

"THE END"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD BAR - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

ECU: fingerprints on glass. A spray bottle SQUIRTS.
SQUIRTS. Then, a rich blue foam slides down the glass.

A WAITRESS uses a white rag and wipes away the smudges.
SQUEAK. SQUEAK. The glass is now clear and clean.

As she finishes, MIKE, a regular, approaches from the
direction of the streets.

 WAITRESS
Sorry, Mike. We're closed tonight
for a wake.

 MIKE
Who's?

 WAITRESS
Tom's.

 MIKE
Oh, yeah. Cancer.

Mike turns away.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD BAR - SAME

TOM WEASLEY's, a big-name director, Wake is in full swing.

SUPER: "West Hollywood."

By the bar stands RUPERT, a SAG Actor, who came out in the
Eighties. He starred in a majority of Tom's movies.

 RUPERT
Tom's work was so edgy. So,
avant-garde.

Shares SAM/SAMANTHA, late 20s, a promising dream-maker who
worked as a production assistant on Tom's latest film.

 SAMANTHA/SAM
More art than commerce.

 RUPERT
Yes, but his films made money.

 SAMANTHA/SAM
His stories were raw. Real.

RUPERT
Full of hope. Emotion.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Shame.

RUPERT
Yeah. Shame.

Enters MORGAN, 26, spent much of her childhood living in hotels while accompanying her filmmaker father to movie sets around the world. She slices through the crowd with a drink in her hand and nods to the men and women she knows.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Who's that?

RUPERT
Careful. That's Tom's daughter.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Oh. She's pretty.

RUPERT
Looks like her mother. Thee
Lillian Lee. A dear friend.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Lillian who?

RUPERT
Dear god, girl. How quickly it all
fades.

SAMANTHA/SAM
What?

RUPERT
Popularity. Acclaim. Fame.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Oh.

RUPERT
Lillian Lee was the "it" girl of
her day.

SAMANTHA/SAM
When was that?

RUPERT
Twenty-five years ago.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Before my time. Tell me more
about...

RUPERT
Shh. Here she comes.

Morgan stops before them.

MORGAN
Hi, Rupert.

Rupert double kisses Morgan one on each cheek.

RUPERT
Morgan, where have you been?

MORGAN
New York.

RUPERT
Ahh.

MORGAN
Who's this?

RUPERT
Morgan. This is Sam. Sam. This is
Morgan.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sorry, about your father.

MORGAN
Thanks. My old man was more of a
drinking buddy than dad.

Samantha raises her glass to Morgan.

SAMANTHA/SAM
To the living we owe respect...

MORGAN
To the dead, we only owe the
truth.

RUPERT
Voltaire.

SAMANTHA/SAM
What's your truth, Morgan?

MORGAN
I hate L.A.

Rupert turns to Morgan.

RUPERT
It's not L.A. you hate, dear.

Then, he looks around the crowded room.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Just its inhabitants.

MORGAN
Yeah.

INT. BAR - DAY - LATER

Before the bar, Tom's wife LILLIAN, 50ish, almost-forgotten actress who still thinks she's a star.

Beside her is a silver urn that contains Tom's ashes.

Lillian wears a scarlet chiffon dress and flirts as she talks to GARRETT, late 50s, tall, tan, and stylish.

Garrett looks like an aged rock star who made it big. His wild gray hair and killer designer suit enhances the look. In reality, he's an Oscar-winning director who suffers from a superiority complex.

Lillian signals the BARTENDER.

LILLIAN
Another French Seventy-five.

The bartender nods and turns to make her drink.

Garrett rubs up to Lillian.

GARRETT
Nice dress. Love the color.

Lillian licks her red lips.

LILLIAN
He always liked me in red. Or was that you?

GARRETT
I liked your clothes better off.

Lillian gets close to Garrett's face and strokes a single finger across his lips.

LILLIAN
You're delusional.

GARRETT
That's what people tell me.

Garrett leans back and eyes Lillian's curves.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here. Relive old
times.

LILLIAN
Sure.

Lillian leaves the urn and moves away from the bar.

GARRETT
You forgetting somebody?

LILLIAN
No. He always preferred this place
instead of home.

Garrett sets down his glass of Scotch next to the urn.

GARRETT
Bye, Tom.

Garrett wraps his arm around Lillian as they walk out.

INT. BAR - BACKROOM - SAME

Sam and Morgan plays a game of billiards.

Samantha eyes Lillian and Garrett as they leave.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Your mom seems to be handling this
well.

Morgan eyes her next shot hard.

MORGAN
Dad died to her long ago.

Morgan hits her shot. The cue gently rolls down and kisses
the eight ball in the corner pocket.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Good shot. So, what're your plans?

MORGAN
I'll figure it out.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Maybe this will help you decide.

Samantha places a canvas backpack on the green felt table.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Your dad wanted you to have this.

Morgan grabs it.

MORGAN
What's in it?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Don't know.

MORGAN
Hmm. A mystery.

Morgan looks around the dingy bar and the urn.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
No mystery, here.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It was good meeting you, Morgan.

Samantha gives Morgan a peck on the cheek as she passes.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
I hope you decide to stay.

MORGAN
Bye, Sam.

Morgan leaves too. On her way out, she scoops up her father's urn.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Time to go home.

With urn in hand, she passes snapshots of her dad on a photo board.

ECU: Photograph of Morgan as a child with her dad beside a director's chair on a film set.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LILLIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Same snapshot is framed on the fireplace mantelpiece of Morgan's childhood home next to Tom's ashes.

Beer in hand, Morgan leans back on the couch. Before her, the contents of the backpack lie out on the coffee table: a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, half-used pack of Camels, a map

of Palm Springs, loose cash, a Realistic compact cassette recorder, and a can of film.

Morgan picks up the 35-mm tin can. She reads aloud.

MORGAN
Vienna, nineteen-ninety-one.

Morgan eyes the recorder. As she sets down her beer, she leans forward and hits the play button.

TOM (V.O.)
Hey, girl. I am certain this is as awkward to listen to as it is to record. Though, I would rather be hearing it than saying it. I'm dead.

Tom gives a long hard smoker's cough.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, well. Life is short. Yet film is eternal.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS — DAY

Wide angle panorama of this desert oasis.

SUPER: "Palm Springs."

Morgan stands with her phone in her hand outside her convertible. She asks Samantha who's on the line.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR — MOVING — DAY

Sam drives along State Route One.

INTERACT — PHONE CONVERSATION

MORGAN
Who's Holmes?

SAM/SAMANTHA
One of your dad's favorite directors.

MORGAN
I never heard of him.

SAM/SAMANTHA
Well, your dad was a fan of the original.

MORGAN

That I know.

Samantha laughs.

SAM/SAMANTHA

Tell me, how it goes.

Samantha places her car into a higher gear.

MORGAN

I will.

Morgan hangs up and removes a map from her pocket.

EXT. MORGAN'S SUV - OUTSIDE PALM SPRINGS - DAY

White-steam pours out from underneath the hood.

Morgan looks at the falling sun.

MORGAN

Great. Looks like I'm walking.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS - MOUNTAIN CREST - DUSK - LATER

Morgan appears over a desert mountain crest. As she listens to music on her Sony Walkman, she moves with the beat.

Morgan approaches, closer and closer, until all we see is her new gold-trimmed aviator sunglasses. The majesty of her present surroundings reflects off her shiny lenses.

EXT. ABBEY - SAME

A mountain path leads to a stone structure carved into the side of a mountain. Soft yellow light penetrates out the top windows.

At the front entrance, Morgan grabs the mammoth metal knocker and bangs it against the door, again and again. An awkward moment passes.

Then the door swings open. An Orson Welles looking like man, 87, steps into the fading daylight. He is BERT HOLMES.

HOLMES

May I help you?

MORGAN

If your name's Holmes, you can.

HOLMES
What?

MORGAN
Holmes!

Holmes nods.

Morgan reaches into his backpack and pulls out a tin 35-mm film can and offers it to Holmes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Here. I believe this is yours.

Holmes takes the can, inspects it. His face lights up.

HOLMES
Vienna. That old, imperial city...
I thought you were gone.

MORGAN
Thomas Weasley gives his last regards.

HOLMES
Tom, who?

MORGAN
Weasley!

HOLMES
Oh! I lost track of him ages ago.

MORGAN
Well, he's dead now.

HOLMES
Oh, I'm sorry.

MORGAN
He was my dad.

Holmes nods, gives him a second look, smiles.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
He wanted me to return this to you. It appears he borrowed it long ago.

HOLMES
Did he? So... you're Lillian's child?

MORGAN
Yeah.

Holmes embraces her.

HOLMES
Come in. I was just about to visit
the Congo.

INT. ABBEY - STUDY - SAME

The heavy drapes have been pulled closed. The room is dark except for the beam of light pouring from the projector.

On the wall is a scene from the Congo. The view is within a riverboat looking out into a dense, lush jungle on either side.

In the long narrow boat are armed tribal guides in loin cloths.

MORGAN
Why do they look so afraid?

HOLMES
The natives realize what lures in
the shadows. The tourists normally
don't.

MORGAN
Is that why they're so well armed?

HOLMES
Well, if I remember correctly. We
lost a man the previous day to a
tiger attack.

MORGAN
On the river?

HOLMES
We stopped to film some jungle
ruins. Then we heard his screams.
We never found his body.

MORGAN
Wow. Not so much of a happy
ending.

Image on wall is of African villagers dancing.

HOLMES
Happy endings depend on where you
stop your story.

INT. ABBEY - STONE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holmes gives Morgan a tour of the Abbey.

HOLMES

Yes, these old walls made me feel young.

Holmes touches the cut out stone. He moves his hands up and down it. Then, he escorts Morgan to the kitchen.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Hungry?

MORGAN

Starving.

INT. ABBEY - KITCHEN - SAME

Holmes grabs a bottle of red wine off the shelf, then he pours into two crystal goblets.

HOLMES

Sit.

Holmes putts around kitchen a bit, grabs a cast iron pan down from a hook on the ceiling, peers into a dated refrigerator and starts to prepare a meal.

MORGAN

How did you know my father?

HOLMES

I worked with him from time to time on travelogues.

MORGAN

Travelogues?

HOLMES

In the past, they appeared before featured films. Like the Congo film we just watched.

Holmes starts making tapas.

MORGAN

Ahh.

HOLMES

I've filmed everything from Rio to Rome.

Holmes taps on tin can he laid down on the counter.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
The places most Americans will
never find the time to see.

INT. ABBEY - NIGHT - LATER

After dinner, Morgan follows Holmes up a
STAIRCASE into the...

PROJECTOR ROOM

HOLMES
Vienna, nineteen-ninety-one. Have
you seen it?

MORGAN
No.

HOLMES
Curious?

MORGAN
Not really.

HOLMES
This film may surprise you.

MORGAN
Why is that? Did my dad direct it?

HOLMES
No. Tom was off on another job in
London or Rome. I can't remember.
We directors are much like fruit
pickers. We go where the work is.

MORGAN
Oh.

Holmes sits down in his chair.

HOLMES
Well if you don't want to watch it
with me. That's fine. Though, your
mother is in it.

EXT. VIENNA - ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE - DAY

St. Stephen's Cathedral looms in the background. By foot,
we travel down a narrow street until we reach the borders
of a people rich square.

A young couple, carefree and alive, zooms ahead of us.

Garrett, as a vibrant man, and Lillian, a gorgeous twenty-something in a red races by. The two play a game of hide and seek within the crowd.

SUPER: "Vienna, 1991."

Behind them in tow, a man in his late-fifties films the young couple's runabout on his 35-mm camera. He is Holmes, Garrett's father.

Garrett and Lillian chase one another again.

Garrett catches her.

Lillian smiles as she faces him. Then, she grabs his arm and tugs him along. The crowd divides. She pulls him through them. Towards the tall doors of the Old Church.

Holmes' camera holds on the two of them as they run.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. ABBEY - STUDY - NIGHT

The projector hums. A shaft of light cuts through the dark room.

On the wall is the image of Morgan's mother.

HOLMES

There she is.

MORGAN

Wow. She was so young.

HOLMES

She was your age then.

MORGAN

Who was she running with?

HOLMES

My son. He lived in Vienna for a spell. As did I.

MORGAN

They looked happy together.

HOLMES

They were.

The room grows quiet. Holmes stands and moves to the image of Lillian and his son.

Lillian tugs him along a crowded square full of people.

In the background is the St. Stephan Church. The Gothic-styled church stands high and tall.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
We are all happy for a time... until
we are not.

Morgan joins him by the full-sized image of her mother. She looks closely at her face.

MORGAN
Amazing. We could be twins.

HOLMES
I think Tom knew what he was doing
when he sent you here to me.

Morgan gets up, wanders room. She grabs a framed photograph of Garrett, Holmes' son.

MORGAN
He's cute.

HOLMES
Hmm. Vienna, nineteen-ninety-one,
a film that captures more than an
ordinary weekend spent in Vienna.

Holmes hangs over the canister back to Morgan.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Its yours again.

MORGAN
Thanks.

HOLMES
There is something more I must
show you.

INT. ABBEY - ATTIC - DAY

Morgan walks towards a steamer chest. Luggage labels covers the trunk in an assorted of colors: Leningrad, Hotel Continental Barcelona, Cairo, Grand Hotel Rome, Venice, Paris, etc.

HOLMES
Travel mementos.

MORGAN
You've gone to all of these
places.

HOLMES
Yes.

Morgan touches it.

MORGAN
Cool chest.

HOLMES
Its old. It belonged to my
grandfather. He too loved to
travel.

Holmes opens it.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Its a secretary steamer trunk, a
great makeshift desk in the pinch.

MORGAN
May I touch it?

HOLMES
Of course. It wouldn't bite, girl.

Morgan examines the rows of tiny drawers. Her hands stop at
a piece of sheer red fabric as it attempts to escape one of
the drawers.

Curiosity gets the better of her. So, she opens it. She
sees sheer red lady's panties.

MORGAN
Well, well. Mr. Holmes, what do we
have here?

HOLMES
Like I said, mementos.

Holmes recloses the chest drawers.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
I hadn't been in this in years. It
traveled with me everywhere.

Morgan touches the luggage labels that cover the trunk.

MORGAN
Florence, Rome, Venice. You sure
like Italy.

HOLMES
Good food. Plenty to see. But the
women. Ahh... the women. They are
the true scenery.

Holmes opens-up a few drawers and smiles.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Memories now.

He closes them one by one.

INT. ABBEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

A travelogue on Rome ends.

MORGAN
Holmes, where would you go if you
were me?

HOLMES
Everywhere.

MORGAN
Your travelogues make me feel like
I was there.

Holmes gets up, stretches.

HOLMES
You were not. You saw what I
wished you to see. What I spanned
my camera across.

MORGAN
Magnificent work.

HOLMES.
Was it? Is it? Time will tell.
Popcorn?

MORGAN
Sure.

HOLMES
The world needs more artists.

He grabs his old handheld camera and tosses it to Morgan.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Catch.

Morgan does.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
You're a director now.

MORGAN
But I don't even know how to
operate this thing.

HOLMES
There are schools available. Yet,
I found the best teaching grounds
are the streets.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH RESTAURANT - OUTDOOR TABLE - DAY

With Holmes' 35-mm, Morgan films her mother Lillian as she
lights a fresh Pall Mall cigarette.

SUPER: "Malibu."

Lillian blows smoke in Morgan's direction.

LILLIAN
Put that camera away.

Morgan lowers the camera and places it on the table.

MORGAN
Why? I thought you enjoyed play
acting?

LILLIAN
This isn't acting. This is lunch.

MORGAN
No. It's more. You're acting the
dutiful mother.

Morgan spreads her arms wide to their audience.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And me, the obeying daughter.

Lillian exhales a cloud of smoke.

LILLIAN
Dutiful. Obeying. Both parts we're
incapable to play.

MORGAN
Is that a chill in the air,
mother? Or are we having a real
conversation?

LILLIAN
Dear. Don't accept a supporting
role in your own life. Be the
star!

MORGAN
By that, you mean lead, not
follow.

LILLIAN
Exactly!

MORGAN
That's why I'm going to Film
School. To direct.

LILLIAN
Direct?!? What?

MORGAN
Films of course.

LILLIAN
Films? Are you out of your mind?

Morgan eyes her mother.

MORGAN
Maybe.

LILLIAN
A dick-less director...

Lillian crushes her cigarette into her untouched salad.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
In this town?

Lillian twists her cigarette more into the greens.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Hollywood is run by pigs.

MORGAN
I'm going change all that.

LILLIAN
Sure you are.

An attractive WAITER approaches their table.

Lillian reaches her purse and retrieves a shiny object.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Here. Put some lipstick on.

MORGAN
Why?

LILLIAN
You look tired.

MORGAN
Mother!?!

LILLIAN
What? If you wish to accomplish
anything in this town, you must
look your best.

Lillian smiles up at the waiter.

He smiles back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Right, boy.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Establishing. View of iconic UCLA campus.

SUPER:"UCLA Campus."

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

A balding PROFESSOR with long black hair writes two words
on the chalkboard. The words are 'Great Dialogue.'

He turns to his class and in a monotone voice shares.

PROFESSOR
Dialogue in movies is everything.
So is its delivery.

A bored Morgan looks out the window.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

Morgan, with books in hand, moves through a SEA OF PEOPLE,
as Samantha rushes to catch her.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Morgan! Wait.

Morgan turns back.

MORGAN
Samantha? What are you doing here?

Samantha joins her.

SAMANTHA/SAM
We're shooting a commercial on
campus. You look bored?

MORGAN
I thought this would be different.

SAMANTHA/SAM
If you wish to direct, your
education starts in the theaters,
not here. Come.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Morgan and Samantha walks toward a lit up theater. The
theater marquee reads, "Black Reign."

SAMANTHA/SAM
To me this is your father's best
work.

MORGAN
I haven't watched it in years.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Then, you're in for a treat.

They reach the ticket booth.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
(to the person in the
booth)
Two tickets please.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Sam and Morgan at the movies.

- A) Marquee reads, "8 1/2."
- B) Marquee reads, "Rashomon."
- C) Marguee reads, "Full Metal Jacket."

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Morgan and Samantha moves toward the theater. The lit up
marquee now reads, "Roman Holiday, starring Gregory Peck
and Audrey Hepburn."

SAMANTHA/SAM
This is what we are chasing.

MORGAN
And what's that?

Samantha looks to a vintage Roman Holiday movie poster.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Greatness.

INT. THEATER - SAME

Morgan and Sam eats popcorn as they see Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn before the Mouth of Truth.

ON THE THE SCREEN

JOE.
The Mouth of Truth. The legend is
that if you're given to lying, you
put you're hand in there. It'll be
bitten off.

ANN
Ooh, what a horrid idea.

JOE
Let's see you do it.

*Ann moves her hand, closer and closer but, losing her nerve
at the last minute with a giggle, she pulls it back.*

ANN
Let's see you do it.

JOE
Sure.

*Joe slides his fingers into the mouth and then his hand up
to the wrist. Suddenly he gives out a loud cry, pulling
back, as if the mouth has hold of his hand and won't let
go.*

*Ann screams and rushes to his side, pulling at him from
behind.*

*Joe takes out his hand, apparently severed at the wrist and
Ann screams in fright, putting her hands over her face.
Smiling, he lets his hand spring open, out of his sleeve.*

ANN
You beast! it was perfectly
alright! You've never hurt your
hand!

JOE
I'm sorry, it was just a joke!
Alright?

ANN
You've never hurt your hand.

JOE
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Ok?

ANN
Yes.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THEATER - SAME

Sam turns to Morgan and whispers.

SAMANTHA/SAM
You still hate L.A.?

MORGAN
I'm warming up to some of its
inhabitants.

Morgan smiles and reaches out to hold Sam's hand.

Sam smiles back.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Good.

EXT. GETTY VIEW PARK - DAY

A white gate blocks the East Sepulveda Fire Road. To the left stands a yellow roadside sign, it reads, "END."

In silence, Morgan and Samantha hikes around it and up the trail. Together, they reach the summit with views of the city and the Getty Museum.

MORGAN
Magnificent view.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I love this place.

Morgan takes out his 35-mm camera and points it at Sam.

MORGAN
What do you want out of life?

SAMANTHA/SAM

This.

Samantha breaths in the fresh air deeply.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)

Contentment.

MORGAN

Contentment? Not happiness?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Happiness is too short.

MORGAN

Hmm.

Morgan stretches her body.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

This feels good.

SAMANTHA/SAM

What?

MORGAN

Us.

Morgan turns and hurries down the trail.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Race ya to the bottom.

SAMANTHA/SAM

You're on.

Morgan shouts back.

MORGAN

You remind me of someone?

Samantha, five-steps behind Morgan, replies.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Who?

MORGAN

An old friend.

EXT. ABBEY - DAY

Morgan and Sam stands before the massive arched doorway.

Morgan starts to film Sam with her handheld camera. She looks through its viewfinder.

MORGAN
Go ahead. Use the knocker. Holmes
is a little hard at hearing.

The knocker CLANGS. CLANGS. CLANGS.

The door swings open.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Surprise!

Garrett appears. He sees Morgan and turns pale.

GARRETT
Morgan!

Morgan sees him and steps back.

MORGAN
Hi, Garrett.

GARRETT
Come in. Come in.

Sam hesitates at the door.

MORGAN
This is Samantha.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sam. I saw you at Tom's wake.

Garrett wanders into the foyer.

GARRETT
Hi, Sam.

MORGAN
Where's Bert?

Garrett turns to Morgan.

GARRETT
He's gone.

MORGAN
Oh. Where?

GARRETT
Umm.

MORGAN
He's dead?

GARRETT
The cleaning lady found him in his
chair.

MORGAN
Show me.

INT. ABBEY - PROJECTION ROOM - SAME

Morgan touches the back of Holmes' chair.

MORGAN
Happy endings depend on where you
stop the film.

Morgan sees popcorn on the floor. She bends down and picks
up a popped kernel.

GARRETT
Yeah.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sorry, Garrett.

Garrett nods his appreciation.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
What was he watching?

Garrett becomes alive. He moves to a cabinet and grabs a
tin film canister.

GARRETT
That was the first thing I
checked.

MORGAN
One of his travelogues?

GARRETT
Yep.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Which one?

GARRETT
Guess.

MORGAN
Rome. It would've to be Rome.

Garrett nods as he holds up the film canister.

GARRETT
Rome, 1953. He could never get
enough of it.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Was there a service for him?

GARRETT
No. Per his wishes. His ashes were
scattered in his garden.

MORGAN
May I see it?

GARRETT
Of course, come!

EXT. ABBEY'S GARDEN - DAY

Garrett leads the Samantha and Morgan through the lush
gardens along a gavel path.

GARRETT
His palette is entirely
Mediterranean. Palms, olives, and
limes. He loved this place nearly
as much as his projection room.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Shame.

Morgan hugs Garrett.

MORGAN
Sorry about your dad.

GARRETT
Thanks.

MORGAN
But we better be going.

Samantha hugs Garrett.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Your father was a legend in the
industry.

GARRETT
Yeah. What're your plans?

Samantha and Morgan looks to one another.

MORGAN
I just wanted to introduce Sam.

GARRETT
You still can. Come!

Garrett rushes back in the Abbey.

Morgan and Samantha follows.

INT. ABBEY - PROJECTION ROOM - DAY - LATER

Garrett, Sam, and Morgan watches the end of Rome, 1953.

MORGAN
Oh, beautiful.

SAMANTHA/SAM
He was such an artist.

Garrett flips on the lights.

GARRETT
His legacy lives on. Wish to stay
for dinner?

Morgan looks to Samantha.

MORGAN
Thank you. But we have to go.

GARRETT
Sure. Another time.

As they walk to the door, Morgan crosses Bert's Steamer Chest.

MORGAN
Ah, his chest. A great desk...

GARRETT
In a pitch. He must of liked you.

MORGAN
We were fast friends.

GARRETT
May I ask how the two of you met?

MORGAN
My dad borrowed one of his films.
After he died, I returned it.

GARRETT
Which film?

MORGAN
One set in Vienna. In fact, you
and my mother were in it.

GARRETT
Hmm. I remember.

MORGAN
Now, we're both fatherless.

Morgan hugs Garrett one last time.

GARRETT
It looks that way.

Samantha waves him good-bye.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Thank you both for coming.

Morgan and Samantha heads back to their car.

Garrett watches them leave. He struggles to say something,
anything, yet fails. His facial muscles tighten as he
stares at his departing daughter.

Their car pulls away.

Garrett re-enters the Abbey. As he closes the door, he
takes one last look. All he sees is the car's dust.

The door SLAMS.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - SAME

Samantha drives as Morgan puts her sunglasses.

MORGAN
I need a drink.

INT. PALM SPRINGS BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan at the crowded bar.

Sam sits beside her and consoles her.

MORGAN
He was so full of life.

Sam rubs Morgan's hair back.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Now, he's gone.

SAMANTHA/SAM
He left us his work.

MORGAN
That's something.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It's more than that.

MORGAN
We spent such a short time
together. Yet...

Morgan starts to cry.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Bert was like the grandfather I
never had.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Shh. I know.

Sam starts to kiss her tears on her cheeks.

The BARTENDER drops down their drinks.

BARTENDER
Sorry, girls. Not that kind of
bar.

The OLD PEOPLE that surrounds the bar eyes them like dirt.

Sam wants to explode. Instead, she tosses money on the bar.

MORGAN
Let's get out of here.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I know the perfect place to
celebrate Holmes' life.

SERIES OF SHOTS - Sam drives Morgan through the night.

- A) Sam merges onto the highway as Morgan sleeps.
- B) Sam cuts through trucker traffic.
- C) Sam sees a sign for Bakersfield.
- D) Sam sees a sign for Fresno.

E) Sam sees a sign for Yosemite. It reads, "Next Right."

EXT. MORGAN'S SUV - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The SUV dots a deserted parking lot void of cars.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - SAME

Morgan awakes. She is alone.

MORGAN
Where are we?

Morgan looks to the driver's seat. It's empty.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Sam?

Morgan looks towards the mega-store.

Sam appears with a cart load of camping supplies.

Morgan rolls down the window.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
What's all that for?

SAMANTHA/SAM
You will see.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - DAYBREAK

Morgan and Sam passes a sign for the Yosemite Lodge.

MORGAN
The Lodge?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Nope.

Sam smiles as the sun rises higher. At the horizon, bright pinks bleed into deep blue.

EXT. TRAIL PARKING - SAME

Sam parks.

Morgan looks around.

MORGAN
This is it?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Yes. But we have to hurry. Ready
for a hike?

Morgan gives a half smile.

MORGAN

Sure.

They get out. Sam pulls out the camping equipment.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Morgan and Sam hikes up a long dirt serpentine trail up into the mountains. Their path narrows. The wood chokes them with vegetation. To their left and right, hundreds of telephone pole sized trees eats the light as they tower over them.

Sam leads Morgan.

MORGAN

Is it me? Or is this path
narrowing?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Getting spooked?

MORGAN

No. Just feeling claustrophobic.

SAMANTHA/SAM

We're almost there.

MORGAN

Good.

Sam turns and faces Morgan.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Do you trust me?

MORGAN

Trust is earned.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I know.

Morgan follows Sam up the path.

As they reach the clearing together, the forest's floor drops down and opens up to a rocky cliff and big sky. The entire world stretches out before them.

MORGAN

Wow.

Sam pulls out Morgan's handheld 35-mm camera and films.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Allow me to introduce you to El Capitan.

MORGAN

Hi, gorgeous.

SAMANTHA/SAM

This is where I come when I need to recharge.

Morgan absorbs the wide-angle panorama of green valleys, big mountains, and swift, clear moving falls.

Sam draws closer to Morgan.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)

Nothing beats California.

MORGAN

Nothing beats you.

Morgan closes her eyes and kisses Sam.

Sam kisses her back.

EXT. SIERRA HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

Steam lifts off the warm waters in the night sky above where countless stars give off ample light.

Morgan and Sam hike up to this hot springs.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I told you... Mother Earth provides.

Sam takes off her pack.

So does Morgan.

MORGAN

My back is sore.

Samantha removes her shirt and shorts. She leaves on her bra and panties on.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Then, let's soak.

Morgan removes her clothes too. But doesn't stop with her bra and panties.

MORGAN
Sorry. I'm not modest.

SAMANTHA/SAM
With your body, you shouldn't be.

Morgan joins Sam in the springs.

MORGAN
Scoot over.

Sam stares up, pass the steam to the heavens.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Who could imagine such a place?

Morgan rubs Sam's shoulders and straddles her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Better?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Yes.

MORGAN
I want to know more about you.

SAMANTHA/SAM
You already know all the good.

MORGAN
Good. Bad. We're all broken.

Morgan leans into to Sam.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I don't feel broken now.

INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan and Sam cuddle within one sleeping bag.

Sam plays with Morgan's hair.

MORGAN
Can we stay here forever?

Morgan rolls over to face Sam.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Forever is a long time.

MORGAN

Then let's enjoy the night.

Sam switches off the electric lantern.

EXT./INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - NEXT DAY

They drive home along Highway 101. The day is bright and beautiful.

The radio plays an old Beach Boys song. Morgan and Sam enjoy the music as wind plays with their hair. They are at peace with one another. No words need to be said.

INT. LILLIAN'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Morgan starts to fold her clean clothes.

Lillian walks by.

LILLIAN

You know, we have people that can do that.

MORGAN

Mother. You think everything is beneath you.

LILLIAN

So.

Lillian circles Morgan.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Wait. Something is different here.

She inspects her daughter's features.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You're aglow.

MORGAN

I met someone.

LILLIAN

I pray he's rich.

MORGAN

Who said he?

LILLIAN

What? No, no, no. You owe me a grandchild. All my friends are either dead or have grandchildren.

MORGAN

A grandchild? Because you did such a great job on me?

LILLIAN

I raised you right.

MORGAN

You held back your love.

LILLIAN

Don't be ridiculous.

MORGAN

Mom?

LILLIAN

I gave you life! What more do you want?

MORGAN

Contentment.

LILLIAN

That doesn't exist.

MORGAN

I'm just saying it feels right for me.

LILLIAN

Dear child, we all experiment. Hell, the drunken orgies your father and I were part of... hmm. Good times.

MORGAN

That's my point. Men have ruined your life. I'm not about to have them ruin mine.

LILLIAN

Well, do I get a chance to meet this vixen who turned my straight daughter gay?

MORGAN

She's coming over tonight for dinner?

LILLIAN
What? My hair and nails are a
complete wreck.

Morgan picks up her basket of clothes.

MORGAN
Oh, Mother.

As Morgan leaves, Lillian smiles and whispers to herself.

LILLIAN
Rupert.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - FORMAL DINNER ROOM - NIGHT

The three women share a bout of silence over some pasta and
red wine.

Lillian wears a flowing long sleeved dress.

LILLIAN
More wine, Samantha?

SAMANTHA/SAM
No. I'm good.

Lillian fills up Sam's glass.

LILLIAN
Splendid.

Lillian gulps down her own wine.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Morgan tells me you were a movie
star in the eighties.

LILLIAN
Was? Dear child, I still am!

MORGAN
Mother.

SAMANTHA/SAM
What was Hollywood like back then?

LILLIAN
I really don't remember much about
the eighties. Movie after movie.
Party after party.

MORGAN
Mother. When was the last time
your agent called you regarding a
part?

LILLIAN
Sid's dead.

MORGAN
Before that?

LILLIAN
Hmm. I can't remember.

Lillian thinks back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Anyways, reality is overrated.

The doorbell RINGS.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Who could that be?

Morgan looks to Morgan.

MORGAN
Oh, no.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - SAME

Lillian swings open the door and greets her visitor.

Rupert stands in the doorway. He holds a bottle of
Champagne in each hand.

RUPERT
Hola, bitches. Who wants to party?

INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

One Champagne bottle lies on its side on the giant granite
slab kitchen island.

Rupert pours the last of another bottle into Lillian,
Morgan, then Sam's flute glasses.

RUPERT
(to Sam)
Welcome to the asylum.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Thanks, Rupert. I think.

MORGAN
Rupert is mother's partner in
crime.

LILLIAN
No one knows more secrets than he.

Lillian leaves to fetch another bottle.

RUPERT
Gossip keeps the dream-machine of
ours moving and shaking.

MORGAN
We were just talking about the
eighties.

RUPERT
Oh, a horrid decade.

Lillian returns. She sets down the Champagne bottle in
front of Rupert.

LILLIAN
Here.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Why? You didn't like the movies
you made?

RUPERT
There was a lot of other stuff
going on... than film.

Rupert uncorks the Champagne.

POP!

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Voilà! Let the debauchery begin.

Rupert pours.

SAMANTHA/SAM
So Rupert, why haven't we seen you
in any movies of late?

LILLIAN
(to Rupert)
When she says "of late." She means
in the last twenty years, dear.

MORGAN
Mother.

Rupert fills his own glass.

LILLIAN
Poor Rupert here, committed not
one, but two deadly career sins.

MORGAN
What was your sin mother?

LILLIAN
Growing older.

Lillian gets quiet.

Rupert winks at Lillian.

Lillian smiles back.

RUPERT
Yes. I committed two unforgettable
sins in Hollywood's eyes. One, I'm
gay.

Rupert raises his forefinger to his lips.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Shh... don't tell anyone.

Morgan interrupts.

MORGAN
But there's been tons of gay
actors in the history of
Hollywood. Joan Crawford.
Montgomery Clift.

SAMANTHA/SAM
James Dean. Marlon Brando.

LILLIAN
Katharine Hepburn. Rock Hudson.

RUPERT
True, dear. But that brings me to
the true career killer, numeral
two.

MORGAN
What?

RUPERT
Being openingly gay.

MORGAN
It's not like that anymore, is it?

LILLIAN
Hollywood's hypocrisy.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Its getting better.

RUPERT
Ever so slowly.

SAMANTHA/SAM
So why did you feel the need to
come out so publicly in the
eighties? I'm sure you
representation advised against it.

LILLIAN
Larry, sure did.

Lillian reaches out to Rupert's hand before he answers.

Rupert taps Lillian's hand in appreciation.

RUPERT
Bless his heart. But it was bigger
than money.

LILLIAN
What's bigger than money?

RUPERT
Love. In the eighties, my friends
were dropping dead like flies.
Benjamin and I couldn't believe
how quickly they fell.

SAMANTHA/SAM
The AIDS epidemic.

RUPERT
Yeah. We didn't have a name for it
then. All we knew, it was
ravishing through us. And no one
seemed to care.

MORGAN
Why?

LILLIAN
Homophobia. The gay man's disease.

RUPERT
Yeah. One morning, we awoke, and I
saw a small spot on Ben's face. By
Christmas, he was gone.

LILLIAN
We all miss him.

RUPERT
Oh, well.

Rupert raises his flute glass high over his head.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Here's to Benjamin.

In unison the girls raise their glasses in salute too.

SAM/LILLIAN/MORGAN
To Benjamin.

INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan washes.

Lillian dries the dishes.

RUPERT
Before I turn into a pumpkin, I
must go.

LILLIAN
Love you, Rup.

Rupert kisses Lillian on the cheek. Then, tabs his finger
into the soapy water and places some bubbles on Morgan's
nose.

MORGAN
Hey.

RUPERT
Welcome to the club.

Rupert gives Morgan a fatherly embrace.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Samantha, would you be a dear and
walk me out.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sure.

RUPERT
Night. Night, all.

Rupert leads Sam to the foyer and spins around underneath
the chandelier.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Samantha, what are your
intentions?

SAMANTHA/SAM
I'm falling in love.

Rupert steps closer and inspects Sam's face.

RUPERT
Hmm. Then savor it.

Rupert turns to leave.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Love is the only thing in this
world worth fighting for.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - NEXT DAY

The doorbell RINGS.

The house appears deserted.

The doorbell RINGS again.

Lillian appears in her robe fresh from bed.

LILLIAN
Carmen! Answer the god-damn door!

Lillian crosses the foyer.

The doorbell RINGS again.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, my head.

Lillian opens the door.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
What!

She sees a muscular DELIVERY MAN.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Hi.

DELIVERY MAN
Morgan Weasley?

Lillian opens the door and her legs wider.

LILLIAN
I could be.

DELIVERY MAN
Package.

Lillian eyes the man's crotch.

LILLIAN
I see.

DELIVERY MAN
Look lady. This box weighs a ton.
So, is this 8637 Edwin Drive?

Lillian closes her legs.

LILLIAN
It is.

DELIVERY MAN
Sign here.

LILLIAN
Who's it from?

The delivery looks down at his iPad.

DELIVERY MAN
A guy named Holmes.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - LATER

Morgan and Sam enters the foyer in mid-conversation.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I knew you would like it.

MORGAN
But it was so depressing.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It was Ingrid Bergman's final
performance. She poured herself
into that role.

Morgan sees the box blocking her path.

MORGAN
What's this?

Sam inspects the crate.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It has your name on it. So, open
it and find out.

Lillian stands at the head of the stairs.

LILLIAN
There's a hammer by the crate. But
you may need a crowbar.

Morgan picks up the hammer and goes to work.

Lillian sees Morgan tear into the crate.

Sam and Morgan removes the bubble wrap.

APPEARS Bert Holmes steamer chest.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Garrett.

Lillian smiles as she retreats to her room.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Is that what I think it is?

MORGAN
Yes, a great desk in a pinch.

INT. LILLIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holmes' streamer chest stands wide open. Its drawers are
open at different degrees.

Its contents cover the coffee table: letters and
photographs, odd mementos, knickknacks, beaded necklaces,
tiki dolls, religious icons, and a passport covered in
stamps from it seemed like every country in the world.

Morgan with her fingertips picks up a pair of Holmes'
travel mementos.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Lingerie.

MORGAN
Holmes.

SAMANTHA/SAM
What a life.

Morgan tosses the underwear at Morgan.

MORGAN

Here.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Gross!

Sam dodges it.

MORGAN

Happy endings depend on where you
stop your story.

Morgan sits on the sofa and reads from a piece of paper in
her hands.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Look it all these love letters.

Sam picks up a stack of letters.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)

Florence. Greece. Paris.

MORGAN

A girl in every port.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I'm a one woman girl.

Sam returns the letters to the coffee table.

MORGAN

I wish we were married.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Is that a proposal?

Morgan moves from her chair to sit with Sam's sofa.

MORGAN

It could be?

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Two plastic women holding hands silhouettes the wedding
cake of Morgan and Sam. Underneath this topper, in script,
reads Mrs. & Mrs.

Lillian and Rupert passes the cake as the wedding reception
invades the dance floor.

RUPERT

A wedding, this close to
Christmas?

Lillian sees Sam enter the ballroom.

LILLIAN
There's the bride.

RUPERT
One of them.

Lillian almost spits out her drink as she laughs.

Morgan runs up to Sam.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
They seem happy together.

LILLIAN
What's Sam wearing?

Sam's wears a hula-hoop skirt along with a vintage mink wrap.

RUPERT
It's beautiful.

LILLIAN
I look at them. That picture right there. It makes me incredibly sad.

RUPERT
Why?

LILLIAN
It's a tragedy.

RUPERT
They look happy.

LILLIAN
I know. That's what makes me so upset. We all walk down the aisle with a truckload of dreams. Those dreams soon turn into fear, isolation.

RUPERT
Then, the abandonment of death.

Lillian touches Rupert on the arm.

LILLIAN
But right now... at this exact moment. She thinks she is embarking on the best journey of her life.

Lillian grows dead quiet.

IMAGE: Sam shares a laugh with Morgan.

LILLIAN (O.S.)
 Little do they know, they are
 doomed.

Lillian downs her Scotch quick.

Ice RATTLES in her glass.

Then, Lillian licks lips.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
 I need another drink.

She walks to...

THE BAR

There, she sees Garrett.

LILLIAN
 Nice touch sending her the trunk.

GARRETT
 An early wedding present.

LILLIAN
 Do you believe it?

GARRETT
 What?

Lillian points with her drink.

LILLIAN
 That we created her.

GARRETT
 She barely knows me.

LILLIAN
 Who's fault is that?

Garrett sighs.

GARRETT
 I should dance with her.

LILLIAN
 A father daughter dance?

GARRETT

Why not?

Garrett takes a few steps toward Morgan.

LILLIAN

Garrett!

Garrett turns.

GARRETT

What?

LILLIAN

Vienna was worth it!

Garrett nods and he approaches the...

DANCE FLOOR

Morgan is in mid-discussion with Sam.

Sam stops when she sees Garrett.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Well. Well. Well. It's time for
you two to dance.

MORGAN

But?

Samantha grabs Morgan's Champagne flute.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I will have the band play
something slow.

GARRETT

I. Thank you, Samantha.

Samantha gives him a peek on the cheek as she passes.

SAMANTHA/SAM

No, thank you.

Morgan opens up her arms to Garrett.

MORGAN

I can lead.

GARRETT

I'm a little old fashion.

The band states to play an iconic song that Garrett loves.

Garrett bows and out-stretches his arm to his daughter.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

May I?

Morgan joins him.

MORGAN

You may.

The two dance enchantingly around the room.

GARRETT

You remind me so much of you
mother.

MORGAN

You love her, don't you?

Garrett twirls Morgan about.

GARRETT

Never stopped.

AT THE BAR

Lillian stands next to Samantha.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Morgan has your features but her
father's eyes?

LILLIAN

Tom had great eyes.

Sam reaches for a her drink on the bar.

SAMANTHA/SAM

So does Garrett.

LILLIAN

What?!?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Cheers.

LILLIAN

Samantha, what are you implying?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Only the obvious. A
father/daughter dance.

LILLIAN
Some lies are better left dead and
buried.

SAMANTHA/SAM
If you say so.

LILLIAN
I will tell her when the time is
right.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Sam wanders up to Rupert as a dapper YOUNGER MAN laughs as
he leaves.

Sam and Rupert admire him as he leaves.

RUPERT
Look at that ass.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Rupert, what are your intentions?

RUPERT
Oh, the things I would do.

Rupert looks to the dance floor.

Garrett and Lillian are dancing to a slow song. When the
music stops, the music changes to big-bass-boom MUSIC.

Garrett and Lillian shows the world their moves.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Lillian.

RUPERT
You have one nutty mother-in-law.

Sam looks down at her ring.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I suppose I do.

Rupert does a Cary Grant impression as he shares.

RUPERT
Insanity doesn't run in this
family.

Sam attempts a Gary Grant impression.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It practically gallops. Cary
Grant. Arsenic and Old Lace.

RUPERT
Correct. And by the way, stick to
directing. Leave the acting to
the...

Rupert sees a BEAUTIFUL MAN across the room.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Gotta go.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Happy hunting.

Rupert turns back.

RUPERT
Look at me.

Rupert smooths his hands over his fine figure.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
I'm a killer.

Rupert uses his hands like guns.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Bang. Bang.

Sam covers her heart.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Ouch.

Morgan arrives and pulls Sam out onto the dance floor.

MORGAN
Let's dance.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Rupert sits alone at a circular table.

Sam comes over.

Morgan stays on the dance floor.

Rupert watches the YOUNGER MAN and the BEAUTIFUL MAN dance.

Sam plops down next to Rupert.

SAMANTHA/SAM
What happened killer?

Sam uses her finger like a gun.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Run out of bullets.

RUPERT
No. Just feeling my age.

A slow song starts. On the dance floor, the gay couple draws closer.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Great.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sorry, Rup. Not your night.

Sam grabs a centerpiece and places it before Rupert.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Here. A consolation prize.

RUPERT
This arrangement?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Yeah.

RUPERT
No thanks. They look like shit.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Rupert! Morgan picked these out.

RUPERT
It shows.

Rupert scoops up the arrangement. He looks to the gay couple on the dance floor.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Thanks. Maybe they want it.

Rupert heads to the dance floor.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Rupert.

Rupert turns.

RUPERT
Congrats, Sam.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - HONEYMOON -DAY

Sam and Morgan have a picnic on the beach.

MORGAN

It was sure nice of Garrett to
give us his beach house for the
week.

Sam looks back at it.

SAMANTHA/SAM

How did he get so rich?

MORGAN

I think his parents were loaded.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Hmm. Must be nice.

MORGAN

So, what are our plans for the
week?

SAMANTHA/SAM

I have a shoot on Thursday.

MORGAN

Oh.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Sorry. No rich parents. I need to
work.

MORGAN

Why didn't they come to our
wedding?

SAMANTHA/SAM

I told my mother about us, and she
hung up on me.

Morgan looks out at the horizon.

MORGAN

Rupert told me once, when my
mother was five, my Grandmother,
instructed her to hop atop a
director's lap and perform.
Lillian got the part, of course,
and the rest is history.

SAMANTHA/SAM

That's crazy. Five?

MORGAN
Yeah. Yet, I understand its pull.

SAMANTHA/SAM
For those who wish to create?

Morgan nods.

MORGAN
I want to start a documentary on
Holmes.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Then you need to speak to Garrett.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV — MOVING — DAY

Morgan drives along West Hollywood.

MORGAN
Garrett, here I come.

SERIES OF SHOTS — MORGAN'S ROADTRIP

- A) Morgan travels along the Sunset Strip.
- B) Her SUV passes the Beverly Hills Hotel.
- C) Morgan jumps on Rodeo Drive.
- D) A sign reads Beverly Hills.

EXT. GARRETT'S HOME — DAY

Morgan pulls up to a palatial estate. The mailbox reads,
313 Piney Point. She rechecks the address.

Exclusive neighborhood with breathtaking homes. She gets
out of the SUV and walks up to the gate.

She rings the buzzer. Nothing. Waits a moment, and does it
again. Still nothing. Nobody is home.

EXT. GARRETT'S DRIVEWAY — DAY — LATER

Some time later, a black Porsche 911 Carrera's bears down
the street.

The gate opens. The Carrera's tires screeches as the
convertible brakes hard, almost hitting Morgan's vehicle.

Morgan gets out and makes it through the gate before it closes.

MUSIC: Ode to Joy.

Loud, classical music radiates from the stopped sports car.

Garrett turns off the ignition. And the music stops as he pops out.

MORGAN
Hey maestro! You almost hit me.

GARRETT
Oh, Morgan, I thought you were coming tomorrow.

MORGAN
We agreed on Friday, and that's today.

GARRETT
Is it now? Well, then. Let's go get a drink and celebrate.

Morgan looks at him, then his sports car.

MORGAN
Have you been drinking?

GARRETT
Never stopped. Come on. You said you wanted to talk. So let's talk. I'll drive.

Garrett gets back into his car.

Morgan reluctantly does the same.

Garrett pushes a button that opens up the gate. Then, he slams the sports car into gear and almost backs into another sports car in his driveway.

MORGAN
Hey, watch it.

GARRETT
Don't worry. I'm fully insured.

Garrett smiles devilishly as he slams on the gas. The engine comes alive, and the car leaps. He then looks at Morgan.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I love this car!

EXT. GARRETT'S CAR — SAME

The Porsche roars down the residential street.

GARRETT
You have your father's eyes.

MORGAN
What else do you remember about him?

GARRETT
If he wasn't such a pain in the ass...

He places the car into a higher gear.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
He could've been famous!

EXT. GARRETT'S COUNTRY CLUB — DAY

Holmes parks in front and tosses his keys to the valet.

GARRETT
Here you go, Joey. No scratches.

INT. GARRETT'S COUNTRY CLUB — SAME

Garrett walks through a dark-wood paneled entrance hall filled with old photos, French furniture, and more attentive staff.

HOST
Good day, Mr. Holmes. Are you and your guest here for an early dinner?

GARRETT
As long as it's served in a chilled cocktail glass, yes.

He brushes by their forced smiles.

INT. LOCKER ROOM — DAY

Garrett and Morgan enters a locker room of dark wood. Old, half-clad men are changing clothes.

GARRETT
Close your eyes, Morgan. Some sights are better not seen.

MEMBER
What? A woman?

GARRETT
See.

He points.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Bars open. So, we're cutting
through here.

A member in BVDs scratches his butt.

MEMBER
Oh.

They cross the locker room to a doorway leading to the
country club's spacious men only bar. Behind a massive dark
oak bar, a young bartender stands tall and attentive.

THE BAR

Garrett jumps up on a stool.

GARRETT
Good day, Jack.

BARTENDER
Mr. Holmes. The usual?

GARRETT
Yes, but double it, today.

BARTENDER
Of course.

GARRETT
So, what do you want to talk
about?

MORGAN
Your father.

GARRETT
My father. Why him?

MORGAN
I'm thinking of doing a
documentary on him. How he
transformed film into art.

GARRETT
Boring. You should do your
documentary on me.

MORGAN
And why is that?

GARRETT
I'm a dying breed. A white asshole
with money.

MORGAN
No. I'm sure you're still in the
majority.

GARRETT
Funny. Seriously, my films made
more money. And awards. I have
Oscars back home.

The bartender comes and lays out four chilled martini
glasses before them. Pops in a toothpick of olives and with
much gusto starts to prepare Garrett's drinks.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Bone dry, Jack. With just a hint
of vermouth.

BARTENDER
Of course.

GARRETT
Don't you love the look of that?
The form. The presentation.

Jack pours half a bottle of Grey Goose into a silver
tumbler full of ice.

Then the bartender starts to shake the tumbler with gusto.
With a flair for theater pours the clear contents into the
four martini glasses one by one.

MORGAN
That's a lot of booze.

GARRETT
Yes, it is. But doesn't it all
look so good? Look at that layer
of ice almost forming on top. Hmm.
Well done. Jack. Well done.

With one swoop, Garrett downs the first martini.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Ah! The nectar of the gods.

Morgan looks at him, uncertain what to do next. She reaches into her purse to pay.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Don't be vulgar. You are my guest.
Come. Grab your drinks. Jack. Grab
me the box of Cubans and the
cutter.

BARTENDER
Will do.

GARRETT
We will be on the patio.

They walk out. They are alone. The patio has a fine view of the course and ocean.

They sit as the bartender arrives with the cigars, a cutter, and lighter.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Another round in ten minutes.
Okay, Jack.

BARTENDER
The same, Mr. Holmes?

GARRETT
Why not?

Garrett prepares his cigar.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Care for a stogie?

Garrett removes two out of the cigar case, offers Morgan one but she refuses.

MORGAN
The staff here seems extremely
obedient.

GARRETT
They should be. They make a dollar
more than the minimum wage.

He lights his cigar, breathes in, exhales.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Ahhh. I love this place.

MORGAN
You seem to love many things.

GARRETT
I do. Music, fast cars, women half
my age, and yes..., quick
consumption of fine alcohol.

He slams down another drink.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Ahh. Good for the coward's soul.

Garrett eyes Morgan's reserve martini.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

MORGAN
No. But let's start talking about
your father.

GARRETT
Afraid I'm going to pass out?

MORGAN
Yes.

GARRETT
Fear not. I have a hollow leg. I
have built up quite a tolerance
with time.

MORGAN
I'm sure you have.

Morgan removes her 35-mm camera from her purse.

GARRETT
That was my father's.

MORGAN
He gave it to me. Said the world
needed more artists.

GARRETT
That sounds like him.

MORGAN
I'm with Garrett Holmes, the son
of--

GARRETT
So, what do you want to know about
my old man?

MORGAN
Everything.

GARRETT

Okay. Let's start with how he was never around.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PATIO — TWILIGHT

The sun grows pink and weak as the first signs of night appear around the course.

GARRETT

When you reach my age, and death is no longer a distant stranger, but the man next door... you will think differently.

MORGAN

Your father was content at the end of his life.

GARRETT

Of course he was. Locked away in his precious Abbey. Surrounded by his films and silence. Void of family. Or friends.

MORGAN

Who was Bert Holmes?

GARRETT

I thought you seen all his pictures.

MORGAN

I have.

GARRETT

Then it's all there. His thoughts, his interests, all captured forever on film. What were your thoughts of him?

MORGAN

I enjoyed his company. He was a gifted story-teller.

GARRETT

Yeah.

MORGAN

He told me once. Happy endings depend on where you stop your story.

GARRETT
True. As a director, that's one
thing you can control. The End.

EXT. PATIO — NIGHT

A brisk air blows, and plays havoc with the gas lanterns' long blue flames. Darkness has come to the club.

MORGAN
Okay. You covered Hollywood, his
early career. What about Vienna?

GARRETT
I studied music there.

MORGAN
I read you were quite good. A
concert pianist of some acclaim.

GARRETT
Some acclaim. But not enough.

Garrett grows quiet. He looks at his line of empty drinks.

MORGAN
Holmes opened up a new world to
me.

GARRETT
Did he? What was in that world?

MORGAN
The appreciation of motion
pictures.

GARRETT
That's it?

MORGAN
It's an art form. That's what I
want my documentary to be about.

GARRETT
Art? No, kid. It's a business.
Make money or perish.

He slowly stands up.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You're just like your mother.

MORGAN
How so?

GARRETT
Self-absorbed. Let's go.

The steps lead down to the golf course. They reach a cart path lit up by garden lights.

MORGAN
Tell me about Vienna.

Garrett stops.

GARRETT
What do you wish to know?

MORGAN
Why was your father there?

GARRETT
My father!?! You haven't asked one goddamn question about me or my films.

MORGAN
My focus was your dad's work. I thought I made myself clear on the phone.

GARRETT
Then goddamn humor me. Have you seen 14 Days in Europe.

MORGAN
No.

GARRETT
What about Destination Holy Land?
Or Behind the Iron Curtain? That sold well.

MORGAN
No. Though, I did see bits and pieces of Paris by Night. And the first ten minutes of My Spanish Lullaby.

GARRETT
Ten minutes? I earned a damn Oscar for that one.

Morgan shrugs his shoulders.

Garrett trips over a garden light and lands on his back.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I wanted my father to notice me.
Or at least be proud of me.

Morgan appears over him.

MORGAN
True artists are self-absorbed.

GARRETT
Hmm, that's the first thing out of
your mouth that makes a bit of
sense. Okay. I'm a bit drunk. Help
me up.

MORGAN
That hollow leg of yours, all
filled up?

GARRETT
Not yet.

MORGAN
You're done driving. Hand me your
keys.

Garrett grabs Morgan's hand, as he hands over his keys.

GARRETT
Fine.

INT. GARRETT'S CAR — NIGHT

Garrett gets quiet as they enter his neighborhood.

MORGAN
Why are you so pissed at your dad?
After all this time?

GARRETT
How ironic of you to ask.

Garrett turns up the music.

As they turn down Garrett's street, Morgan turns off the
radio.

MORGAN
Your neighbors.

GARRETT
F my neighbors.

He turns the music back on. "Ode to Joy" plays.

Morgan slowly drives up to Garrett's house.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(German with subtitles)
Dear child, can you sense your
true creator? For I am he.

MORGAN
I can't speak German.

GARRETT
I know.

EXT. GARRETT'S HOUSE — NIGHT

They get out of the car.

MORGAN
Why did you send me his chest?

GARRETT
I had no use of it.

MORGAN
Oh.

GARRETT
Before you go. You've to endure
more music.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

In the dim light Garrett walks toward a grand piano the sheer size of which chokes the room. As he finally reaches the Steinway, he polishes off his drink.

GARRETT
Ahhh!

Garrett then tosses his glass. CRASH! It smashes against the opposing wall.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Okay.

He CRACKS his knuckles as he sits.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
From the beginning.

He starts to play but not to his liking.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Aufhören! Again!

Then, pure unbridled emotion pours out through his finger tips to the black and white keys before him. Both haunts and enchants.

He plays Ludwig van Beethoven's Piano Sonata No.14 - "Moonlight Sonata." The sound is beautiful.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
The problem with me. Is that I'm
an emotional man. That's good.
That's bad.

Morgan lies down on the sofa opposite the piano.

He continues to play.

MORGAN
Tell me more about your
relationship with my mother.

GARRETT
Nothing ends nicely, that's why it
ends.

Morgan falls asleep.

As Garrett continues to play, "MOONLIGHT SONATA."

INT. GARRETT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan sleeps as Garrett stops playing. He walks over and grabs a nearby blanket and covers her with it.

GARRETT
Dear child, I've loved you from
afar... in my own weird way.

Fatherly, he touches her hair with the back of his hand.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Good-bye.

Garrett looks around the room one last time. Then, he liberates his car keys from the coffee table.

INT. GARRETT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morgan awakes.

Garrett is nowhere in sight.

As Morgan searches for him, she enters his study. Behind his desk, next to his Oscars and awards, is a scattering of photographs of her at various ages.

Morgan moves to them and picks one up. The photo is from her tenth birthday party, and Garrett is next to her.

MORGAN

Ah, Vienna.

Morgan sees a photograph of her mother in the same red dress as she runs through the streets. Her attention moves to a nearby mirror.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I do have my father's eyes.

She storms out of the room.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOME - POOL - DAY

Lillian wears a black bikini, sunglasses, and beach hat. She reads a magazine, nineteen-eight-two Vanity Fair.

Emerges Morgan from the house.

MORGAN

Mother!

Lillian doesn't even bother to look up.

LILLIAN

What have I done now?

Lillian smartphone rings. Rupert's image appears on her phone.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Saved by Rupert. Bless his heart.

MORGAN

Mother.

Lillian raises her finger to silence Morgan.

LILLIAN

I'm sure it's some good juicy gossip.

Lillian answers it.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Rupert, what nugget of dirt to you wish to share?

Listen listens.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Bullshit! It can't be.

EXT. CEMETERY — DAY

Small gathering of MOURNERS surrounds a freshly dug grave.

MOURNER#1
They found his car at the bottom
of a three-hundred foot cliff.

MOURNER #2
What a waste of a fine car.

MOURNER #1
Yeah.

EXT. GARRETT'S GRAVE SITE — DAY

In black, Morgan stands beside Sam.

Lillian and Rupert stand on the other side of the flower
covered casket.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Your grandfather had quite a knack
for understating events.

MORGAN
A film that captures more than an
ordinary weekend spent in Vienna.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It was the weekend...

MORGAN
I was conceived.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Crazy.

MORGAN
I want to be better at parenting
than my parents.

Sam looks at Lillian dressed in red. She's crying.

SAMANTHA/SAM
That shouldn't be hard.

MORGAN
I want to start trying now.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Now, that's more challenging.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - LATER

Lillian walks with Rupert back to her car.

Morgan rushes after them.

MORGAN
Mom!

Rupert turns but Lillian quickens her pace.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mom! Was Garrett my real father!

The funeral guests awaits Lillian's response.

Lillian, in a panic, takes her keys out of her purse.

Rupert on the passenger side watches Morgan approach.

RUPERT
I will find another ride.

LILLIAN
Coward.

Rupert leaves.

Lillian pops into her car and locks the doors. She looks up at her daughter's framed in the passenger window.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

Morgan reaches into her own purse and pulls out Lillian's spare keys. As she hits a button, the car doors unlock.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
How?

Morgan opens the door and takes a seat next to her mother. She holds up the keys.

MORGAN
Your spare. Because someone is getting forgetful in their advanced age.

LILLIAN

You brat.

Lillian starts her car but she is blocked in. She looks as trapped as her car.

Morgan grabs the key from the ignition.

MORGAN

No more running from the truth mother.

LILLIAN

What do you know about truth?

MORGAN

Nothing. But...

Morgan grabs her mother's purse on the floor and dumps everything out of it.

LILLIAN

What are you doing?!?

MORGAN

This may look like a purse. But in all reality, it is the Mouth of Truth.

LILLIAN

You're losing your mind. Great.

Morgan lifts the purse higher and closer to her mother.

MORGAN

This is the Mouth of Truth. If you dare, risk your right hand, place it in here.

Lillian's hand recoils.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Coward. For truth is about trust.

Lillian looks down at the scattered contents of her purse at Morgan's feet.

LILLIAN

Be a dear, and grab my Valium.

MORGAN

Mother... was Garrett my true father.

Lillian sheepishly places her hand within her purse.

LILLIAN

Yes.

MORGAN

Next question.

Lillian grabs her chest.

LILLIAN

Are you trying to kill me?

MORGAN

Did you love Garrett?

Lillian looks out the window to a field of monuments paying homage to the dead.

LILLIAN

I did for a time. Then, it passed.

MORGAN

Do you love me?

LILLIAN

You've been a pain in my ass since we met... but yes, I love you.

MORGAN

Good. Now, let's remove your hand and see if it's still there.

Lillian slowly pulls it out. Her hand is still intact.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why have you hid the truth from me for all these years?

LILLIAN

Necessity.

MORGAN

We should go back to see Garrett.

LILLIAN

And say good-bye as a family?

MORGAN

Yeah.

LILLIAN

Okay.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP LOT - DAY

Sam and her crew films a commercial.

A MODEL TYPE WOMAN walks down the line of shiny vehicles.

MODEL TYPE WOMAN
So, if you want to find the
perfect car or truck... make it to
Vreelands today. And tell'em
Blonde Betty sent ya.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Cut. That's a wrap.

Morgan zigzags the electrical cords and stand lights to Sam
behind a camera.

MORGAN
That was great.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It pays the bills.

Morgan touches the equipment.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Missing it?

MORGAN
Film school wasn't my thing.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I love your movies.

MORGAN
You're bias.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Maybe I am.

MORGAN
What are our options for children?

SAMANTHA/SAM
I have an appointment for us at a
fertility clinic on Thursday.

EXT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DAY

Sam and Morgan rushes into the building together.

MORGAN
We're going to be late.

Sam opens the door for Morgan.

SAMANTHA/SAM
We've plenty of time.

As Morgan enters, Sam shakes her head.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Plus, I filled out all the
paperwork online.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam and Morgan sit in a waiting room full of couples of all ethnicity and backgrounds.

MORGAN
These guys are supposed to be the
best.

Sam looks at the clinic's sales brochure.

SAMANTHA/SAM
They should be at these rates.
Twenty-thousand dollars a try.

MORGAN
Worth ever penny.

SAMANTHA/SAM
But...

MORGAN
I don't care if I burn through all
the money Garrett left me. We need
this. I need this.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Okay.

Sam looks at the waiting room clock.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
I have a shoot this afternoon. So,
I can't be here all day.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

In a room of white, a middle-aged fertility DOCTOR in a lab coat sits behind her desk and computer.

DOCTOR
Our clinic has an outstanding
success rate.

MORGAN
Tell me more about the Two-Mom
Approach.

DOCTOR
A 'Two-Mom' Approach lets female
same-sex couples, like yourselves,
to share the role. Sam, we will
use your eggs, and mix them in a
lab dish with donor sperm.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Tell me more about these donors.

DOCTOR
We will get to that later. The
embryos will then be implanted in
Morgan's uterus.

MORGAN
I want to carry the baby.

DOCTOR
And you will. Any questions?

SAMANTHA/SAM
My eggs, and Morgan carries the
baby.

DOCTOR
Correct.

MORGAN
When can we start?

The doctor types on her computer.

DOCTOR
We can start the first attempt
next week.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam, in a hospital gown, lies in an exam bed. Her feet
rests in metal stirrups, spread wide and high.

The doctor retrieves an egg.

SAMANTHA/SAM
You using the whole fist doc?!?

The doctor continues her work.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)
Not a Chevy Chase fan?

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam stares at an Ultrasound image.

Morgan is being operated on.

Embryo transfer via Ultrasound Image appears gritty, black, and white. The transfer catheter loaded with the embryos passes through the cervical opening up to the middle of the uterine cavity.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Sam and Morgan sit before the doctor's desk.

The doctor looks at the pregnancy results. She shakes her head, no.

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INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

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The doctor looks at the pregnancy results. She shakes her head, yes.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A pregnant Morgan holds Sam's hand and shares the good news with Lillian.

MORGAN
We're pregnant!

LILLIAN
Really?

Lillian stands and congratulates her daughter and Sam.

Beams Morgan and Sam.

Lillian moves her hand to Morgan's belly.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
May I?

Morgan raises her shirt.

MORGAN
Of course.

Lillian softly touches her daughter's belly.

LILLIAN
Amazing. Science. I'm so happy for you both.

SAMANTHA/SAM
You're going to be a grandma.

LILLIAN
Second chances are rare.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Sam attempts to put together a crib with Morgan's help.

MORGAN

Is there supposed to be left over bolts?

Morgan holds up a hex nut.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And what are these?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Extra.

Sam shakes the crib and a panel falls in.

MORGAN

Ohh, no.

Sam laughs it off.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I need a nail gun.

Morgan rubs her belly.

MORGAN

No baby bump yet but its coming.

Sam looks around the travel-themed nursery. Popular destinations are painted on the walls. Along with each cities iconic images: Big Ben and London Bridge, the Eiffel Tower, Rome's Colosseum, Great Wall of China, Hollywood sign, and waterfall in Yosemite.

SAMANTHA/SAM

You really did a fantastic job with this room. Holmes would've been proud.

MORGAN

Yeah. His steamer chest was my inspiration.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Oh, by the way. Your mother has invited us over for dinner Sunday.

MORGAN

Sure. Why not?

INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam washes the dishes as Morgan dries.

Rupert refills Lillian's wine glass. Then, he does the same for his.

RUPERT
(to Morgan)
The film festival wishes to
feature your father's work.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Which one?

LILLIAN
Not funny, Sam.

RUPERT
My hope is to showcase their
greatest work. Tom's, Garrett's,
even Bert's.

MORGAN
A tribute?

Rupert nods.

RUPERT
Why not? They deserve it.

MORGAN
When is it?

RUPERT
October.

MORGAN
I won't be able to travel then.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Travel? It's West Hollywood, not
Cannes.

MORGAN
I need to stay close. Nesting
urges.

LILLIAN
I was the same way, Sam. A royal
pain in everyone's ass.

Rupert looks to Sam and Morgan.

RUPERT
That stopped?

LILLIAN

I would love to see a man try to
carry a baby. The Nausea. The
Fatigue.

MORGAN

Peeing every five minutes.

RUPERT

I wouldn't make it nine days. Let
alone nine months.

LILLIAN

That's right. Give it up to the
stronger sex. Those who can
reproduce.

MORGAN

Yeah!

Lillian hurries around the kitchen's island.

LILLIAN

Let me kiss that big gorgeous
belly again.

MORGAN

Moommmm.

RUPERT

Ahhh. Parental love.

SAMANTHA/SAM

I'm glad we used my eggs.

EXT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunshine lands on the glass-topped steamer chest. The home
appears vacant.

We move room to room, from the living room to the...

KITCHEN

We cross various objects of interest from Morgan and Sam's
life: photographs from Yosemite, photographs from their
wedding, and a sign that reads, "Your Life is NOW."

We leave the kitchen and stop at the...

BASE OF THE STEPS

White, pristine carpet runs up the steps. On the third step is a single red dot of blood.

A few steps up is another.

We climb the steps and follow the droplets down the...

HALLWAY

The blood trail ends at the...

BATHROOM DOOR

It is closed. Behind it, Morgan sobs.

MORGAN (O.S.)
No. No. No. Why, God? Why?!?

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan sleeps in a hospital bed as Sam paces.

Morgan stirs.

Sam heads to her.

MORGAN
I had the worst...

Morgan looks around the room.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Noooo.

Morgan weeps.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It's okay. We're going to be okay.

MORGAN
I want to be alone.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Honey.

MORGAN
Please.

Sam does what Morgan wishes.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I will be in the waiting room.

MORGAN
Fine.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY - LATER
Lillian arrives off the elevator.
Sam greets her there.

LILLIAN
Sam, what happen?

SAMANTHA/SAM
I was at a shoot.

LILLIAN
The baby?

Sam tears up.
Lillian hugs Sam.
Sam hugs her back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Okay.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I should've been home.

LILLIAN
Samantha. There, there. It
wouldn't have mattered either way.

Sam falls upon Lillian's shoulder.

SAMANTHA/SAM
It's my fault.

Lillian strokes Sam's hair.

LILLIAN
Nonsense.

Sam straightens and wipes the tears off her cheeks with the
back of her hands.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Where's my girl?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Down the hall.

LILLIAN
Let's get her home.

INT. HOME — KITCHEN — NIGHT — A MONTH LATER

Morgan sits in an emotionless state at the kitchen table.
A plate of untouched food sits before her.

Lillian wanders in. She wears an apron.

LILLIAN
Honey, you didn't eat anything.

MORGAN
I'm not hungry.

LILLIAN
You should eat.

Morgan looks up at her mother.

MORGAN
No, I shouldn't.

LILLIAN
Why?

MORGAN
A month ago, I was pregnant.

LILLIAN
And now you're not.

Morgan's upper body starts rocking back and forth.

Lillian places her hand on her daughter's shoulder.

Morgan removes her mother's hand.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Okay.

Lillian picks up Morgan's plate.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Dear, it will be in the fridge, if
you want it later.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Lillian enters the living room where Sam sits reading the newspaper.

SAMANTHA/SAM
How is she?

LILLIAN
Same.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I made an appointment for her to
see a psychiatrist.

LILLIAN
Good. This is killing me.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Me too.

EXT. HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Lillian clears dishes from the table.

Morgan's plate is untouched again.

LILLIAN
You done, dear?

Morgan looks up at her mother as she grabs her plate and
drops it on the floor.

The plate falls. SMASH! Scatters peas and carrots on the
wooden floor.

Sam emerges from the kitchen.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Everything okay?

Lillian picks up the pieces.

LILLIAN
There was an accident.

MORGAN
Yes. There was.

Lillian comforts her daughter.

Morgan looks up with tears in her eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mother, I'll never be who I was.

LILLIAN
No. You will be different. But,
you are stronger than you realize.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I'm calling Dr. Thomas.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. KALI THOMAS, a jazzy dressing thirty-something, highly educated yet still possess a giving-heart.

Kali and her ten o'clock shares a long passage of silence.
A tablet she uses to take notes rests on her lap.

KALI
So Morgan, why are you here?

Shares Morgan in her stretchy black tights and comfy pullover.

MORGAN
My dreams never came to fruition.

KALI
What dreams were those?

MORGAN
A child.

KALI
Do you wish to talk about it?

MORGAN
I can't go there yet.

KALI
That's fine. There's no judgement here. Tell me what you like.

MORGAN
Where should I start?

KALI
How about... with the beginning.

MORGAN
Okay, in the beginning, my Mother was an attention-seeking diva who found it in two insecure men who used her as their muse.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam pulls up to pick up Morgan from her appointment.

Morgan rushes into the car.

SAMANTHA/SAM
How was it?

MORGAN
Good.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY - LATER

Rupert stands by his Mercedes Benz.

Morgan leaves Kali's office.

MORGAN
What are you doing here?

RUPERT
I drew the short stick. Get in.

MORGAN
Okay.

EXT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE'S GROUNDS - DAY

Rupert drives Morgan along the grounds.

MORGAN
This place is beautiful.

RUPERT
The grounds are nice. But the
children... they're the true
treasure.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - LATER

Kids of all ethnicity run about, swing about, and play about.

Morgan walks with Rupert.

MORGAN
How can this be?

RUPERT
It breaks the heart.

MORGAN
They're all so young.

RUPERT
And motherless.

Appears SISTER MARY, 50s, wears traditional habits but feels closest to God when she surfs.

SISTER MARY
Hi, Rupert. They're ready if you are.

MORGAN
They?

RUPERT
They.

Sister Mary escorts them to a nearby...

PICNIC TABLE

Another NUN sits at the table. She holds a child in her hands. To her side, a little girl no older than four or five draws in a coloring book.

Sits MILES, 2-ish, atop Sister Ann's lap, toddler with coco-colored skin, a big bushy Afro, and a smile that melts hearts.

Four-year old, MIRA, sits by their side, wears a pretty pink dress. She's an Asian-American with her dark straight hair pulled back in white bows.

SISTER MARY
This is Sister Ann.

SISTER ANN
Hi, Rupert.

RUPERT
Hi, Ann.

Morgan gets down on her knees.

MORGAN
Hi, Sister Ann. Who are these adorable children you're with?

Miles looks up and squints his eyes.

MILES
Pretty.

MORGAN

Ahh.

SISTER ANN

This is Miles.

MORGAN

Thank you, Miles.

SISTER ANN

And this budding artist here, is
Mira?

MORGAN

Hi, Mira.

Mira doesn't look up but says.

MIRA

Are you going to be my new mommy?

Morgan lifts up Mira's chin.

MORGAN

Do you want me to be?

Mira nods yes.

A group of small children approaches Rupert.

RUPERT

Hi, Wendy.

WENDY, 7, a freckled face girl looks up to Rupert. Her
hands are behind her back.

WENDY

Mr. Rup. Can you read to us.

RUPERT

Of course.

Rupert looks to the book Wendy is hiding behind her back.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Do you have one in mind?

WENDY

You know I do.

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY - LATER

Rupert sits on the edge of the Merry-Go-Round as he reads before a multitude of children of various ages and ethnicity.

Rupert reads from Peter Pan.

RUPERT

London, 1904. The streets were quiet near the Pendragon mansion, like they always were at this time of the night, the time when all the parents got back from work and the children were ready to go to sleep.

WENDY

Sleep. I hate sleep.

RUPERT

You'll love it when you're older. Trust me. Now, where was I?

BOY

The children were ready to go to bed.

RUPERT

Ah, yes. Here it is. In most houses, parents are wishing their children good night, kissing them on the forehead before turning off the lights or sometimes, reading them bedtime stories.

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY - LATER

Rupert acts out Peter Pan.

RUPERT

I've got it now, Wendy! cried John, but soon he found he had not. Not one of them could fly an inch.

Rupert looks at Sam.

Mira is on Sam's lap.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Of course Peter had been trifling
with them, for no one can fly
unless the fairy dust has been
blown on him.

Rupert digs down into his pocket and pulls out imaginary
fairy dust.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Fortunately, as we have mentioned,
one of his hands was messy with
it, and he blew...

Rupert blows the fairy dust at the nearby children.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Some on each of them, with the
most superb results.

EXT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE - GROUNDS - DAY - LATER

Rupert walks back with Morgan to his car, arm-in-arm.

RUPERT
So, what do you think?

MORGAN
I think you're quite popular here.

RUPERT
I am.

MORGAN
So, you volunteer here?

RUPERT
Sure do. Every Thursday. Have for
years.

MORGAN
You surprise me.

RUPERT
Why?

MORGAN
You good Catholic boy.

RUPERT
What can I say?

MORGAN
You're perfect.

Rupert dips his head in a salute.

RUPERT
And what are your thoughts of
Miles and Mira?

MORGAN
I need Samantha to meet them too.

RUPERT
And?

MORGAN
We shall see.

Rupert gets in his car.

RUPERT
I've always loved this place.
Nothing reflects more truth about
us as a society...

MORGAN
Than our children.

INT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE - OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Sam and Morgan sits in front of Sister Mary's desk.

The nun is nowhere in sight.

MORGAN
Why is it taking so long?

SAMANTHA/SAM
We must be patient.

Sister Mary wanders in and sits behind her desk.

SISTER MARY
I'm sorry. I had to put out a
fire.

MORGAN
Sister Mary, what are the odds of
Sam and I adopting Mira and Miles?

Sister Mary eyes Sam hard. Then, she looks at the completed
paperwork.

SAMANTHA/SAM
The Catholic Church hasn't shown
much support for same-sex
marriages.

SISTER MARY
None indeed.

Sister Mary looks up from the papers before her.

SISTER MARY (CONT'D)
Yet, who are we to judge?

INT. MORGAN AND SAM'S LIVING ROOM - MOVIE NIGHT

Lillian sleeps in a chair as Sam and Morgan watch the end of, To Catch a Thief.

Morgan's smartphone BUZZES. On it, appears a photo of Sister Mary.

Sam looks at Morgan.

MORGAN
It's Sister Mary.

The smartphone BUZZES again.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Answer it.

Morgan does.

MORGAN
Miles and Mira? Yesss!!!

Morgan jumps up, drops her smartphone, and rushes to her to mother.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mother!

Lillian stirs and opens her eyes.

LILLIAN
Dear God. What's next?

MORGAN
You're going to be a grandmother.

LILLIAN
About f'n time.

Sam picks up Morgan's smartphone.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Sister Mary, are you still there?
Thank you.

Morgan looks to Sam.

MORGAN
When can we get them?

Sam holds up her finger as she listens to Sister Mary.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Okay. Sounds great. See you
Saturday.

MORGAN
Saturday!

INT. SAM AND MORGAN'S HOME - DAY

Sam, Morgan, Mira, and Miles enters as a family.

Lillian, with her phone to her ear, waits for them.

LILLIAN
Rup, they're all here.

Sam goes down on her knee.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Welcome.

MORGAN
Miles. Mira. This is now your
home.

MIRA
Home?

MORGAN
Home. Now, who wants to see their
rooms?

MIRA
Me!

Miles runs off to the kitchen.

Lillian stands in the background talking on her smartphone.

LILLIAN
Hey, Rup. Can I call you back? I
need to take a picture.

Morgan hugs her children.

SAMANTHA/SAM
She's a natural.

LILLIAN
She didn't learn it from me.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Second chances are wonderful.

Lillian uses her phone to video the moment.

LILLIAN
And rare.

Mira runs up to Lillian.

MIRA
Are you my Nana?

Lillian looks to Sam. Then, she bends down to Mira's level.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I am.

Mira moves on.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Hi, Nana.

LILLIAN
Hell, I've been called worse.

EXT. MORGAN AND SAM'S BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

Sam puts up a tent in the back yard for Mira and Miles.

In the background, a half-asleep Lillian rocks Miles as he melts into her chest.

SAMANTHA/SAM
This can be your fort. Your
hideout.

MIRA
Hideout?

SAMANTHA/SAM
A place where you can go to be
alone with your thoughts.

MIRA
To dream?

SAMANTHA/SAM
Yes, a dream factory, Mira. What's
your dream going to be?

MIRA

This.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Morgan joins them.

MORGAN

Are you happy here, Mira?

Sam gives Morgan a look.

SAMANTHA/SAM

Happiness doesn't last long, girl.
But do you know what contentment
means?

MORGAN

Sam, she's four years old.

MIRA

I'm almos' five.

SAMANTHA/SAM

That's right.

MIRA

Does con'tent'mat mean peace?

SAMANTHA/SAM

It does, Mira. It does.

Mira looks to Morgan. Then, she looks to Sam.

MORGAN

What?

MIRA

Who would've thought havin' two
mommies would be so much fun.

MORGAN

Ahh. Where's Miles?

SAMANTHA/SAM

Napping on Nana.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - DAY

The doorbell RINGS!

LILLIAN

I got it, Carmen!

Lillian opens the door and sees Rupert.

RUPERT
Hey, Babe.

LILLIAN
Rup, what's up?

Rupert enters.

RUPERT
The governing committee loved the idea.

LILLIAN
What idea?

RUPERT
(with flair)
A Homage to Greatness.

LILLIAN
A what?

EXT. THEATER - FILM FESTIVAL - NIGHT

The theater's marquee reads, "Homage to Greatness."

INT. THEATER - FILM FESTIVAL - SAME

Long corridor lined with Vintage Movie Posters of Tom, Garrett, and Bert's films. We move in reverse pass the hallway of posters one on each side. The posters represent the three directors' legacy.

We move to the...

THEATER

The seats and aisles are filled with film ENTHUSIASTS.

On the stage is a PANEL of people which includes Lillian, Rupert, Morgan, and insert here, "FAMOUS FEMALE DIRECTOR." Could or could not resemble Jodie Foster.

Behind the panel are blown up photographs of Garrett, Tom, and Bert.

The panel's MODERATOR, is a professor of film. He beams with energy and passion.

MODERATOR

When you have films like these,
how monumental is there impact?

FEMALE DIRECTOR

One thing that unites these movies
is that they're simply well made.

RUPERT

Unwavering. Real.

MODERATOR

They always chase the story.

LILLIAN

Yes, and showcase film making as
an art.

MODERATOR

It is art.

Crowd APPLAUSE.

FEMALE DIRECTOR

Extraordinary and inspiring
cinema can be. Images can
illuminate and thrill, but they
can also spark the imaginations of
the next generation.

MORGAN

I agree. The moment I cry in a
film is not when things are sad
but when they turn out to be more
beautiful than I expected them to
be.

Morgan's eyes moves to her mother. Then, they move to Mira
and Miles in the crowd with Sam.

Lillian stares back and smiles at her daughter.

LILLIAN

A microcosm of life.

MODERATOR

Lillian. You knew these film
makers well.

LILLIAN

Yes.

MODERATOR

What drove them?

LILLIAN

A deep desire to capture life's
struggles, our moments of
happiness. They were fearless that
way.

MODERATOR

Rupert, do you wish to add
anything?

RUPERT

They saw film as an sculptor sees
clay, or a painter sees a canvas.

Lillian nods in agreement.

MORGAN

Their legacy lives on.

LILLIAN

Life is short.

MODERATOR

But film is eternal.

APPLAUSE from the seats.

EXT. LILLIAN'S BACKYARD POOL - LATER DAY

A handmade banner reads, "Happy Birthday Mira!"

Lillian, with a pair of pink swimming goggles in hand,
slices through the birthday crowd full of children and
adults.

A PARENT stops Lillian.

PARENT

Lillian Lee?

Lillian removes her sunglasses in a stylish way.

LILLIAN

No. I'm Nana now.

PARENT

Oh. My mistake.

Lillian walks away from the parent.

LILLIAN

And Nana is needed by the pool.

AT THE POOL

Lillian arrives with Mira's goggles. She hands them over.

LILLIAN
Here, dear.

In the pool, Sam swims with OTHER PARENTS.

CHILDREN shoots squirt guns at one another.

Miles, in a life vest, sits on the edge of the pool. His feet dangles over, too short to touch the glimmering aqua surface.

Mira, with her goggles on, runs to the diving board.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Mira, don't run.

MIRA
Okay, momma.

Morgan films Mira on diving board.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Here, I come!

Mira hurries down the board and jumps.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Cannonball!

Water SPLASHES!

Rupert, in designer swim wear, watches Mira, pop up after her cannonball.

RUPERT
Bravo, Mira. Well done!

This is when he sees his former agent across the pool.

LARRY, mid-50s, wears designer swim wear too. His unbuttoned shirt reveals ripped muscles. He carries two massive Martini glasses and sports a shit-eating smile.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
I thought you were in Europe.

LARRY
I'm back.

Larry hands Rupert a Martini.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Cheers.

RUPERT
Cheers.

The Martini glasses CLING!

LARRY
Miss me?

Rupert takes a healthy sip from his Martini.

RUPERT
Apart from being all gorgeous,
what're you doing here?

LARRY
Looking for you.

RUPERT
Oh.

AT THE DIVING BOARD

Miles follows Mira and edges out onto the board. His legs wobble more and more with each step.

He looks at Morgan and Sam.

Sam is in the pool.

Morgan films them both with her 35-mm camera.

MILES
Mommies?

MORGAN
You can do it Miles.

SAMANTHA/SAM
I will catch you.

MILES
No. I wan'ta see bubbles.

SAMANTHA/SAM
Okay.

The rest of the party guests gives Miles their support.

PARTY GUESTS/LILLIAN/RUPERT/SAM
Miles! Miles! Miles!

Morgan still films.

MORGAN
Jump Miles.

Miles does.

EXT. POOL - MILES' POV - SAME

Miles, three-feet-deep, sees only blue water and bubbles.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Bert Holmes once told me... he
sought truth. To capture it.
Reflect it. Then, and only then,
exalt it!

FADE OUT:

THE END