

THE END

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANTONIO'S - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

On the front door a sign reads, "Closed for Wake."

SUPER: "West Hollywood."

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - SAME TIME

TOM CROWN'S Irish Wake is in full swing. Tom was a filmmaker of some acclaim, you know, sorta famous.

Tom's ashes rest in an urn on the bar.

Approaches RUPERT LEACH, 60s, tan, magnificently handsome. His persona radiates the room.

He scoops up Tom's urn and reads the carved inscription.

RUPERT

*Happy endings depend on where you
stop your story. You said it Tom.*

Tom's widow, LILLIAN LEE, 50ish looking, is a nearly forgotten actress who still thinks she's a movie star. With gusto, she zigzags through the small CROWD. As if she was attending a premiere, she gives thank you kisses to all the guests she passes.

She wears a scarlet chiffon ballroom dress. The same one she wore on Dancing with the Stars a decade ago.

Rupert sets down Tom's ashes.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

LILLIAN

Darlings! Smooch. Smooch. Thank you for coming.

Lillian sees Leach and stops flirting.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Oh! Rup, you came!

Lillian rushes and hugs Leach hard.

RUPERT

Tom was... Wait! Turn Lillian. That isn't your...

Lillian raises her lean forefinger to Rupert's lips.

LILLIAN
Shh, Rup. I only had a chance to
wear it but once.

Lillian notices another friend at the bar. She waves to the
RETIRED FILM PRODUCER.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Ooh! Richard's here. Gotta go. Busy
day, Rup.

RUPERT
Busy day.

Rupert backs into SAMANTHA "SAM" AMBORSKI.

Sam is an aspiring dream-maker in her late 20s. She wears all
black: her hoodie, her jeans, her boots.

SAM
Who was that?

RUPERT
Lillian Lee.

SAM
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
Thirty years ago.

SAM
Before my time.

RUPERT
Ah... Millennials. So, you have a
name child?

SAM
Sam.

Rupert motions to the BARTENDER.

RUPERT
Hi, Sam. I'm Rup.
(to the bartender)
Two glasses of Champagne, *s'il vous
plaît*.

SAM
I recognize you, Mr. Leach. I'm a
big fan of your work.

RUPERT
Thanks.

SAM
Why did you stop making movies?

RUPERT
That wasn't my choice.

The bartender hands Rupert out two glasses.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Here you go. Some bubbly.

Rup hands the glass to Sam.

SAM
Thanks.

Rupert raises his glass up high.

RUPERT
A toast to Tom.

SAM
To Tom. A film director that left
his mark on the world.

SOUND: CLINGING GLASSES.

RUPERT
He was a visionary.

Rup takes a sip of Champagne.

SAM
He was.

Rupert and Sam move away from the bar.

RUPERT
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.

FROM THE BACKROOM

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

SAM (CONT'D)
Who's that?

RUPERT
Careful. That's Tom's daughter.

SAM
Oh, really.

Morgan stops before them.

MORGAN
Hi, Rup.

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

RUPERT
Morgan, where have you been?

MORGAN
Shooting pool.

RUPERT
Ahh. Your father would've been proud.

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 throws his arms out and twirls.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Just its inhabitants.

MORGAN
Yeah.

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - LATER

Lillian sits beside Tom as she flirts with 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. So?

Morgan knocks her shot in.

SAM

Yes?

MORGAN

You're not attracted to men are
you, Sam?

SAM

I'm attracted to truth.

Morgan misses her shot and hands over the stick.

MORGAN

Truth? What does that even mean?

Sam lines up her shot and misses.

SAM

Damn it!

Sam hands the stick back to Morgan.

SAM (CONT'D)
 It means that I'm not willing to
 lie to myself, or anybody else just
 so my mom and dad can sleep better.

Morgan lines up her next shot.

MORGAN
 So that's a no then.

Morgan strikes the cue ball with force.

SOUND: CRACK!

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 I'm not attracted to weakness
 either.

Morgan hits her last shot.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 I've found men to be...

The cue ball gently rolls down and kisses the eight ball in
 the corner pocket.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Overrated.

SAM
 Good shot. Game. So, what're your
 plans now?

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.

Sam looks around the dingy bar and the urn.

SAM
No mystery, here.

MORGAN
No.

SAM
It was nice meeting you, Morgan.

Sam steps closer to Morgan.

Morgan steps closer to Sam as the sexual tension builds.

They eye one another.

Then, Sam gives Morgan a slight peck on the cheek.

SAM (CONT'D)
Good-bye.

Sam heads to the exit.

Morgan watches her leave.

MORGAN
Hmmm. Bye, Sam.

Morgan gathers her things to leave 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 for a long time. She doesn't know if she wants to hear what's on the tape. She sets down the film can and grabs her beer. She takes a pull from her it.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Ah, why not?

She then 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. Yet... film is eternal. So, I need you to do me one last favor... please.

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
Tom Crown gives his last regards.

HOLMES
Tom, who?

MORGAN
Crown!

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.

(MORE)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

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 shot a commercial on campus.
Hey... what's wrong?

MORGAN
I thought this would be different.

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

Morgan ponders this.

MORGAN
Well.

SAM
Strictly professional.

MORGAN
Okay.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Morgan and Sam walk 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.

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

Morgan withdraws her hand and looks the other way.

Sam grabs a handful of popcorn as her attention returns to
the movie screen.

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... yet?

SAM
Yet what?

MORGAN
My mother.

SAM
You're old enough to make your own
decisions.

MORGAN
Okay. I feel the urge to run!

Morgan turns and hurries down the trail.

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

SAM
You're on.

Morgan shouts back.

MORGAN
I want you to meet somebody!

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. Please.

Sam hesitates at the door.

MORGAN
This is Sam-antha.

SAM
I prefer, Sam.

GARRETT
Hi, Sam.

SAM
(to Garrett)
I saw you at Tom's wake.

Garrett leads them into the foyer.

Morgan looks around the place.

MORGAN
Where's Bert?

Garrett turns to Morgan.

GARRETT
He's gone.

MORGAN
Where?

GARRETT
Umm.

MORGAN
He's dead?

Garrett nods, yes.

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

Hmm.

Samantha waves him good-bye.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Thank you both for coming. You sure
you don't want to stay?

Morgan turns.

MORGAN

We need to get back.

Morgan and Sam return 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

Bye, Morgan.

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

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Coward.

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.

One by one, the bar crowd of haters and hypocrites eye Morgan and Sam with utter distaste.

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.

SAM
I know. Just a few more steps.

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 where I come when I need to
recharge.

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

Sam draws closer to Morgan.

SAM (CONT'D)
Nothing beats nature.

EXT. SIERRA HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

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

Morgan and Sam hike up to this hot springs.

SAM
I told you... Mother Earth will
provide.

Sam takes off her pack.

So does Morgan.

MORGAN
My back is sore.

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

SAM
Then, let's soak.

Sam looks up into the night's sky.

SAM (CONT'D)
How small we all are. Compared to
that.

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?

SAM
I love it here.

MORGAN
The stars seem so much bigger here.

SAM
Less pollution.

MORGAN
Ahh!

Morgan points up at the North Star.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Do you know the name of that one?

SAM
That's the North Star. The
brightest. The truest star. The
other stars dance around her.

Morgan avoids Sam's eyes. She looks out into the woods.

MORGAN
Aren't their bears out here.

SAM
Both grizzlies and black bears.

MORGAN
Oh.

SAM
They just want our food.

Morgan eyes the heavens. She glances subtly at Sam.

Sam steals glimpses at Morgan.

The two share a shyness and uncertainty over what should
happen next in their relationship.

SAM (CONT'D)
The star over there...

Morgan dives at Sam.

Sam is caught off guard.

Morgan straddles Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)
You sure?

Morgan nods, yes.

The two kiss and entangle into one another in the hot springs under a star-filled sky.

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.

Sam eyes Morgan.

Morgan eyes Sam.

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 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, Sam...

LILLIAN

Sam?!? That's a boy's 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 - ENTRANCE - DAY

In her red, Dancing with the Stars Flamenco dress, Lillian
 enters the foyer as the doorbell RINGS.

LILLIAN
 Carmen! I got it.

From...

THE LIVING ROOM

Morgan races to the door before her mother.

MORGAN
 I got it, Mother.

At the front door, Morgan warns her mother.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Be nice!

LILLIAN
 Of course, dear. She's a guest.

Morgan nods and opens the door big and wide.

Sam appears dressed up. She holds up some flowers.

SAM
 (to Morgan)
 Hi!

Lillian steps between Morgan to Sam.

LILLIAN
What the fuck are you doing to my
daughter?

MORGAN
Mother!!!

Sam steps in, unfazed, she looks at Lillian's outfit.

SAM
Nice dress.

Lillian looks down at it.

LILLIAN
Oh! You like it? It's relatively
new.

SAM
Ah.

MORGAN
(whispers to Sam)
I warned you she's not of this
world.

Lillian leads them into...

THE KITCHEN

LILLIAN
That's right! I just want to be
loved for my talent.

Morgan looks to Sam.

MORGAN
Dear, god.

LILLIAN (O.S.)
Who wants a drink!?!

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

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

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-five 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 openly gay.

MORGAN

It's not like that anymore, is it?

LILLIAN

Hollywood's hypocrisy.

SAM

Its 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

Underneath the chandelier, he spins and faces Sam.

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

SAM
I'm falling in love.

Rupert steps closer and inspects Sam's face in the light.

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.

SAM
Then why is Morgan's mom against
our love?

Rupert looks back over his shoulder beyond Sam to Lillian.
She's helping Morgan clean up in the kitchen.

RUPERT
To Lillian, love has always been
overly complicated.

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. Crown?

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
These movies glorify death.

SAM
On the contrary, they remind how
short are lives truly are.

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. BANQUET HALL - 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. They both think they are embarking on the best journey of their lives.

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.

RUPERT
Whatever happened to they lived happily ever after?

LILLIAN
I need another drink.

She walks to...

THE BAR

There, she sees Garrett.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Nice touch sending her the trunk.
You big softie.

GARRETT
An early wedding present from her
father.

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! She's the best
of us.

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 shall 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 Sam.

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 seemed to be in order.

LILLIAN
You're a clever one. Hmm. Trust me,
some lies are better left buried.

SAM
If you say so?

LILLIAN
I will tell her when the time is
right.

Lillian eyes Sam hard.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Deal?

SAM

I'm not telling her.

LILLIAN

Thank you.

Lillian looks at Sam's attire.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Love your dress. Subtle.

INT. BANQUET HALL - 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 years old, my Grandmother, told her to hop atop a director's lap and perform. Lillian got the part, of course, and the rest is now 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

The bar is 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. Hmm. Morgan?

MORGAN

Yes.

Garrett struggles for the right words.

GARRETT

Nothing.

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)

I dedicate this melody to you.

Garrett eyes Morgan on the couch.

MORGAN

Thanks.

He CRACKS his knuckles as he sits.

GARRETT

Okay. 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 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, Morgan. 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

Ahh, Lillian! Hmm. Nothing ends nicely, that's why it ends.

On the couch, 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. I was
just poorly made.

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.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It's time.

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

On the couch, Morgan awakes.

Garrett is nowhere in sight.

As Morgan searches for him, she enters...

THE STUDY

Behind Garrett's desk, next to his Oscars and awards, are a scattering of photographs of her at various ages. Some even have him in them.

Morgan is drawn to them. She picks one up. The photo is from her tenth birthday party, and Garrett is next to her she blows out the candles.

MORGAN

Ah, Vienna.

Morgan sees a photograph of her mother in her Vienna red dress. Her attention moves to a nearby mirror.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Hmm.

She studies a portrait of Garret. She zones in on his eyes... her eyes.

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 front 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 my bestie. Bless him.

MORGAN

Mother.

Lillian raises her finger to silence Morgan.

LILLIAN

I'm sure it's some good juicy gossip to call me at this hour.

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 stares out the window. She sees rows of headstones.

MORGAN
We should go back to see Garrett.

LILLIAN
And say good-bye as a family?

MORGAN
Yeah.

Lillian grabs Morgan hand and gives it a squeeze.

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 home movies.

MORGAN
You're bias.

Sam steps closer to Morgan.

SAM
Maybe I am.

Sam touches Morgan's face tenderly.

MORGAN
What are our options for children?

SAM
Few.

Morgan steps back.

MORGAN
I'm serious.

SAM
I see that. Okay. I've made 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 - SAME

Morgan and Sam stand before the plastic partition.

The PERSON behind the partition types in their name.

PERSON
Amborski. Nope.

The person looks up from their computer and gives them a
false smile.

PERSON (CONT'D)
Anything else?

MORGAN
How about Crown?

Person types into their computer.

PERSON
Let's see. Crown. Hmm.

SAM
Is it there?

PERSON
Nope!

SAM
I filled everything out last night!

Morgan puts her hand on Sam's shoulder.

MORGAN
It's okay.

The Person behind the plastic hands them a thick stack of paperwork that's clipped to a thin board.

PERSON
Here you go! These need to be filled out before you see the doctor. Front and back.

SAM
Great.

Morgan grabs the board.

MORGAN
I can do it.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam and Morgan sit in a waiting room full of COUPLES of all ethnicities, genders, and backgrounds.

MORGAN
These guys are supposed to be the best in LA.

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 - WAITING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam looks at her phone for the time.

SAM
What's taking so long?

MORGAN
Patience.

A door on the other side of the doctor's office opens, and a
NURSE in white appears.

NURSE
Crown?

Sam pops up and marches toward the nurse.

SAM
It's about time.
(to the nurse)
And its Amborski.

Sam rushes into the room.

The nurse waits for Morgan.

MORGAN
Sorry. We're new to all this.

The Nurse smiles back at Morgan.

NURSE

Doctor Ready is ready for you.

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

In a room of white, DR. READY, female Indo-American, fertility specialist in a crisp white lab coat sits behind her modern desk and finishes up typing into her computer.

READY

Welcome. Our clinic has an outstanding success rate. Please sit.

Sam and Morgan do.

MORGAN

Tell me more about the Two-Mom Approach.

READY

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.

READY

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

MORGAN

I want to carry the baby.

READY

And you will. Any questions?

SAM

My eggs, and Morgan carries the baby.

READY

Correct.

MORGAN

When can we start?

Dr. Ready checks her calendar on her computer.

READY

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.

Dr. Ready retrieves an egg.

SAM

You using the whole fist doc?!?

Dr. Ready continues her work.

SAM (CONT'D)

What?!? Not a Chevy Chase fan?

Dr. Ready does not smile.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam stares at an Ultrasound image.

Morgan is being operated on.

IMAGE ON SCREEN: 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 Dr. Ready's desk.

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

READY

I'm sorry.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam stares at an Ultrasound image.

Morgan is being operated on again.

IMAGE ON SCREEN: 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 again.

Dr. Ready looks at the pregnancy results. Then, she looks at Morgan and Sam as she shakes her head, no.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam stares at an Ultrasound image.

Morgan is being operated on.

IMAGE ON SCREEN: 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.

Dr. Ready looks at the pregnancy results. She looks to Sam and Morgan and smiles.

READY

Success.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

MORGAN

We're pregnant!

LILLIAN

Really? How?!?

SAM

The miracles of science.

Lillian stands and congratulates her daughter and Sam.

Beams Morgan and Sam.

LILLIAN

May I?

Morgan raises her shirt.

MORGAN

Of course.

Lillian moves her hand along Morgan's baby bump.

LILLIAN

Amazing. I'm so happy for you both.

SAM

You're going to be a grandma.

LILLIAN

It's about time!

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 parts.

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.

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 (CONT'D)

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

Alone. Now!

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 hard.

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.

MORGAN
I don't care.

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. Cold.

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.

Morgan bolts up and rushes out of the room.

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 and more in two insecure men who used her as their creative 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 moves slowly into the car.

SAM

How was it?

MORGAN

Drive.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LATER DAY

Sam pulls up to pick up Morgan from her appointment.

Morgan comes into the car.

SAM

How was it?

MORGAN

I don't want to talk about it.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LATER 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 when she reaches for her hand. Two fingers touch.

Sam turns to Morgan.

SAM
I missed you!

MORGAN
I know. I'm sorry.

SAM
I should've been there.

Sam tears up.

Morgan places her forefinger over Sam's lips.

MORGAN
Shh. It wasn't in our control. Hmm.

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?

Rupert turns left when he should have turned right to go back to Morgan's home.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Hey!?! We're going the wrong way.

Rupert looks at Morgan hard.

RUPERT
Are we?

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 enralls 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. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE - OFFICE - LATER DAY

Sister Mary sits at her desk as her phone RINGS.

SISTER MARY
Yes?
(listens)
Nothing yet, Morgan.

INT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE - OFFICE - LATER DAY

Sister Mary sits at her desk as her phone RINGS.

SISTER MARY

Yes?

(listens)

Nothing yet, Sam. Patience.

INT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE - OFFICE - LATER DAY

Sister Mary sits at her desk as her phone RINGS.

SISTER MARY

Yes?

(listens)

Nothing yet, Morgan. These things take time. I shall prayer for it.

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 her phones 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

Hello... Miles and Mira? Yesss!!!

Morgan jumps up, drops her smartphone, and rushes to her to mother to share the news and a great big 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 freakin' 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.

(MORE)

FEMALE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
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 move 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.

Lillian 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
Mommamas?

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