

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Agnes is sunk deep in to her couch. Her feet are on the ground but her torso is almost completely horizontal.

Oh, and she's dolled up beyond belief. Definitely designer dress. Red. Certainly professional hair & makeup job.

She balances TRISCUIT CRACKERS on a napkin on her stomach. The stack is pretty high.

She slowly inhales and exhales. The stack rises and falls.

AGNES

(dopey voice)

No, don't take our homes away from us. We implore you.

(normal voice)

Beseech you?

DING DONG. Oh thank Christ. Someone's at the door.

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

She throws her door open. A DELIVERY GUY hop-skips back to his truck. She looks down.

A HUGE FLORAL BOUQUET looks back up.

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Agnes checks the card expectantly on her way to the sink. She has a giddy smile on her face.

It fades when she see's the card is a generic one from her Talent Agency. And not who she wants it to be from.

She set the flowers in the sink. The leaves look a little thirsty. She takes the spray nozzle and tugs the hose.

SPLOOSH. The water comes out full blast. It spirals off the flowers - and directly on to her dress. Because.

Of course it does.

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Agnes leans on the arm of her sofa. Her new, yellow dress is much too form fitting for her to stretch out.

She holds a pair of deadly high heels in one hand and fiddles around with her phone with the other.

She scrolls through an article about Saint Huck on a website called "BearDidntComeHereToHunt.com".

BLOOP-BUZZ. Her phone vibrates. Right out of her hand. PLOP. It lands face down on the floor. She can't bend to get it.

INT. AGNES'S DRIVEWAY - LIMO - DAY

Pauline sits in the back of a party limo, eyes glued to her phone. She glances up. Agnes stands at her front door.

ZZZZZZ. The window rolls down. Pauline gestures "What's the hold up?" Agnes cups her hands around her mouth.

AGNES

I need help with my shoes.

INT/EXT - PENNY'S APARTMENT/LIMO - EVENING

Agnes reaches down as best she can to untwist a strap on her shoe that digs into her ankle.

Agnes sits in the seat facing front. CASSAVETES sits across from Pauline. JULIETTE sits next to him.

CASSAVETES

Hermana. She ain't comin'.

Juliette leans her shoulder in to his.

JULIETTE

You've been saying "Hermana" a lot recently. It's very Spanish of you.

They lean in to each other and laugh among themselves. They're goofy. More than likely it's a synthetic goofiness.

PAULINE

What's with the wrist?

She motions at the cast poking out of Cass's cuff.

CASSAVETES

(Deadpan)

It's got a cast on it.

He and Juliette let four seconds pass before exploding in a puff of synthetically goofy giggles.

Pauline checks the time on her phone.

PAULINE

And you're sure you guys buried the hatchet?

AGNES

Oh for fuck's sake. If you don't want to wait any more, let's just go. You don't have to poke me with your bony finger of blame.

CASSAVETES

Hold up. Gotta tell the dude to make a stop on the way.

He and Juliette climb their way to the plexi-glass divider. Pauline sits next to Agnes as the car starts moving.

PAULINE

"Bony finger of blame?" You're cranky. Why are you cranky?

AGNES

Yeah. I dunno. I accidentally got ready too soon and I'm still gonna be late. My shoes are dumb. Blah.

They each look out the window. Cass and Juliette goof around with the driver. Pauline looks at Agnes.

PAULINE

How do you get ready by accident?

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - NIGHT

Agnes poses in front of a giant Saint Huck poster on a mini-red carpet. A paid photographer snaps a few snaps.

There's no press. It's just a novelty thing. Cassavetes jumps up to her and poses all goofy and wild.

He puts his cast arm around her shoulder. Her smile couldn't get any stiffer if it was set in cement.

The party in the warehouse behind them is in full swing. They're way more than fashionably late.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PHOTO-BOOTH - NIGHT

FLASH. LAUGH. FLASH. GIGGLE. FLASH. WOOT. Agnes and Cass wait for people to get out of the private photo-booth.

Cass roots through Juliette's oversized bag. He slips a pretty thick wad of cash into his pocket.

AGNES  
The booth is free.

CASSAVETES  
Yeah?

He glances at the mob at the bar.

CASSAVETES  
Fuck. It's gonna take us forever to get a drink.

A DUDE FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT with a streak of blue in his hair pops out of the mob. He wears a TUXEDO T-SHIRT.

He hoots and hollers when he see's Cass and holds up the same arm that Cass's cast is on.

He mouths "Looks great!" Cass completely ignores him.

AGNES  
Really don't think I'd hire that dude ever again.

The curtain to the photo-booth SWOOPS open. SCOTT and SAMMI emerge with a real youthful excitement.

They freeze when they come face to face with Agnes.

SCOTT  
Oh. Um. She's my plus one.

A warm smile spreads across Agnes's face. She ushers them back into the photo-booth and hops in after them.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - MIDDLE BOOTH - NIGHT

Agnes and Sammi sit on one side of the booth. Agnes shakes the photo-strips to dry them.

Scott and Cass whisper to each other across from them.

AGNES

Level with me. You didn't blow the power, did you?

SAMMI

Of course I fucking didn't.

AGNES

You didn't have to white knight him. How else is he gonna learn not to fiddle with other departments gear?

SAMMI

He needed a win. Trust me. Plus he wants to fiddle with my box so bad it almost makes me want to let him.

They look at Scott and Cass. Whatever Cass whispers in Scott's ear makes him super uncomfortable.

Cass gestures way over to the other side of the bar. Scott tries to make his nod as agreeable as possible.

SAMMI

He's so...earnest.

AGNES

I've gotten down with my fair share of Earnest P. Fiddleboxes.

Both women shudder.

AGNES

You landed on your feet, though?

SAMMI

Oh hell yeah. Still got the class credit and everything. I just forged your girls signature on all my shit.

AGNES

(best Bob Peck  
impression)

Clever girl.

She holds up her glass. Sammi CLINKS it with hers. Agnes reaches under the table to untwist her shoe-strap again.

Sammi notices the aggro red blister.

SAMMI

Dammmmn. Those things look vicious. You wanna trade?

She holds up her feet to show off a mega-comfortable looking pair of Converse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BAR - LATER

Sammi's connie's - on Agnes's feet - inch closer to the crowded bar as two people drift off with drinks.

She and Cass move forward.

AGNES

I really don't think that dude needs to be trying out drugs for the first time at a wrap party with an open bar. His mind will implode.

CASSAVETES

Juliette needs the business.

He pulls his blazer off and slings it over his shoulder with his good hand. His cast is BRIGHT WHITE and CLEAN.

They take two more minuscule steps forward.

AGNES

What happened again?

CASSAVETES

Broke my wrist.

AGNES

Ugh. God you're being a pill.

CASSAVETES

Nah. Sorry. Little distracted. Need my head in the game.

They move up to the bar - just as the BARTENDER moves to the other side.

AGNES

To party?

Cass makes deadly serious eye contact.

CASSAVETES

To get Lucy back.

He leans over the bar and grabs a bottle of liquor. Agnes hops forward to try and hide him from the bartender.

Her body pivots and she catches sight of Lucy on the other side of the room. Lucy waves.

Agnes offers a kind of half-salute and eyes the bartenders return to the crowded side of the bar.

She drags Cass and pulls him away before he see's Lucy.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Cass takes a deep pull from the bottle. They stand a few feet away from a crowd puffing away from a food truck.

AGNES

The fact that you're saying it out loud proves you're too wasted to even try to pull it off. You never share.

CASSAVETES

Needs to happen.

AGNES

You guys feed on each other like weird love parasites. It did a number on you, for sure. And she seems pretty committed to...

CASSAVETES

How do you know what she's "pretty committed to?"

AGNES

I. Don't know. It's just.

CASSAVETES

You guys are pals now?

AGNES

Cass. We're all here celebrating the same thing. Can't we just. Celebrate.

CASSAVETES

You do you. I'm here to get my old lady back. Trust.

He swigs as he walks off. Agnes looks around. She makes eye contact with ELLIE as she walks out of line.

She holds a sleeve of sliders. She waves at Agnes before doing a laurel and hardy style walk around the truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FREE FLOATING TABLE - NIGHT

Agnes plops down next to Pauline. Pauline stares in to space. Agnes doesn't notice.

AGNES

God dammit. You try to show people a good time, and what do they do? Lose their minds on you. Cass is gunning to get his girlfriend back, and I know for a hundred percent proof positive that's not something she's interested in. His cousin is running around somewhere selling drugs to kids that aren't even old enough to drink. My blister is still fucking killing me, even though I traded my eight hundred dollar shoes for a pair of beaten up chucks. And you know what else?

She takes her phone out and checks for a text that hasn't come. She puts her phone away again before speaking.

AGNES

I actually got my hopes up. Can you believe that? The part of my brain that's completely aware it's futile somehow manages to completely ignore the part of my brain that even understands what futility is. But of course he's not coming.

She plays with one of her rings. Her eyes look to Pauline's. Pauline slowly turns her head.

PAULINE

Holy shit. When did we come back to the party?

AGNES

Um. Huh?

PAULINE

After the cab. When did we come back here? Did we tip the cab driver?

Pauline's eye open wide.

PAULINE

Oh my god. We were never in a cab at all, were we?

AGNES

Noooo.

PAULINE

I ate some weed chocolate. It's. Ah.  
It's pretty strong. I. Ah. I might  
need to get an Uber home.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BACK LOT - NIGHT

Agnes watches Pauline's Uber glide off in to the night.  
Juliette darts up behind her with Cass's blazer.

JULIETTE

You gotta keep this away from Cass.

She shoves it at Agnes.

JULIETTE

He's fixing to go buck wild.

AGNES

Oh boy. What could that even mean?

JULIETTE

He saw Lucy flirting with some Gym  
Rat. Big time flirting.

AGNES

Where is he now?

Juliette lights a cigarette for dramatic effect.

JULIETTE

You're gonna hate it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

Cass stands in a group of people. He's in the middle of an  
argument with JOHNSON, he of the knit beanie and tank top.

The vibe is tense and drunk. TOOTS watches with manic  
silence. MERLE has his arm around a CLUB LADY'S shoulder.

He smiles and gives Agnes the thumbs up.

MERLE

Shit. Hey. Oh snap, check it out.  
This is my girlfriend. We met that  
night you got silly drunk, remember?  
Nah. You don't remember.

AGNES

Hey Merle.

She takes a step closer to Johnson and Cass.

MERLE

This shit is hilarious.

CASSAVETES

All I said was, don't brag about your student loans, amigo.

JOHNSON

And I said you're a fuckin asshole.

CASSAVETES

Why am I an asshole again? Because I'm not a neurotic prick? Because I don't obsess about what people think about me, like you do? Nah. Pass.

AGNES

Cass.

JOHNSON

You're an asshole because an asshole's an asshole.

AGNES

Johnson.

Cass puffs up and steps closer to Johnson. Agnes gets close behind him. She slips his blazer on over her dress.

CASSAVETES

You know what the trouble with guys like you is? Even with the state of the world being what it is, you're still over there just wanting to blow dudes from Harvard. Fuck you. Make a difference for once in your pampered god damn life. Go blow a hobo.

JOHNSON

(sputters)

No. You. You go blow a hobo.

AGNES

Alright, fella's.

JOHNSON

I'm not blowing anyone because I'm not some kind of fag.

Uhoh. Dude shouldn't ought to have dropped the "F" word. Cass flies at him, fists a' flyin'.

He pulls the knit beanie down over Johnson's face and gets in a few solid body shots. Agnes pushes him away.

She gets between them.

AGNES

Juliette, will you please get him the fuck out of here.

Cass lets Juliette lead him in the side door. She turns on Johnson, who pulls his face out of the knit beanie.

AGNES

What are you even doing here, you silly tart? Roderick only had a plus one. So take a hike before I call security. I mean. Fuck's sake.

She turns. Johnson makes eye contact with Toots. Toots shakes his head. Johnson ignores him.

JOHNSON

Whatever. You know what? You're just pissy because I wouldn't hook up with you that one night you got -

WHUMP. A converse sneaker - at the end of Agnes's fully extended leg - collides directly with Johnson's crotch.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Agnes marches through one set of swinging doors right into another. They SWISH behind her.

Lucy tries to wave at her from the end of the hall. Agnes is gone way before she gets the chance.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes slams her bag down on the counter. She turns on the sink but doesn't do anything with the water.

Her hand snakes down her ankle. A lace-hole in the converse digs into blister.

A CLANG and a CLATTER sounds from outside. She marches out the door without her bag.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Juliette and Cass are involved in an epic struggle over a bag of cocaine.

JULIETTE

You can't do it all. That's insane.

CASSAVETES

Give it.

Agnes watches, hypnotized. They struggle. Juliette forces Cass's cast above his head.

It slides right off and crumples under Juliette's grip. It is hell of a totally fake cast.

They each have a reaction and they each try to control said reaction. Juliette tries not to laugh herself to death.

Agnes doesn't know whether she wants to laugh or cry, so she does neither. She just stares.

Cass tries to pretend there's anything he could say that would make the situation any less absurd.

But he knows there isn't. He snatches the cast and slips it on as he storms out of the room.

A heavy silence hangs for a second, during which time both Juliette and Agnes's urges fade.

Juliette waves the bag of coke at Agnes.

AGNES

I mean. Yeah. OK.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BATHROOM HALL - NIGHT

Agnes and Juliette walk out the men's room door and disappear down the hall.

Seconds later Agnes runs back. She pops into the ladies room and pops back out with her purse.

The door SWISHES behind her when she disappears from view.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Agnes cuts a serious rug to some pretty awesome Mod/BritPop tunes. Juliette spazzes along with her.

A KIND OF DRUNK DUDE dances over to them. He tries to make their duo a threesome. They shut him down pretty darn quick.

PRIVATE IDAHO by the B52's comes on. Agnes loses her mind.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - END OF THE BAR - LATER

A sweaty Agnes flops down on a stool. She yells -

AGNES

A pint of lager ale colder than the devil's teet.

- to no one in particular. A set of very well manicured hands slides a clutch away from her. Agnes turns.

MANDY - thin, efficient looking, and a little cold - perches on the stool next to her. Agnes laughs.

AGNES

But you quit!

Mandy draws her shoulders back for a defensive response.

AGNES

Fuck it. Shots!

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - CORNER BOOTH - NIGHT

Agnes and Mandy sit in front of a row of empty, overturned shot glasses. People sneak pictures of them.

They're more famous together than they are alone.

MANDY

I can't believe you cut your only scene in the movie. And that it was almost my scene.

AGNES

If our distributor comes in with some hack to re-cut it, I'm sure they'll put it back in. But it was a good cut. Necessary, even.

MANDY

I heard things got pretty rough and tumble for you towards the end there.

AGNES

Don't sound so thrilled.

MANDY

I'm not.

AGNES

Pfft.

MANDY

Honestly, Agnes. Just because I didn't want to work for you doesn't mean I'm unaware of how big a deal it is that you made this happen. You. It's the only job I would say I'm proud to have quit.

AGNES

That's a pretty dubious honor. But I'll take it.

They drift into their own thoughts. Agnes swirls the ice in her empty glass. Mandy scrapes wax off the table.

MANDY

You read for the Bigfoot thing?

AGNES

Yeah.

MANDY

They ask you to dye your hair?

AGNES

No.

They eye each other. Mandy with a little jealousy. Agnes with a little sense of victory.

A shadow falls on the table.

BRUCEY

Hey. Sorry. Do you think it would be cool if I got both your autographs?

Agnes and Mandy shrug. He slides a napkin across the table with a pen. Mandy grabs it first.

BRUCEY

It's crazy, but. You're both on my list. You know, my celebrity -

She tosses the pen down. She and Agnes get up and leave the table in different directions.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

Agnes stands in front of the vacant food truck. Alone. She peeks all around to see if anyone's coming.

A cool, bubbly voice sounds from behind her.

EVA (O.C.)

They ran out of food like an hour ago. Majorly.

AGNES

They why is the truck still here?

Eva kicks out of the incredibly cool pose she held on the wall and straight into a hug.

She's clad almost entirely in denim.

EVA

Got me, Boss.

AGNES

Uh uh. You don't work for me anymore. Eighty six the "boss" stuff. Nice Denim Tux, by the way.

EVA

I try.

AGNES

How's your night been going?

EVA

Chill, chill. I've only been here for half an hour and some broad is hardcore gunning for my cooch. So I must be doing something right.

AGNES

She gonna get it?

EVA

I dunno. I leave those decisions up to powers far greater than myself. But, yeah. Probably. She's pretty hot. How's by you?

AGNES

Meh. Six of one, half dozen of the other. So. Par for the course.

EVA  
Right, right.

AGNES  
You want to blow this joint and get a  
pizza or something?

EVA  
And miss your speech?

AGNES  
What speech.

EVA  
The one Paul said you were giving.  
Little bit of rally the troops and  
all that jazz.

AGNES  
Pauline's here?

EVA  
Last I checked.

AGNES  
Frown.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Agnes stares down at the converse on her feet as she walks  
down the hall. Her fingers drum a tune on her hip.

Juliette pops through one of the swinging doors.

JULIETTE  
You seen Cass?

AGNES  
Nuh uh.

JULIETTE  
He saw Lucy make out with the dude.

AGNES  
Fucccccck.

JULIETTE  
Yeah. Where you heading?

AGNES  
Speech. You?

JULIETTE  
Sell some drugs.

AGNES  
Cool.

JULIETTE  
Cool. Holler if you see him.

AGNES  
You too.

Juliette pops through a different swinging door. Agnes slows her steps. The drumming on her thigh picks up.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - STAGE - BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT - NIGHT

Agnes stares at the silhouette of the crowd in front of her. Her hand grabs the microphone.

She's a god damn natural public speaker.

AGNES  
I'll keep this short and I'll keep this sweet. There's the gratitude, obviously. For each and every person in this crowd that did a single god damn thing for Saint Huck. I don't want to itemize, so when I say I love each and every one of you, that means you. Yeah, you. You heard me.

A brief response from the crowd.

AGNES  
Then there's the work. I couldn't be prouder of this little "narrative-that-could" that we all put our time and energy into creating. Every bead of sweat, every ounce of food coloring -

A brief laugh from the crowd. Must be an inside joke.

AGNES  
- every shot, line of dialogue, prop, and extension chord that came together to make Saint Huck is something I'll stand by for the rest of my career. I learned more doing this for forty -

A few voices yell "Fifty six."

AGNES

- fifty six days. Shit. Than I could have in a lifetime in front of the camera.

A few voices "Woo Hoo."

AGNES

Mostly what not to do, obviously. But that's kind of the important shit, right? Yeah. It's the important shit.

A brief wave of applause.

AGNES

And finally, for anyone out there that's ever wanted to do a thing - any thing - make a movie - write a script - cook a burger - take a shit in a public restroom - literally anything - but for some reason feels they can't - because of their gender or the shit in their brain that other people say is weird or because you plum just feel like you don't have the right - I'm standing here to tell you. Do it. Because you can. That's the only reason you'll ever need. Do it because you can. I -

She tries to go on but her voice gets lost in the applause.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Agnes leans against the wall. Her face pours sweat. She lifts a cocktail to her mouth but doesn't drink it.

Pauline stands next to her.

AGNES

Shit. I just got drunk. Right this second. Like. Out of nowhere.

PAULINE

You earned it, kid.

AGNES

When did you even get back here?

PAULINE  
Honestly? I have no fucking clue.

After a steely bit of eye contact they both laugh. Juliette hops through the door to the main party area.

JULIETTE  
Girl. We got trubbs.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BY THE EMPTY DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Cass lies on his ass in front of Roderick. Juliette and Agnes rush over to him before he gets himself up.

Agnes whispers in his ear.

AGNES  
You'll get through this.

Juliette turns him around and guides him out. Agnes throws an apologetic glance at Lucy.

AGNES  
I told you it's been a night.

JULIETTE  
Come on, girl.

Agnes watches Juliette struggle with Cass. She kisses Lucy on the cheek and squeezes her into a quick hug.

Lucy holds onto it for a few seconds.

AGNES  
I love you, you're amazing.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BACK LOT - NIGHT

Agnes stands a fair distance from Juliette's car. She watches Juliette try to get Cass in the back seat.

Cass shoves Juliette.

CASSAVETES  
You fucking cunt. You love it. You love this shit. It's the only time in your life anyone needs anything from you. You god damn hustler.

Juliette shoves him hard into the backseat. He bonks his head. Without hesitation he HITS HER IN THE FACE.

She shoves him to the ground and turns to Agnes.

JULIETTE  
He's your problem now.

SLAM. OPEN. SLAM. VROOM. Agnes watches Juliette speed off as Cass sits crying on the ground.

He plops down on his back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - STREET - LATER

Agnes struggles to get Cass in the back of an Uber. He doesn't fight her - he's just mostly dead weight.

He falls into the seat and pulls her down with him. Her purse gets stuck under him. She tugs at it.

TINKLE. Something breaks inside it. She closes the door, talks to the driver, and slips him a fifty.

The car pulls off. She puts her hand in her purse. It comes out wet. There's a broken mini-bottle of champagne inside.

But a full one too. She takes it out. A voice calls over to her before she opens it.

MAX (O.C.)  
That was some top notch foolishness  
right there.

Agnes looks over at one of the only cars left in the lot. Max sits behind the steering wheel. She waves.

INT. MAX'S CAR - WAREHOUSE STUDIO BACK LOT - NIGHT

AGNES  
I hope to god Pauline isn't too  
stoned to understand my text. I don't  
want to get home and find Cass passed  
out on my front lawn.

MAX  
Sounds like you had a serious  
adventure.

AGNES  
What about you? I wish I'd known you  
were coming. We could have hung out.

MAX

I left pretty early. But then I came back. Like fifteen minutes ago.

AGNES

Oh. Any particular reason you're skulking in your car by yourself?

MAX

I'm not skulking. I'm waiting.

AGNES

For what.

MAX

For who. Whom?

She looks over at a small crowd of people sharing a joint by the back door. Eva holds the joint.

AGNES

Ohhhhhhh.

MAX

What? Why the long ass vowel?

AGNES

I dunno. Eva's great.

Max looks back at Eva. Kind of dreamily.

MAX

She's alright.

AGNES

Noooooo. She's great. And you know she's great. That's why you're here. Absolutely skulking.

MAX

Yeah. No. Shut it. Maybe.

AGNES

Hey, any idea what the hell happened with Penny tonight? We sat outside her house for like half an hour.

MAX

You didn't hear? Sasha spiked a fever and had to go to the ER.

AGNES

Oh no.

MAX

No, she's fine. But they had to keep her overnight and Penny stayed to hang out until Smith showed up.

AGNES

Shit.

EXT. PENNY AND SASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Agnes waits by the front door. Penny swings it open. She's still dressed for a night on the town.

Their eyes meet. Agnes waves the single mini-bottle of champagne at her. Penny nods and opens the door wider.

PENNY

How was the wrap party?

AGNES

Who fucking cares.

She walks in. CLICK. The door closes behind her.

CUT TO BLACK: