

WIDOW

"Pilot"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We pan through a smallish but lovely house in Boston. There's a kitchen filled with the fancy small appliances you get when you get married: a KitchenAid stand mixer color-coordinated with Le Creuset pots and pans, a home espresso machine, an ice cream maker that's never been used. There's a cozy living room with a big couch with lots of throw pillows and blankets and a coffee table full of books.

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

In the bedroom, we start on a frame wall covered with photos of a cute couple. These are RACHEL (whip-smart but can never quite get out of her own way) and JAKE (constantly devoting about a quarter of his brain to worrying). We focus in on a few of the photos. There's Rachel and Jake at 22 dressed as Bono and The Edge for Halloween. There's Rachel and Jake at 26 holding hands and, inexplicably, balloons in a field for their engagement photos. There's Rachel and Jake at 27 looking blissful in their wedding photos.

We PAN over to the bed and there Rachel and Jake, now 32, are again. Jake is sprawled back on the bed as Rachel, on the floor, gives him a wildly unenthusiastic blowjob. Neither of them seem to be particularly enjoying this.

JAKE
(medium-bored)
That feels so good.

We focus in on Rachel and see that she's got her phone next to her right knee and is typing a text. She hits send and refocuses a little on the task at hand before her phone buzzes. She slides the screen to read it and, despite herself, laughs a little. Jake sits up, Rachel tries to move her phone, but she's too slow.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Are you...texting?

Rachel breaks away.

RACHEL
Don't worry about it.

Rachel tries to go back into it, but Jake pushes her head away.

JAKE

What the fuck, Rachel?

RACHEL

(deflecting)

You know, for someone who always says he wants a threesome, you're being real lame about this.

Jake stands up, pulls his boxers back on.

JAKE

If you don't want to do this, don't do me any favors.

Jake walks into the kitchen, Rachel, sighs, realizes this fight is definitely happening, follows him.

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

It's not that I don't want to, I totally do, it's just that Daisy's having a crisis and I'm really worried about her and-

Jake grabs Rachel's phone.

JAKE

(reading)

But do you think the red one is too sexy for a wedding? I have a black dress too, but IDK, that feels morbid.

Jake hands the phone back to Rachel.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I can see why you'd be concerned.

Jake angrily starts dumping fruit into a blender.

RACHEL

Jake. Come on.

Jake ignores Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, okay?

Jake ignores Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Are you really making a smoothie
right now?

JAKE

(angry)

I went for a long run this morning!
I need to refuel!

Jake turns on the blender.

RACHEL

(yelling over the blender)

Jake, come on.

Jake doesn't respond.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I know you can hear me! That
blender is not that loud!

Jake turns the blender off.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm sorry. Maybe I wasn't
that into it, but I was trying.

Rachel takes Jake's smoothie, takes a swig.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That's really good.

JAKE

(still angry)

Thank you. I'm experimenting with
agave.

Jake grabs the smoothie back.

RACHEL

It's just...sometimes, I'm like
"yeah! I wanna fuck my husband!"
but sometimes, it's Sunday and I
realize we haven't done more than
peck on the lips all week and I
don't want to be one of those
couples that never does it where I
end up in a floral nightgown down
to my toes like a flannel chastity
belt.

Jake still looks guarded.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Jake. Come on. Like you've never thought about what movie we should watch later while you're going down on me?

JAKE

No.

(then)

Mostly about what to make for dinner.

Rachel laughs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're not going to become one of those couples.

RACHEL

Oh yeah? How do you know?

Jake grabs Rachel and kisses her aggressively. Rachel breaks away, grinning.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm convinced.

Jake and Rachel keep kissing.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Rachel and her best friend DAISY (32, steel spine under a cheerleader exterior) eat a large brunch in workout clothes.

RACHEL

I just don't understand why men feel the need to grunt in Pilates.

DAISY

It's bad enough they're even there. That's our thing.

RACHEL

They're stealing it like they stole messy buns. And they're making fuck noises while doing it.

Rachel makes a gross sex/workout noise. Daisy follows with her own. A FAMILY at the next table glares at them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(through laughter)

Calm down, we're just engaging our cores.

DAISY

What are you doing Saturday? Want to go to the beach?

RACHEL

I wish, but we're hanging with Levi and George.

DAISY

How is the perfect son?

RACHEL

Ugh, he and George are training for a marathon together.

DAISY

Rude.

RACHEL

They're Gallant and we're Goofus. Jake swears they're not judging me, but it's his brother, he can't see it. It drives me nuts. I don't know. Things with me and Jake are weird lately.

DAISY

What do you mean?

RACHEL

I don't know. We made up from BJ-gate-

DAISY

The blowjob of your discontent.

RACHEL

Faux-blow. But things are still off. He's so busy with work, we barely see each other and when we do, we're always fighting.

DAISY

Relationships are hard. But Jake is a good guy and you two are perfect for each other. You'll be fine. This is just a rough patch.

RACHEL

Ugh, I know, but it's the fucking worst.

DAISY

Worse than Pilates moaners?

RACHEL

Worse than yoga teachers talking about their personal journeys.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - NIGHT

Rachel has a mic and she's addressing a SMALL CROWD at Gibraltar, a local craft brewery where Rachel works as the marketing director. WAITSTAFF hovers around, each holding trays full of small glasses of beer.

RACHEL

Welcome to Gibraltar Brewery's first speed dating event!

Cheers from the crowd.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Everyone gets a new date and a new pour of beer every three minutes. Drink, date, enjoy!

Applause. Rachel puts down the mic and steps back to the sideline, next to EMMETT (35, charming benign narcissist). Emmett is Rachel's coworker - he manages Gibraltar's brewpub.

EMMETT

So, you think they're all going to find love?

RACHEL

I think they're going to buy lots of beer.

EMMETT

So cynical! You know, I always pegged you as the romantic type.

RACHEL

You're right, pounding beers with sweaty drunks is the recipe for true love.

EMMETT

You're telling me that if you met me at one of these things, you wouldn't know you liked me?

RACHEL

How would I? I'd be drunk. We'd probably just have disgusting sex.

It was a joke, but the mention of sex immediately makes them both awkward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(back on the mic)

Okay, time for the next beer!

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - NIGHT - LATER

Rachel and Emmett wipe down the bar after the speed-dating event. Rachel is half-assing it. Emmett clocks this.

EMMETT

You are...not great at this.

RACHEL

Hot tip: if you're bad at cleaning, no one makes you do it.

EMMETT

I gotta go back over everything you did.

Emmett moves nearer Rachel, re-wipes down her section. He and Rachel are standing real close together. Lots of eye contact.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Emmett kisses Rachel. She very briefly kisses him back before breaking away, shocked.

RACHEL

I can't do this. I'm married.

EMMETT

Oh right. Jeb or whatever.

RACHEL

It's Jake and you know that, don't be a dick. I gotta go.

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel walks into a dark house.

RACHEL
(calling out)
Jake?

No response. Rachel pulls out her phone, dials Jake.

INTERCUT:

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake answers his phone in his fancy lawyer office. He looks stressed out.

JAKE
Hello?

RACHEL
Hey. Where are you?

JAKE
I got called in on the Lewis brief,
but I'm coming home soon. Like,
definitely within the next hour.
(thinks)
Okay, definitely before midnight.
How was the speed-dating?

RACHEL
(high pitched)
Fine.

JAKE
You sure? You're doing that boy
soprano thing you do when you lie.

RACHEL
(guilty)
No, totally fine. Nothing to
report, nothing unusual.

JAKE
Okay. Listen, I'll be home-

RACHEL
(can't hold it in)
Emmett kissed me and I broke it off
right away, but I just wanted to
tell you so it's not a secret or
anything.

A long beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hello?

JAKE
He kissed you? I knew he had a
thing for you. That guy's an
asshole.

RACHEL
I know. But I swear, it was
nothing.

A long beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Are you mad?

JAKE
Let's just talk about it when I get
home, okay?

RACHEL
Okay. I'll wait up.

Silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hello?

JAKE
You're cutting out - listen, I'll
leave as soon as I can.

Jake hangs up.

RACHEL
(a little wounded)
I love you.

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel paces for a moment, anxious, picks up her phone again.

INTERCUT:

INT. DAISY & MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy and her boyfriend MILES (34, looks like an extra on Sons of Anarchy, but is actually a sweet nerd who works at NPR) snuggle in bed. Daisy picks up the phone, mouths "sorry" to Miles.

DAISY

Hello?

RACHEL

I'm having a crisis.

DAISY

Once again, don't get bangs.

RACHEL

I still think I could pull them off! But it's not that. Emmett kissed me.

DAISY

(gasps)

Your work husband made a real move on you? That's breaking some kind of social contract.

RACHEL

I know, right? And I told Jake and now he's mad and I'm not that girl. I don't cheat on my husband.

DAISY

Of course you're not. Don't freak out. It was just a kiss, right?

RACHEL

Right.

(then)

I'm going to double down, that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to book us a trip to the Vineyard and we'll lie on the beach and drink and have sex and maybe we'll make a baby.

Rachel opens her computer, pulls up the site for a fancy resort, takes out her credit card.

DAISY

That's a great idea. You're fine.

RACHEL

I'm fine.

(beat)

Okay, but what if the bangs were sort of long and choppy?

DAISY

I'm hanging up.

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Rachel's asleep, a book open on her stomach. Her doorbell rings. Rachel stirs, looks at her phone. It's three in the morning. The doorbell rings again. Rachel gets up.

Rachel approaches the door, gets nervous, grabs a knife, holds it behind her back.

Rachel answers the door to reveal two POLICE OFFICERS. Rachel drops the knife.

OFFICER #1

Rachel Simon?

RACHEL

(immediate panic)

I don't have the knife because I was going to murder you. I thought you might be the murderer.

OFFICER #2

It's fine. Ms. Simon, your husband-

RACHEL

Has he been arrested? Oh my god, is he a white collar criminal? I'm sure if his law firm is doing something shady, he doesn't know. He's honestly such a goody two-shoes, he won't even do a rolling stop.

(beat)

Not that I do rolling stops! I am a law-abiding citizen. Like, fully.

(then)

I'm sorry, I'm just so tired.

OFFICER #1

Ms. Simon. Your husband suffered a sudden aneurysm on his way out of his office.

RACHEL

Oh my god. Where is he? Is he okay?

OFFICER #2

Ms. Simon, your husband is dead.

There's a beat. Then Rachel bursts out laughing.

RACHEL

Okay, you guys can cut to the chase. You're clearly strippers. Did Daisy send you? Weird choice to do that tonight, but okay!

OFFICER #2

Ma'am, we're not strippers. Your husband is dead.

RACHEL

(confident)

No, you're mistaken. I spoke to him earlier, he's going to be home any minute, so...

OFFICER #1

I'm so sorry.

The officers keep talking, but everything goes silent. Rachel's face is a mixture of confusion, fear, and nausea - just complete and utter shock.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Rachel pulls up to the curb, where her mother WENDY (60, big-hearted but self-absorbed) and Jake's mom HANNAH (65, a veritable ninja of passive-aggression) are waiting with their suitcases.

RACHEL

(hugging Wendy)

Hi, Mom.

WENDY

Hi, bug.

(sympathetic head-cock)

How are you?

RACHEL

(numb)

I'm fine. I don't have time to be anything besides fine right now. So I'm fine.

Hannah, sobbing profusely, launches herself into Rachel's arms.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hi, Hannah.

HANNAH

My son's dead. He's dead.

RACHEL

I know. I'm so sorry.

Hannah's still holding Rachel and crying. Wendy awkwardly hugs both of them. Rachel looks like this is her waking nightmare. A car honks.

DRIVER (O.S.)

No loitering!

RACHEL

(yelling back)

My husband just died, asshole!

DRIVER (O.S.)

Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

The car parks and the DRIVER gets out and also hugs Rachel. Rachel hates it so much.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

Rachel drives.

HANNAH

Rachel, you know I'd be happy to pay for the funeral-

WENDY

As would I, bug. It would be no trouble-

HANNAH

It really wouldn't be any trouble for me. You know, I'm very comfortable, not on a fixed income-

WENDY

My income may be limited, sweetie, but I can always help you with the important things.

RACHEL

Thank you both, but there's a little money from Jake's 401k, so it's fine.

WENDY

Well. I just hope the funeral doesn't turn out like the wedding where that man got so drunk-

HANNAH

That man, Wendy, was my late husband-

WENDY

(covering)

And he was just a vibrant personality, wasn't he?

Beat.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Though if you're interested, my AA sponsor also does a wonderful group for family of alcoholics.

HANNAH

What's that supposed to mean?

WENDY

I think it was clear-

RACHEL

(joking)

Wow! All this bickering - feels like planning the wedding all over again, huh?

Rachel laughs. The mothers stare at her, horrified.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That was a joke? Because you guys argued a lot before the wedding? Remember?

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY - 2012 - FLASHBACK

A slightly younger Rachel, Jake, Wendy, and Hannah look at rental chair options.

HANNAH

It's chiavari chairs or nothing, as far as I'm concerned.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Jake, your cousin has the most beautiful chairs and-

WENDY

Oh, god forbid, your perfect family has to put their perfect bottoms on a plastic chair.

Hannah and Wendy keep arguing as Jake leans into Rachel.

JAKE

Do any of these chairs even look different to you?

RACHEL

I've never given less of a fuck about anything in my life.

Jake and Rachel laugh. Jake grabs Rachel's hand.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

Hannah and Wendy are still looking at Rachel in horror. Rachel shakes off her memory.

RACHEL

Okay, then.

WENDY

Bug, you know I can stay in Boston as long as you need me to.

RACHEL

It's fine. You can go home after the funeral.

WENDY

Well, let's just decide that later.

RACHEL

No, we can decide it now.

HANNAH

(faux-concern)

Wendy, do you have a home?

Rachel sighs.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel's house looks like a command center. Rachel and Hannah are each on their phones with legal pads full of names of people who need to be notified.

RACHEL

(on phone)

Eric? Hi, it's Rachel Simon, Jake's wife. Um. I'm calling to let you know that Jake passed away. There'll be a funeral tomorrow-

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Aneurysm.

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

No, we had no idea.

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm not sure a holistic diet would have helped-

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, no, same thing with yoga.

As Rachel wraps up her phone call, Wendy tidies up. She picks up a pair of Jake's shoes. Rachel clocks this.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(sharp)

Don't move those.

WENDY

I'm just trying to-

RACHEL

Just don't move his stuff.

WENDY

Honey, he's not coming back.

HANNAH

(on phone)

Rebecca?

Hannah dissolves into sobs, hands Rachel the phone.

RACHEL

(on phone)

Hi, Rebecca. This is Rachel, Jake's wife. Jake passed away.

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Rachel. Rachel Simon. Your cousin's son's wife. We met at my wedding?

Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

No, Levi's the gay one. I'm married to Jake. I'm a woman?

There's a knock on the door. Rachel hands the phone back to Hannah, answers the door to reveal Jake's older brother LEVI (38, self-superior, but, to be fair, everything he does is perfect) and his husband, GEORGE (35, low-key lush). Between the two of them, they're carrying a Trader Joe's worth of food. Levi hugs Rachel, a little standoffishly.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Levi. I'm so sorry.

LEVI

Thank you.

(sympathetic head cock)

How are you?

RACHEL

I'm holding up. Your mom, less so.

Levi approaches Hannah, who falls, crying into his arms. Rachel turns to George.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hi, George.

Rachel and George hug, more warmly than she hugged Levi.

GEORGE

(whispered)

I brought drinks.

Rachel smiles.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Everyone's still busily working. Levi turns to Rachel.

LEVI

What were his last words?

RACHEL

To me?

Rachel thinks.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

"You're cutting out. Listen, I'll try to leave soon."

Levi is visibly disappointed by this answer.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry?

Levi turns his attention to George, who's nursing a scotch.

LEVI

Babe? Should you really be drinking a scotch at 1pm?

GEORGE

Well, the mood felt too somber for mimosas.

Rachel looks at her computer.

RACHEL

I can't believe all the people who are posting on Facebook about Jake. It's like they're competing in the Grief Olympics.

(reading)

"Jake was the best man I know."
That's from a college friend he hasn't talked to in ten years.
"RIP, Jake. I'll always remember the great times we had." That one was from our dry-cleaner. Oh god, what the fuck is this?

On Rachel's computer, we see that someone's posted a Photoshopped collage of Jake in heaven, surrounded by Marilyn Monroe, Tupac, and David Bowie.

HANNAH

(emotional)

I think that's wonderful!

RACHEL

None of those people really knew him!

WENDY

You can't tell people how to grieve.

RACHEL

None of them are grieving! At worst, they're mildly bummed out. They just want people to press like.

(voice rising, breaking a little)

It's disrespectful, is what it is. It's disrespectful to the people who are really grieving. They don't know anything about that.

Everyone's staring at Rachel.

WENDY

(gentle)

Do you want to talk? It's okay to be upset.

RACHEL

(swallowing it)

I'm not upset. I'm fine.

There's a knock at the door. Rachel opens it to reveal Daisy and Miles. Daisy hugs Rachel fiercely before going to greet Wendy.

MILES

(sympathetic head cock)

How are you?

RACHEL

(sick to death of this)

I'm fine. How's the public radio basketball league?

MILES

Great, Fresh Air is killing it.

(beat)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say-

RACHEL

It's fine. If we can't say killing it, the terrorists will have won. The terrorists in this case being my husband's aneurysm.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hey, can I dispatch you to design a funeral program?

MILES

(relieved)

Yes. Yes. That sounds perfect.

DAISY

(sympathetic head cock)

How are-

RACHEL

Not you too. Daisy, I cannot right now. Listen, I need you to help me figure out what to wear.

DAISY

Right now?

RACHEL

Or sooner. Turns out, Jake was the one who ran interference with our moms and if I don't get out of here soon, I'm going to murder both Jake's mother and mine and it will be a triple funeral.

(beat)

Too soon?

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel's slumped on the bed as Daisy goes through her closet. Daisy holds up a dress.

RACHEL

That makes me look like a middle-school Latin teacher. I want to look hot.

DAISY

I'm sorry, is this your husband's funeral or your Super Sweet 16?

RACHEL

I just want to look so hot that people look at me with confusion instead of pity.

Daisy laughs a little, then gets serious.

DAISY

Listen, do you want to talk? Like, about your feelings?

RACHEL

Honestly? I don't have any feelings right now. I'm just numb.

DAISY

You sure?

RACHEL

I keep trying, but all I can think about is the dumbest stuff. Like, Jake's my ex-husband now. I have an ex-husband. I feel like a Real Housewife.

Daisy nods, understanding.

DAISY

Okay.

Daisy holds up a dress.

DAISY (CONT'D)

There's literally not a woman alive who looks good in a calf-length dress.

RACHEL

Oh, now you tell me.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Everyone's sitting together planning the funeral. This discussion has clearly been going on a while and tempers are frayed.

HANNAH

All I'm saying is that Jake was Jewish and the service should reflect that.

RACHEL

Understood and that's fine, but Jake also hasn't hadn't practiced for, like, fifteen years.

HANNAH

No, he goes to High Holidays every year. He told me!

RACHEL

(yikes)
Oh, Hannah.

LEVI

I was actually thinking I'd love to read a poem - "Keeping Things Whole."

RACHEL

Why?

LEVI

Well, it's my favorite-

RACHEL

Right, but what does it have to do with Jake? You're already doing the eulogy-

LEVI

So I can't do both?

HANNAH

I don't think there should be secular readings-

RACHEL

I just feel like it should be about Jake. It's his funeral.

WENDY

Okay, then Rachel, did Jake ever say anything, anything at all about what he wanted when he died?

RACHEL

(thinking)
Actually...

INT. RACHEL & JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY - 2014 - FLASHBACK

Rachel and Jake, slightly younger, are companionably sitting on the couch, legs tangled together. Rachel's on her laptop. Jake's reading the paper. Rachel looks up.

RACHEL

Did you know that "My Way" is the number one most-played song at funerals?

JAKE

Gross. When I die, I want something awesome.

RACHEL

"Eye of the Tiger?"

JAKE

No, something funereal, but baller.
I'm gonna keep it fune-real! Like
"Good Life."

RACHEL

I'm gonna ignore fune-real and
focus on Kanye here. Why?

JAKE

It's about the good life and that's
what I'll have had!
(rapping, terribly)
"Like we always do this time! I go
for mine! I gots to shine!"

RACHEL

No. Absolutely not.

JAKE

It's a deathbed wish! You have to
do it!

RACHEL

(laughing)
You're such an idiot.

Rachel leans over and kisses Jake.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - DAY

Dozens of MOURNERS are seated in a nice funeral chapel. A RABBI is on stage. The rabbi nods and Kanye West's "Good Life" plays. The mourners seem a little confused. The lyrics are about 50% okay for a funeral ("The good life, let's go on a living spree") and 50% wildly inappropriate ("Welcome to the good life, where we like the girls who ain't on TV cuz they got more ass than the models"). The juxtaposition of mourners crying with this upbeat rap is bizarre.

In the front row, Rachel, looking actually pretty hot in a well-cut black dress, tries to keep it together

RACHEL

(laughing just a little,
under her breath)
You asshole.

The rabbi hears this and shoots her a sharp look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't mean - it's just because
he - never mind.

"Good Life" keeps playing as we MONTAGE through the rest of the funeral.

A) The rabbi speaks on stage. Everyone bows their heads to pray. After a moment, Rachel raises hers, looks around, just totally lost.

B) Levi delivers his eulogy.

C) Rachel greets mourners in the weird post-funeral receiving line.

D) At the cemetery, Rachel tosses a shovel full of dirt into the grave, her face betraying nothing.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - EVENING

Many of the mourners from the funeral are at the brewpub at Rachel's work for the reception. There are big platters of sandwiches and cookies everywhere. Rachel is at the bar, eating a cookie. Emmett, bartending, approaches.

EMMETT
Kummerspeck.

RACHEL
What?

EMMETT
Kummerspeck. It's a German word for emotional eating. Translates to "grief bacon."

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL
Thank you so much for letting me host the reception here.

EMMETT
Please. It's the least we could do.

There's an awkward beat.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Listen, should we talk about-

RACHEL
The other night? Neither the time nor the place.

EMMETT

(relieved)

Got it. Want a drink?

RACHEL

Double whiskey.

Emmett pours. Wendy approaches.

WENDY

Bug, are you sure that's a good idea? The cure for grief isn't at the bottom of a bottle.

RACHEL

Can you spare me the recovery-speak? I'm not an alcoholic. I'm a grown adult with a dead husband and if I want a drink, I can have one.

Wendy makes a big show of physically biting her tongue. Rachel rolls her eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What time's your flight tomorrow?

WENDY

I've actually decided to stay for a little while.

RACHEL

Oh, you don't have to-

WENDY

Just a few weeks or maybe months. I got an Airbnb near the Dedham Mall!

Rachel forces a smile, downs her drink, signals for another one.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - EVENING - LATER

The mourners have thinned out a little bit. Rachel's talking to Levi, another drink in her hand.

LEVI

You know you're still family, right?

RACHEL

Really? I thought you didn't-

LEVI

I want to still do Thursday night dinners, you, me, and George.

RACHEL

Thank you. That's so nice. Maybe I can even host sometime.

LEVI

(kind hand on Rachel's shoulder)

Oh, honey. No.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - EVENING - LATER

The mourners have thinned out even more. Rachel, still drinking, is talking to Miles.

MILES

I just can't believe he's gone. It just...it makes you think.

RACHEL

(a little tipsy)

Yeah, fucking YOLO, right?

MILES

(earnest)

Yes! I think I'm going to propose to Daisy.

Rachel is taken aback.

RACHEL

Wow!

MILES

Will you help me find a ring?

RACHEL

(not unkindly)

You know what, Miles? Yes, but maybe my husband's funeral is not the number one time to discuss this.

Miles nods. Rachel signals for another drink.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - EVENING - LATER

Even fewer mourners. Rachel is definitely drunk now, talking to Daisy.

RACHEL

You know what I keep thinking about? Besides everything?

DAISY

What?

RACHEL

This is the last thing Jake ever saw me do: when Jake left for work on Wednesday, I grabbed his butt and did a weird dirty old man dance-

DAISY

Wait, what?

Rachel does a weird little dance, hopping back and forth between her feet and miming squeezing a butt.

INT. GIBRALTAR BREWERY - PUB - NIGHT - LATER

The reception has totally wound down - the only people left are Daisy, Miles, and Rachel. Emmett's behind the bar.

DAISY

And Jake just looked at the cat and screamed.

Everyone laughs. A flicker of pain crosses Rachel's face, she shakes it off. Daisy looks at her phone.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Shit. I have to be up at 5 tomorrow morning. We should go. Rachel, can we drive you home?

RACHEL

I think I'm going to help Emmett close up here. I'll take an Uber.

DAISY

Are you sure?

RACHEL

Yeah. It's fine. I'm fine.

DAISY

Still numb?

RACHEL

Novocaine-status.

DAISY

Promise you'll call if you need anything.

RACHEL

I promise. But I won't. I'm fine.

Daisy, still unsure, hugs Rachel. Daisy and Miles leave. Rachel approaches Emmett behind the bar.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Can I help?

EMMETT

Nah, I'm pretty much done. You didn't have to stay.

RACHEL

I know.

There's an awkward beat.

EMMETT

Listen, can we talk about the other night?

RACHEL

I don't want to talk about it. As a matter of fact, I don't want to talk at all.

Another uncomfortable beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That's your cue to kiss me, dumbass.

EMMETT

Rachel.

RACHEL

(innocent)
What?

EMMETT

I don't know if that's the best idea.

RACHEL

It is. It is literally the best idea.

Emmett looks uncertain.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I want to go to your house. I want you to fuck me. I want to feel... I want to think about something besides what happened today for thirty goddamn minutes. Do you think you can do that?

EMMETT

(relenting)
Thirty minutes?

RACHEL

Or more. I was just guessing.

INT. EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel and Emmett kiss their way into Emmett's house, real hot and heavy. As they make their way to the bed, Rachel breaks away, pauses.

RACHEL

Do you have a condom?

EMMETT

Yeah, of course.

RACHEL

Cool. Because I don't, because I don't think I've used a condom for ten years.

EMMETT

Does that mean I don't have to?

RACHEL

No, you absolutely do. I don't know what gross places your dick has been.

EMMETT

A+ dirty talk there.

RACHEL

Shut up.

They fall back on the bed.

INT. EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Immediately post-sex, Rachel and Emmett lay in his bed. Rachel looks stunned.

EMMETT
That was great.

Rachel just bursts into tears.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
(joking)
I guess not for you?

Rachel shakes her head, tries to talk, can't get anything out, tries again.

RACHEL
He's dead. My husband's dead. My
husband's dead.

Everything's hitting her at once - if she wasn't feeling anything before, now she's feeling everything. Emmett doesn't know what to do.

EMMETT
(weakly)
Okay. It's okay. You're okay.

Emmett awkwardly pats Rachel's shoulder.

RACHEL
I should go.

Rachel starts putting her clothes back on.

EMMETT
(lying)
No, stay.

RACHEL
I can't. I shouldn't have- I'm
sorry. I'm sorry.

Rachel leaves.

INT. UBER - NIGHT

Rachel's in the backseat of a Suburban, silently crying.

UBER DRIVER
(oblivious)
So, did you have a fun night?

RACHEL

Nope!

UBER DRIVER

Awww, that's too bad. What happened?

RACHEL

(through tears)

My husband died and I fucked someone at the funeral.

A long, very uncomfortable moment.

UBER DRIVER

I...I'm just going to put on the radio, how's that?

The driver puts on the radio. "Let's Stay Together" by Al Green comes on.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT - 2012 - FLASHBACK

"Let's Stay Together" is still playing. Rachel and Jake do the first dance at their wedding.

JAKE

(whispered)

Everyone's staring at us.

RACHEL

I know. I wish we had sprung for the dance lessons.

JAKE

Nah, seventh-grade sway forever.

Rachel laughs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(singing along, poorly)

"You make me feel so brand new/I want to spend my life with you."

(spoken)

Sorry about my voice, but you put a ring on it.

RACHEL

(sincere)

I love it. I love you.

JAKE

I love you.

Rachel and Jake kiss.

EXT. DAISY & MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel knocks on the door. Daisy, sleepy and in pajamas, answers.

RACHEL

I fucked up. I just fucked Emmett and Jake and I were in a fight before he died, so now we're in a fight forever. And Jake's dead. He's dead.

Rachel dissolves into sobs again. Daisy pulls her in for a hug.

INT. DAISY & MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel follows Daisy into the bedroom. Miles stirs awake, sees Rachel and wordlessly grabs his pillow, kisses Daisy, and goes to sleep in the living room. Rachel lays down on the bed, rests her head on Daisy's shoulder.

RACHEL

This sucks. This fucking sucks. My husband's dead and I miss him and I'm never going to see him again and I don't know my wifi password or how I'm going to afford our mortgage and oh god, am I going to have to DATE again? I can't date. I'm married. What the fuck am I going to do?

DAISY

(stroking Rachel's hair)
You're gonna start over. I'll be here. You'll be okay. Eventually.

There's a long moment as Rachel just cries in Daisy's arms. Then:

DAISY (CONT'D)

Wait, you fucked Emmett?

RACHEL

Ugh. Yeah.

DAISY

How was it?

RACHEL
Ugh. Great.

DAISY
(sincere)
Ugh.

Rachel and Daisy laugh, just a little bit, through tears.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE