONTINUOUS

Jen, uncomfortable, heads to an underwhelming snack table as WORN-OUT-LOOKING PEOPLE gather. She pours herself coffee, takes a sip and spits it right back into her cup. JUDY approaches, smiling. She exudes warmth, a touch of hippy and just a sliver of sadness.

JEN  
(to Judy)  
Skip the coffee. It's awful.

JUDY  
I made it.

JEN  
I'm sorry.

JUDY  
I'm kidding. It's terrible.  
(extends her hand)  
I'm Judy.

JEN  
(hesitantly shakes it)  
Jen.

JUDY  
Beautiful day, right?

JEN  
(over it)  
It always is.

JUDY  
I love your blouse. It's a good color for you. Most people don't know their palate. They'll wear a spring when they're a fall but you know you're a winter and that's huge.

JEN  
Thanks.

JUDY  
(playful)  
You come to this group often?

JEN  
My first time.

JUDY  
Me too.  
(then)  
I'll leave you alone.  
(then)  
But sorry, hope this isn't weird... you do real estate, right? I feel like I've seen your picture on like a bus bench. You and a cute gay guy.

JEN  
Yeah, that's me. And Christopher, who does not think he looks gay in that picture.

JUDY

Oh, I didn't mean it in a bad way. Gay is a beautiful thing. Who doesn't want a gay real estate agent?

JEN

Which bench did you see?

JUDY

The one where you're like --

Judy puts her hands on her hips and fake smiles.

JEN

No, I meant, I guess I meant where do you live?

JUDY

Sorry. Newport.

JEN

(surprised)

You live in Newport?

JUDY

Yeah, I don't think I belong there either.

JEN

Not belonging there is a good thing.

Jen grabs a business card from her purse and hands it to Judy.

JEN (CONT'D)

If you ever need a realtor.

JUDY

I might, thank you. Sorry, I hope this isn't weird but... can I... hug you?

JEN

...No.

JUDY

Okay.

JEN

I don't really like to be touched.

JUDY

That's okay. Sorry, I'm just, I'm a hugger and I thought you kinda look like you need a hug.

JEN

Do I?

JUDY

Well, you're here.

JEN

I'm really fine.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GORGEOUS OCEAN VIEW HOUSE - DAY

Jen, in an ANGRY RAGE, throws a decorative side table at CHRISTOPHER, her church-going-gay real estate partner. He lunges out of the way, as the table shatters a sliding glass door. Their clients, a RICH ORANGE COUNTY COUPLE, look on in fear.

BACK TO:

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - MOMENTS LATER

Jen and Judy sit in a circle of chairs with PASTOR WAYNE, a kind, older man with a bad toupee, KYLE, a middle-aged feelings-eater, YOLANDA, a religious older black woman, WENDY, a sweet lesbian, and LINDA, dead inside.

PASTOR WAYNE

Looks like we have some new people today.

He looks at Jen, expectantly.

JEN

That's okay.

PASTOR WAYNE

Alright. Well, welcome to Friends of Heaven. I'm Pastor Wayne. As some of you know, I like to start out our grief circle by talking about a loss I lived through, that got me into this work. Nice haircut, Wendy.

Wendy smiles.

PASTOR WAYNE (CONT'D)

My aunt fell down a flight of stairs and cracked her head open and bled out as her five-year-old son watched. And I was the one who asked her to get me a soda from the basement. So, I live with that. And that's a little something about me.

JUDY

Oh my god.

PASTOR WAYNE

I appreciate that. Is there a loss you've had that you'd like to share with us today?

JUDY

I... um, I lost my fiancé eight weeks ago.

(tearing up)

I'm Judy.

PASTOR WAYNE

Hi, Judy.

JUDY

Hi.

(beat)

It was really sudden. One minute we were eating dinner and then the next, he was gone.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Judy, in a pretty summer dress, is doubled over, crying next to a NURSE.

NURSE

I'm sorry.

JUDY

(through messy tears)

Thank you.

BACK TO:

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - MOMENTS LATER

All eyes on Judy.

YOLANDA  
Heart attack?

JUDY  
(nods)  
He was forty-nine.

JEN  
(sympathetic)  
That sucks.

JUDY  
(through messy tears)  
Thank you.

PASTOR WAYNE  
Thank you for sharing that. Does anyone  
else new want to share about a loss  
they're living with?

Everyone looks at Jen.

JEN  
No.

PASTOR WAYNE  
At your own pace.

KYLE  
(sotto, to Jen)  
I didn't talk my first week either.

PASTOR WAYNE  
So, last week we started talking about  
the "F word."

Jen and Judy exchange a confused look.

PASTOR WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Forgiveness. Forgiveness can be very  
difficult, and it can take time, even a  
lifetime, but it's a way through.  
Sometimes we need to forgive the person  
who passed, a doctor maybe, an EMT who  
arrived too late, God, maybe ourselves.  
But, no matter what the circumstances,  
everyone is deserving of forgiveness.

JUDY  
You really think that?

PASTOR WAYNE  
Jesus thought that.

YOLANDA

Amen.

JEN

--How do you forgive someone for hitting your husband with their car, then driving away and leaving him to bleed to death on the side of a road?

The room goes quiet as everyone looks at Jen.

**TITLE SEQUENCE: DEAD TO ME**

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - SAME

All eyes still on Jen.

JEN

No, that's it. I don't really want to get into it, I just -- someone else can go.

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - A LITTLE LATER

The group gives Judy supportive looks.

JUDY

(choking back tears)

It feels like such a deep ache. Not just for how much I miss him, but for the things I won't even get to miss. We were three months away from our wedding. I have my dream dress hanging in my closet. It's a 1950's vintage princess scoop neck.

WENDY

Oh, pretty.

JUDY

Yeah, it fits really well.

YOLANDA

I miss my husband so much sometimes I think I'll be sick.

PASTOR WAYNE

These things take time.

YOLANDA

It's been eighteen years.



JEN  
(to herself)  
Jesus Christ.

JUDY  
Why do people have to die?

KYLE  
And why do we have to forgive?  
(then, re: Jen)  
She's supposed to forgive a hit and run driver? I'm supposed to forgive cancer? Cancer left my daughter without a mom. Fuck cancer. Cancer's a big fat crooked dick. Sorry, Pastor.

PASTOR WAYNE  
(uncomfortable)  
Alright.

YOLANDA  
(starts to cry)  
When does the pain go away?

PASTOR WAYNE  
It will.

LINDA  
Or it won't.

JEN  
Is this -- I'm sorry -- is this supposed to be making me feel better? Because this is -- you're all very sad. And I'm really truly sorry, but I have enough of my own misery. I don't have room for anyone else's.

PASTOR WAYNE  
Of course, I know it can feel that way. It's okay that you're feeling whatever you're feeling: sad, angry, defensive --

JEN  
I'm not defensive, I'm just -- I'm tired.

JUDY  
I'm tired too.

PASTOR WAYNE  
(to Jen)  
Can you tell us about that?

JEN

I just haven't been sleeping. I was never a good sleeper, but since Ted died, I don't sleep. Not naturally, anyway. And I don't want to take pills, I'm not a pills person. I have two kids, two boys who need me and I'm not gonna be one of those Xanax Ambien Zombie Moms.

Linda, dead-faced, gives Jen a knowing look.

JUDY

Nights are really hard.

JEN

Yeah.

JUDY

Mornings suck too.

JEN

Yeah. Well, they're okay for like two seconds --

JUDY

-- But then you remember.

JEN

Exactly.

JUDY

And it's like you're living in a recurring nightmare -- but you can't wake up, because you are awake.

JEN

(re: Judy)  
She gets it.

JUDY

I get it.

Jen and Judy share her a small smile. Two peas in a sad, tired pod.

EXT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - LATER

The group is dispersing. As Jen heads out, Judy stops her.

JUDY

I'm up all night.

Judy hands Jen a small piece of paper.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Feel free to call me and we can not sleep together.

INT. LAGUNA BEACH REALTY - LATER

Jen enters a beach chic office as Christopher, in a neck brace, whips around in his desk chair.

CHRISTOPHER

(startled)

Jesus in heaven! Jen, you know I'm still a little on edge.

JEN

I told you I'm sorry.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I got the orchid, thank you.

JEN

I went. To that grief group.

CHRISTOPHER

You did? Pastor Wayne there?

JEN

He was.

CHRISTOPHER

He ask about me? J.K. I'm glad you went. Did it help?

JEN

Yeah, I'm completely better.

CHRISTOPHER

Is sarcasm one of the stages of grief?

JEN

Yeah, it's right after throwing shit at your business partner when they say "maybe you just should be grateful for the time you had with your dead husband."

CHRISTOPHER

I don't think that's a real stage.

(off her look)

Jen, I was just trying to help you. And, frankly, after thirteen years, it's hurtful you think of me as just your "business partner."

JEN

You know what I meant.

CHRISTOPHER

You know I love you, right? You're like family to me.

JEN

You don't like your family.

CHRISTOPHER

You know what I meant.

JEN

Any word from Vista Glen? The repair estimate come in?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Eighty-five-hundred. The doors were custom.

JEN

Fine, we'll make it up when we sell it.

CHRISTOPHER

We won't actually. They dropped us. And so did Valley Drive. When they heard what happened at Vista Glen.

JEN

Fuck. Fuck.

CHRISTOPHER

Listen, Jenny, you've been through a tragic loss, just a total nightmare. Maybe you should think about taking some time off --

JEN

(sharp)

I don't want to take any fucking time off!

CHRISTOPHER

(a little scared)

Okay!

JEN

Sorry.

(then)

I'll find us a new listing. A good one. I promise. I'll make it up to you.

CHRISTOPHER

Okay. You do that.

(beat)

And you let me know if there's anything I can do for you and the kids.

JEN

Wanna come over for dinner Saturday?

CHRISTOPHER

Can't this weekend. The boys and I are in Palm Springs. But let's raincheck that for sure.

INT. LAGUNA ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - AFTERNOON

A pastel-painted rec room filled with ELDERLY PEOPLE playing cards, reading, and staring out the window. Judy approaches ABE, 86, sharper than the rest.

JUDY

Abe, the nurse says you're not taking your statins. She asked me to see what's going on. Not that I need an excuse to talk to the hottest guy in here.

ABE

That's not saying a lot. If you consider the other contestants.

JUDY

What's going on? Why aren't you taking them?

ABE

I don't need 'em. It's not a concern. I survived the Holocaust, high cholesterol doesn't really move the needle for me. What I really need is some reefer.

JUDY

What?

(sotto)

You already went through what I gave you?

ABE

What else am I doing?

JUDY

You could be doing a lot. There's a bridge tournament on Tuesdays, I lead a chair yoga class every morning --

ABE

I don't have the knees for yoga.

JUDY

It's very low impact.

ABE

I just don't want to.

JUDY

Okay, I'll get some pot for you.

ABE

Thank you.

JUDY

(presents pill cup)

But you have to take this for me. Because I love you. And I can't deal with losing anyone else right now...

She starts to choke backs tears.

ABE

Hey, hey, now. Judy, don't cry, come on. Don't cry. I'll take 'em. I'll take 'em.

JUDY

I'm sorry... I'm just, I think I'm feeling a little alone right now.

ABE

Right now, of course. I understand.

(takes her hand)

You know, after Lydia died, I never thought I'd meet anyone or love anyone again. But I was wrong, right?

JUDY

Yeah.

ABE

Because then I met Diane.

JUDY

Right, you're right.

(beat)

But then Diane died.

ABE

That's true.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jen's at the door. KAREN, an uptight Orange County mom, hands her a casserole.

KAREN

So, you just heat it up at three hundred and leave it in for thirty-five minutes.

JEN

Thanks, Karen. But you really don't have to keep --

KAREN

It's my take on Mexican lasagna.

JEN

(curt)  
Great.

KAREN

It's nothing. We just don't want you to think you're alone. Jeff and I are here for you. If you ever want to talk.

JEN

Thanks.

KAREN

Just can't imagine what you're going through.

JEN

Well, it's like if Jeff was hit by a car and died. Suddenly. And violently.

KAREN

Right.

(then, re: casserole)

Well, you get that dish back to me whenever you can. No rush --

Jen shuts the door in her face.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Jen eats the casserole with her sons, CHARLIE, 14, all edges, and HENRY, 9, all soft.

CHARLIE

Why are there raisins in this?

JEN  
I honestly don't know.

HENRY  
I like it.

CHARLIE  
I'm sick of other people's food.

JEN  
Me too.

CHARLIE  
I miss Dad's cooking.

JEN  
Me too.

CHARLIE  
It's so not fair.

JEN  
Which part?

CHARLIE  
Why did our dad have to die? Why didn't  
Tyler's dad die? Rick. That guy's a  
douche.

Jen can't help but nod in agreement.

HENRY  
I like Rick.

INT. VEGAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WHITE GUY IN A TURBAN hands Judy a take-out container.

WHITE GUY  
Namaste.

JUDY  
Thanks, Glen.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jen tucks Henry in. She turns off a lamp, and switches on his  
night light.

HENRY  
You have to wait 'til I'm asleep. All the  
way asleep.



JEN

I know, Boop.

HENRY

Mommy, I don't want to go to school tomorrow.

JEN

No kidding.

HENRY

I want to go to work with you.

JEN

I know, Hen, but we can't do that anymore. It's been three months. We gotta go back to normal.

HENRY

(getting worked up)  
But I want to be with you.

JEN

I know. I know you do.

(then)

You know, honey, what happened to your dad was an accident.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

As far as we know.

JEN

(yelling)

Charlie, please!

(then, to Henry)

What happened to your dad was a freak accident.

HENRY

Yeah.

JEN

And nothing like that is going to happen to me. I'm going to be fine. I promise. So, you don't have to worry, okay?

HENRY

I'm not worried something is going to happen to you.

JEN

(not buying it)

No? Then what are you worried about?

Henry takes Jen's hand in his as he closes his eyes.

HENRY

I just don't want you to be alone.

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Jen ugly sobs under the covers. It's a big master bedroom and she seems small in it. She gets up, muffling her crying with a pillow, as she crosses into the bathroom. She pees, still crying into a pillow.

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

We see Jen go through her nightly rituals:

-She pumps full speed on the Elliptical, drenched in sweat.

-She finishes a work e-mail on her laptop. She types:  
"...perfect time to list your house. It's a seller's market!"

-She watches an old movie on TV, dressed in her husband's pajamas, her wet hair in a towel.

-She looks at her husband's side of the bed.

-She stares at the ceiling fan spinning. Her bedside clock reads: 12:06.

Then, at a loss, she takes out Judy's number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Judy, wide awake, lays in the dark, watching Oprah's SuperSoul Sunday. Her phone rings, she answers and we intercut the following conversation:

JUDY

Hello?

JEN

Hi... it's Jen... from the grief group.

JUDY

(perks up)

Hiiii.

JEN

Sorry, I don't know why I called you.

JUDY  
It's okay, I said you could.

JEN  
Is it too late?

JUDY  
Yeah, I'm totally asleep.

JEN  
Me too.

A beat.

JUDY  
You in bed?

JEN  
Yeah.

JUDY  
(suggestively)  
What are you wearing?

JEN  
(taken aback)  
What?

JUDY  
What are you wearing?

JEN  
My husband's sweatpants and a T-shirt he  
got for running a 5K for psoriasis.

JUDY  
Slower.

JEN  
You're a weird person, Judy.

JUDY  
Thank you.  
(then)  
Did your husband like running? Or did he  
just hate psoriasis?

Jen goes silent.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, you don't have to talk about him  
if you don't want to.

A long beat.

JEN

He liked running. But he came to it later. He started when he was forty -- the Couch To 5K app.

JUDY

What made him start?

JEN

He was getting doughy.

JUDY

Yeah, guys get that middle aged man puff.

JEN

Oh, he was getting a full on beer belly. But he also getting beer neck.

JUDY

Beer neck!

JEN

I got on him a little, 'cause he was lazy, and I was physically repulsed by him --

JUDY

You weren't.

JEN

(she was)  
Okay.

JUDY

Go on.

JEN

So... he started running. Got really into it. He was training for the Maui marathon. I was proud of him. He was in the best shape of his life when the car hit him.

JUDY

I'm so sorry.

JEN

Yeah.  
(then, listening)  
Are you eating something?

JUDY

It's a donut.

(takes a bite)

And honestly, I feel really good about  
it.

INT. JEN'S KITCHEN / JUDY'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Jen eats an Entenmann's donut at her kitchen island, still on  
the phone with Judy. The microwave clock reads 12:47.

JEN

...Ted was always a gifted writer, even  
then. And he was the only guy in my dorm  
who listened to Ani DiFranco.

JUDY

I love Ani.

JEN

She's not for me, but I liked that about  
him.

(beat, then)

I haven't really talked about him much  
since he died.

JUDY

We can stop. I don't mean to pry --

JEN

No... it's, um, it's nice.

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM / JUDY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jen lays sideways across her bed, still on the phone with  
Judy. Her bedside clock reads 2:38.

JEN

Did you get it?

Judy looks at a photo on her phone.

JUDY

Is that him?

JEN

No, that's my other husband.

JUDY

Oh, you have another one? You're fine.

JEN

Yeah, but if something happens to him...

They laugh.

JEN (CONT'D)  
It feels weird to be laughing.

JUDY  
I think it's okay.

JEN  
Okay.

JUDY  
When do you think it's okay to masturbate  
again?  
(then, off Jen's silence)  
Sorry, I don't have any one else to ask.

JEN  
No, yeah, I don't know the answer to  
that.  
(then)  
Not now? I guess.

JUDY  
I'll google it.

Jen yawns.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(re: yawn)  
I heard that. You should ride that wave  
and go to sleep.

JEN  
No, I wanna see a photo of Steve.

JUDY  
I'd have to look.

Jen's phone dings. Judy sent ten photos.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Found some.

Jen scrolls through the pics. Steve is a cute, clean cut,  
well-dressed man. Jen stops on a photo of Steve standing in  
front of a beautiful, expensive looking Newport Beach house.

JEN  
Is that your house?

JUDY  
Yeah.

JEN

Wow.

(a beat, then)

He's not what I pictured.

JUDY

Yeah, Steve was a real normal.

Judy gets choked up.

JEN

Handsome though.

JUDY

Yeah. I thought he had a JFK Jr. vibe  
when we met.

JEN

Oh, JFK Jr. So hot.

JUDY

So hot.

JEN

Then so sad.

JUDY

So sad. That death seemed like really?  
That family hasn't been through enough?

JEN

Seriously. And you gotta take down the  
wife and the sister?

Jen yawns again.

JUDY

You're tired.

JEN

I think I am. You're not?

JUDY

Not really, but I'll let you go.

JEN

No.

(beat)

Would you mind... would you mind just  
waiting 'til I fall asleep?

JUDY

Oh. Okay.

JEN  
Like all the way asleep.

JUDY  
Yeah, yeah, of course.

JEN  
Thanks.

A beat.

JUDY  
Should I keep talk --

JEN  
No, because then I won't be able to fall  
asleep.

JUDY  
Right.

Judy stays on the phone, as Jen drifts off to sleep.

**MONTAGE :**

As "Don't Worry Baby" by The Beach Boys plays, we see:

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

-Jen wakes up with her phone next to her on the pillow.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH STREET - DAY

-Jen drives, sizing up different houses.

-Jen approaches an OLDER MAN watering his giant lawn. She hands him her card.

INT. JUDY'S NEWPORT BEACH HOUSE - DAY

-Judy walks out of a huge walk-in closet, smelling one of her fiancé's shirts. She lays down on the bed and spoons it.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH BOARDWALK - THE NEXT DAY

-Judy sits on a bench, alone, eating a salad. A YOUNG MOTHER, pushing an ADORABLE BABY in a stroller, sits beside her. Judy makes a silly face at the baby, and it smiles. The young mother looks at Judy, a little weirded out.

INT. WEED STORE - DAY

-Judy buys a bunch of weed and a can of peanuts.



EXT. LAGUNA BEACH STREET - DAY

-Jen drives, checking out every car parked on the street.

-Jen pulls over, gets out and walks up to a car with a dented front bumper. She writes down the license plate number.

INT. LAGUNA ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - THE NEXT DAY

-Judy nonchalantly hands Abe a can of peanuts. He opens the lid, peaks inside and smiles.

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM / JUDY'S BEDROOM - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

Jen lies in bed, sipping a glass of wine, on the phone with Judy, who lights incense on a small table decorated with crystals, feathers and a deck of Affirmation Cards. Her TV flickers in the background.

JUDY

Oh my god, yes!

JEN

Right? If I knew it was over, I would start smoking immediately.

JUDY

Immediately. Smoking is the greatest thing that slowly kills you.

JEN

The greatest.

A beat.

JUDY

Ooo, Facts of Life is on.

JEN

What channel?

JUDY

376.

Jen grabs the remote and finds the channel.

JEN

I loved this show.

JUDY

Loved it.

They watch for a moment.

JEN  
It's not holding up.

JUDY  
No.  
(then)  
Wait. I don't remember. How small was  
this school? Was it just the five of  
them?

JEN  
No, they live in a dorm together and  
they're friends. These very different  
girls who would never be friends.

Jen takes a sip of wine.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM / JEN'S BEDROOM - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

CLOSE ON Judy as she takes a sip of wine. We WIDEN TO REVEAL she's now in a fresh pair of pajamas. We intercut with Jen, who's in another pair of her husband's pajamas. They watch a different episode of "Facts of Life."

JEN  
(re: Facts of Life)  
How did I not know this was on every  
night? More importantly, why are the other  
girls fifteen but Tootie is like nine?

JUDY  
(laughs)  
I don't know. But has anyone ever told  
you you're kind of a Blair?

JEN  
What?! Fuck you. I'm a Jo.

JUDY  
You sure? Cause I've known you for like  
two weeks, so I feel like I would know.

JEN  
I'm a Jo!

JUDY  
Okay!

JEN

Why? Who are you?

JUDY

I'm a Tootie. It's layered. How are you a Jo?

JEN

I'm tough. I'm from Brooklyn.

JUDY

Brooklyn? How did I not know that? You don't sound like you're from Brooklyn.

JEN

I used to have an accent.

JUDY

What'd you sound like?

JEN

Like someone with a Brooklyn accent.

JUDY

Like how?

JEN

(reluctantly does Brooklyn  
accent)

Like dis.

JUDY

(laughs)

That's fantastic.

JEN

(laughs)

I hate you.

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - DAY

Judy enters with two Starbucks coffees and hands one to Jen. Jen smiles. They take their seats next to each other in the circle as Pastor Wayne starts the group.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jen lays wide awake next to Henry. She checks to make sure he's asleep. She pokes him a little. He doesn't budge.

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - NEXT NIGHT

Jen gets into bed and dials her phone.

INT. JEN'S FOYER - A LITTLE LATER

Judy stands at the door holding a bottle of wine in one hand. She pulls her other arm from behind her back to reveal a second bottle of wine.

EXT. JEN'S BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Jen and Judy sit at the edge of the pool, drinking wine, their feet dangling in the water. It's a bougie backyard, the kind with an outdoor couch and a guesthouse.

JUDY

(laughs)

Oh wow.

JEN

Yeah. Christopher thinks he means well but he just consistently says the exact wrong thing.

JUDY

So you had to throw a decorative end table at him?

JEN

Yeah. And then he gave me an ultimatum -- grief group or anger management. And I'm very attached to my anger.

JUDY

I like your anger. I admire it.

JEN

That's because you haven't been on the receiving end of it.

JUDY

I mean, there may be a healthier way you can channel it. Like meditation or --

JEN

Please.

JUDY

You didn't let me finish. Or murder.

JEN

I meditate. In my own way.

INT. JEN'S VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER

Jen and Judy sit in the car as Caliban's "Paralyzed" blasts. Jen screams along to every word.

JEN  
YOU FUCKING PRICK/ DROP DEAD/  
YOU MAKE ME SICK/  
BLEGH/ YOU FUCKING PRICK/  
DROP DEAD/  
YOU MAKE ME SICK/  
GET OUT OF MY HEAD.

Judy is stunned, a little scared and kind of delighted.

INT. JEN'S VOLVO - LATER

Jen and Judy speed down Coast Highway, still listening to Caliban. Judy is trying, and failing, to get into the music.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Judy watches as Jen inspects a car with a dent in the front bumper.

JUDY  
Do you do this a lot?

JEN  
No, just every time I see a car with a person-sized dent in the front bumper.

JUDY  
(trying not to judge)  
Okay.

JEN  
The cops keep saying hit and runs are almost impossible to solve.

JUDY  
But you feel like maybe you can find the person this way?

JEN  
No.

Jen writes down the license plate number.

INT. JEN'S VOLVO - A LITTLE LATER

Jen and Judy have the windows down, Caliban still blasting. Out the window we see Jen and Christopher's ad on a bus bench. Jen gives the ad the finger as she races past it.

JUDY  
(shouting over the music)  
I have an idea.

EXT. TOP OF THE WORLD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jen and Judy stand at the edge of a dramatic scenic cliff. They both let out primal screams into the valley, as their screams echo back.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jen and Judy sit on the sand.

JEN  
I haven't been to the beach at night in so long.

JUDY  
I love it. I really wanted to get a place on the water. Just a condo. Just to hear the waves. But Steve wanted a salt water pool.

JEN  
(re: ocean)  
What the fuck did he think this was?

JUDY  
(laughs)  
I know.

Judy pulls out a joint and lights it.

JEN  
What are you doing?

JUDY  
It's legal. Relax.

She offers a puff to Jen.

JEN  
No, no -- I'm not a drugs person.

JUDY

It's not drugs, it's a plant. It'll help you sleep.

Judy hands it to her. Jen reluctantly takes a puff, but she's clearly comfortable handling a joint.

JUDY (CONT'D)

You totally smoke pot.

JEN

I did. With Ted, but it's been years.

JUDY

Well, I'm happy to reacquaint you.

JEN

(re: the pot)

Oh, you feel, like, immediately nice.

JUDY

(laughs)

Yeah.

JEN

Hey. I hope this isn't weird, but --

JUDY

That's my line.

JEN

But thank you.

JUDY

For what?

JEN

For just, I don't know, showing up in my life. Like a weird little pot fairy. And for not saying and doing the same stupid shit that everyone says and does that makes you feel more alone than you already do. And for not being repulsed by... my version of grief.

JUDY

(touched)

Thank you. For the same.

It's a really nice moment. A friendship sealed.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Wow, one puff and you get all mushy.

JEN  
Alright, alright.

INT. JEN'S CAR / JUDY'S BEDROOM - NEXT NIGHT

The phone rings through Jen's Bluetooth. We intercut as Judy picks up.

JUDY  
Good evening.

JEN  
Good evening.

JUDY  
(putting her shoes on)  
Shall I head over?

JEN  
No, because I'm coming to you.

JUDY  
What?

JEN  
You've been coming to me for weeks.

JUDY  
You don't even know where I live.

Jen looks at her phone. She ZOOMS IN on the photo of Steve standing in front of their house. The house number is right behind him.

JEN  
Yeah I do.

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jen pulls up to the matching house. She gets out, a box of donuts in hand. She knocks on the door. No answer. She knocks again. The door opens. A man stands there in his robe. Jen immediately recognizes him. It's STEVE.

STEVE  
Can I help you?

JEN  
(floored)  
Steve?

STEVE  
Yeah.



JEN  
You're... alive.

STEVE  
(confused)  
Yeah. It's eleven-thirty. What is  
happening? Do I know you?

JEN  
No, but I know Judy.

Jen's phone rings. She looks. It's Judy calling.

STEVE  
Judy doesn't live here anymore.

JEN  
She doesn't?

STEVE  
Not since we broke up three months ago.  
And if you see her, tell her to stop  
coming here when I'm at work or I'm gonna  
change the locks.

JEN  
I'm so -- I'm sorry to bother you.

STEVE  
Goodnight.

Steve starts to shut the door. Jen stops him. She takes  
something out of her purse and hands it to him.

JEN  
Maybe it's better if she doesn't know  
where you live.  
(then)  
It's a seller's market.

Steve looks at her business card and back at her, not knowing  
what to make of any of it.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - SAME

Judy paces and frantically calls Jen again. Her voicemail  
picks up.

JUDY  
Jen, I can explain.  
(breaking down)  
Please call me. I'm so sorry. Please let  
me explain.

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - THE NEXT DAY

Jen charges in, just as the group takes their seats in the circle. Jen heads right for Judy.

JEN  
What the fuck?

PASTOR WAYNE  
What's going on?

JUDY  
Jen, please.

JEN  
Why don't you tell them what's going on, Judy?

KYLE  
(to Wendy)  
I guess Kate and Allie are having trouble.

JUDY  
I can explain.

JEN  
What? That you're an imposter? That you're a fucking fraud? That you've been lying to me and to everyone pretending to be a fucking widow? Or a pre-widow, or whatever the fuck you wanna call it!

JUDY  
Just let me --

JEN  
Go ahead.

JUDY  
It's complicated --

JEN  
It's not complicated!  
(to group)  
Her fiancé isn't dead! Unless his fucking ghost answered the door last night! Because that would be complicated! But it's not complicated! It's pretty fucking simple -- he's not fucking dead!

JUDY  
Jen, please!

JEN

What?! Do you get off pretending you're going through what I'm going through? Was it like some kind of sick game you were playing with me? With all of us? Pretending like you lost someone? Making up a whole fucking story?! What the fuck is wrong with you?! You don't belong in here! You didn't lose him! He fucking broke up with you, probably because you're a fucking lunatic who lies about her fiancé being dead!

PASTOR WAYNE

Jen, please -- settle down.

KYLE

Yeah, let her talk.

JEN

I don't want to let her fucking talk, Kyle!

YOLANDA

I'd like to hear what Judy has to say.

WENDY

Me too.

Jen sits in a huff.

JUDY

I don't know what to say --

JEN

(sarcastic)

Well, that was powerful.

Pastor Wayne shoots Jen a look.

JUDY

I'm sorry. Jen, I am so sorry. You have no idea. I'm sorry to all of you. I really am. I don't know why -- I swear I wasn't try to pull anything. Or hurt anyone. I never wanted to hurt anyone. But it's true -- Steve is alive. He didn't die three months ago, but I did lose him. Because he broke up with me.

JEN

Well, that's not the fucking same!

JUDY

He broke up with me because he desperately wanted to have kids, and I tried. A lot. For years. But I just kept having miscarriages.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

MATCH TO the previous flashback: Judy, in a pretty summer dress, is doubled over, crying next to a nurse.

NURSE

I'm so sorry.

JUDY

(through messy tears)  
Thank you.

NURSE

Let's get you to your room.

As Judy stands up, we see blood on the front of her dress. The nurse puts an arm around Judy and escorts her down the hall.

BACK TO:

INT. HEISLER PARK GAZEBO - DAY

Everyone is focused on Judy, except for Jen, who can't bring herself to look at her.

YOLANDA

Oh, honey.

JUDY

I wasn't always sure if I wanted to be a mother, to be honest. But the first time I got pregnant, it was... I just never experienced a pure joy like that. I never felt so close to something. But I couldn't... hold on to it. I kept trying. Kept wanting it to work... but something inside me just doesn't. After the fifth one, Steve was done. He decided maybe if he found someone younger, or less broken inside... and none of that matters. I'm sorry I misrepresented myself. I should never have come here.

(then)

Jen, I'm so sorry I hurt you -- it's the last thing I wanted to do.

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(breaking down)  
I really cherish our friendship. I really do. I'm so sorry.

Judy rushes out the door, in a trail of tears.

JEN  
Jesus Christ.

LINDA  
What a terrible story.

JEN  
Yeah, if you believe it.

KYLE  
What's wrong with you?

JEN  
Me? What about her?

PASTOR WAYNE  
She's in pain and I know you are too, but that doesn't make it okay for you to attack someone like that.

KYLE  
(to Jen)  
Don't you guys hang out all the time? How did you not know any of that? Did you ever ask her about her life?

JEN  
(defensive)  
Yeah --

WENDY  
You didn't need to expose her like that.

YOLANDA  
You made her feel like she didn't belong here. She has every right to sit in this circle. Poor girl's had five miscarriages.

LINDA  
I really feel for her.

KYLE  
Yeah, I mean in a lot of ways, her life is sadder than... a lot of ours.

JEN  
She lied!

PASTOR WAYNE

Jen. Everyone's grief manifests in different ways. Judy lied. You flew into a terrifying rage. We're all doing our best, and there's no right way through, but you have got to start reconciling that anger inside of you.

Jen seethes.

PASTOR WAYNE (CONT'D)

Don't let it cause you more grief than you already have.

A beat as this lands on her.

INT. JEN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jen turns on her engine and Caliban starts blaring. She punches the off button hard and starts to cry.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Judy, devastated, smokes a cigarette out the window. She checks her phone, to see if maybe it's ringing. It reads: 12:06.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jen's phone reads 12:06. She puts it down and turns her TV on. We hear a scene from "The Facts of Life."

INT. LAGUNA ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - THE NEXT MORNING

A NURSE points Jen toward Judy, who is organizing a shelf of board games. Judy looks at Jen, but can't make eye contact.

JEN

You could have just told me.

JUDY

Yeah, well I didn't. I don't know why. I just didn't.

JEN

Well, you have issues.

JUDY

You have no idea.

JEN

I got 'em too.

JUDY  
You're allowed.

JEN  
So are you. I mean, it's weird that you lied about Steve. It's fucked up. But maybe it was easier to lie about that than tell the truth about the other stuff.

JUDY  
Maybe.

JEN  
I'm sorry I said you didn't belong there.

JUDY  
But I don't.

JEN  
But you do. You've lost a lot too.

JUDY  
Yeah, but people have miscarriages all the time. It's not like actual --

JEN  
I think it is. Not if a Republican is asking, but -- you heard a heartbeat and you fell in love in that heartbeat.

JUDY  
(choking up)  
Yeah.

JEN  
The whole Steve story might have been made up but your grief is real.

JUDY  
(a beat, as she gets  
overwhelmed with emotion)  
I should remove myself from here because this is where I work and I'm snorting on the carpet.

As Judy heads out toward the hall, Abe approaches her.

ABE  
You okay, doll?

Judy manages a smile at Abe as she heads out of the room and Jen follows.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jen looks around this small, depressing assisted living facility bedroom.

JEN

This is where you were whenever we talked on the phone?

JUDY

Yeah. They've been letting me stay here until I find a place. Rooms open up all the time.

JEN

I bet.

JUDY

Thank you for coming here. I didn't think you'd ever talk to me again. You were so angry.

JEN

Told you you wouldn't like it.

JUDY

I did not. That was -- you were scary.

JEN

Sorry.

(then, taking in the room)  
Look, this might be weird but -- my guest house is open. It was Ted's office but it's not like he's using it. I can't bring myself to set foot in there. But you're welcome to.

JUDY

Welcome to what?

JEN

To come and stay with us.

JUDY

That's very generous, but you don't have to take pity on me just because I'm a thirty-eight-year-old barren woman sleeping at an assisted living facility.

JEN

Yeah, I do. Seriously, come.



JUDY

I don't know.

JEN

It'll be good. We can cut down our phone bills.

JUDY

I thought you don't have room for anyone else's sadness.

JEN

I can try to make some.

JUDY

Thank you.

(a beat)

Can I hug you now?

JEN

Yeah, but only because you look like you need it.

Judy hugs Jen. They stay there a while. It's warm and sweet.

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Jen and Christopher hammer a FOR SALE sign into the lawn of a house. The front door opens. Steve walks out as we WIDEN TO REVEAL it's his house.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Judy opens the garage door to her storage facility. She flips on the lights and we see the side of a vintage Volkswagen and shelves filled with boxes and lamps, etc.

She grabs a suitcase from a shelf, pulls some clothes from a box and packs them into her suitcase. She opens the trunk of the car and grabs some sneakers and a pair of boots.

She shuts the trunk and walks to the front of the car. She looks at it and takes a breath. As she stands there, we slowly PAN OUT to see that she's looking at a big PERSON-SIZED DENT in her front bumper. She turns off the light and pulls the garage door down, as Judy Garland's "Get Happy" begins to play. And we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW