

LOLA

"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

FAMILY MEMBERS comfort each other, MURMURS of condolences, occasional SOBS.

CLARA, 33, self absorbed, luxurious, struts in. She talks loudly on her cellphone.

DAVID, 35, businessman, distant, sneaks in behind her while--

LOLA, 6, ballerina, pretty, ungraceful, follows after.

CLARA

And he told poor Lucy that she just had to suck it up! Can you imagine?

David signals for Clara to move to another room. She scowls, but steps outside.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And don't get me started on the business meeting--

David leads Lola toward a closed casket on the far side of the room. Lola peers up at pictures of TIM, 7, sailor, excited, propped up nearby. She is included in several of them.

DAVID (O.S.)

My condolences, George. No one would have guessed the boat would tip over.

GEORGE Sheff, 40, muscled, distraught, nods. He covers half his face with a handkerchief. David looks down and sees Lola practice ballet in front of Tim's casket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lola!

Lola dances. She uses some flowers from the bouquets as props.

LOLA

What?

DAVID

Stop that. Get over here.

LOLA
I'm showing Tim my routine.
(bitterly) Since he missed it at my
birthday party.

David pulls Lola to him.

DAVID
Honey, Tim isn't here.

LOLA
Yes he is.

DAVID
No, Lola. Tim is-- Tim has passed
away.

LOLA
No, Tim is over there.

Lola points to the doorway. Tim- dripping wet- waves.

DAVID
Lola, no one is there. Stop it.
You're upsetting Mr. Sheff.

LOLA
But it's true!

DAVID
Enough! Go sit outside with mom.
Now.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - A LITTLE LATER

Lola sits on a bench, grumpy. Clara TALKS on her phone nearby.

Tim peers around the corner of the building. He gestures for her to follow. She perks up and follows him.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Lola round the corner.

LOLA
Tim, everyone is so strange today!
They act like you're not even here!
Why are they doing that?

TIM
I don't know!

Tim stops abruptly. Lola catches herself before she falls.

TIM (CONT'D)

I-I don't remember anything. I was on the boat with my dad and then I was underwater and then--and then--

Lola hugs him.

LOLA

It's okay! It's okay!

Tim shakes her off.

TIM

They want to bury me, Lola!

LOLA

What?

Tim paces. He nervously twists his shirt in his hands.

TIM

They're gonna put me in the ground, and I'll be stuck there forever and ever!

LOLA

Your dad wouldn't do that--

TIM

He is! He can't see me-- my mom can't see me-- nobody can!

Tim slinks to the floor. Lola crouches beside him.

LOLA

Then you can come live with me. I'll sneak you in my dad's car.

TIM

What if they find me?

LOLA

They can't see you, remember?

TIM

Oh. Right. But I can't go anywhere without Demmy.

CLARA (O.S.)

Lola! Lola, darling, we're leaving!

Lola stands. She holds out a hand to Tim. He accepts.

LOLA
Where's Demmy?

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

TIM (V.O.)
In the big box.

Lola stands in front of the casket, determined. The room is mostly empty; a few groups TALK QUIETLY amongst themselves.

She tries to pull the casket open. It won't budge. She jiggles it violently.

A LITTLE GIRL from one of the groups notices her. She tugs on a woman's dress.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy, what are they doing?

LADY ONE pats the little girl's head.

LADY ONE
Later, honey.

The little girl turns back to Lola. Lola is on top of the casket, jumping up and down on it. Tim stands below her.

TIM
Let me help-

LOLA
No! I can do it!

TIM
I just wanna-

LOLA
No!

The little girl tugs on her mother's dress harder.

LADY ONE
Honey, that's enough. The adults are talking. Wait.

LITTLE GIRL
But mommy-

LADY ONE
Wait.

Lola, positioned between the casket and the wall, tries moving the casket over with her feet.

TIM
Lola, be careful...

LOLA
I almost got it, Tim!

The casket falls. It opens widely. Tim's corpse and his teddy bear roll across the floor. Lola collapses on the floor. She quickly picks herself up.

The ladies, startled by the noise, turn. They GASP. Lola realizes she's been spotted. Tim quickly evaporates.

LITTLE GIRL
I told you so!

The ladies rush over. Lola grabs the teddy bear.

LADY ONE and LADY TWO reach for Lola's arm. Lola runs between their knees, the ladies butt heads.

LADY THREE tries to grab Lola's waist, but Lola dodges.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lola runs outside. Clara and David wait by a fancy car-- Clara still on her phone. David looks up at Lola's approach.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The family enters the car.

DAVID
All buckled up, sweetie?

LOLA
Yes, dad.

David starts up the car. Lola puts the bear in the middle seat. Tim appears on the opposite side.

Several funeral attendees rush outside, calling for the car to stop.

It drives on. Tim and Lola watch them from the back seat.

FADE OUT.