

THE END

Written by

David Shone

3234 Sunny Crest Lane, Kettering OH 45419
937-776-6729

FADE IN:

EXT. ANTONIO'S - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A red neon sign spells out, Antonio's.

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

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

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

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - SAME TIME

TOM BISHOP's Wake is in full swing.

SUPER: "West Hollywood."

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

Tom's urn rests on the bar.

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

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

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

Rupert's persona radiates the room.

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

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

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

SAM
More art than commerce.

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

SAM
His stories were raw. Real.

RUPERT
Full of hope.

SAM
Emotion.

RUPERT
Yeah. Shame. How did you know him?

SAM
I worked as a PA on his latest.

RUPERT
Last.

SAM
Yes, his last.

RUPERT
So, you're a promising dream maker?

SAM
Something like that.

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

SAM
Afraid not.

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

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

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

SAM
Oh, really. She's pretty.

RUPERT
Looks like her dear mother. Thee
Lillian Lee.

SAM
Lillian who?

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

SAM
What?

RUPERT
Popularity. Acclaim. Fame.

SAM
Oh.

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

SAM
When was that?

RUPERT
Twenty-five years ago.

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

RUPERT
Shh. Here she comes.

Morgan stops before them.

MORGAN
Hi, Rupert.

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

RUPERT
Morgan, where have you been?

MORGAN
New York. Art School.

RUPERT
Ahh.

MORGAN
Who's this?

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

SAM
Sorry, about your old man.

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

Sam raises her glass to Morgan.

SAM
To the living we owe respect...

MORGAN
To the dead, we only owe the truth.

RUPERT
Voltaire!

SAM
What's your truth, Morgan?

MORGAN
I hate L.A.

Rupert turns to Morgan.

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

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

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Just its inhabitants.

MORGAN
Yeah.

INT. ANTONIO'S - BAR - LATER

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

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

GARRETT, late 50s, tall, tan, and stylish. He looks like an aged rock star who made it big. His wild gray hair and killer designer suit enhances the look. In reality, he's an Oscar-winning director who suffers from an inferiority complex.

Lillian signals the BARTENDER.

LILLIAN
Another French Seventy-Five.

The bartender nods and turns to make her drink.

Garrett rubs up to Lillian.

GARRETT
Nice dress. Love the color.

Lillian licks her red lips.

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

GARRETT
I liked your clothes better off.

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

LILLIAN
You're delusional.

GARRETT
That's what people tell me.

Garrett leans back and eyes Lillian's curves.

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

LILLIAN
Sure. Why not?

Lillian grabs her purse but leaves the urn. She moves away from the bar.

GARRETT
You forgetting somebody?

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

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

GARRETT

Bye, Tom.

Garrett wraps his arm around Lillian as they walk out.

INT. ANTONIO'S - BACKROOM - SAME TIME

Sam and Morgan play a game of billiards.

Sam eyes Lillian and Garrett as they leave.

SAM

Your Mom seems to be handling this well.

Morgan eyes her next shot hard.

MORGAN

Dad died to her long ago.

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

SAM

Good shot. So, what're your plans?

MORGAN

I'll figure it out.

SAM

Maybe this will help you decide.

Sam places a canvas backpack on the green felt table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Your Dad wanted you to have this.

Morgan grabs it.

MORGAN

What's in it?

SAM

Don't know.

MORGAN

Hmm. A mystery.

Morgan looks around the dingy bar and the urn.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
No mystery, here.

SAM
It was good meeting you, Morgan.

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

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

MORGAN
Bye, Sam.

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

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

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

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

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

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan's childhood home.

The same snapshot is framed on the fireplace mantelpiece next to Tom's ashes. Beer in hand, Morgan leans back on the couch. Before her, the contents of the backpack lie out on the coffee table: a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, half-used pack of Camels, a map of Palm Springs, loose cash, a Realistic compact cassette recorder, and a can of film.

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

MORGAN
Vienna, Nineteen-Ninety-Five.

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

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

Tom gives a long hard smoker's cough.

TOM (V.O.)
 Oh, well. Life is short.
 (beat)
 Yet... film is eternal.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS - DAY

Wide angle panorama of this desert oasis.

SUPER: "Palm Springs."

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

INT. SAM'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Sam drives along State Route One.

INTERACT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MORGAN
 Who's Holmes?

SAM
 One of your Dad's favorite
 directors.

MORGAN
 I never heard of him.

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

MORGAN
 That I know.

Sam laughs.

SAM
 Tell me, how it goes.

Sam slams the stick-shift into a higher gear.

SOUND: VROOM!

MORGAN

I shall.

Morgan hangs up and removes a map from her pocket.

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

White-steam pours out from underneath the hood. Morgan looks at the falling sun.

MORGAN

Great. Looks like I'm hiking it.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS - MOUNTAIN CREST - DUSK - LATER

Morgan appears over a desert mountain crest. As she listens to music on her Sony Walkman, she moves with the beat. Morgan approaches, closer and closer, until all we see is her new gold-trimmed aviator sunglasses. The majesty of her present surroundings reflects off her shiny lenses.

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

EXT. THE ABBEY - SAME TIME

A mountain path leads to a stone structure carved into the side of a mountain. Soft yellow light penetrates out the top windows. At the front entrance, Morgan grabs the mammoth metal knocker and bangs it against the door, again and again.

An awkward moment passes.

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

HOLMES

May I help you?

MORGAN

If your name's Holmes, you can.

HOLMES

What?

MORGAN

Holmes!

Holmes nods.

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

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

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

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

MORGAN
Thomas Bishop gives his last regards.

HOLMES
Tom, who?

MORGAN
Bishop!

HOLMES
Oh! I lost track of him ages ago.

MORGAN
Well, he's dead now.

HOLMES
Oh, I'm sorry.

MORGAN
He was my dad.

Holmes nods, gives her a second look, smiles.

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

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

MORGAN
Yeah.

Holmes embraces her.

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

INT. THE ABBEY - STUDY - SAME TIME

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

On the wall is a scene from the Congo. The view is within a riverboat looking out into a dense, lush jungle on either side. In the long narrow boat armed tribal guides pose in their animal skin loin cloths.

MORGAN

Why do they look so afraid?

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

Is that why they're so well armed?

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

On the river?

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

Wow. Not so much of a happy ending.

Image on wall is of African villagers dancing.

HOLMES

Happy endings depend on where you stop your story.

INT. THE ABBEY - STONE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holmes gives Morgan a tour of the Abbey.

HOLMES

Yes, these old walls made me feel young.

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

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Hungry?

MORGAN
Starving.

INT. THE ABBEY - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

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

HOLMES
Sit.

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

MORGAN
How did you know my father?

HOLMES
I worked with him from time to time
on travelogues.

MORGAN
Travelogues?

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

Holmes starts making tapas.

MORGAN
Ahh.

HOLMES
I've filmed everything from Rio to
Rome.

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

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

INT. THE ABBEY - CORRIDOR - LATER

After dinner, Morgan follows Holmes up...

THE STAIRCASE

Into the...

THE STUDY

HOLMES

Vienna, Nineteen-Ninety-Five. Have you seen it?

MORGAN

No.

HOLMES

Curious?

MORGAN

Not really.

HOLMES

This film may surprise you.

MORGAN

Why is that? Did my dad direct it?

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

Oh.

Holmes sits down in his chair.

HOLMES

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

CUT TO: FILM

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

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

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

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

SUPER: "Vienna, 1995."

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

Garrett chases a giggling Lillian. He catches her.

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

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

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. ABBEY - STUDY - NIGHT

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

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

HOLMES

There she is.

MORGAN

Wow. She was so young.

HOLMES

She was your age then.

MORGAN

Who was she running with?

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

They looked happy together.

HOLMES

They were.

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

Lillian tugs him along a crowded square full of people.

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

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

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

MORGAN
Amazing. We could be twins.

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

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

MORGAN
He's cute.

HOLMES
Hmm. Vienna, Nineteen-Ninety-Five,
a film that captures more than an
ordinary weekend spent in Vienna.

NOTE: Morgan was conceived this weekend.

Holmes hangs over the canister back to Morgan.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Its yours again.

MORGAN
Thanks.

HOLMES
There is something more I must show
you.

INT. THE ABBEY - BACKROOM - DAY

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

HOLMES
Travel mementos.

MORGAN
You've gone to all of these places.

HOLMES
Yes.

Morgan touches it.

MORGAN
Cool chest.

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

Holmes opens it.

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

MORGAN
May I touch it?

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

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

So, she opens it. She sees sheer red lady's panties.

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

HOLMES
Like I said, mementos.

Holmes recloses the chest drawers.

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

Morgan touches the luggage labels that cover the trunk.

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

HOLMES

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

Holmes opens-up a few drawers and smiles.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Memories now.

He closes them one by one.

INT. THE ABBEY - STUDY - NIGHT

Holmes and Morgan watch as a travelogue on Rome ends.

MORGAN

Holmes, where would you go if you were me?

HOLMES

Everywhere.

MORGAN

Your travelogues make me feel like I was there.

Holmes gets up, stretches.

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

Magnificent work.

HOLMES

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

MORGAN

Sure.

HOLMES

The world needs more artists.

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

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Catch.

Morgan does.

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

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

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

EXT. MALIBU BEACH RESTAURANT - OUTDOOR TABLE - DAY

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

SUPER: "Malibu."

Lillian blows smoke in Morgan's direction.

LILLIAN
Put that camera away.

Morgan lowers the camera and places it on the table.

MORGAN
Why? I thought you enjoyed play
acting?

LILLIAN
This isn't acting. This is lunch.

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

Morgan spreads her arms wide to their audience.

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

Lillian exhales a cloud of smoke.

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

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

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

MORGAN
By that, you mean lead, not follow?

LILLIAN
Exactly!

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

LILLIAN
Direct?!? What?

MORGAN
Films of course.

LILLIAN
Films? Are you out of your mind?

Morgan eyes her mother.

MORGAN
Maybe.

LILLIAN
A dick-less director...

Lillian crushes her cigarette into her untouched salad.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
In this town?

Lillian twists her cigarette more into the greens.

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

MORGAN
I'm going change all that.

LILLIAN
Sure you are.

An attractive WAITER approaches their table.

Lillian reaches her purse and retrieves a shiny object.

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

MORGAN
Why?

LILLIAN
You look tired.

MORGAN
Mother!?!

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

Lillian smiles up at the waiter.

He smiles back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Right, boy?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Establishing. View of iconic UCLA campus.

SUPER:"UCLA Campus."

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

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

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

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

A bored Morgan looks out the window.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

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

SAM
Morgan! Wait.

Morgan turns back.

MORGAN

Sam? What are you doing here?

Sam joins her.

SAM

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

MORGAN

I thought this would be different.

SAM

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

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

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

SAM

To me this is your father's best work.

MORGAN

I haven't watched it in years.

SAM

Then, you're in for a treat.

They reach the ticket booth.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to the person in the booth)

Two tickets please.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Sam and Morgan at the movies.

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

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

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

SAM
This is what we are chasing.

MORGAN
And what's that?

Sam looks to a vintage Roman Holiday movie poster.

SAM
Greatness.

INT. THEATER - SAME

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

ON SCREEN:

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

ANN
Ooh, what a horrid idea.

JOE
Let's see you do it.

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

ANN
Let's see you do it.

JOE
Sure.

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

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

Joe takes out his hand, apparently severed at the wrist and Ann screams in fright, putting her hands over her face.

Smiling, he lets his hand spring open, out of his sleeve.

ANN

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

JOE

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

ANN

You've never hurt your hand.

JOE

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

ANN

Yes.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. THEATER - SAME

Sam turns to Morgan and whispers.

SAM

You still hate L.A.?

MORGAN

I'm warming up to some of its inhabitants.

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

Sam smiles back.

SAM

Good.

EXT. GETTY VIEW PARK - DAY

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

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

MORGAN

Magnificent view.

SAM

I love this place.

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

MORGAN
What do you want out of life?

SAM
This.

Sam breathes in the fresh air deeply.

SAM (CONT'D)
Contentment.

MORGAN
Contentment? Not happiness?

SAM
Happiness is too short.

MORGAN
Hmm.

Morgan stretches her body.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
This feels good.

SAM
What?

MORGAN
Us.

Morgan turns and hurries down the trail.

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

SAM
You're on.

Morgan shouts back.

MORGAN
You remind me of someone?

Sam, five-steps behind Morgan, replies.

SAM
Who?

MORGAN
An old friend.

EXT. ABBEY - DAY

Morgan and Sam stands before the massive arched doorway.

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

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

The knocker CLANGS. CLANGS. CLANGS.

The door swings open.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Surprise!

Garrett appears. He sees Morgan and turns pale.

GARRETT
Morgan!

Morgan sees him and steps back.

MORGAN
Hi, Garrett.

GARRETT
Come in. Come in.

Sam hesitates at the door.

MORGAN
This is Sam-antha.

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

Garrett wanders into the foyer.

GARRETT
Hi, Sam.

MORGAN
Where's Bert?

Garrett turns to Morgan.

GARRETT
He's gone.

MORGAN
Oh. Where?

GARRETT

Umm.

MORGAN

He's dead?

GARRETT

The cleaning lady found him in his chair.

MORGAN

Show me.

INT. ABBEY - PROJECTION ROOM - SAME

Morgan touches the back of Holmes' chair.

Garrett and Sam watch her.

MORGAN

Happy endings depend on where you stop the film.

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

GARRETT

Yeah.

SAM

Sorry, Garrett.

Garrett nods his appreciation.

SAM (CONT'D)

What was he watching?

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

GARRETT

That was the first thing I checked.

MORGAN

One of his travelogues?

GARRETT

Yep.

SAM

Which one?

GARRETT

Guess.

MORGAN

Rome. It would've to be Rome.

Garrett nods as he holds up the film canister.

GARRETT

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

SAM

Was there a service for him?

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

May I see it?

GARRETT

Of course, come!

EXT. ABBEY'S GARDEN - DAY

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

GARRETT

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

SAM

Shame.

Morgan hugs Garrett.

MORGAN

Sorry about your dad.

GARRETT

Thanks.

MORGAN

But we better be going.

Sam hugs Garrett.

SAM

Your father was a legend in the industry.

GARRETT

Yeah. What're your plans?

Sam and Morgan looks to one another.

MORGAN

I just wanted to introduce Sam.

GARRETT

You still can. Come!

Garrett rushes back in the Abbey.

Morgan and Samantha follows.

INT. ABBEY - PROJECTION ROOM - DAY - LATER

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

MORGAN

Oh, beautiful.

SAM

He was such an artist.

Garrett flips on the lights.

GARRETT

His legacy lives on. Wish to stay for dinner?

Morgan looks to Samantha.

MORGAN

Thank you. But we have to go.

GARRETT

Sure. Another time.

As they walk to the door, Morgan crosses Bert's Steamer Chest laid out in the middle of the room.

MORGAN

Ah, his chest. A great desk...

GARRETT

In a pitch. He must of liked you.

MORGAN
We were fast friends.

GARRETT
May I ask how the two of you met?

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

GARRETT
Which film?

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

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

MORGAN
Now, we're both fatherless.

Morgan hugs Garrett one last time.

GARRETT
It looks that way.

Samantha waves him good-bye.

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

Morgan and Sam head back to their car.

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

Their car pulls away.

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

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

He SLAMS the door.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - SAME

Sam drives as Morgan puts her sunglasses on.

MORGAN
I need a drink.

INT. PALM SPRINGS BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan at the CROWDED bar.

Sam sits beside her and consoles her.

MORGAN
He was so full of life.

Sam rubs Morgan's hair back.

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

SAM
He left us his work.

MORGAN
That's something.

SAM
It's more than that.

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

Morgan starts to cry.

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

SAM
Shh. I know.

Sam starts to kiss her tears on her cheeks.

The BARTENDER drops down their drinks.

BARTENDER
Sorry, girls. Not that kind of bar.

The bar crowd eyes them like dirt.

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

MORGAN
Let's get out of here.

SAM
I know the picture-perfect place to
celebrate Holmes' life.

SERIES OF SHOTS - Sam drives Morgan through the night.

- A) Sam merges onto the highway as Morgan sleeps.
- B) Sam cuts through trucker traffic.
- C) Sam sees a sign for Bakersfield.
- D) Sam sees a sign for Fresno.
- E) Sam sees a sign for Yosemite. It reads, "Next Right."

EXT. MORGAN'S SUV - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The SUV dots a deserted parking lot void of cars.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - SAME

Morgan awakes. She is alone.

MORGAN
Where are we?

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

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Sam?

Morgan looks towards the mega-store.

Sam appears with a cart load of camping supplies.

Morgan rolls down the window.

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

SAM
You will see.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - DAYBREAK

Morgan and Sam passes a sign for the Yosemite Lodge.

MORGAN
The Lodge?

SAM
Nope.

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

EXT. TRAIL PARKING - SAME

Sam parks.

Morgan looks around.

MORGAN
This is it?

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

Morgan gives a half smile.

MORGAN
Sure.

They get out. Sam pulls out the camping equipment.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

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

Sam leads Morgan.

MORGAN
Is it me? Or is this path
narrowing?

SAM
Getting spooked?

MORGAN
No. Just feeling claustrophobic.

SAM
We're almost there.

MORGAN

Good.

Sam turns and faces Morgan.

SAM

Do you trust me?

MORGAN

Trust is earned.

SAM

I know.

Morgan follows Sam up the path.

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

MORGAN

Wow.

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

SAM

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

MORGAN

Hi, gorgeous.

SAM

This is were I come when I need to recharge.

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

Sam draws closer to Morgan.

SAM (CONT'D)

Nothing beats California.

MORGAN

Nothing beats you.

Morgan closes her eyes and kisses Sam.

Sam kisses her back.

EXT. SIERRA HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

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

Morgan and Sam hikes up to this hot springs.

SAM

I told you... Mother Earth provides.

Sam takes off her pack.

So does Morgan.

MORGAN

My back is sore.

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

SAM

Then, let's soak.

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

MORGAN

Sorry. I'm not modest.

SAM

With your body, you shouldn't be.

Morgan joins Sam in the springs.

MORGAN

Scoot over.

Sam stares up, beyond the steam to the heavens.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Who could imagine such a place?

Morgan rubs Sam's shoulders and straddles her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Better?

SAM

Yes.

MORGAN

I want to know more about you.

SAM
You already know all the good.

MORGAN
Good. Bad. We're all broken.

Morgan leans into to Sam.

SAM
I don't feel broken now.

INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER

Morgan and Sam cuddle within one sleeping bag.

Sam plays with Morgan's hair.

MORGAN
Can we stay here forever?

Morgan rolls over to face Sam.

SAM
Forever is a long time.

MORGAN
Then let's enjoy the night.

Sam switches off the electric lantern.

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

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

MUSIC: an old Beach Boys like song plays.

Morgan and Sam enjoy the music as wind plays with their hair. They are at peace with one another.

No words need to be said.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Morgan starts to fold her clean clothes.

Lillian walks by.

LILLIAN
You know, we have people that can do that.

MORGAN

Mother. You think everything is
beneath you.

LILLIAN

So? Is truth a character flaw?

Lillian circles Morgan.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Wait. Something is different here.

She inspects her daughter's features.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

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

MORGAN

I met someone.

LILLIAN

I pray he's rich.

MORGAN

Who said he?

LILLIAN

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

MORGAN

Mother.

LILLIAN

All my friends are either dead or
have grandchildren.

MORGAN

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

LILLIAN

I raised you right!

MORGAN

You held back your love.

LILLIAN

Don't be ridiculous.

MORGAN

Mother.

LILLIAN

I gave you life! What more do you want?

MORGAN

Contentment.

LILLIAN

That doesn't exist.

MORGAN

I'm just saying being with Sam...

LILLIAN

Sam, that's a boys name.

MORGAN

Sorry, Mother. My Sam, is a girl.

LILLIAN

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

MORGAN

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

Lillian examines her daughter hard and long.

LILLIAN

Are you in love?

MORGAN

I don't know. It just feels right.

Lillian absorbs this information.

LILLIAN

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

MORGAN

She's coming over tonight for
dinner?

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

Morgan picks up her basket of clothes.

MORGAN
 Oh, Mother. You worry too much
 about the wrong things.

As Morgan leaves, Lillian talks to herself.

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

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

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

Lillian wears a red flowing Flamenco ballroom dance.

LILLIAN
 More wine, Samantha?

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

Lillian fills up Sam's glass.

LILLIAN
 Splendid.

Lillian gulps down her own wine.

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

LILLIAN
 Bruno, loved me!

MORGAN
 Still. It's a little much.

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

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

MORGAN

Mother?

SAM

What was Hollywood like back then?

LILLIAN

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

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

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

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

SAM

So you still act?

LILLIAN

Sure, as often as I can.

MORGAN

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

LILLIAN

Sid's dead.

MORGAN

Before that?

LILLIAN

Hmm. I can't remember.

Lillian thinks back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Anyways, reality is overrated.

The doorbell RINGS.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Who could that be?!?

Morgan looks to Sam.

MORGAN

Oh, no.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - FOYER - SAME

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

LILLIAN

Rupert, what are you doing here?

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

RUPERT

Hola, bitches! Who wants to party?!?

INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

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

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

RUPERT

(to Sam)

Welcome to the asylum.

SAM

Thanks, Rupert. I think.

RUPERT

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

MORGAN

Rupert is mother's partner in crime.

LILLIAN

No one knows more secrets than he.

Lillian leaves to fetch another bottle.

RUPERT

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

MORGAN

We were just talking about the Eighties.

RUPERT
Oh, a horrid decade.

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

LILLIAN
Here. Help me.

SAM
Why was it horrid?

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

Rupert uncorks the Champagne.

SOUND: POP!

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

Rupert POURS.

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

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

MORGAN
Mother!?!

Rupert fills his own glass.

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

MORGAN
What was your sin, Mother?

LILLIAN
Growing old.

Lillian gets quiet.

Rupert winks at Lillian.

Lillian smiles back.

RUPERT

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

Rupert raises his forefinger to his lips.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Shh... don't tell anyone.

Morgan interrupts.

MORGAN

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

SAM

James Dean. Marlon Brando.

LILLIAN

Katharine Hepburn. Rock Hudson.

RUPERT

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

MORGAN

What?

RUPERT

Being openingly gay.

MORGAN

It's not like that anymore, is it?

LILLIAN

Hollywood's hypocrisy.

SAM

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 and spins around underneath the
huge crystal chandelier.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Samantha, what are your intentions?

SAM

I'm falling in love.

Rupert steps closer and inspects Sam's face.

RUPERT

Hmm. I see. Then you must savor it.

Rupert turns to leave.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Love is the only thing in this
world worth fighting for.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - NEXT DAY

The doorbell RINGS.

The house appears deserted.

The doorbell RINGS again.

Lillian appears in her robe fresh from bed.

LILLIAN
Carmen! Answer the god-damn door!

Lillian crosses the foyer.

The doorbell RINGS again.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, my head.

Lillian opens the door.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
What!

She sees a muscular DELIVERY MAN.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Hi.

DELIVERY MAN
Ms. Bishop?

Lillian opens the door and her legs wider.

LILLIAN
I could be.

DELIVERY MAN
Package.

Lillian eyes the man's crotch.

LILLIAN
I see.

DELIVERY MAN
Look lady. This box weighs a ton.
So, is this eighty-six, thirty-
seven Edwin Drive?

Lillian closes her legs.

LILLIAN
It is.

DELIVERY MAN
Sign here.

LILLIAN
Who's it from?

The delivery looks down at his iPad.

DELIVERY MAN
A guy named Holmes.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - LATER

Morgan and Sam enters the foyer in mid-conversation.

SAM
I knew you would like it.

MORGAN
But it was so depressing.

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

Morgan sees the box blocking her path.

MORGAN
What's this?

Sam inspects the crate.

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

Lillian stands at the head of the stairs.

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

Morgan picks up the hammer and goes to work.

Lillian sees Morgan tear into the crate.

Sam and Morgan removes the bubble wrap.

APPEARS Bert Holmes steamer chest.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Garrett.

Lillian smiles as she retreats to her room.

SAM

Is that what I think it is?

MORGAN

A great desk in a pinch.

INT. LILLIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

SAM

Lingerie.

MORGAN

Holmes.

SAM

What a life.

Morgan tosses the underwear at Morgan.

MORGAN

Here.

SAM

Gross!

Sam dodges it.

MORGAN

Happy endings depend on where you stop your story.

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

SAM

Look it all these love letters.

Sam picks up a stack of letters.

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

MORGAN
A girl in every port.

SAM
I'm a one woman girl.

Sam returns the letters to the coffee table.

MORGAN
I wish we were married.

SAM
Is that a proposal?

Morgan moves from her chair to sit with Sam.

MORGAN
It could be?

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

RUPERT
A wedding, this close to Christmas?
Imagine.

Lillian sees Sam enter the ballroom.

LILLIAN
There's the bride.

RUPERT
One of them.

Lillian almost spits out her drink as she laughs.

Morgan runs up to Sam.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
They seem happy together.

LILLIAN
What's Sam wearing?

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

RUPERT
It's beautiful.

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

RUPERT
Why?

LILLIAN
It's a tragedy.

RUPERT
They look happy.

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

RUPERT
Then, the abandonment of death.

Lillian touches Rupert on the arm.

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

Lillian grows dead quiet.

IMAGE: Sam shares a laugh with Morgan.

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

Lillian downs her Scotch quick.

Ice RATTLES in her glass.

Then, Lillian licks her lips.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I need another drink.

She walks to...

THE BAR

There, she sees Garrett.

LILLIAN

Nice touch sending her the trunk.
You big softie.

GARRETT

An early wedding present.

LILLIAN

Do you believe it?

GARRETT

What?

Lillian points with her drink.

LILLIAN

That we created her.

GARRETT

She barely knows me.

LILLIAN

Who's fault is that?

Garrett sighs.

GARRETT

I should dance with her.

LILLIAN

A father daughter dance?

GARRETT

Why not?

Garrett takes a few steps toward Morgan.

LILLIAN

Garrett!

Garrett turns.

GARRETT

What?

LILLIAN

Vienna was worth it!

Garrett nods and he approaches the...

DANCE FLOOR

Morgan is in mid-discussion with Sam.

Sam stops when she sees Garrett.

SAM

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

MORGAN

But?

Samantha grabs Morgan's Champagne flute.

SAM

I' have the band play something
nice and slow.

GARRETT

I. Thank you, Samantha.

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

SAM

No, thank you.

Morgan opens up her arms to Garrett.

MORGAN

I can lead.

GARRETT

I'm a little old fashion.

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

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

GARRETT (CONT'D)

May I?

Morgan joins him.

MORGAN

You may.

The two dance enchantingly around the room.

GARRETT

You remind me so much of you
mother.

MORGAN

You love her, don't you?

Garrett twirls Morgan about.

GARRETT
Never stopped.

AT THE BAR

Lillian stands next to Samantha.

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

LILLIAN
Tom had great eyes.

Sam reaches for a her drink on the bar.

SAM
So does Garrett.

LILLIAN
What?!?

SAM
Cheers.

LILLIAN
Samantha, what are you implying?

SAM
Only the obvious. A father-daughter
dance.

LILLIAN
Some lies are better left dead and
buried.

SAM
If you say so.

LILLIAN
I will tell her when the time is
right.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Sam wanders up to Rupert.

The dapper YOUNGER MAN laughs as he leaves.

Sam and Rupert admire him as he leaves.

RUPERT
Look at that...

SAM
Rupert, what are your intentions?

RUPERT
Oh, the things I would do.

Rupert looks to the dance floor.

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

Garrett and Lillian shows the world their moves.

SAM
Look at Lillian.

RUPERT
You have one nutty mother-in-law.

Sam looks down at her ring.

SAM
I suppose I do.

Rupert does a Cary Grant impression as he shares.

RUPERT
Insanity doesn't run in this family.

Sam attempts a Gary Grant impression.

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

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

Rupert sees a BEAUTIFUL MAN across the room.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Gott'a go.

SAM
Happy hunting.

Rupert turns back.

RUPERT

Look at me.

Rupert smooths his hands over his fine figure.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

I'm a killer.

Rupert uses his hands like guns.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Bang. Bang.

Sam covers her heart.

SAM

Ouch.

Morgan arrives and pulls Sam out onto the dance floor.

MORGAN

Let's dance.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Rupert sits alone at a circular table.

Sam comes over.

Morgan stays on the dance floor.

Rupert watches the YOUNGER MAN and the BEAUTIFUL MAN dance.

Sam plops down next to Rupert.

SAM

What happened killer?

Sam uses her finger like a gun.

SAM (CONT'D)

Run out of bullets.

RUPERT

No. Just feeling my age.

A slow sappy song starts.

On the dance floor, the gay couple draws closer.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Great.

SAM
Sorry, Rup. Not your night.

Sam grabs a centerpiece and places it before Rupert.

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

RUPERT
This arrangement?

SAM
Yeah.

RUPERT
No thanks. They look like shit.

SAM
Rupert! Morgan picked these out.

RUPERT
It shows.

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

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

Rupert heads to the dance floor.

SAM
Rupert.

Rupert turns.

RUPERT
Congrats, Sam.

Rupert continues his walk.

Sam surprises him with a tap on his broad shoulder.

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

Sam bows.

SAM
May I have this dance?

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

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

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

RUPERT
And the bad.

Rupert deeply bows back.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
May I?

Sam nods.

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

SAM
Wow. You're really good.

RUPERT
Two seasons of Dancing with the
Stars!

Rupert dips Sam.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Bruno loved me!

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

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Literally.

Sam gently hits Rupert.

SAM
You're terrible.

RUPERT
Shh. Don't tell anyone.

Rupert pulls Sam up from the dip and twirls her.

SAM
This is my father-daughter dance.

Rupert bows again.

RUPERT
The honor is truly mine, Sam.

Rupert pulls her closer into his chest.

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

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

They surrounding GUESTS CLAP and APPLAUD.

CUT TO: FLOWER
 ARRANGEMENT

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - HONEYMOON -DAY

Sam and Morgan have a picnic on the beach.

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

Sam looks back at it.

SAM
 How did he get so rich?

MORGAN
 I think his parents were loaded.

SAM
 Hmm. Must be nice.

MORGAN
 So, what are our plans for the
 week?

SAM
 I have a shoot on Thursday.

MORGAN
 Oh.

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

MORGAN
 Why didn't they come to our
 wedding?

SAM

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

Morgan looks out at the horizon.

MORGAN

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

SAM

That's crazy. Five?

MORGAN

Yeah. Yet, I understand its pull.

SAM

For those who wish to create?

Morgan nods.

MORGAN

I want to start a documentary on Holmes.

SAM

Then you need to speak to Garrett.

INT. MORGAN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

Morgan drives along West Hollywood.

MORGAN

Garrett, here I come.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORGAN'S ROADTRIP

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

EXT. GARRETT'S HOME - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. GARRETT'S DRIVEWAY - DAY - LATER

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

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

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

MUSIC: Ode to Joy plays.

Loud, classical music radiates blur out from the car's speakers. Garrett turns off the ignition. And the music stops as he pops out.

MORGAN

Hey maestro! You almost hit me.

GARRETT

Oh, Morgan, I thought you were coming tomorrow.

MORGAN

We agreed on Friday, and that's today.

GARRETT

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

Morgan looks at him, then his sports car.

MORGAN

Have you been drinking?

GARRETT

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

Garrett gets back into his car.

Morgan reluctantly does the same.

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

MORGAN
Hey, watch it.

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

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

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I love this car!

EXT. GARRETT'S CAR - SAME

Garrett's Porsche ROARS down the residential street.

GARRETT
You have your father's eyes.

MORGAN
What else do you remember about
him?

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

He places the car into a higher gear and laughs.

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

EXT. GARRETT'S COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

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

GARRETT
Here you go, Joey. No scratches.

INT. GARRETT'S COUNTRY CLUB - SAME

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

STAFF #1

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

GARRETT

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

He brushes by the staff's forced smiles.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Garrett and Morgan enters a locker room of dark wood.

Old, half-clad MEMBERS change clothes.

GARRETT

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

MEMBER #1

What? A woman?

GARRETT

See.

He points.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Bars open. So, we're cutting through here.

A member in BVDs scratches his butt.

MEMBER #1

Bars open? Good.

The member hurries to get dressed.

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

THE BAR

Garrett jumps up on a tall stool.

GARRETT

Good day, Jack.

The bartender eyes Morgan.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

She's with me. Any issues with that?

BARTENDER

None, Mr. Holmes. The usual today?

GARRETT

Yes, but let's double it.

BARTENDER

Of course.

GARRETT

So, what do you want to talk about?

MORGAN

Your father.

GARRETT

My father. Why him?

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

Boring. You should do your documentary on me.

MORGAN

And why is that?

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

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

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

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

BARTENDER
Of course.

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

Jack pours half a bottle of Grey Goose into a silver tumbler full of ice. Then the bartender starts to shake the tumbler with gusto. With a flair for theater pours the clear contents into the four martini glasses one by one.

MORGAN
That's a lot of booze.

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

With one swoop, Garrett downs the first martini.

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

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

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

BARTENDER
Will do.

GARRETT
We will be on the patio.

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

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

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

BARTENDER
The same, Mr. Holmes?

GARRETT
Why not?

Garrett prepares his cigar.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Care for a stogie?

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

MORGAN
The staff here seems extremely
obedient.

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

He lights his cigar, breathes in, exhales.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Ahh! I love this place.

MORGAN
You seem to love many things.

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

He slams down another drink.

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

Garrett eyes Morgan's reserve martini.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

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

GARRETT
Afraid I'm going to pass out?

MORGAN
Yes.

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

MORGAN
I'm sure you have.

Morgan removes her 35-mm camera from her purse.

GARRETT
That was my Dad's.

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

GARRETT
That sounds like him.

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

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

MORGAN
Everything.

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

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PATIO - TWILIGHT

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

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

MORGAN

Your father was content at the end of his life.

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

Who was Bert Holmes?

GARRETT

I thought you seen all his pictures.

MORGAN

I have.

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

Yeah. He was.

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

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

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

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

Darkness comes to the club.

MORGAN

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

GARRETT
I studied music there.

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

GARRETT
Some acclaim. But not enough.

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

MORGAN
My Dad opened up a new world to me.

GARRETT
Did he? What was in that world?

MORGAN
The appreciation of motion
pictures.

GARRETT
That's it?

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

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

He slowly stands up.

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

MORGAN
How so?

GARRETT
Self-absorbed. Let's go.

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

MORGAN
Tell me about Vienna.

Garrett stops.

GARRETT
What do you wish to know?

MORGAN

Why was your father there?

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

Nope.

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

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

Morgan shrugs his shoulders.

Garrett trips over a garden light.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Aw!

He lands on his back.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Really!?! Morgan, in reality, I just wanted my Dad to notice me.

Morgan appears over him.

MORGAN

True artists are self-absorbed.

GARRETT

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

MORGAN

That hollow leg of yours, all filled up?

GARRETT

Not yet.

MORGAN

You're done driving. Hand me your keys.

Garrett grabs Morgan's hand and pops up. Then, he hands over his car keys.

SOUND: CLING.

GARRETT

Fine. Here!

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Garrett gets quiet as they enter his neighborhood.

MUSIC: "Ode to Joy" plays.

MORGAN

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

GARRETT

How ironic of you to ask.

Garrett turns up the music LOUD.

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

MORGAN

Your neighbors.

GARRETT

F my neighbors.

He turns the music back on.

Morgan slowly drives up to Garrett's house.

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

MORGAN
 I can't speak German.

GARRETT
 I know.

EXT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Garrett and Morgan get out of the car.

MORGAN
 Why did you send me his chest?

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

MORGAN
 I do.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

GARRETT
 Ahhh!

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

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 Okay.

He CRACKS his knuckles as he sits.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 From the beginning.

He starts to play but not to his liking.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Aufhören! Again!

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

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

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

Morgan lies down on the sofa opposite the piano.

Garrett continues to softly play.

MORGAN
Tell me more about your relationship with my mother.

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

Morgan falls asleep.

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

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

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

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

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

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Good-bye.

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

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

Morgan awakes.

Garrett is nowhere in sight.

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

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

MORGAN

Ah, Vienna.

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

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I do have my father's eyes.

She storms out of the room.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOME - POOL - DAY

Lillian wears a black bikini, sunglasses, and beach hat.

She reads a magazine, Nineteen-Eighty-Eight edition of Vanity Fair. Of course, she's on the cover.

Morgan STORMS out from the house.

MORGAN

Mother!

Lillian doesn't even bother to look up.

LILLIAN

What have I done now?

Lillian smartphone rings.

Rupert's smiling image appears on her phone.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Saved by bestie. Bless his heart.

MORGAN

Mother.

Lillian raises her finger to silence Morgan.

LILLIAN

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

Lillian answers it.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Rupert, what nugget of dirt do you
have to share?

Listen listens.

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

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Small gathering of MOURNERS surrounds a freshly dug grave.

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

MOURNER #2
What a waste of a fine car.

MOURNER #1
Yeah.

EXT. GARRETT'S GRAVE SITE - DAY

In black, Morgan stands beside Sam.

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

SAM
Your grandfather had quite a knack
for understating events.

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

SAM
It was the weekend...

MORGAN
I was conceived.

SAM
Crazy.

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

Sam looks at Lillian.

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

SAM
That shouldn't be hard.

MORGAN
I want to start trying now.

SAM
Now, that's more challenging.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - LATER

Lillian walks with Rupert back to her car.

Morgan rushes after them.

MORGAN
Mom!

Rupert turns but Lillian quickens her pace.

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

The funeral GUESTS await Lillian's response.

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

Rupert on the passenger side watches Morgan approach.

RUPERT
I will find another ride, dear.

LILLIAN
Coward.

Rupert leaves.

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

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I gott'a go.

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

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

How?

Morgan opens the door and takes a seat next to her mother.

She holds up the keys.

MORGAN

Your spare. Because someone is getting so forgetful in their old age.

LILLIAN

You brat. Take that back!

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

Morgan grabs the key from the ignition.

MORGAN

No more running from the truth
Mother.

LILLIAN

What do you know about truth?

MORGAN

Nothing. But...

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

LILLIAN

What are you doing?!?

MORGAN

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

(tip of the hat to Dalton
Trumbo)

Lillian looks around her current surroundings.

LILLIAN

Great! You're losing your mind too.

Morgan lifts the purse higher and closer to her mother.

MORGAN

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

Lillian's right hand recoils.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Coward. For truth is about trust.

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

LILLIAN
Be a dear, and grab my Valium.

MORGAN
Mother... was Garrett my true
father?

Lillian sheepishly places her hand within her purse and remains silent for a spell.

LILLIAN
Yes.

MORGAN
Next question.

Lillian grabs her chest.

LILLIAN
Are you trying to kill me?!?

MORGAN
Did you love Garrett?

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

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

MORGAN
Last question. Do you love me?

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

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

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

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Why have you hid the truth from me
 for all these years?

LILLIAN
 Necessity.

MORGAN
 We should go back to see Garrett.

LILLIAN
 And say good-bye as a family?

MORGAN
 Yeah.

LILLIAN
 Okay.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NEW CAR LOT - DAY

Sam and her crew films a TV commercial.

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

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

SAM
 Cut. That's a wrap.

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

MORGAN
 That was great.

SAM
 It pays the bills.

Morgan touches the equipment.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Missing it?

MORGAN
 Film school wasn't my thing.

SAM
 I love your movies.

MORGAN
You're bias.

SAM
Maybe I am.

MORGAN
What are our options for children?

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

EXT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DAY

Sam and Morgan rushes into the building together.

MORGAN
We're going to be late.

Sam opens the door for Morgan.

SAM
We've plenty of time.

As Morgan enters, Sam shakes her head.

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

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - LATER

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

MORGAN
These guys are supposed to be the
best.

Sam looks at the clinic's sales brochure.

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

MORGAN
Worth ever penny.

SAM
But...

MORGAN

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

SAM

Okay.

Sam looks at the waiting room clock.

SAM (CONT'D)

I have a shoot this afternoon. So,

I can't be here all day.

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

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

DOCTOR

Our clinic has an outstanding success rate.

MORGAN

Tell me more about the Two-Mom Approach.

DOCTOR

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

SAM

Tell me more about these donors.

DOCTOR

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

MORGAN

I want to carry the baby.

DOCTOR

And you will. Any questions?

SAM

My eggs, and Morgan carries the baby.

DOCTOR
Correct.

MORGAN
When can we start?

The doctor types on her computer.

DOCTOR
We can start the first attempt next week.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

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

The doctor retrieves an egg.

SAM
You using the whole fist doc?!?

The doctor continues her work.

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

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam stares at an Ultrasound image.

Morgan is being operated on.

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

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

Sam and Morgan sit before the doctor's desk.

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

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

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

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

MORGAN
We're pregnant!

LILLIAN
Really?

Lillian stands and congratulates her daughter and Sam.

Beams Morgan and Sam.

Lillian moves her hand to Morgan's belly.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
May I?

Morgan raises her shirt.

MORGAN
Of course.

Lillian softly touches her daughter's belly.

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

SAM
You're going to be a grandma.

LILLIAN
Second chances are so rare.

INT. SAM & MORGAN'S HOME - NIGHT

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

MORGAN
Is there supposed to be left over
bolts?

Morgan holds up a hex nut.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And what are these?

SAM
Extra.

Sam shakes the crib and a panel falls in.

MORGAN
Ohh, no!

Sam laughs it off.

SAM
I need a nail gun.

Morgan rubs her belly.

MORGAN
No baby bump yet but its coming.

Sam looks around the travel-themed nursery. Popular destinations are painted on the walls. Along with each cities iconic images: Big Ben and London Bridge, the Eiffel

Tower, Rome's Colosseum, the Great Wall of China, the Hollywood sign, and a tall waterfall in Yosemite.

SAM

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

MORGAN

Yeah. His steamer chest was my inspiration.

SAM

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

MORGAN

Sure. Why not?

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam washes the dishes as Morgan dries.

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

RUPERT

(to Morgan)

The film society wishes to feature your father's work.

SAM

Which one?

LILLIAN

Not funny, Sam.

RUPERT

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

MORGAN

A tribute?

Rupert nods.

RUPERT

Why not? They deserve it.

MORGAN

When is it?

RUPERT

October.

MORGAN

I won't be able to travel then.

SAM

Travel? It's West Hollywood, not Cannes.

MORGAN

I need to stay close. Nesting urges.

LILLIAN

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

Rupert looks to Sam and Morgan.

RUPERT

That stopped?

LILLIAN

I would love to see a man try to carry a baby. The nausea. The fatigue.

MORGAN

Peeing every five minutes.

RUPERT

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

LILLIAN

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

MORGAN

Yeah!

Lillian hurries around the kitchen's island.

LILLIAN

Let me kiss that big gorgeous belly again.

MORGAN

Mommmmm!

RUPERT

Ahhh. Parental love.

SAM
I'm glad we used my eggs.

EXT. SAM & MORGAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

WE move room to room, from...

THE LIVING ROOM

To the...

KITCHEN

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

We leave the kitchen and stop at the...

BASE OF THE STEPS

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

A few steps up is another.

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

HALLWAY

The blood trail ends at...

THE CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR

Behind it, Morgan sobs.

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

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan sleeps in a hospital bed as Sam paces.

Morgan stirs.

Sam heads to her.

MORGAN
I had the worst...

Morgan looks around the room.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Noooo.

Morgan weeps.

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

MORGAN
I want to be alone.

SAM
Sweetie?

MORGAN
Please.

Sam does what Morgan wishes.

SAM
I will be in the waiting room.

A dazed Morgan turns and stares down a wall.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY - LATER

Lillian arrives off the elevator.

Sam greets her there.

LILLIAN
Sam, what happen?

SAM
I was at a shoot.

LILLIAN
The baby?

Sam tears up.

Lillian hugs Sam.

Sam hugs her back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Okay.

SAM
I should've been home.

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

Sam falls upon Lillian's shoulder.

SAM
It's my fault.

Lillian strokes Sam's hair.

LILLIAN
Nonsense.

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

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

SAM
Down the hall. To the right.

LILLIAN
Let's get her home.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT - A MONTH LATER

Morgan sits in an emotionless state at the kitchen table.

A plate of untouched food sits before her.

Lillian wanders in. She wears an apron.

LILLIAN
Honey, you didn't eat anything.

MORGAN
I'm not hungry.

LILLIAN
You should eat.

Morgan looks up at her mother.

MORGAN
No, I shouldn't.

LILLIAN
Why?

MORGAN
A month ago, I was pregnant.

LILLIAN
And now you're not.

Morgan's upper body starts rocking back and forth.

Lillian places her hand on her daughter's shoulder.

Morgan removes her mother's hand.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Okay.

Lillian picks up Morgan's plate.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Lillian enters room where Sam sits and reads the newspaper.

SAM
How is she?

LILLIAN
Same.

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

LILLIAN
Good. This is killing me.

SAM
Me too. She's so distant.

EXT. HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Lillian clears dishes from the table.

Morgan's plate is untouched again.

LILLIAN
You done, dear?

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

SOUND: SMASH!

Scatters peas and carrots on the wooden floor.

Sam emerges from the kitchen.

SAM
Everything okay?

Lillian picks up the pieces.

LILLIAN
There was an accident.

MORGAN
Yes. There was.

Lillian comforts her daughter.

Morgan looks up with tears in her eyes.

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

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

SAM
I'm calling Dr. Dixon.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

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

Kali and her ten o'clock shares a long passage of silence.

A tablet she uses to take notes rests on her lap.

KALI
So Morgan, why are you here?

Shares Morgan in her stretchy black tights, soft comfy
pullover, and tennis shoes.

MORGAN
My dreams never came to fruition.

KALI
What dreams were those?

MORGAN

A child.

KALI

Do you wish to talk about it?

MORGAN

I can't go there yet.

KALI

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

MORGAN

Where should I start?

KALI

How about... with the beginning.

MORGAN

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

Kali nods and types in some notes into her iPad.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam pulls up to pick up Morgan from her appointment.

Morgan rushes into the car.

SAM

How was it?

MORGAN

Good.

Morgan surprises Sam with a slight kiss on the cheek.

SAM

I missed you.

MORGAN

I know.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY - LATER

Rupert stands by his black S-Class Mercedes Benz.

Morgan leaves Kali's office.

MORGAN
What are you doing here?

RUPERT
I drew the short stick. Get in.

MORGAN
Okay?

EXT. CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE'S GROUNDS - DAY

Rupert drives Morgan along the green grounds.

MORGAN
This place is beautiful.

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

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - LATER

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

Morgan walks with Rupert.

MORGAN
How can this be?

RUPERT
It breaks the heart.

MORGAN
They're all so young.

RUPERT
And motherless.

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

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

MORGAN
They?

RUPERT
They.

Sister Mary escorts them to a nearby...

PICNIC TABLE

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

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

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

SISTER MARY
This is Sister Ann.

SISTER ANN
Hi, Rupert.

RUPERT
Hi, Ann.

Morgan gets down on her knees.

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

Miles looks up and squints his eyes.

MILES
Pretty.

MORGAN
Ahh.

SISTER ANN
This is Miles.

MORGAN
Thank you, Miles.

SISTER ANN
And this budding artist here, is Mira?

MORGAN
Hi, Mira.

Mira doesn't look up but says.

MIRA

Are you going to be my new Mommy?

Morgan lifts up Mira's chin.

MORGAN

Do you want me to be?

Mira nods yes.

A group of small children approaches Rupert.

RUPERT

Hi, Wendy.

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

WENDY

Mr. Rup. Can you read to us.

RUPERT

Of course I can.

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

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Do you have a story in mind?

WENDY

You know I do.

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY - LATER

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

Rupert reads from Peter Pan.

RUPERT

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

WENDY

Sleep. I hate sleep.

RUPERT

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

BOY

The children were ready to go to bed.

RUPERT

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

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY - LATER

Rupert acts out Peter Pan. His performance 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. MORGAN AND SAM'S LIVING ROOM - MOVIE NIGHT

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

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

Sam looks at Morgan.

MORGAN
It's Sister Mary.

The smartphone BUZZES again.

SAM
Answer it.

Morgan does.

MORGAN
Miles and Mira? Yesss!!!

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

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mother!

Lillian stirs and opens her eyes.

LILLIAN
Dear God. What's next?

MORGAN
You're going to be a grandmother.

LILLIAN
About f'n time.

Sam picks up Morgan's smartphone.

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

Morgan looks to Sam.

MORGAN
When can we get them?

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

SAM
Okay. Sounds great. See you
Saturday.

MORGAN
Saturday!

INT. SAM AND MORGAN'S HOME - DAY

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

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

LILLIAN
Rup, they're all here.

Sam goes down on her knee.

SAM
Welcome.

MORGAN
Miles. Mira. This is now your home.

MIRA
Home?

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

MIRA
Me!

Miles runs off to the kitchen.

Lillian stands in the background talking on her smartphone.

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

Morgan hugs her children.

SAM
She's a natural.

LILLIAN
She didn't learn it from me.

SAM
Second chances are wonderful.

Lillian uses her phone to video the moment.

LILLIAN
And rare.

Mira runs up to Lillian.

MIRA
Are you my Nana?

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

LILLIAN
I am.

Mira moves on.

SAM
Hi, Nana.

LILLIAN
Hell, I've been called worse.

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

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

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

SAM
This can be your fort. Your
hideout.

MIRA
Hideout?

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

MIRA
To dream?

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

MIRA
This.

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

Morgan joins them.

MORGAN
Are you happy here, Mira?

Sam gives Morgan a look.

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

MORGAN
Sam, she's four years old.

MIRA
I'm almos' five.

SAM
That's right.

MIRA
Does con'tent'mat mean peace?

SAM
It does, Mira. It does.

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

MORGAN
What?

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

MORGAN
Ahh. Where's Miles?

SAM
Napping on Nana.

INT. LILLIAN'S FOYER - DAY

The doorbell RINGS!

LILLIAN
I got it, Carmen!

Lillian opens the door and sees Rupert.

RUPERT
Hey, Babe.

LILLIAN
Rup, what's up?

Rupert enters.

RUPERT

The governing committee loved the idea.

LILLIAN

What idea?

RUPERT

(with flair)

An Homage to Art.

LILLIAN

A what?

EXT. THEATER - FILM FESTIVAL - NIGHT

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

INT. THEATER - FILM FESTIVAL - SAME

Long corridor lined with Vintage Movie Posters of Tom, Garrett, and Bert's films.

WE move in reverse pass the hallway of posters one on each side. The posters represent the three directors' legacy.

WE move to the...

THEATER

The seats and aisles are filled with film ENTHUSIASTS.

ON THE STAGE

Is a PANEL of people which includes Lillian,

Rupert, Morgan, and insert here, "RENOWNED FEMALE DIRECTOR." Could or could not resemble Jodie Foster.

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

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

MODERATOR

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

FEMALE DIRECTOR

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

RUPERT

Unwavering. Real.

MODERATOR

They always chase the story.

LILLIAN

Yes, and showcase film making as an
art.

MODERATOR

It is art.

Crowd APPLAUSE.

FEMALE DIRECTOR

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

MORGAN

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

Morgan's eyes moves to her mother.

Lillian stares back and smiles at her daughter.

LILLIAN

A microcosm of life.

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

MODERATOR

Lillian. You knew these film makers
well.

LILLIAN

Yes, I did.

MODERATOR

What drove them?

LILLIAN

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

MODERATOR

Rupert, do you wish to add
anything?

RUPERT

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

Lillian nods in agreement.

MORGAN

Their legacy lives on.

LILLIAN

Life is short.

MODERATOR

But film is eternal.

APPLAUSE from the seats.

EXT. LILLIAN'S BACKYARD POOL - LATER DAY

A handmade banner reads, "Happy Birthday Mira!"

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

A PARENT stops Lillian.

PARENT

Thee Lillian Lee!?!?

Lillian removes her sunglasses in a stylish way.

LILLIAN

No... I'm Nana now.

PARENT

Oh... Sorry. My mistake.

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
Mommas?

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