

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT OR DAY, WHO KNOWS?

Agnes sits up and in to her dress. She breaths heavy. Her cheeks are red. The windowless room around her is dim.

Evidence of the enormous amount of time she's spent in there abound. Empty take out containers. Half full glasses.

Roderick lies on his back with his hands behind his head. He's pretty awesomely shirtless. Yeah. They boned.

RODERICK

Sweet. There go the calories from the burrito I had for lunch.

Agnes jerks her head at the back of her dress.

AGNES

Zip.

He zips her up but stays horizontal. She grabs her phone. He tries for a moment of affection. She ignores it.

RODERICK

I swear. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice?

It takes her a second to process what he said. Her eyebrows rumple into a second of confusion.

AGNES

Um. What?

RODERICK

I kinda knew we were gonna hook up. But I never thought we'd get a thing going. Pretty dope.

Her eyes roll farther than seems possible in a human skull.

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT, DAY, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

Agnes pulls her yellow hoodie on over her dress and flops into a wheelie-chair.

The room has several screens connected to a huge editing deck that's connected to a laptop.

Several scenes from Saint Huck are on the screens. She pops open a chocolate milk and cracks her knuckles.

She wheels the mouse around.

INT. EDITING ROOM - SAME DAY, DIFFERENT TIME

PAULINE sits next to Agnes with a notebook open on her lap. The screens all show images of Agnes from different angles.

They stare at the most central screen.

PAULINE  
You started with yourself, huh?

AGNES  
I want to get it out of the way. I trust my instincts for this, but I'm not sure about my skill. I know the shit out of this scene. So. Voila.

PAULINE  
I'm teasing. Play the damn clip.

Agnes swivels the mouse. CLICK. The central scene starts on a well framed CLOSE UP. Pauline nods her approval.

AGNES (ONSCREEN)  
People always act like there's something holy about a woman masturbating -

It cuts to a weird angle over Penny's shoulder. Onscreen-Agnes takes two steps forward. The focus buzzes a little.

AGNES (ONSCREEN)  
- or reverent or some shit. But sometimes they just want to rub one out too.

The audio doubles up on itself with a weird echo effect. Agnes CLICKS the mouse. The scene pauses.

She glances at Pauline, already fully aware that if she was going to say anything positive she already would have.

PAULINE  
Those are the takes you're using?

INT. EDITING ROOM - SOME TIME OF A DIFFERENT DAY

JOHN TRAIN wanders around the room while Agnes cues up the scene. Her close-up fills the main screen.

JOHN TRAIN  
Smells like sex in here.

AGNES

Does it?

JOHN TRAIN

No. Wait. Did you bone in here?

AGNES

I maybe boned in here.

JOHN TRAIN

Nice.

He sits next to her.

JOHN TRAIN

You're kind of losing it, huh?

AGNES

Oh yeah. Big time. But in the best possible way. I live and breathe Saint Huck. It flows through me like the blood in my veins.

JOHN TRAIN

That's too much Saint Huck.

AGNES

Shut it. Check the transition. It makes my nethers tingle.

CLICK. The scene starts on a medium of CASSAVETES. The camera slowly pulls away from him.

CASSAVETES (ONSCREEN)

You want the world to be one way. But it's the other.

The camera keeps going, leaving him distant and isolated in the frame. It's a nice shot.

JOHN TRAIN

Great line.

AGNES

Yeah. I thought so too - when I saw it on The Wire.

JOHN TRAIN

Shhhhhhhh. Secrets.

The scene cuts to Agnes's closeup.

AGNES (ONSCREEN)  
 People always act like there's  
 something holy about a woman  
 masturbating, or reverent or some  
 shit. But sometimes they just want to  
 rub one out too.

It stays on the closeup the whole time.

JOHN TRAIN  
 God you're amazing.

The scene cuts to a different, wider shot, with Agnes and Penny in profile.

AGNES (ONSCREEN)  
 Cut.

The scene rolls on Agnes walking to the monitor, Penny checking her sides, Art popping in to adjust things.

JOHN TRAIN  
 That's it?

AGNES  
 That took me seven hours.

JOHN TRAIN  
 Yikes.

AGNES  
 But it's pretty good though, right?

She puts on a demented smile and nods her head at him. Continuously. Her face moves closer to his.

JOHN TRAIN  
 You need a sanity break. Honestly. Go do something normal people do.

INT. EDITING ROOM - TOTALLY DIFFERENT - (PROBABLY NIGHT)

Cass and Agnes laugh their way into the room. He swings a six pack at the end of his arm.

She has a 22 Ounce in a brown paper bag. They been carousin'. She moves right for the laptop.

CASSAVETES  
 So this is where they have you locked up these days. Grim.

AGNES

Are you kidding me? I had to pretty much beg for the privilege to get locked up in here. Like. "Consider a Helena Lovecraft Reunion Special" begging.

CASSAVETES

That would be so tight.

He turns a chair around and straddles it next to her.

AGNES

Sick set up.

FOOM. The screens light up at once. A frozen image of Cass looks back at real-life Cass. His eyes move away instantly.

CASSAVETES

I thought we were gonna watch your scene, Hermana.

AGNES

I got sick of counting my pores so I put it on hold. This is good. This is good and proper. Promise. Oh. The sound is all fucked up. But watch how it cuts. Fried gold.

CLICK. The scene plays. It's a well blocked scene with Cass and Penny in a seedy motel room. It doesn't look like a set.

The cuts are good. Some are a little obvious - she favors staying on the actors while they're speaking - but it flows.

Cass gets in to it. He leans forward and ignores his beer. The scene ends. The drama is subtle.

Agnes doesn't CLICK pause. The footage plays on after Onscreen-Agnes cuts.

AGNES

Nowhere near done. It needs to breathe a little more.

ONSCREEN Lucy rushes to the curtains and does some production designer fussing. Cass tenses.

AGNES

We'll have to ADR it, obviously, but there's gonna be a shit ton of that anyway. The moments are there.

ONSCREEN Lucy walks offset. She tries to make a goofy couple's connection with Onscreen-Cass when she passes.

Onscreen-Cass completely ignores her.

AGNES

The story is there.

CRACK. Cass opens a beer with his lighter.

CASSAVETES

Yo. Looks good. I gotta jet.

INT. EDITING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - ????????

Agnes stretches out on the couch. She covers her face with her arm. Disheveled doesn't begin to cover her look.

Pauline watches a good ten minute chunk with headphones in. Agnes looks over at her when she LAUGHS. Surprised.

She maybe even mouths the words "What's funny?" when she sits up. CLICK. Pauline presses pause.

PAULINE

Not bad, kid. There's something there. You're moving a little slow. But you know that.

AGNES

I think I'll sell the house and just live here now. That's cool, right?

PAULINE

Considering you now have a second mortgage, I would say not.

AGNES

Oh. Right. That happened.

PAULINE

I think you need a break. And I know you need to make some money. Which is why you have me.

AGNES

Ugh. This is you making a terrible segue-way into work blah blah blah, isn't it?

Pauline whips a script out of her bag

PAULINE  
Big part. Big studio. Big big pay.

She tosses it on the couch.

AGNES  
Good part?

Pauline makes a so-so motion. Agnes picks up the script.

PAULINE  
They're psyched about Saint Huck  
getting some tweets. One of the  
Producers grew up on Lovecraft.

AGNES  
Grew up on?

PAULINE  
Yuuuuuup.

AGNES  
How much big-big? Six?

Pauline holds up seven fingers AND mouths the word seven.  
Agnes chucks the script back on the couch.

AGNES  
Yeah, I'll read it. As soon as I  
parse out this enormous cunt of a  
jigsaw puzzle.

She motions Pauline out of the chair. Pauline grabs her  
things. Agnes plops in front of the laptop.

PAULINE  
Get some fresh eyes on it, kid. Maybe  
someone that knows it a little but  
isn't too invested.

She slips out. Agnes scans back in the footage onscreen  
until Lucy walks backwards off set.

She lets it play and watches Lucy fix some curtains.

INT. EDITING ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY, UNKNOWN TIME - AS USUAL

LUCY  
Would it be cool if we didn't watch  
anything with Cass in it?

She sits a little behind Agnes. Agnes looks through the cut for a scene without Cassavetes.

AGNES  
Trouble in paradise?

LUCY  
Solo in paradise. We broke up.

Agnes takes her hand off the mouse.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM - LATER ON TIMES - PROBABLY DAY? WHO KNOWS

Lucy and Agnes sit in cozy positions at opposite ends of the couch. A veritable feast of snacks sits between them.

LUCY  
And he just stormed out. He's a big stormer-outer.

AGNES  
I would never have thought. He's so chill. Like. So chill I couldn't figure out whether he hated every second of working on the movie until we started having lunch together.

LUCY  
That right there? That "couldn't figure out" bit you just said, just now? Yeah. That's an all the time thing. And you have no idea how unchill he could get about being so chill. He was just so...

AGNES  
Cultivated?

Lucy nods.

AGNES  
You could tell. I think I tried to get past that with him as an actor but. Who knows. Inscrutable.

LUCY  
Your lunches together meant a lot to him, by the way. He spent most of the time before that thinking you were gonna fire him.

AGNES

Huh. It just goes to show -  
everyone's assholes.

LUCY

He could be. But he wasn't.

She looks at her hands. Agnes nudges her.

AGNES

You want to see something pretty  
ridiculous?

Lucy lifts her face.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM - OVER BY THE LAPTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy laughs. ONSCREEN Cassavetes, Penny, Roderick, and some  
other actors crawl around on the floor.

Like animals. Onscreen-Agnes stands with her binder.  
Watching. She turns and looks behind the camera.

Onscreen-Agnes mouths "Please tell me you're rolling." The  
DP gives a blurry thumbs up right in front of the lens.

Onscreen-Agnes says something to the actors. They all switch  
it up to an equally absurd acting exercise.

Lucy laughs even more. Agnes watches her laugh with a smile.

INT. EDITING ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY - SOME TIME

Agnes wheels her chair in lazy circles. The images on the  
screen are all of her.

She circles to the laptop and presses play. Her close-up  
fills the main screen.

AGNES (ONSCREEN)

People always act like there's  
something holy about a woman  
masturbating -

CLICK. She pauses it. Her hand hovers the cursor over the  
clip on the timeline. The scenes around it are assembled.

CLICK. She deletes her scene. SHUNCK. She closes the laptop.  
Her hand lifts her phone to her face.

She looks at the last text from Pauline. It reads "Go get dinner you maniac."

Agnes shuts down the editing station to her liking. Gathers her things. Looks around the room. CLICK. The lights go off.

CLICK. They come on again. Her eyes land on the SCRIPT.

EXT. EDITING SUITES - DAY

The harsh, glaring, insanely bright light of day hits Agnes full force in the face. She scrambles for her sunglasses.

Her legs move her through the parking lot like she has no idea where they're going. Or what a parking lot even is.

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

Agnes stands in front of a white brick wall. Her hands lower a few SCRIPT PAGES to her side.

She stares right into the lens of her phone's camera, set up on a little wiggly tripod.

AGNES

I'll be reading for Alison.

CUT TO BLACK: