

THE END

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANTONIO'S - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A red neon sign spells out, Antonio's.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Long days and empty nights.

On the door, a hand-made sign reads, "Closed for Wake."

MORGAN (V.O.)  
That was my life. Until, I met her.

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - SAME TIME

TOM BISHOP's Wake is in full swing.

SUPER: "West Hollywood."

MORGAN (V.O.)  
At of all places, my father's wake.

Tom's urn rests on the bar.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
My old man was a director of some  
acclaim... you know, sorta famous.

RUPERT, 60s, stands by the urn. He's magnificently handsome.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Oh! Wait. There's Rupert. He's a  
true star. Recognize him? Of  
course, you do. Appeared in many of  
my dad's early movies. The ones I  
really liked.

Rupert's persona radiates the room.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
His career took quite a nose dive  
after he came out in the Eighties.  
Shame that Hollywood is full of  
such haters and hypocrites.

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

Shares SAM, a late 20s dream-maker in a tailored cut suit.

SAM  
More art than commerce.

RUPERT  
Yes, but his films made money.  
That's important in this town.

SAM  
His stories were raw. Real.

RUPERT  
Full of hope.

SAM  
Emotion.

RUPERT  
Yeah. Shame. How did you know him?

SAM  
I worked as a PA on his latest.

RUPERT  
Last.

SAM  
Yes, his last.

RUPERT  
So, you're a promising dream maker?

SAM  
Something like that.

RUPERT  
Any parts available out there for  
an actor slightly past his prime?

SAM  
Afraid not.

Enters MORGAN, 24. She slices through the small crowd with a drink in her hand and nods to the men and women she knows.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, who's that?

RUPERT  
Careful, girl. That's Tom's  
daughter.

SAM  
Oh, really. She's pretty.

RUPERT  
Looks like her dear mother. Thee  
Lillian Lee.

SAM  
Lillian who?

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

SAM  
What?

RUPERT  
Popularity. Acclaim. Fame.

SAM  
Oh.

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

SAM  
When was that?

RUPERT  
Twenty-five years ago.

SAM  
Before my time. So, tell me more  
about her.

RUPERT  
Shh. Here she comes.

Morgan stops before them.

MORGAN  
Hi, Rupert.

Rupert double kisses Morgan French-style on her cheeks. Then,  
he examines her at arms reach.

RUPERT  
Morgan, where have you been?

MORGAN  
New York. Art School.

RUPERT  
Ahh.

MORGAN  
Who's this?

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

SAM  
Sorry, about your old man.

MORGAN  
Thanks. He was more of a drinking  
buddy than Dad.

Sam raises her glass to Morgan.

SAM  
To the living we owe respect...

MORGAN  
To the dead, we only owe the truth.

RUPERT  
Voltaire!

SAM  
What's your truth, Morgan?

MORGAN  
I hate L.A.

Rupert turns to Morgan.

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

Then, he looks around and throws his arms out and twirls.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Just its inhabitants.

MORGAN  
Yeah.

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - LATER

LILLIAN, 50ish, Tom's widow and nearly forgotten actress who  
still thinks she's a star. She sits besides Tom's ashes.

She wears a scarlet chiffon dress and flirts as she talks to  
her old lover.

GARRETT, late 50s, tall, tan, and stylish. He 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 an inferiority 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. Why not?

Lillian grabs her purse but leaves the urn. She 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. ANTONIO'S - BACKROOM - SAME TIME

Sam and Morgan play a game of billiards.

Sam eyes Lillian and Garrett as they leave.

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.

SAM

Good shot. So, what're your plans?

MORGAN

I'll figure it out.

SAM

Maybe this will help you decide.

Sam places a canvas backpack on the green felt table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Your Dad wanted you to have this.

Morgan grabs it.

MORGAN

What's in it?

SAM

Don't know.

MORGAN

Hmm. A mystery.

Morgan looks around the dingy bar and the urn.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
No mystery, here.

SAM  
It was good meeting you, Morgan.

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

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

MORGAN  
Bye, Sam.

Morgan leaves too. On her way out, she looks twice at her father's ashes. Then, she returns and scoops up the urn.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Time to go home, Dad.

With urn in hand, she passes countless snapshots of her dad pinned on a large white board.

The one that draws her attention is a worn-out photograph of her on a film set as a child. She sits proudly on his lap in a tall director's chair.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you thought it would be different than this.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan's childhood home.

The same snapshot is framed on the fireplace mantelpiece 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-Five.

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



TOM (V.O.)  
Hey, girl. Miss me yet?  
(laughs hard, coughs)  
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.)  
Oh, well. Life is short.  
(beat)  
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 Sam who's on the line.

INT. SAM'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Sam drives along State Route One.

INTERACT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MORGAN  
Who's Holmes?

SAM  
One of your Dad's favorite  
directors.

MORGAN  
I never heard of him.

SAM  
Well, your Dad was a fan of the  
original.

MORGAN  
That I know.

Sam laughs.

SAM  
Tell me, how it goes.

Sam slams the stick-shift into a higher gear.

SOUND: VROOM!

MORGAN

I shall.

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 hiking it.

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.

MUSIC: U2's, Where the Streets Have No Name like song plays.

EXT. THE ABBEY - SAME TIME

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 Bishop gives his last  
regards.

HOLMES  
Tom, who?

MORGAN  
Bishop!

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 her 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. THE ABBEY - STUDY - SAME TIME

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 armed tribal guides pose in their animal skin 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. THE 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. THE ABBEY - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

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

HOLMES  
Sit.

Holmes puts 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. THE ABBEY - CORRIDOR - LATER

After dinner, Morgan follows Holmes up...

THE STAIRCASE

Into the...

THE STUDY

HOLMES

Vienna, Nineteen-Ninety-Five. 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.

CUT TO: FILM

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, 1995."

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 chases a giggling Lillian. He 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 long thin shaft of yellow 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-Five,  
a film that captures more than an  
ordinary weekend spent in Vienna.

NOTE: Morgan was conceived this weekend.

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. THE ABBEY - BACKROOM - 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. THE ABBEY - STUDY - NIGHT

Holmes and Morgan watch as 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  
 Ahh! 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. Pity.

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  
Sam rushes to catch her.

SAM  
Morgan! Wait.

Morgan turns back.

MORGAN

Sam? What are you doing here?

Sam joins her.

SAM

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

MORGAN

I thought this would be different.

SAM

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

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

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

SAM

To me this is your father's best work.

MORGAN

I haven't watched it in years.

SAM

Then, you're in for a treat.

They reach the ticket booth.

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) Marquee 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.*

SAM  
This is what we are chasing.

MORGAN  
And what's that?

Sam looks to a vintage Roman Holiday movie poster.

SAM  
Greatness.

INT. THEATER - SAME

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

ON 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.

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.

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.

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?

SAM  
This.

Sam breaths in the fresh air deeply.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Contentment.

MORGAN  
Contentment? Not happiness?

SAM  
Happiness is too short.

MORGAN  
Hmm.

Morgan stretches her body.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
This feels good.

SAM  
What?

MORGAN  
Us.

Morgan turns and hurries down the trail.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Race ya to the bottom.

SAM  
You're on.

Morgan shouts back.

MORGAN  
You remind me of someone?

Sam, five-steps behind Morgan, replies.

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 Sam-antha.

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.

Garrett and Sam watch her.

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.

SAM

Sorry, Garrett.

Garrett nods his appreciation.

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.

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.

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 gravel path.

GARRETT

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

SAM

Shame.

Morgan hugs Garrett.

MORGAN

Sorry about your dad.

GARRETT

Thanks.

MORGAN

But we better be going.

Sam hugs Garrett.

SAM  
Your father was a legend in the  
industry.

GARRETT  
Yeah. What're your plans?

Sam 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.

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  
laid out in the middle of the room.

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. Yes. I remember... Your mother  
wore red.

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 Sam head 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 (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Coward.

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

He SLAMS the door.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - SAME

Sam drives as Morgan puts her sunglasses on.

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.

SAM  
He left us his work.

MORGAN  
That's something.

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.

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 bar crowd eyes them like dirt.

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

MORGAN  
Let's get out of here.

SAM  
I know the picture-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?

SAM  
You will see.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - DAYBREAK

Morgan and Sam passes a sign for the Yosemite Lodge.



MORGAN  
The Lodge?

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?

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?

SAM  
Getting spooked?

MORGAN  
No. Just feeling claustrophobic.

SAM  
We're almost there.

MORGAN

Good.

Sam turns and faces Morgan.

SAM

Do you trust me?

MORGAN

Trust is earned.

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.

SAM

Allow me to introduce you to my first love, *El Capitan*.

MORGAN

Hi, gorgeous.

SAM

This is were 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.

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 gives off ample light.

Morgan and Sam hikes up to this hot springs.

SAM

I told you... Mother Earth  
provides.

Sam takes off her pack.

So does Morgan.

MORGAN

My back is sore.

Sam removes her shirt and shorts. She leaves her white her  
bra and blue panties on.

SAM

Then, let's soak.

Morgan removes her clothes too. But unlike Sam, she doesn't  
stop with her bra and panties.

MORGAN

Sorry. I'm not modest.

SAM

With your body, you shouldn't be.

Morgan joins Sam in the springs.

MORGAN

Scoot over.

Sam stares up, beyond 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?

SAM

Yes.

MORGAN

I want to know more about you.

SAM  
You already know all the good.

MORGAN  
Good. Bad. We're all broken.

Morgan leans into to Sam.

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.

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

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

MUSIC: an old Beach Boys like song plays.

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 HOME - 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? Is truth a character flaw?

Lillian circles Morgan.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Wait. Something is different here.

She inspects her daughter's features.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You're aglow. Freshly aglow, I may  
add.

MORGAN

I met someone.

LILLIAN

I pray he's rich.

MORGAN

Who said he?

LILLIAN

What? No, no, no. Dear God knows, I  
love and support Gay Rights, but...  
You owe me a grandchild!

MORGAN

Mother.

LILLIAN

All my friends are either dead or  
have grandchildren.

MORGAN

You need a grandchild? Why?!?  
Because you did such a great  
splendid job on me?

LILLIAN

I raised you right!

MORGAN

You held back your love.

LILLIAN

Don't be ridiculous.

MORGAN

Mother.

LILLIAN

I gave you life! What more do you want?

MORGAN

Contentment.

LILLIAN

That doesn't exist.

MORGAN

I'm just saying being with Sam...

LILLIAN

Sam, that's a boys name.

MORGAN

Sorry, Mother. My Sam, is a girl.

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 examines her daughter hard and long.

LILLIAN

Are you in love?

MORGAN

I don't know. It just feels right.

Lillian absorbs this information.

LILLIAN

Well! When 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. You worry too much  
about the wrong things.

As Morgan leaves, Lillian talks to herself.

LILLIAN  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit. What  
can I do? Hmmm. Wait! Rupert.

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

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

Lillian wears a red flowing Flamenco ballroom dance.

LILLIAN  
More wine, Samantha?

SAM  
No. I'm good. Though, I prefer Sam.

Lillian fills up Sam's glass.

LILLIAN  
Splendid.

Lillian gulps down her own wine.

MORGAN  
Mom, isn't that your Dancing with  
the Stars gown?

LILLIAN  
Bruno, loved me!

MORGAN  
Still. It's a little much.

SAM  
Morgan tells me you were a movie  
star in the Eighties.

LILLIAN  
Was?!? Dear child, I still am!

MORGAN

Mother?

SAM

What was Hollywood like back then?

LILLIAN

I really don't remember much about the Eighties. All that sex, drugs, and rock and roll.

Morgan almost spits out her wine. Instead of saying something, she just nods her head.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

In the Eighties, I was in demand. Movie after movie. Party after party.

SAM

So you still act?

LILLIAN

Sure, as often as I can.

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 Sam.

MORGAN

Oh, no.



INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - FOYER - SAME

Lillian swings open the door big and wide. She greets her "Surprise" guest in awe.

LILLIAN

Rupert, what are you doing here?

Rupert stands in the doorway dressed as a Spanish Matador with his red cap tied around his neck. He holds up high to the sky a bottle of Champagne in each of his hands.

RUPERT

Hola, bitches! Who wants to party?!?

INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

One Champagne bottle lies empty in the kitchen island's sink.

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

RUPERT

(to Sam)

Welcome to the asylum.

SAM

Thanks, Rupert. I think.

RUPERT

Though the naughty little Flamenco dancer and the sword swinging Matador, that... was my idea.

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. Help me.

SAM  
Why was it horrid?

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

Rupert uncorks the Champagne.

SOUND: POP!

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

Rupert POURS.

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 old.

Lillian gets quiet.

Rupert winks at Lillian.

Lillian smiles back.

RUPERT

Yes. I committed two unforgettable sins in Hollywood's eyes. One, spoiler alert... 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.

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.

SAM

It's getting better.

RUPERT

Ever so slowly.

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.

SAM

The AIDS epidemic.

RUPERT

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

MORGAN

Why?

LILLIAN

Homophobia. It was termed then, 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. His smile lit up a room.

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, he tabs his index finger into the warm soapy water and places some bubbles on the tip of 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.

SAM  
Sure.

RUPERT  
Night. Night, all.

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

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

SAM  
I'm falling in love.

Rupert steps closer and inspects Sam's face.

RUPERT  
Hmm. I see. Then you must 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  
Ms. Bishop?

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 eighty-six, thirty-  
seven 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.

SAM  
I knew you would like it.

MORGAN  
But it was so depressing.

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.

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.

SAM  
Is that what I think it is?

MORGAN  
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 the very tips of her fingers she picks up a pair of Holmes' travel mementos.

SAM  
Lingerie.

MORGAN  
Holmes.

SAM  
What a life.

Morgan tosses the underwear at Morgan.

MORGAN  
Here.

SAM  
Gross!

Sam dodges it.

MORGAN  
Happy endings depend on where you stop your story.

Morgan sits on the sofa, reads Bert's correspondence.

SAM  
Look it all these love letters.

Sam picks up a stack of letters.



SAM (CONT'D)  
 Florence. Athens. Paris.

MORGAN  
 A girl in every port.

SAM  
 I'm a one woman girl.

Sam returns the letters to the coffee table.

MORGAN  
 I wish we were married.

SAM  
 Is that a proposal?

Morgan moves from her chair to sit with Sam.

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, it reads, Mrs. & Mrs.

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

RUPERT  
 A wedding, this close to Christmas?  
 Imagine.

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 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.) (CONT'D)  
Little do they know, they are doomed.

Lillian downs her Scotch quick.

Ice RATTLES in her glass.

Then, Lillian licks her lips.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I need another drink.

She walks to...

THE BAR  
There, she sees Garrett.

LILLIAN  
Nice touch sending her the trunk.  
You big softie.

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.

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

MORGAN  
But?

Samantha grabs Morgan's Champagne flute.

SAM  
I' have the band play something  
nice and slow.

GARRETT  
I. Thank you, Samantha.

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

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.

SAM  
Morgan has your features but her  
father's eyes?

LILLIAN  
Tom had great eyes.

Sam reaches for a her drink on the bar.

SAM  
So does Garrett.

LILLIAN  
What?!?

SAM  
Cheers.

LILLIAN  
Samantha, what are you implying?

SAM  
Only the obvious. A father-daughter  
dance.

LILLIAN  
Some lies are better left dead and  
buried.

SAM  
If you say so.

LILLIAN  
I will tell her when the time is  
right.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Sam wanders up to Rupert.

The dapper YOUNGER MAN laughs as he leaves.

Sam and Rupert admire him as he leaves.

RUPERT  
Look at that...

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.

SAM  
Look at Lillian.

RUPERT  
You have one nutty mother-in-law.

Sam looks down at her ring.

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.

SAM  
*It practically gallops. Cary Grant. Arsenic and Old Lace.*

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

Rupert sees a BEAUTIFUL MAN across the room.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Gott'a go.

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.

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.

SAM  
What happened killer?

Sam uses her finger like a gun.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Run out of bullets.

RUPERT  
No. Just feeling my age.

A slow sappy song starts.

On the dance floor, the gay couple draws closer.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Great.

SAM  
Sorry, Rup. Not your night.

Sam grabs a centerpiece and places it before Rupert.

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

RUPERT  
This arrangement?

SAM  
Yeah.

RUPERT  
No thanks. They look like shit.

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.

SAM  
Rupert.

Rupert turns.

RUPERT  
Congrats, Sam.

Rupert continues his walk.

Sam surprises him with a tap on his broad shoulder.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Oh! You startled me, dear.

Sam bows.

SAM  
May I have this dance?

RUPERT  
You may. If you liberate me from  
this god-awful arrangement.



Rupert hands it over to Sam and she "accidentally" drops it.

SAM  
Oops! Rup, if you love someone. You  
take the good...

RUPERT  
And the bad.

Rupert deeply bows back.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
May I?

Sam nods.

Rupert takes the lead as the two twirl around the dance  
floor. Rupert is an exceptional dancer.

SAM  
Wow. You're really good.

RUPERT  
Two seasons of Dancing with the  
Stars!

Rupert dips Sam.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Bruno loved me!

Rupert chin is next to Sam's ear and whispers.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Literally.

Sam gently hits Rupert.

SAM  
You're terrible.

RUPERT  
Shh. Don't tell anyone.

Rupert pulls Sam up from the dip and twirls her.

SAM  
This is my father-daughter dance.

Rupert bows again.

RUPERT  
The honor is truly mine, Sam.

Rupert pulls her closer into his chest.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Welcome to the family. Now, let's  
show the world, what we have to  
offer.

Rupert twists his wrist and spins Sam like a beautiful  
ballerina around the dance floor.

They surrounding GUESTS CLAP and APPLAUD.

CUT TO: FLOWER  
ARRANGEMENT

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.

SAM  
How did he get so rich?

MORGAN  
I think his parents were loaded.

SAM  
Hmm. Must be nice.

MORGAN  
So, what are our plans for the  
week?

SAM  
I have a shoot on Thursday.

MORGAN  
Oh.

SAM  
Sorry. No rich parents. I need to  
work.

MORGAN  
Why didn't they come to our  
wedding?

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.

SAM

That's crazy. Five?

MORGAN

Yeah. Yet, I understand its pull.

SAM

For those who wish to create?

Morgan nods.

MORGAN

I want to start a documentary on  
Holmes.

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, 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 appears home.

EXT. GARRETT'S DRIVEWAY - DAY - LATER

Some time later, a midnight black Porsche 911 Carrera's bears down the street at an alarming speed.

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

Morgan gets out and hurries to the security gate. She squeezes through it before it closes.

MUSIC: Ode to Joy plays.

Loud, classical music radiates blur out from the car's speakers. 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

Garrett's 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 and laughs.

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 dark and stuffy, wood paneled entrance hall filled with black and white photos, sport trophies from the past, French furniture, and more attentive STAFF.

STAFF #1

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 the staff's forced smiles.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Garrett and Morgan enters a locker room of dark wood.

Old, half-clad MEMBERS change clothes.

GARRETT

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

MEMBER #1

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 #1

Bars open? Good.

The member hurries to get dressed.

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 attentive.

THE BAR

Garrett jumps up on a tall stool.

GARRETT  
Good day, Jack.

The bartender eyes Morgan.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
She's with me. Any issues with that?

BARTENDER  
None, Mr. Holmes. The usual today?

GARRETT  
Yes, but let's double it.

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 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 the distant ocean.

They sit as the bartender arrives with the cigars, a cutter, and a torch 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 more than  
the minimum wage.

He lights his cigar, breathes in, exhales.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Ahh! 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 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 Dad'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. He was.

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. COUNTRY CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

Morgan watches the brisk air blows, and plays havoc with the gas lanterns long blue flames as Garrett smokes another stogie.

Darkness comes 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  
My Dad 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

Nope.

GARRETT

What about Destination Holy Land? Or The New Iron Curtain? That sold well.

MORGAN

No. Though, I did see bits and pieces of Paris by Night. And the beginning of My Spanish Lullaby.

GARRETT

The beginning? I earned a god damn Oscar for that one. Blah! Only the beginning. That's my legacy.

Morgan shrugs his shoulders.

Garrett trips over a garden light.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Aw!

He lands on his back.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Really!?! Morgan, in reality, I just wanted my Dad to notice 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 and pops up. Then, he hands over his car keys.

SOUND: CLING.

GARRETT

Fine. Here!

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Garrett gets quiet as they enter his neighborhood.

MUSIC: "Ode to Joy" plays.

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 LOUD.

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

MORGAN

Your neighbors.

GARRETT

F my neighbors.

He turns the music back on.

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

Garrett and Morgan get out of the car.

MORGAN  
Why did you send me his chest?

GARRETT  
I had no use of it. Plus... I  
thought you would like it.

MORGAN  
I do.

GARRETT  
Before you go. You've to endure one  
last thing.

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 to bits  
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. The melody b oth 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.

Garrett continues to softly 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 plays, Moonlight Sonata to its end. His fingers hit the keys with a final DUM! DUM!

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-Eighty-Eight edition of Vanity Fair. Of course, she's on the cover.

Morgan STORMS out from the house.

MORGAN

Mother!

Lillian doesn't even bother to look up.

LILLIAN

What have I done now?

Lillian smartphone rings.

Rupert's smiling image appears on her phone.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Saved by bestie. 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 do you  
have to share?

Listen listens.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Bullshit, Rup! 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.

SAM  
Your grandfather had quite a knack  
for understating events.

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

SAM  
It was the weekend...

MORGAN  
I was conceived.

SAM  
Crazy.

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

Sam looks at Lillian.

Lillian is dressed in her flowing red ballroom gown. She's completely balling. Heavy black streaks of mascara run down both of her cheeks.

SAM  
That shouldn't be hard.

MORGAN  
I want to start trying now.

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 await Lillian's response.

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

Rupert on the passenger side watches Morgan approach.

RUPERT  
I will find another ride, dear.

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 gott'a 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 so forgetful in their old  
age.

LILLIAN

You brat. Take that back!

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.

(tip of the hat to Dalton  
Trumbo)

Lillian looks around her current surroundings.

LILLIAN

Great! You're losing your mind too.

Morgan lifts the purse higher and closer to her mother.

MORGAN

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

Lillian's right 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 and remains silent for a spell.

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 and the departed.

LILLIAN  
I did, for a time. Then, it passed.

MORGAN  
Last question. Do you love me?

LILLIAN  
You've been a pain in my ass since  
the first day we met... but yes, I  
have always loved 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 - NEW CAR LOT - DAY

Sam and her crew films a TV 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.

SAM  
Cut. That's a wrap.

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

MORGAN  
That was great.

SAM  
It pays the bills.

Morgan touches the equipment.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Missing it?

MORGAN  
Film school wasn't my thing.

SAM  
I love your movies.

MORGAN  
You're bias.

SAM  
Maybe I am.

MORGAN  
What are our options for children?

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.

SAM  
We've plenty of time.

As Morgan enters, Sam shakes her head.

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.

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

MORGAN  
Worth ever penny.

SAM  
But...

MORGAN

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

SAM

Okay.

Sam looks at the waiting room clock.

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.

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?

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.

SAM  
You using the whole fist doc?!?

The doctor continues her work.

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

Sam and Morgan sit before the doctor's desk.

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.

SAM  
You're going to be a grandma.

LILLIAN  
Second chances are so rare.

INT. SAM & MORGAN'S 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?

SAM  
Extra.

Sam shakes the crib and a panel falls in.

MORGAN  
Ohh, no!

Sam laughs it off.

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, the Great Wall of China, the Hollywood sign, and a tall waterfall in Yosemite.

SAM

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

MORGAN

Yeah. His steamer chest was my inspiration.

SAM

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

MORGAN

Sure. Why not?

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - 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 society wishes to feature your father's work.

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.

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

Mommmmm!

RUPERT

Ahhh. Parental love.

SAM  
I'm glad we used my eggs.

EXT. SAM & MORGAN'S 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 CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR

Behind it, Morgan sobs.

MORGAN (O.S.)  
No. No. No. 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.

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

MORGAN  
I want to be alone.

SAM  
Sweetie?

MORGAN  
Please.

Sam does what Morgan wishes.

SAM  
I will be in the waiting room.

A dazed Morgan turns and stares down a wall.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY - LATER

Lillian arrives off the elevator.

Sam greets her there.

LILLIAN  
Sam, what happen?

SAM  
I was at a shoot.

LILLIAN  
The baby?

Sam tears up.

Lillian hugs Sam.

Sam hugs her back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Okay.

SAM  
I should've been home.

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

Sam falls upon Lillian's shoulder.

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?

SAM  
Down the hall. To the right.

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 room where Sam sits and reads the newspaper.

SAM  
How is she?

LILLIAN  
Same.

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

LILLIAN  
Good. This is killing me.

SAM  
Me too. She's so distant.

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.

SOUND: SMASH!

Scatters peas and carrots on the wooden floor.

Sam emerges from the kitchen.

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.

SAM  
I'm calling Dr. Dixon.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. KALI DIXON, 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, soft comfy  
pullover, and tennis shoes.

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 just that in two insecure men who used her as their muse.

Kali nods and types in some notes into her iPad.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam pulls up to pick up Morgan from her appointment.

Morgan rushes into the car.

SAM

How was it?

MORGAN

Good.

Morgan surprises Sam with a slight kiss on the cheek.

SAM

I missed you.

MORGAN

I know.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY - LATER

Rupert stands by his black S-Class 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 green 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

SISTER ANN 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.

Atop Sister Ann's lap, Sits MILES, 2-ish, a toddler with coco-colored skin, a big bushy Afro with a smile that completely 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 I can.

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

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Do you have a story 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. His performance enthralls all.

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. I have for years.

MORGAN  
You surprise me.

RUPERT  
Why?

MORGAN  
You good Catholic boy.

RUPERT  
What can I say?

MORGAN  
You're perfect. I wish you were my dad?

RUPERT  
I like to think I had a hand in raising you.

MORGAN  
You did.

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?

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 on her desk.

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  
Cary Grant and Grace Kelly in, 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.

SAM  
Answer it.

Morgan does.

MORGAN  
Miles and Mira? Yesss!!!

Morgan jumps up, drops her smartphone, and rushes to her to mother to share the news and a hug.

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.

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.

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.

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.

SAM  
She's a natural.

LILLIAN  
She didn't learn it from me.

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.

LILLIAN  
I am.

Mira moves on.

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.

SAM  
This can be your fort. Your  
hideout.

MIRA  
Hideout?

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

MIRA  
To dream?

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

MIRA  
This.

INT./EXT. SAM AND MORGAN'S HOME - SAME

Morgan joins them.

MORGAN  
Are you happy here, Mira?

Sam gives Morgan a look.

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.

SAM  
That's right.

MIRA  
Does con'tent'mat mean peace?

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?

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)  
An Homage to Art.

LILLIAN  
A what?

EXT. THEATER - FILM FESTIVAL - NIGHT

The theater's marquee reads, "An Homage to Art."

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, "RENOWNED 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  
imagination 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.

Lillian stares back and smiles at her daughter.

LILLIAN

A microcosm of life.

Morgan eyes move to Mira and Miles in the crowd with Sam.

MODERATOR

Lillian. You knew these film makers  
well.

LILLIAN

Yes, I did.

MODERATOR

What drove them?

LILLIAN

A deep desire to capture life's  
struggles, our moments of happiness  
and self-doubts. 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

Thee Lillian Lee?!?

Lillian removes her sunglasses in a stylish way.

LILLIAN

No... I'm Nana now.

PARENT

Oh... Sorry. My mistake.

Lilliam struts 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 play and shoot squirt guns at one another.

Miles sits in his life vest. He rests on the very edge of the pool. His feet dangle over, too short to touch the glimmering blue aqua surface. But he still tries.

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

SAM

Mira, don't run!

MIRA

Okay, Momma.

Morgan films Mira on the diving board.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Here I come!

Mira hurries down the board and jumps, SPLASH!

MIRA (CONT'D)

Cannonball!

WE travel with Mira into the watery world of bubbles.

AT THE SIDE OF THE POOL

Rupert watches pop up after her cannonball. Rup wears designer swim gear and cool shades.

RUPERT

Bravo, Mira. Well done!

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

LARRY, late-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, Rup.

Larry hands Rupert a huge Martini.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Cheers.

RUPERT  
Cheers.

The Martini glasses CLING!

LARRY  
Miss me?

Rupert takes a healthy sip from his Martini.

RUPERT  
I see you still like the gym.

Larry laughs.

LARRY  
Yeah. My feeble effort to ward off  
father time.

RUPERT  
So... Why are you here?

LARRY  
I've been looking for you.

RUPERT  
Oh?!? Larry...

Rupert looks directly at the CAMERA.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
You've always had exquisite taste.

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.

An awaiting Sam is in the pool.

SAM  
It's okay.

Morgan films them both with her 35-mm camera.

MILES  
Mommies?

MORGAN  
You can do it Miles.

SAM  
I will catch you.

MILES  
No... I wan'ta see bubbles.

SAM  
Okay. Bubbles it is.

Mira gives Miles a sisterly hug. Miles pushes her away.

MILES  
I got this.

Mira shrugs her shoulders and jumps in, SPLASH!

A timid Miles stands alone atop the diving board.

The rest of the party guests gives Miles their support.

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

Morgan still films.

Miles jumps up and down on the board. He found courage.

MORGAN  
Jump Miles.

SAM  
You can do it.

Miles finally jumps, SPLASH!

INT. POOL - SAME TIME

Miles, three-feet-deep through the bubbles, smiles big and wide at US.

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

FADE OUT:

**THE BEGINNING**