

EXT. SOUND STAGE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

The tail lights of all the production trucks fade in the distance. Agnes stands in something of a daze.

Her eyes move from one set of lights to another. She takes in the scene. The first lights shine from the -

MAKEUP TENT

- where a BUBBLY MAKEUP ARTIST puts makeup on EVA, the super chill first AC.

Agnes strains to eavesdrop.

BUBBLY MAKEUP ARTIST
I mean. He does text back. He does.
But when it's quick, it's like one
word. And when it's not, it's some
long rant totally ignoring what I
texted. You know?

EVA
Eighty six a dude, girl.

Her eyes move to the next set of lights over by a -

BRIGHTLY LIT GREEN-SCREEN

- in front of which PENNY poses in a ridiculous high fashion "concept" dress, basically made of sticks and twine.

The PHOTOGRAPHER walks the camera over to her and the two women go through the most recent shots.

Penny makes a nervous face at all the bad ones. Agnes moves her head to another pool of light over by the -

PICNIC TABLE UNDER A LAMP POST

- where Pauline sits on a bench. She takes off her absurdly high heels and rubs her feet with a huge sigh of relief.

Agnes pops up the hood of her yellow hoodie and pulls it tight. She chews on one of the drawstrings.

RODERICK, lean muscles a'bulge, comes up behind her.

RODERICK
Yo. Beers?

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - POOL TABLES - NIGHT

Agnes chalks a pool cue. Roderick does an admirable job of cleaning up after a lousy break.

The real-deal dive bar is pretty empty.

AGNES

I will literally be the best wing-man you've ever had.

CLUNK. He banks a ball off the corner pocket.

RODERICK

I don't go on the prowl anymore. I gotta stay focused on the career.

SHUNK. Agnes sinks a solid. SHUNK SHUNK. Then two more.

AGNES

You just sit back and let all that good poon come to you, huh?

SHUNK. Dammmmmmmn. That was a tricky shot.

RODERICK

You really want to know?

AGNES

Dazzle me.

SHUNK. She has to line up the next one with the cue. It's the eight ball.

RODERICK

I built three jerk seshes into my routine. Same time, same days. Right before class, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. That way I don't get all clogged when I'm doing a scene.

She takes her time to study the table. She does a fancy behind the back shot. SHUNK. Eight ball goes in the side.

She wheels around to Roderick's side of the table.

AGNES

Phone, please.

He unlocks his phone and hands it to her.

RODERICK

Same?

AGNES

Yuh huh.

As he walks to the bar she opens his calendar app. Sure enough there are three recurring "J.O's" marked.

AGNES

Wait. Today is Tuesday. And you were on set all day.

He turns and walks backwards to throw her a shrug-grin.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Agnes slumps way low in the booth. She flips through Penny's instagram. There's a picture of her in the twine dress.

The caption reads "Not the best, but #thatdresstho."

AGNES

Farts.

Roderick drops down with a fresh round.

RODERICK

Why you mopin'?

AGNES

I dunno. Wanna.

He slides her beer across the table. She catches it.

RODERICK

It's not because of the article?

She straightens up.

AGNES

Nah. That dude tried to explain "what feminism is" to me. He can take a flying leap off a short pier.

RODERICK

You did do that shit to Penny, though. It was brut.

AGNES

Not enough time in your day for the "ay el", huh?

RODERICK

Huh?

AGNES

Nothing. You're right. It was the shittiest. And what's worse, I can't even get mad at her for not letting me square it with her. She should be pissed for a while.

RODERICK

You want to hear a little bit of fucked up set gossip?

AGNES

I do now.

RODERICK

Murmur in the makeup chair is that it made the crew respect you more.

AGNES

Offff course. Why wouldn't it? Is everyone asshole's?

RODERICK

I'm not. I could be, right? But I choose not to be.

AGNES

I don't think you get to decide whether or not you're an asshole. I think other people decide that.

RODERICK

So. Am I an asshole?

She scrunches up her eyes and studies him.

AGNES

Nah. You're good.

RODERICK

I knew it, Agnes.

He holds up his drink. She CLINKS it with hers.

INT. IN DA CLUB - VIP - LATER

CLINK. A shot glass drops on the table. Agnes looks around the booth. She's surrounded by some BEEFCAKE chaps.

The round up goes like this -

Roderick, natch.

JOHNSON, he of the knit beanie and tank top.

MERLE, a wiry fella with an infinity scarf and mustache.

And TOOTS, clearly the maniac of the group. His fashion sense is three decades old and his eyes always wander.

They all take their shots way after Agnes.

AGNES

What are you, in kindergarten? Again.

She pours a sloppy round of shots. The only one that's into it is Toots. But they all pick them up.

AGNES

To Saint Huck.

A cheer of "Saint Huck" fills the air. Roderick tilts his shot into his half empty water.

INT. IN DA CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Agnes leans way over the bar to get the bartenders attention. Johnson poses.

Agnes sticks out like a sore thumb, with her hoodie, jeans, and no makeup. And actually being old enough to be there.

AGNES

This chowder head needs a real lesson in customer service.

She waves. The BARTENDER STUD ignores her.

AGNES

God dammit.

JOHNSON

Yeah, I don't know if Roderick said or not, but I'm taking extra classes. I really want to push myself to open up emotionally as much as I can.

AGNES

God. Damn. It.

JOHNSON

I also got new headshots. I'm not sure how much sway you have left at your agency, but I could email you a link. My reels almost done too.

A WIRY HOT LADY BARTENDER drifts in to view. Agnes waves like a mime trying to get out of an invisible box.

Johnson turns and kind of flexes his shoulder muscle. The Wiry Hot Lady Bartender zips right over.

He holds up two fingers. She nods and within moments there are two drinks on the bar in front of them.

JOHNSON

You can hold on to the link for if they ever let you direct again. Rod's my boy and all, but. I mean. Come on.

He gestures down at his physique. It's pretty much the exact same kind of physique as Roderick's.

Agnes sips her drink through a straw.

JOHNSON

And yo, look. If you want to drop some of those craft service pounds, I can hook you up. I mean. You're hot. But you could be hotter.

INT. IN DA CLUB - BATHROOM - LATER

AGNES

You must be out of your mind.

Agnes leans against one wall. Toots leans against the other, facing her. They stand in front of the one unisex bathroom.

TOOTS

Nah.

AGNES

You're wearing a silk shirt. And I'm a girl. At a club.

TOOTS

Bet.

He holds out his hand.

AGNES

They have to be two different drinks from two different girls.

He indicates his hand. She shakes it. The bathroom door opens and a couple of CLUB GIRLS shimmy out.

AGNES

See you out there, sucker.

INT. IN DA CLUB - BATHROOM - LATER

Agnes preens in the mirror. She ties her hoodie around her waist and her shirt in a knot above her stomach.

She slips one bra strap down her shoulder and shakes out her hair. She is, in fact, a total knock-out.

INT. IN DA CLUB - BAR - LATER

Agnes hops on to the first free stool. Two DUDES sit on either side of her. It's a tight fight.

She bumps the FIRST DUDE and his drink spills a little. He turns away from her. She turns to the SECOND DUDE.

AGNES

Hey.

He smiles at her and shifts his body around. The Wiry Hot Lady Bartender zips her cleavage past him.

He follows the cleavage. When it gets to the end of the bar he grabs his drinks and splits.

Agnes can now see the end of the bar. Toots leans between two CLUB GIRLS. He has a hand on each of their shoulders.

He whispers something. They both laugh hysterically and gesture at the Wiry Hot Lady Bartender.

Toots catches Agnes's glance and holds up two fingers.

EXT. IN DA CLUB - ROOFTOP SMOKING AREA - NIGHT

Agnes leans on the railing of a fence that looks out on a great view of Downtown L.A.

Merle hands her a drink and offers her a cigarette. She shakes her head but motions for him to go ahead.

They're mostly alone. The din of the club is a far off hum.

MERLE

Anyway, you were saying.

AGNES

Oh, it's nothing.

MERLE

No. Go on.

AGNES

It's just sometimes I get. I don't want to say depressed. Because I don't. But sometimes I just don't want to be me. It's nothing severe or anything. It's kind of a feeling that if I was someone else I would feel more - I don't know - connected to things other people feel connected to. Or not worry about feeling connected in the first place. Or. I don't know. It's mostly a "having trouble falling asleep" kind of thing. A late night thing.

MERLE

I totally get you. It's like. Sometimes shit other people do makes so much sense to them, but the shit I do doesn't make sense to me.

AGNES

Yeah, exactly.

MERLE

It doesn't even make any sense. I'm me. I'm not some other dude.

Their eyes meet. They smile at the same time. They look away at the same time. The smiles remain.

MERLE

Yo. Roderick never said how deep you were. It's a fucking relief to be able to have an actual convo, you know? People run so much game all the time. It's like. Take a fucking breath for a second, right?

AGNES

Hey, will you hang out a bit? I have to take a massive tinkle.

He indicates how much of his cigarette is left to smoke. It's an American Spirit. So quite a bit.

INT. IN DA CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Agnes stands above the single, exposed toilet. She holds a tampon wrapper in her hand.

The tampon floats in the toilet.

AGNES
Just. Useless.

She looks through her purse. No more tampons. She turns when the door opens - she forgot to lock it.

A CLUB GAL trots in. Agnes forces herself to sound sober.

AGNES
You wouldn't happen to have -

CLUB GAL
Oh my god. Helena Lovecraft!

EXT. IN DA CLUB - ROOFTOP SMOKING AREA - LATER

Agnes stands at the top of the steps. She puts her hand on the railing to stop from swaying.

Merle leans out of a kiss with a CLUB LADY. He see's Agnes and waves with a really dopey smile on his face -

- then throws her an even dopier thumbs up.

EXT. IN DA CLUB - PARKING LOT

Agnes BOKKS UP between two cars. Roderick stands a good distance off with a water bottle.

RODERICK
You gotta have at least one pint of water for every drink.

Agnes looks up at him. Her body stays leaning down.

AGNES
Are you for real telling me -

BOKKKKKKKKK. Roderick waits. She finishes her bokking and straightens up on shaky legs. She snatches the water.

AGNES
Are you for real telling me how to get drunk?

RODERICK
I'm telling you how to avoid a
hangover.

AGNES
I like hangovers. Where's my phone?

RODERICK
Your battery died.

AGNES
Gimme.

He takes out his phone.

RODERICK
What's your addie? I'll get you an
Uber.

She snatches the phone and brings up the Uber app herself.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Agnes stands lit by the glow of the departing Uber's
headlights. She stands kind of like a super hero.

A super hero shoving a chili-cheese-dog in her face. But a
super hero none the less.

INT. SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

She walks through the darkened room with a drunken
reverence. Her steps are light. Her movements slow.

She looks at the sets, the equipment, the tables, the chords
on the floor, the clothes hanging in wardrobe.

She moves into the -

SIDE HALL

- and trails her fingers along the wall as she walks past
cork boards with index cards and typical set posters.

She kicks her shoes off as she disappears around a corner.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

She absolutely COLLAPSES on the couch. Her eyes try to keep everything in focus. It can't be done.

She rolls on her back and stares at the ceiling. Her phone appears in front of her face. She opens instagram -

- and flips through a series of profiles of friends that are clearly not in the entertainment industry.

Her eyes close. Her hand lowers the phone to her chest. The QUALITY OF LIGHT CHANGES as night speeds into morning.

Her eyes open as the door does. She sits up. Dazed. Disheveled. Certainly confused.

Pauline marches in and flips on the light. Somehow Agnes manages to get her binder in her lap.

Pauline does a quick double take. She sets things on the desk and checks her tablet at the same time.

PAULINE

You're early.

AGNES

Big day, right?

Pauline places a PINK GIFT BAG on the couch next to Agnes. She leans in and pecks her on the cheek.

PAULINE

Happy last day, Kid. See you out there.

She walks out with busy-busy steps.

AGNES

Wait. Paul. Do you have any tampons?

CUT TO BLACK: