

MALIBU COUNTRY

"Pilot"

Written by
Kevin Abbott

Second Draft
January 26, 2012

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. NASHVILLE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (DAY 1)
(REBA, RUSSELL)

IT'S A LOVELY KITCHEN: BIG AND AIRY, YET SOMEHOW WARM AND HOMEY. IN THE HALLWAY ARE FRAMED PHOTOS OF GOLD ALBUMS AND PICS WITH COUNTRY MUSIC STARS. INSIDE IS REBA GALLAGHER, A STUNNING REDHEAD, WHO IS BAKING COOKIES AND SINGING A HAPPY TUNE. LIFE IS VERY GOOD. RUSSELL HOWARD, LOOKING EVERY INCH THE COUNTRY MUSIC SUPERSTAR THAT HE IS, STROLLS IN.

RUSSELL

Hey, honey.

REBA

Russell, you're home! I wasn't
expecting you till next week.

SHE CROSSES OVER TO HIM AND GIVES HIM A BIG KISS.

RUSSELL

Reba, we need to talk.

REBA

(PLAYFUL) What is it? Is it about the
man under the bed?

RUSSELL

No. Well, it's sorta in that area.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE BACKSTAGE - DAY (DAY 2)
(REBA, RUSSELL, P.R. GUY)

REBA AND RUSSELL LISTEN TO A P.R. GUY, STANDING BACKSTAGE.

P.R. GUY

So, Russell, you'll go out there and
take your place at the podium. Be
sure to look serious, but not in a

(MORE)

P.R. GUY (CONT'D)

"Life is coming to an end" way, more
like a "trials make us stronger" way.

RUSSELL

Like this?

RUSSELL MAKES A FACE.

P.R. GUY

Nice. And you threw in a tiny smile
at the corner of your mouth that says,
"don't worry about me, I'll make it
through." I love it.

RUSSELL

I was always good with faces.

REBA

Yeah, he's gifted.

RUSSELL

Just make sure that when you apologize
to your wife and family that you look
like you're sorry.

REBA

Or, and this may be a radical idea, he
could actually be sorry.

P.R. GUY

No, no, actual contrition comes across
as pathetic. We want to get the
feeling he's moving past this already.
And Reba, if you said a few words to
back him up, that would really help.

REBA

So, let me get this straight. You want me to get up in front of God, the world and my children and say that a whole two weeks after finding out my husband slept with another woman, I'm already moving past it?

RUSSELL

Well, not with that face. Try something a little more --

HE DEMONSTRATES A HOPEFUL FACE. SHE GLARES AT HIM.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Let's not go with a face.

P.R. GUY

Okay, there's our cue.

REBA AND RUSSELL EXIT THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)
(REBA, RUSSELL, REPORTERS)

REBA STANDS BEHIND RUSSELL, WHO IS HOLDING THE NOW COMMON "FAMOUS MAN WHO CHEATED ON HIS WIFE" NEWS CONFERENCE.

RUSSELL

(MID-SPEECH) ...and I've also decided to suspend the rest of my "These Vows Are Sacred" tour...

REBA **SNORTS** BEHIND HIM.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

...to spend time with my family. I know that I sinned against God and my wife with this woman. I have prayed on it, and I believe that they have both forgiven me.

REPORTER

Really? You think your wife's forgiven you?

RUSSELL

Of course I do. Reba, honey, get on up here and tell them the truth.

REBA

(FAKE SMILE) No, I don't think that's a good idea.

RUSSELL

Sure it is. Just come tell these people what you really think.

REBA

I don't think you want that.

RUSSELL

(UNDER HIS BREATH, LOSING PATIENCE)
You said you would support me and now you're embarrassing me!

REBA

I'm embarrassing you? I'm embarrassing you? Okay, then.

SHE STEPS TO THE MIC.

REBA (CONT'D)

You'd think the worst moment of your life would be when your husband tells you he cheated on you, or when you have to tell your children what people are going to say about their daddy. But the worst moment is wondering what people are going to say about their mom. Well, guess what? What they're saying about their dad is true, and what they're going to say about me is I left his lying, cheating butt. (THEN, TO RUSSELL) Oh, sorry, did I make the wrong face?

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

WE COME UP ON THE EXTERIOR OF AN F-150 TYPE OF TRUCK (WITH REAR SEATING), DRIVING DOWN A HIGHWAY, PULLING A UHAUL TRAILER. WE HEAR AN UPBEAT, A CAPELLA SONG.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

(REBA, SHIRLEY, CASH, SARAH, JACK)

REBA IS DRIVING AND SINGING. IN THE PASSENGER SEAT IS HER MOTHER, SHIRLEY, AN OLD-TIME SOUTHERN WOMAN.

IN THE BACK SEAT ARE REBA'S CHILDREN: THE TEENAGE TWINS, CASH AND SARAH, AND LITTLE JACK.

CASH IS GOOD-LOOKING, CONFIDENT BORDERING ON COCKY. SARAH, WHILE PRETTY, IS NOT AS CONFIDENT AS HER BROTHER. YOU GET THE FEELING THAT LIFE IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT FOR HER. JACK IS THE SENSITIVE CHILD. HE IS WEARING A BATHROBE. HE WEARS THIS BATHROBE ANY CHANCE HE GETS.

SARAH

Mom! Can you turn on the radio, please?!

SHIRLEY

You know, people used to pay to hear your mom sing.

SARAH

Well, I've got ten dollars if she'll stop.

REBA

Oh, cheer up. Isn't this great? Out on the open road? Starting over?... Yippee!

JACK

Why can't we stay in Nashville?

SARAH

Why can't you wear normal clothes?

JACK

'Cause my robe's soft and I have
sensitive skin!

SHIRLEY

You ought to go work a summer on your
uncle's ranch, mucking stalls. Your
mama did it, and now she's got skin
like leather.

REBA

Thank you, Mama. (THEN) Look, honey, I
know you're gonna miss your friends, but
this could be fun. We'll be near the
ocean, there's lots of sunshine, plus
we're gonna live next to Disneyland!

SARAH

That's in Anaheim, not Malibu.

REBA

It's close enough!

SHIRLEY

Plus we found out your daddy spent all
the money, and all that was left was
this house.

REBA

And there's that.

CASH

Hey, Mom, I, for one, am thrilled about
this. I'm gonna have my girlfriend in

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Nashville for when I go back, and get a new one out here.

REBA

(UNDER HER BREATH) You are your father's son.

CASH

What?

SHIRLEY

She said you're a horndog just like your father.

REBA

Hey, I said that so he couldn't hear it!

SHIRLEY

Children need to hear hard truths. That's how they learn not to trust other people.

REBA

Okay, I would like to focus on the positive, please. And, along those lines, I have an announcement. Not only are we moving to a new, exciting place. I'm restarting my career!

CASH

At your age?

SARAH

And restarting? I thought you had like one song and that was before iTunes.

REBA

Am I the only one who can stay
positive?!

JACK

I can, Mom.

REBA

Thank you, sweetie. And for you
Negative Nellies, I still have an album
owed to me under my old record deal.

SARAH

...What's an album?

REBA

It's a CD.

SHIRLEY

What's a CD?

REBA

So, I guess we all agree that life is
pretty darn good!

JACK

I think I'm getting car-sick.

(PANICKED) It's gonna get on my robe!

It's gonna get on my robe!

ON REBA'S REACTION, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. MALIBU LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)
(REBA, SHIRLEY, CASH, SARAH, JACK, KIM)

WE HEAR THE RATTLING OF A KEY IN THE LOCK, AND REBA, SHIRLEY, CASH, SARAH, AND JACK ENTER. THEY ARE ALL CARRYING DUFFEL BAGS OR ROLLING SUITCASES. SHIRLEY GOES OFF TO INSPECT THE HOUSE.

CASH

Whoa, are you kidding me? This is where we're gonna live? Sweet!

JACK

I didn't know we owned this house, Mom.

REBA

Neither did I. Turns out there were a lot of things about your dad I didn't know. (THEN, UPBEAT) But hey, this place isn't too shabby, is it?

CASH

I have a beach in front of my house! Do you know what a beach is? That's where bikinis gather! (THEN, RUNNING UPSTAIRS) I get the room facing the beach!

JACK

I get a room near the dryer!

JACK RUNS OFF AFTER CASH.

REBA

All right! See, isn't this great?
(THEN, TO SARAH) Seriously, I'd have

(MORE)

REBA (CONT'D)

had your dad cheat on me sooner if I
knew I'd get this.

REBA LAUGHS. SARAH DOESN'T.

SARAH

I want to go back to Nashville.

REBA

What? You hated Nashville. You
always said no one "got you."

SARAH

Yeah, but at least I got them. And I
could kind of console myself by
feeling superior to them.

REBA

Oh, honey, this is California. You
can feel superior to everyone.

SARAH HEADS UPSTAIRS. REBA HAS NO IDEA HOW TO RESPOND TO
SARAH. SHIRLEY ENTERS FROM THE OTHER ROOM CARRYING A
LIQUOR BOTTLE.

SHIRLEY

Hey, whiskey!

REBA

Well, look at that! You found some
'night 'night juice. See, things are
just like home.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

REBA CROSSES TO GET IT AND OPENS THE DOOR. IT IS KIM
LASSITER, HER NEW NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR. KIM IS A TROPHY
WIFE AND A "SHARE TOO MUCH" PERSON.

KIM

There she is! Come here, you, and
give me a big hug.

KIM GRABS REBA IN A BEAR HUG.

REBA

(STILL CAUGHT IN THE HUG) 'Scuse me,
but do I know you?

KIM

No, but I know you. You're a hero
around here with all the wives. I
can't tell you how many times I've
wanted to grab a microphone and shout
out to the world, "My husband likes to
wear my panties!"

REBA

That is so funny that I would know
that about you before I even know your
name.

KIM

Oh, I'm Kim. I'm your next door
neighbor. I just wanted to come by
and say "hi."

REBA

I'm Reba and this is my mama, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

So if he's wearing your panties, what
do you wear?

KIM

I see where Reba gets it. Come here,
you!

SHE GIVES SHIRLEY A BIG HUG.

SHIRLEY

I think she just unfastened my bra.

KIM GETS SUDDENLY VERY SINCERE AND GRABS REBA BY THE ARMS.

KIM

So how are you holding up?

REBA

Well, aside from this conversation and
all the touching, pretty good.

KIM

Oh, you are such a kidder. (THEN) But
seriously... are you sleeping? You
look a little baggy around the eyes.
Baggy and yet puffy at the same time.
I've got tons of Ambien if you want.
Or I can recommend a terrific plastic
surgeon.

SHIRLEY

Reba's got a nice nose, though.
Straight as a poker. You stand her in
the sun the right way, and you can
tell what time it is.

REBA

Can we please stop talking about my
face?

KIM

Of course. I mean, we're past the point where looks matter anyway, am I right? (THEN) That's what makes what you're doing so brave.

REBA

Excuse me?

KIM

Leaving your husband, starting all over from scratch, no job, no prospects, three kids to scare men away.

REBA

I have some prospects. As a matter of fact, I used to be a singer and I'm meeting with my producer to talk about my next album.

KIM

Oh, really? That sounds exciting. When is the meeting?

REBA

Well, I haven't actually set it yet.

KIM

Trying to coordinate schedules?

REBA

Kind of. He's having a hard time getting back to me.

KIM

Uh huh. Oh, well, chin up. To heck with him anyway. Everything I read says the music industry is dead. And, as far as your husband goes, don't get me wrong. I'd've left Leslie the first time I caught him in a thong, but I do not have your stones, lady!

REBA

You know, I don't want to be rude, but we're not used to talking like this back in Nashville.

KIM

Oh, I totally understand. Hush my mouth. Isn't that what you say, "Hush my mouth?"

SHIRLEY

Well, it's really more "shut yer trap," but you got the gist of it.

KIM

That is so cute. Anyway, I get the message. I'll be back tomorrow morning to chat over a bottle of chardonnay like normal people. We are going to be besties, I can tell!

SHE STARTS TO EXIT.

KIM (CONT'D)

Bye, y'all. I just love the way you
people talk!

AND SHE'S GONE.

REBA

Okay, it's not exactly like home.

SHIRLEY

I'll say. Five minutes and we already
know who wears the panties in that
family.

THEY CLINK THEIR WHISKEY GLASSES TOGETHER, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE C

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 5)
(REBA, JACK)

REBA ENTERS THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, JUGGLING GROCERY BAGS. JACK IS THERE, TAKING COOKIES OUT OF THE OVEN.

REBA

Jack, rules here are the same as at home... I mean, back home... Nashville... no cookies as snacks!

JACK

These aren't for me, Mom. I'm stuffed from lunch at school. It was sushi day.

REBA

Your cafeteria has a sushi day?

JACK

Yep. Oh, and by the way, you owe the school thirty-five dollars. That stuff is expensive!

REBA

Great. (THEN) So why are you baking cookies?

JACK

Cash didn't have as good a day as I did.

REBA

Oh, no.

REBA PUTS DOWN THE BAGS AND STARTS TO CROSS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

JACK

And your producer called. You have a meeting on Friday.

REBA

(THRILLED) What?! That's fantastic! Finally! Come here, you wonderful little boy.

SHE GOES AND SMOTHERS HIM WITH KISSES.

JACK

Mom, stop it!

REBA

We should celebrate. Go put on a shirt and we'll get some ice cream.

REBA STARTS TO EXIT.

JACK

Mom?

REBA

What?

JACK

Cash?

REBA

Oh, right.

REBA PUTS ON A SERIOUS FACE, THEN EXITS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (DAY 5)
(REBA, CASH, SARAH, JACK, GWYNN, GARY)

REBA ENTERS. CASH IS THERE, LOOKING MOROSE.

REBA

Hey, honey, what's wrong?

CASH

I want to go home to Nashville.

REBA

Are you sure? I bought tater tots.

CASH

Valerie's seeing another guy! She doesn't want to do a long distance relationship.

REBA

Oh, I'm sorry, honey. But you'll meet someone else.

CASH

No, I won't. People here are so shallow. And I thought it was gonna be easy to live here 'cause I'm so good-looking and people like having me around.

REBA

Honey, there's a lot more to you than just looks.

CASH

But that's my best part! And everyone here is good-looking. Even the ugly people.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS

REBA

Okay, let me get that while I figure out how to respond to you.

REBA OPENS THE DOOR TO GWYNN, A PRETTY GIRL CASH'S AGE. SHE IS CUTE, BUBBLY AND EARNEST.

GWYNN

Hi, my name's Gwynn, and I was wondering if you'd like to sponsor my "10K Run For Cancer" -- (SMELLS COOKIES) Omigod. This place smells like heaven. Like, omigod, total heaven. Like, angels smell like this. If they had bodies and whatever, but... totally... omigod, angel B.O., right?

REBA

You're very sweet and I'm sure you don't mean anything, but we kind of have a thing about taking the Lord's name in vain.

GWYNN

Omigod, I'm sorry.

REBA

Apology accepted. (THEN, GETTING AN IDEA) Hey, why don't you come in for a cookie?

GWYNN

Uh, no thanks. I'm not supposed to go into stranger's houses with funny accents.

REBA

What does my accent have to do with anything?

GWYNN

It makes you sound creepy.

REBA

Well, where I come from, you'd sound... (CATCHING HERSELF) you know what, never mind. How much are you looking for?

CASH (O.S.)

Mom?! Still feeling bad!

REBA

(GETTING AN IDEA) Are you in high school?

GWYNN

Again, creepy question.

REBA

I just ask cause my son Cash just transferred. (YELLING) Cash, get over here!

CASH CROSSES OVER AND BRIGHTENS A LITTLE WHEN HE SEES GWYNN.

CASH

Oh, hey.

GWYNN

Hi, I'm Gwynn. Don't you go to my school? Aren't you new?

CASH

(FLATTERED) Yes.

GWYNN

And you're from someplace weird, right?

CASH

...Yes. Nashville.

GWYNN

Right! That is so funny.

REBA

Yeah, hysterical. (THEN) Anyway, Cash, Gwynn is doing a 10K run for cancer.

CASH

Oh. Well, the problem is I'm sort of against cancer.

GWYNN

You are so funny!

GWYNN LAUGHS, AND CASH LAUGHS ALONG A BEAT LATER.

REBA

(TO CASH) You know, you're an athlete, Cash, why don't you run with Gwynn?

GWYNN

Really, you're an athlete?

CASH

(MODESTLY) Well, I played football.

REBA

And basketball. Plus a little baseball when he was younger.

CASH

I'm also good at ping pong, both electronic and tabletop.

REBA

(SIDE OF HER MOUTH) Okay, over the top.

GWYNN

Well, I'd love to have you run with me. The more the cure-ier.

CASH LAUGHS TOO HARD AT HER JOKE.

REBA

Well, great then. And I'll sponsor you both at say, five a mile?

GWYNN

Thank you so much.

REBA

And since you're running now, Cash, why don't you go with Gwynn to get more sponsors?

CASH

(TO GWYNN) Is that okay?

GWYNN

That'd be great.

REBA

Great, then. Great. And why don't both of you grab a cookie for the road?

GWYNN

Omigod, yes. (THEN, REALIZING)

Omigod, sorry. (THEN) Dammit!

CASH AND GWYNN EXIT INTO THE KITCHEN. A BEAT, AND JACK ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

JACK

Hey, Mom, who's the dame?

REBA

Her name's Gwynn, and stop watching AMC.

JACK PICKS UP A PIGGY BANK.

JACK

(SERIOUS) Okay, Mom, I think it's time we talked finances.

REBA

Oh, you do, do you?

JACK

Yes. If we're in trouble, then I want you to use my savings if we need it.

HE HANDS HER HIS PIGGY BANK.

REBA

That is so sweet, honey, but I told you, we're going to be fine.

SHE SUDDENLY NOTICES HOW LIGHT THE PIGGY BANK IS. SHE SHAKES IT; NO NOISE.

REBA (CONT'D)

Is there even anything in here?

JACK

It's symbolic, Mom.

HE HANDS HER SOME PAPERS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's my account numbers, and my password is "cashmere."

JACK EXITS AS SARAH ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS. FOR THE FIRST TIME WE'VE SEEN, SARAH LOOKS HAPPY.

SARAH

Hey, Mom. It's great to see you.

SARAH GIVES REBA A HUG.

REBA

Well, thank you, honey. Boy, you look really happy.

SARAH

I am. I made a friend.

REBA

That's terrific. Look at us, we're all having great days. Maybe this place is going to work out after all, huh?

GARY ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS. HE IS A GOOD-LOOKING KID, SARAH'S AGE. REBA IS CLEARLY THROWN THAT HE WAS UPSTAIRS.

GARY

Hi, Mrs. Gallagher. Pleasure to meet you.

REBA

Uh-huh. (TO SARAH) Who is this?

SARAH

This is Gary.

REBA

Oh, Gary. From upstairs.

GARY

No, I'm from next door.

REBA

No, you're from upstairs.

GARY

I think you met my mom, Kim.

REBA

She's very sweet. (THEN) Look, Gary, I don't know what things are like out here, but in my house we have a rule: no boys upstairs.

SARAH

It's okay, Mom.

REBA

How is it okay? Did you two get married?

SARAH

No, he's gay.

GARY

And we have the same "no boys upstairs" rule at my house.

GARY AND SARAH LAUGH. REBA LAUGHS ALONG UNCOMFORTABLY.

REBA

I'm sorry, you just threw me. You don't seem gay, you seem normal. Not that being gay isn't normal. It's just statistically not normal. It's really all about math. (THEN) Oh, boy.

REBA EXITS.

SARAH

I told you. She's so Nashville.

REBA (O.S.)

And proud of it!!

AND WE:

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE D

INT. JEFFREY WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 6)
(REBA, JEFFREY, ASSISTANT)

A MODERN, CUTTING-EDGE, HIP HOP MUSIC OFFICE. JEFFREY IS AN OPPORTUNISTIC, NO-NONSENSE, SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE WHO IS EASILY DISTRACTED. THERE'S A DOOR BEHIND HIS DESK LEADING TO A BATHROOM. AN ASSISTANT ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY REBA.

ASSISTANT

Your five o'clock is here, Mr. Wolfe.

REBA

Hi, Mr. Wolfe, my name is Reba. I am so excited that you agreed to see me.

JEFFREY

(SMILING) Well, we have a contract with you, don't we?

REBA

You sure do!

JEFFREY

How about ten cents on the dollar?

REBA

Excuse me?

JEFFREY

To buy our way out of your contract.

REBA

But... I want to make an album.

(CATCHING HERSELF) CD.

JEFFREY

Oh, tough negotiator, huh? How about twenty cents then?

REBA

No, I'm serious. I don't want a hand-out, I want a career.

JEFFREY

(DEEP SIGH) I was hoping to kill this turkey quickly. Okay, look, here are the facts -- you're not salable.

REBA

But I used to be.

JEFFREY

So were eight-tracks.

REBA

Can you just hear me out?

JEFFREY

(TEXTING) Fine.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

But I can tell you right now that your biggest problem is going to be --

A LONG BEAT AS JEFFREY CONTINUES TEXTING.

REBA

What?

JEFFREY

Sorry. That was important. Your problem is your --

REBA

Say it!

JEFFREY

Your age. If you're not already established by the time you're thirty-five, forget about it.

REBA

Well... I'm only thirty-four.

HE JUST STARES AT HER.

REBA (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm not. But I have a really good voice.

JEFFREY

People don't care about that. They want a hook; are you young, are you sexy, are you young and sexy?

REBA

Well, I don't think that's true. I think that people still care about...

AS SHE'S TALKING, JEFFREY GETS UP AND EXITS INTO HIS BATHROOM. HE DOESN'T CLOSE THE DOOR. REBA STOPS TALKING.

JEFFREY

Go ahead, I can still hear you.

REBA

Well, uh, people care about, you know, the personal history a singer brings to a song. They want to relate to what a singer has to say. They want to believe that you've gone through the exact same experience they

(MORE)

REBA (CONT'D)

have, and that you understand how they feel.

JEFFREY

Oh, that's good!

REBA

...are you talking about what I said?

JEFFREY

No.

REBA

Okay.

THE TOILET FLUSHES, AND JEFFREY RETURNS, ZIPPING HIS PANTS.

JEFFREY

Okay, I have it. I think we can sell you.

REBA

You do? That's great!

JEFFREY

Yep. You do a duet with your ex-husband. Country fans eat up that crap.

REBA

I don't know. I don't think I can do that.

JEFFREY

I understand. Going to the guy who humiliated you and tore apart your life, begging him to help you out, gotta be torture.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

But you have to make a choice: do you want to be a person with dignity or a singer? (THEN) Think about it and let me know.

JEFFREY HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO SHAKE. REBA LOOKS AT IT, THEN PATS HIM ON THE SHOULDER, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE E

FADE IN:

EXT. PORCH - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY (DAY 6)
(REBA, SHIRLEY)

SHIRLEY IS RELAXING ON A LOUNGE CHAIR. REBA ROUNDS THE CORNER AND SITS NEXT TO HER.

REBA

Hey, Mama.

SHIRLEY

Hi, sweetie, how'd it go?

REBA

Well, I made an impression.

SHIRLEY

So, not so good, huh?

REBA

What was I thinking, counting on some old record contract? I didn't even have a plan B. Now what are we going to do for money? How are we going to get by?

SHIRLEY TRIES TO SUPPRESS A LAUGH.

REBA (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny?

SHIRLEY

No, I just remembered something.

REBA

What?

SHIRLEY

...I forget. Anyway, go ahead, dear.

REBA

This is serious. I mean, I didn't want the kids to worry, but all I've ever been is Mrs. Russell Howard. I wanted them to believe that I could take care of us. (BEAT, THEN) I guess I wanted to believe that, too.

SHIRLEY STARTS TO GIGGLE.

REBA (CONT'D)

What is it?!

SHIRLEY

I just saw a pelican poop, and I'm sorry, but that is funny.

REBA

Have you been drinking?

SHIRLEY

No, no. I've just been taking my anxiety medication.

SHIRLEY REACHES INTO HER PURSE AND PULLS OUT A JOINT.

REBA

Where did you get that?

SHIRLEY

Well, it's just been so stressful that I went for a walk. And I saw this sign that said, "Feeling anxious?" And I was! I was feeling anxious. So I went in and an honest-to-God doctor wrote me a prescription.

REBA

Mama, this is marijuana. It's illegal.

SHIRLEY

Not here. Not in Southern Cali.

REBA

Give me that. (GRABS JOINT) And I don't want you doing this in front of the kids!

REBA EXITS INTO THE HOUSE.

SHIRLEY

(GIGGLING) Reba, come back. Here comes the pelican again!

AND WE:

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (DAY 6)
(REBA, SARAH, GARY)

REBA ENTERS, STORMING BY THE COUCH, ONLY TO DO A DOUBLE-TAKE WHEN SHE REALIZES SARAH AND GARY ARE MAKING OUT ON IT.

REBA

Hey!

THEY BREAK THEIR CLENCH. THEY ARE SURPRISINGLY UNFAZED.

REBA (CONT'D)

You know, I may be "Nashville," but this does not look right to me.

SARAH

What are you so upset about? We're not upstairs.

REBA

No, you're downstairs, on my couch, making out with a boy who is supposedly gay.

SARAH

He is gay.

REBA

You keep saying that, but his tongue
down your throat says no.

GARY

Look, Mrs. Gallagher, let me put your
mind at ease. We were just practice
kissing.

REBA

Surprisingly unhelpful.

SARAH

We were both worried about whether we
were good kissers or not, so we
thought we'd practice together.

GARY

Yeah, it's totally non-sexual.

REBA

Uh-huh. And exactly where were you
going to draw the line on things you
practice?

GARY

Oh boy, the petting question.

REBA STARTS TO EXIT.

SARAH

Where are you going?

REBA

To talk to someone responsible. His
mother! (THEN) To talk to someone
legally responsible.

REBA EXITS, AS WE:

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE H

EXT. LASSITER PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (DAY 6)
(REBA, KIM)

REBA WALKS UP AND RINGS THE DOORBELL. A BEAT, AND KIM
OPENS IT.

KIM

Hey, Reba! I was wondering when you
would pop by. Come on in!

REBA

No, it's only going to take a minute.

REBA TRIES TO STOP HER, BUT KIM IS GONE.

REBA (CONT'D)

(SIGH) Fine.

REBA ENTERS.

RESET TO:

INT. LASSITER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 6)
(REBA, KIM, MORITZA)

REBA JOINS KIM IN THE LASSITER LIVING ROOM. EVERYTHING
(COUCH, CARPET, WALLS) IS WHITE.

REBA

Whoa! I would hate to have to keep
this clean.

KIM

(LAUGHS) So would I.

REBA

Uh, listen, Kim, I need to talk to you
about something.

KIM

Do you want to sit down?

REBA

(LOOKING AROUND) I'm kinda scared to.

(THEN) Anyway, I don't know how to tell you this, so I'm just going to come out and say it. When I came home, your son was making out in my living room with my daughter.

KIM

(NOT SURE WHERE THIS IS GOING) Uh-huh...

REBA

So, I don't know if you're aware of this, but he tells people he's gay, and I don't think he's gay.

KIM

(BEAT, THEN) How dare you?!

REBA

What?

KIM

My son is completely gay! He has been since birth!

REBA

They were kissing right in front of me!

KIM

So they can't practice?!

REBA

Sure, but let 'em do it with their pillows like we did!

KIM

Reba, do you have a problem with
homosexuals?

REBA

No! I wish your son was gay, so he'd
get off my daughter!

KIM

Well, did you ever think that maybe
your daughter is the one with the
problem? That she's trying to convert
my son to being straight?

ON REBA'S CONFUSED REACTION, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE J

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 6)

(REBA, SHIRLEY)

SHIRLEY IS THERE. SHE HAS MADE A HUGE ICE CREAM SUNDAE.
REBA ENTERS.

SHIRLEY

Hey, honey. Do you want some ice
cream?

REBA

No, thanks.

SHIRLEY

Good, cause I took all of it.

REBA SLUMPS IN A CHAIR.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

What's wrong, honey?

REBA

Uh uh, I'm not talking to you when
you're in this condition.

SHIRLEY

I'm fine! I don't think I've ever
been more --

SHE STOPS AS IF TO THINK OF THE WORD, THEN STARTS TO EAT
HER ICE CREAM.

REBA

Are you going to finish that sentence?

SHIRLEY

Did I stop talking?

REBA

Forget it, Mama.

SHIRLEY

No, no, honey. Talk to me. I swear,
I'll listen.

REBA

Are you sure? Cause I need to have a
real adult conversation.

SHIRLEY

Cross my heart.

REBA

Okay. (THEN, BREAKING) I wanna go
home!

SHIRLEY

What?

REBA

I want to go back to Nashville! (SELF-
PITYING) It's just nothing is working
out like I thought it would and
everyone out here is so weird and I'm
too old to start all over again.
(THEN) Plus, Cash got the good room.

SHIRLEY

(TAKING REBA IN HER ARMS) There, there.

REBA

It's just so strange. Russell was gone
on tour a lot, but for the first time
since I got married... I feel lonely.

SHIRLEY

Listen to me, Reba. You've been strong for the kids but don't kid yourself, you haven't even started to grieve. You lost something you love and that's going to hurt, but I'm going to be here for you and so are your children. We'll get through this.

REBA

(MOVED) Wow. That was good, Mama.

SHIRLEY

I'm learning to maintain.

SFX: DOORBELL

AND WE:

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 6)
(REBA, CASH, SARAH, JACK, RUSSELL)

SARAH AND CASH ARE THERE. CASH CROSSES OVER TO ANSWER THE DOOR. IT'S RUSSELL.

CASH

Dad!

SARAH

Dad!

RUSSELL

Hey, kids!

THEY RUN TO RUSSELL AND ENGULF HIM IN HUGS. IT'S CLEARLY A JOYFUL MOMENT. THEY AD-LIB GREETINGS, THEN REBA ENTERS. EVERYTHING STOPS. SHIRLEY STOPS IN THE DOORWAY.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, Reba.

REBA

Russell.

RUSSELL

Kids, could I get a moment to talk to your mom? (THEN) Hey, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

(PATTING HER PURSE) I carry a gun and I'm not in full control of my wits.

RUSSELL

Good to know.

THE KIDS EXIT, AS DOES SHIRLEY.

REBA

So, what do you want?

RUSSELL

Well, it's been a little while, I wanted to see how you guys are settling in. Doesn't sound like things are going too well.

REBA

We are doing great! Better than ever.

RUSSELL

Really? Cause Cash tells me that Shirley's on the wacky tobacc-y, Sarah's making out with gay guys and Jack wants to wear his bathrobe to school now.

REBA

(COVERING) Mm-hm. All good.

RUSSELL

Reba, I want you back.

REBA

Please.

RUSSELL

I mean it. I miss you. I miss the kids. I miss everything. I want my life back. I want our life back. And we can have it just like it was before if you can just try and forgive me.

(THEN, HANDING HER A BAG) Here.

REBA

What's this?

RUSSELL

It's your cheese popcorn from Bata's. I know you can't get them out here and I thought you might be going through withdrawal.

REBA

Popcorn? You think you can just show up with my favorite popcorn and I'll just melt?

REBA STARTS TO EAT THE POPCORN.

RUSSELL

Kind of, yeah.

REBA

(MELTING) You know me so well!

HE HUGS HER CLOSE.

RUSSELL

Oh, darling, I know I screwed up big time. But if you'll just come back I swear I will spend the rest of my life earning your forgiveness.

REBA

(BEAT, THEN PULLING BACK) No. I can't.

RUSSELL

Why not?

REBA

Because that would be taking the easy way out and then what kind of role model would I be for my kids?

RUSSELL

You'd be what you always were; a fantastic mom and wife.

REBA

And I loved being that person. But I can't be her anymore. I have to find out who Reba is.

RUSSELL

I understand. But at least let me do the duet with you.

REBA

Duet? Did Jeffrey call you?

RUSSELL

(NODS) I think he was on the toilet.

REBA

I can't believe it.

RUSSELL

He just wanted me to talk to you about it. Look, if you don't do the duet, you're in breach. They'll drop you from the label and they won't owe you anything.

REBA

Are you threatening me?!

RUSSELL

Hey, I'm trying to help you!

REBA

Yeah, help me spend more time with you!

RUSSELL

Right, because this is so fun!

THEY STOP AS THEY REALIZE JACK IS IN THE DOORWAY AND IS LISTENING. THERE'S AN UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT, THEN:

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(TO JACK) Hey, buddy, come on over and give me a hug, son.

JACK

No.

REBA

Jack!

JACK

Not after what he did to you!

REBA

Go hug your daddy.

RUSSELL

It's all right, Reba.

REBA

No, it's not. Look, Jack, what happened between your daddy and me, happened between your daddy and me. He loves you. And you love him. And I'm not going to let that change. Now go hug him.

JACK WALKS OVER AND GIVES RUSSELL A HUG, THEN QUICKLY EXITS, CLEARLY OVERCOME WITH EMOTION.

RUSSELL

Thank you for that, Reba. (THEN)
Okay, well, uh, I guess I'll go up and catch up with the kids. (THEN) So, just out of curiosity, are you okay with Sarah making out with a gay guy?

REBA

They're just practicing!

RUSSELL EXITS. A BEAT AND REBA RUSHES OVER AND PICKS UP A LEGAL PAD AND STARTS FURIOUSLY WRITING. CLEARLY, SHE'S INSPIRED.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE M

INT. JEFFREY'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7)
(REBA, JEFFREY, MUSICIAN)

JEFFREY IS IN A MEETING WITH A MUSICIAN. REBA BUSTS IN.

JEFFREY

Well, I guess my ten o'clock is over.

REBA

Just sit still and listen.

REBA SITS AT THE PIANO AND STARTS TO SING THE SONG THAT SHE'S COMPOSED ABOUT EVERYTHING SHE'S GONE THROUGH IN THIS EPISODE. AND ALSO ABOUT NOT LETTING THE CRAZY GET IN THE WAY OF THE IMPORTANT. THE OTHER PERSON IN THE MEETING STARTS NODDING ALONG WITH THE MUSIC. WE MAY OR MAY NOT DO VISUALS OF THE VARIOUS MOMENTS. JEFFREY REMAINS TYPICALLY STOIC.

RESET TO:

EXT. PATIO - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 6)
(REBA, SHIRLEY)

SHIRLEY IS "RELAXING" AGAIN. REBA COMES RUSHING UP.

REBA

He loved it! He says he's willing to let me make an album. CD. Whatever, he loved it! All I need are twelve more songs. (THEN) Mama?

SHIRLEY

(CLEARLY STONED) All I see are colors.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 6)
(REBA, CASH, SARAH, GWYNN)

REBA IS MAKING HERSELF A SNACK. SARAH ENTERS.

REBA

Hey. You talking to me?

SARAH

Yeah. Gary said you were just looking out for me and that we should've been more understanding.

REBA

Well, that's very sensitive of him. Even if he's not gay.

SARAH

Mom.

REBA

Just saying. (THEN) Anyway, maybe we've gotten over the rough part and things will start to calm down now.

CASH AND GWYNN ENTER.

CASH

Hey, Mom, great news, Gwynn and I both finished the 10K.

REBA

Oh, well, good for you. So, I'm guessing you're wanting a check.

GWYNN

That would be really terrific.

(CHECKING HER SHEET) So, 6.2 miles at five hundred apiece means you owe us each three thousand dollars.

REBA

Who what now?

GWYNN

Three thousand. (THEN) Oh, if it's easier, you can just pay in cash.

REBA

(LAUGHS, THEN) I may have to pay with Cash. Like, literally, sell him because I don't have that kind of money.

CASH

Then why did you pledge it?

REBA

I didn't! I okayed five. Five! Did I make some heavy breathing sound afterward that sounded like "hun hun?"

GWYNN

That's okay, Cash. Don't embarrass your mom. I'm sure my mom will cover for yours. She always feels bad for (WHISPERING) "the divorced."

GWYNN EXITS.

REBA

(CALLING AFTER) Well, thanks for not
embarrassing me!

REBA SHUTS THE DOOR AND TURNS TO FIND CASH GLARING AT HER.

REBA (CONT'D)

(TRYING TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT) Well,
that was quite the misunderstanding.

CASH

(SEETHING) I want to move back to
Nashville again.

CASH STORMS OFF.

REBA

(CALLING INTO THE LIVING ROOM) Mama,
I'm gonna need your anxiety doctor's
number!

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW