

"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.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
A monotonous steak of long days  
and empty nights.

A WAITRESS uses a white rag and wipes away the smudges.  
SQUEAK. SQUEAK. The glass is now clear and clean. Below  
hangs a handmade sign. It reads, "Closed for Wake."

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That was my life . Until... the  
moment I met Sam.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD BAR - SAME

TOM WEASLEY's Wake is in full swing.

SUPER: "West Hollywood."

MORGAN (V.O.)  
At a wake. Held at my Dad's  
favorite bar. Ironically, he's  
this evening's guest of honor.

ECU: urn on bar.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There's he is now. Perched high on  
the bar. Holding court. My old man  
was semi-famous. A director of  
some note who considered himself  
the, "King of Cool."

By the bar and urn stands RUPERT, 50s. Yet, he's gorgeous.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oh! There's Rupert. A true star  
who appeared as the leading man in  
so many of Dad's early movies.  
Recognize him? Of course, you do.

Rupert radiates the room.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He gorgeous. Sadly, his good looks  
couldn't save him from the haters.  
(MORE)

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His career took quite a nose dive  
after he came out of the closet in  
the Eighties. Shame. Hollywood is  
full of such hypocrites.

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

Shares SAM/SAMANTHA, 20s dream-maker in a business suit.

SAMANTHA/SAM  
More art than commerce.

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

SAMANTHA/SAM  
His stories were raw. Real.

RUPERT  
Full of hope. Emotion.

SAMANTHA/SAM  
Shame.

RUPERT  
Yeah. Shame. How did you know Tom?

SAMANTHA/SAM  
I worked as a PA on his latest.

RUPERT  
Last.

SAMANTHA/SAM  
Yes, his last film.

RUPERT  
So, you're a promising  
dream-maker?

SAMANTHA/SAM  
Something like that.

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

SAMANTHA/SAM  
No.

Enters MORGAN, 26. She slices through the crowd with a drink in her hand and nods to the men and women she knows.

SAMANTHA/SAM (CONT'D)  
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 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 child?

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 dress, 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) 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."

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 gravel 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 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.

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 gives off ample light.

Morgan and Sam hikes 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. 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, 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.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

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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.

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.

Lilliam 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